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E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME LVII.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CLXXII.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH,

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TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS
OF
THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CLXXII.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, 1887.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.		BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.	
The Aurora Borealis, ...	195	The Land of Darkness, ...	333, 405
The House of Douglas, ...	579	Jack and Minory, ...	461
QUARTERLY REVIEW.		Moss from a Rolling Stone, ...	539
Lord Shaftesbury's Life and Work, ...	515	Among the Transylvanian Saxons, ...	612
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.		The Doctor: an Old Virginia Fox- Hunter, ...	684
Mohammedanism in Central Africa, ...	58	GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.	
Sea Phrases, ...	67	Marie Antoinette at Trianon, ...	178
Domesday Survivals, ...	131	The Dead Cities of Belgium, ...	694
Dante, ...	171	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.	
An Old Couple, ...	638	Mrs. John Taylor of Norwich, ...	23
About Fiction, ...	661	Life in the Alleghany Mountains, ...	104
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.		Nancy Dedman, ...	138
Mobs and Revolutions, ...	3	The Letters of Charles Lamb, ...	236
History in <i>Punch</i> , ...	80	Sunderland and Sacharissa, ...	302
Emin Bey: Gordon's Lieutenant, ...	259	The Strange Story of Margaret Beau- champ, ...	363, 624
Benvenuto Cellini's Character, ...	345	Le Nommé W., ...	487
The Present Position of European Poli- tics, ...	387, 707	The Evangelical Revival of the Eigh- teenth Century, ...	673
Last Words with General Gordon, ...	476	A Social Difficulty, ...	743
Earthquakes, ...	735	TEMPLE BAR.	
NINETEENTH CENTURY.		"Unstable as Water,"	74
Loyalty of the Indian Mohammedans, ...	156	The Late Master of Trinity, ...	119
"Locksley Hall" and the Jubilee, ...	310	The Boss of Barangaroo, ...	146
The Zenith of Conservatism, ...	323	Madame Geoffrin, ...	165
Rural Life in Russia, ...	354	Lady Duff Gordon, ...	224
Notes and Queries on the Irish De- mand, ...	771	The Philosopher's Window, ...	266
NATIONAL REVIEW.		A Plea for an Old Friend, ...	273
France as it is and was: Government and Society, ...	46	Some Recollections of Charles Stuart Calverley, ...	421
Canon Kingsley as a Naturalist and Country Clergyman, ...	98	A Few Manchester Worthies, ...	502
Life at the Scottish Universities, ...	151	A Lover of Leisure, ...	634
Jubilee Reigns in England, ...	430	Wit and Wits, ...	680
Robert Southey, ...	643	Mary, Countess Cowper, ...	751
William Barnes and his Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect, ...	790	GOOD WORDS.	
ASIATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.		Major and Minor, ...	285, 595, 802
China. By the Marquis Tseng, ...	417	LEISURE HOUR.	
The Greeks in Asia, ...	451	A Pilgrimage to Selborne, ...	62
The Indian Bourbons, ...	493	The Earl of Shaftesbury, ...	369, 632
The Wellesleys in India, ...	548	An Obscure Archipelago, ...	700

IV

CONTENTS.

ARGOSY.			
Extracts from the Diary of a Young Lady, ...	89	The Pilgrimage to Kerbela, ...	510
The Robbers' Cave, ...	532	A Bundle of Letters: 1603-1607, ...	821
MONTH.		The French Soldier at Home, ...	823
The Highlands of San Paulo, ...	497	CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.	
ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.		Napoleon in Tor Bay, ...	122
A Secret Inheritance, ...	12, 211, 649	Just before Winter, ...	182
A Siege Baby, ...	31	Incidents of Rent-Collection in Ireland, ...	251
TIME.		Richard Cable, the Lightshipman, ...	426, 559, 666, 728, 786
The Modern English Post-Office, ...	110	The "Man-Eating" Elephant of Mundla, ...	506
Fred. Archer, ...	141	Some Odd Advertisements, ...	765
Convicts in Parliament, ...	298	Rhymes on Panes, ...	767
SPECTATOR.		ALL THE YEAR ROUND.	
The Humors of Cork, ...	186	Some Narrow Escapes, ...	437
Irish Characteristics, ...	246	A Belgian Christmas Eve, ...	567
French Finance, ...	376	The Cannings, ...	760
Pio Nono's Will, ...	380	NATURE.	
Lord Idlesleigh, ...	443	The Palissy of Calico-Printing, ...	189
The Progress of Savage Races, ...	446	Ipecacuanha Cultivation in India, ...	448
Amateur Art in the Seventeenth Century, ...	572	ATHENÆUM.	
SATURDAY REVIEW.		Philip Bourke Marston, ...	818
South-Italian Courtship, ...	249	LONDON TIMES.	
PALL MALL GAZETTE.		Foreign Ministers and Foreign Languages, ...	254
How General Gordon saved my Life, ...	512	The Excavation of the Great Sphinx, ...	381
ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.		DAILY TELEGRAPH.	
Domesday, ...	125	Pirates, Past and Present, ...	571
The Caravanserai in Persia, ...	253	Robbing a Train in Texas, ...	575
An Ancestor of the Czar, ...	378	GLOBE.	
Farm Life in the North a Century Ago, ...	444	On a Jury, ...	383

INDEX TO VOLUME CLXXII.

ALLEGHANY Mountains, Life in the	104	FRANCE as it is and was: Government and Society, ...	46
Archer, Fred., ...	141	Foreign Ministers and Foreign Languages, ...	254
Aurora Borealis, The	195	French Finance, ...	376
Amateur Art in the Seventeenth Century, ...	572	Farm Life in the North a Century Ago, ...	444
Advertisements, Some Odd	765	Fiction, About	661
Boss, The, of Barangaroo, ...	146	French Soldier, The, at Home, ...	823
Babylon, A Picture of Ancient	256	GEOFFRIN, Madame	165
Bourbons, The Indian	493	Gordon, Lady Duff	224
Belgian Christmas Eve, A	567	Greeks, The, in Asia, ...	451
Belgium, The Dead Cities of	694	Gordon, General, Last Words with	476
Barnes, William, and his Poems of Rural Life, ...	790	“ “ “ How he Saved my Life, ...	512
CORK, The Humors of	188	Galàpagos Archipelago, The	700
Calico-Printing, The Palissy of	189	HISTORY in <i>Punch</i> , ...	80
Courtship, South-Italian	249	IRISH Characteristics, ...	246
Caravanserai, The, in Persia, ...	253	Italian Courtship, ...	249
Convicts in Parliament, ...	298	Iddesleigh, Lord	443
Conservatism, The Zenith of	323	Ipecacuanha Cultivation in India, ...	448
Cellini's, Benvenuto, Character, ...	345	Indian Bourbons, The	493
Czar, the, An Ancestor of	378	Irish Demand, The	771
China, ...	417	JURY, On a	383
Calverley, Charles Stuart, Some Recollections of	421	Jubilee Reigns in England, ...	430
Cowper, Mary, Countess	751	Jack and Minory, ...	461
Cannings, The	760	KINGSLEY, Canon, as a Naturalist and Country Clergyman, ...	98
DOMESDAY, ...	125	Kerbela, The Pilgrimage to	510
Domesday Survivals, ...	131	LOYALTY of the Indian Mohammedans, ...	156
Dante, ...	171	Lamb, Charles, The Letters of	236
Darkness, The Land of	333, 405	“Locksley Hall” and the Jubilee, ...	310
Douglas, The House of	579	Land of Darkness, The	333, 405
Doctor, The: an old Virginia Fox-Hunter, ...	684	Leisure, A Lover of	634
Dorset Dialect, The, Barnes's Poems in	790	Letters, A Bundle of: 1603-1607, ...	821
EXTRACTS from the Diary of a Young Lady, ...	89	MOBS and Revolutions, ...	3
Emin Bey: Gordon's Lieutenant, ...	259	Mohammedanism in Central Africa, ...	58
European Politics, The Present Position of	387, 707	Mohammedans, Indian, Loyalty of	156
Escapes, Some Narrow	437	Marie Antoinette at Trianon, ...	178
Elephant, The “Man-Eating,” of Mundla, ...	506	Mercer, John	189
Evangelical Revival, The, of the Eighteenth Century, ...	673	Macaulay: a Plea for an Old Friend, ...	273
Earthquakes, ...	735	Major and Minor, ...	285, 595, 802
		Manchester Worthies	502

VI

INDEX.

Moss from a Rolling Stone, ...	539	Selborne, A Pilgrimage to	62
Marston, Philip Bourke	818	Sea Phrases, ...	67
NAPOLEON in Tor Bay, ...	122	Scottish Universities, Life at the	151
Nancy Dedman, ...	138	Sunderland and Sacharissa, ...	302
OLD Couple, An	638	Strange Story, The, of Margaret Beauchamp, ...	365, 624
<i>Punch</i> , History in	80	Shaftesbury, The Earl of	369, 632
Post-Office, The Modern English	110	" Life and Work	515
Persia, The Caravanseraï in	253	of	381
Philosopher's Window, The	266	Sphinx, the Great, The Excavation of	446
Plea, A, for an Old Friend, ...	273	Savage Races, The Progress of	497
Pio Nono's Will, ...	380	San Paulo, The Highlands of	612
Pirates, Past and Present, ...	572	Saxons, the Transylvanian, Among	643
REVOLUTIONS and Mobs, ...	3	Southey, Robert	743
Rent-Collection, Incidents of, in Ireland, ...	251	Social Difficulty, A	23
Russia, Rural Life in	354	TAYLOR, Mrs. John, of Norwich, ...	119
Richard Cable, the Lightshipman, ...	426, 559, 666, 728, 786	Thompson, The Rev. William Heworth, Late Master of Trinity, ...	122
Robbers' Cave, The	532	Tor Bay, Napoleon in	74
Robbing a Train in Texas, ...	575	UNSTABLE as Water, ...	182
Rhymes on Panes, ...	767	WINTER, Just before	487
SECRET Inheritance, A	12, 211, 649	W., Le Nommé	548
Siege Baby, A	31	Wellesleys in India, ...	680
		Wit and Wits, ...	

POETRY.

AUTUMN Song, ...	2	"King of Love, The, my Shepherd is," Latine Reddittum, ...	642
Autumn, ...	130	Left Behind, ...	2
After Horace, ...	130	Lingering Look of Love, The	130
After Reading "Sir Percival,"	194	Latet Anguis, ...	130
Among the Tombs, ...	386	Lover's Reasoning, The	194
At Rest, ...	514	"Lead, Kindly Light," Latine Reddittum, ...	450
Bright Day in November, A	66	"Lo, the day begins to rise,"	578
"Brown is my love, but graceful,"	258	Memory, A	66
By the North Sea, ...	514	Mile, A, and a Bittock, ...	578
"Bring out the wine, cupbearer!"	706	November at the Lakes, ...	2
"Change, The Love of,"	194	Northcote, Stafford Henry	706
City Courtship, A	258	Old Cottage, The	386
Children's Week, The	322	Owl, The	514
Christmas Sonnet, A	322	Rondeau, ...	130
Cana of Galilee, At	706	"Reparabit Cornua Phœbe,"	386
Departed Glory, ...	66	Roses, ...	642
Frosty Sunrise, A	386	Sleep, To	2
February Fillydye, ...	642	Sonnet, ...	130
Fiery Honey, ...	770	Snow, ...	258
Godwin, E. W., Epitaph to	514	Ship, The, of Dreams, ...	578
Going, ...	770	"She is my lady,"	578
How the King came Home, ...	706	Sleep—a Sonnet, ...	770
Hope, ...	770	Two Seas, The	194
"I saw my lady weep,"	322	Violet, The, and the Rose, ...	642
Iddesleigh, Lord	450	"When thou must home,"	194
Jones, Agnes, Epitaph on	386	"Were I a king,"	194
January, ...	578		
Keepsakes, ...	66		
Killed on the Telegraph-Wire, ...	450		

INDEX.

VII

TALES.

Boss, The, of Barangaroo, ...	146	Philosopher's Window, The	266
Extracts from the Diary of a Young Lady, ...	89	Richard Cable, the Lightshipman, ...	426, 559, 666, 786
Jack and Minory, ...	461	Robbers' Cave, The	532
Land of Darkness, The	333, 405	Secret Inheritance, A	12, 211, 649
Major and Minor, ...	285, 595, 802	Siege Baby, A	31
Nancy Dedman, ...	138	Strange Story, The, of Margaret Beauchamp, ...	363, 624
		Unstable as Water, ...	74

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXII.

CONTENTS.

I. MOBS AND REVOLUTIONS, ...	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	3
II. A SECRET INHERITANCE. By B. L. Far- jeon. Part III., ...	<i>English Illustrated Magazine,</i>	12
III. MRS. JOHN TAYLOR, OF NORWICH, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	23
IV. A SIEGE BABY, ...	<i>English Illustrated Magazine,</i>	31
V. FRANCE AS IT IS AND WAS: GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY, ...	<i>National Review,</i>	46
VI. MOHAMMEDANISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA, . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	58
VII. A PILGRIMAGE TO SELBORNE, ...	<i>Leisure Hour,</i>	62

POETRY.

NOVEMBER AT THE LAKES, ... 2	LEFT BEHIND, ... 2
AUTUMN SONG, ... 2	TO SLEEP, ... 2

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NOVEMBER AT THE LAKES.

THE wild wood-cherry can no longer blush,
Nor chestnuts stand in heavy leaf of gold,
But as the clouds at noon are upward rolled,
Gold-red the mountains gleam; through deepest hush
Now mellowly the fuller streamlets gush,
Now yellowly Helvellyn fold on fold
Slopes to the sunset, and the stars are bold
To shine before the hills have lost their flush.

The long lakes glance among their amber reeds
Pure liquid azure with a look of March;
Green in the glen, aloft, in splendor burns
To warm the heights, the frost-o'ertaken larch;
And while the rook his acorn banquet speeds
Through dwindling leaves, the cushat mourns and mourns.

Spectator. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

AUTUMN SONG.

SUMMER hath too short a date,
Autumn enters, ah! how soon,
Scattering with scornful hate
All the joys of June.
Nay, say not so;
Nothing here below
But dies
To rise
Anew with rarer glow.

Now no skylarks singing soar
Sunward; now beneath the moon
Love's own nightingale no more
Lifts his magic tune.
Nay, sigh not so!
For awhile they go;
Their strain
Again
The spring shall overflow.

Spectator. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

LEFT BEHIND.

WE started equal in the race — nay, more,
We started hand in hand — how good
Seemed life!
How shone the little waves upon the shore
Where first we wandered; when he called
me wife,
I could not see the shadow's awesome birth,
For sunshine flooded all the fair young earth.
How has it faded? Love that was so true
In those first days, has lost its early grace.
Soft drifting clouds gather below the blue,
That seemed to be fair Heaven's unclouded face,
That shone above us as we turned to leave
A life of dreams — that love alone did weave.

Yet home was there; for that first home of
ours
We did not scorn the voice that called us
there!

Our home should e'er be bright as Eden's
bowers,
Our love should wax with time more sweet,
more fair.

Work claimed us; life stood no more idly by,
Teaching the happy hours how to fly.

And so we entered where work held the reins,
Nor shirked the future with its heavy load;
At evening there were wanderings in the
lanes;
Love's lamp lit up the gloom in our abode.
Yet who could watch the swallow's eager
quest
With tired eyes that only longed for rest?

He had his dreams to dream, just as of old,
His fancies flew above on happy wings;
Escaping all that was so dully told —
The weary march of useful common things.
I could not rise; when quite worn out with
pain,
Or children's cries, I longed for sleep again.

I slipped aside unwitting; but in dreams
I saw alone once more that happy time,
Ere work could separate, or blur the gleams
The sun had lent us, turning prose to
rhyme.

He rose yet higher, and I loosed the band;
I would not drag him down from fairy-land.

For he is happy, and his life is sweet,
Nor recks he that so far I lag behind.
Perchance beyond life's mists once more we'll
meet,

And in one strand our lives shall then be
twined:

One strand so strong, it shall have power to
draw

Our hearts together — being one, once more.
All The Year Round.

TO SLEEP.

COME to me now! O come! benignest Sleep!
And fold me up, as evening doth a flower,
From my vain self, and vain things which
have power

Upon my soul to make me smile or weep.
And when thou comest, oh, like Death be
deep!

No dreamy boon have I of thee to crave,
More than may come to him that in his grave
Is heedless of the night winds how they sweep.
I have not in me half that cause of sorrow
Which is in thousands who must not com-
plain;

And yet this moment, if it could be mine
To lapse and pass in sleep, and so resign
All that must yet be borne of joy and pain,
I scarcely know if I would wake to-morrow.

PATRICK PROCTOR ALEXANDER.

From The Fortnightly Review.
MOBS AND REVOLUTIONS.

MILITARY men, who know better than civilians how terrible in its effect is the employment of military force, regard with the utmost aversion the idea of being entrusted with the duty of suppressing riots. Their disgust has grown with the increase in the power of firearms, which have of late so gained in penetration, that a single bullet may kill not only the man first struck but the one behind him. The range is also so great that a soldier firing at a rioter thirty yards off may kill or wound an innocent person engaged in a lawful occupation a mile distant. I trust therefore that though I am a retired officer, I shall not be accused of bloodthirsty tendencies because I express my views on the best methods of dealing with riots, which may always turn out to be incipient revolutions. To my mind, indeed, any success which I may obtain in this direction will be of advantage to the cause of humanity, for a petty disturbance which might, if dealt with firmly at the beginning, be suppressed at the expense of merely a few bruises and non-mortal wounds, may result eventually in a fearful loss of life in addition to widespread demoralization, the exciting of undying hatred between parties or classes, and injury to the country by the wholesale destruction of property. Moreover, the longer the conflict between the friends of order and the promoters of disorder be deferred, the more likely is the enforcement of the law to become eventually indiscriminating and brutal. That civilization has made such progress recently that such an article as that which I propose to write is superfluous, cannot be admitted by those who have studied the signs of the times, and the increasing arrogance of anarchists alike in France, England, and America. Before proceeding to give my notions as to the most judicious, effective, and humane method of putting down riotous assemblies, I will give a brief account of some of the conflicts between government and mobs during the present century.

The year 1848 is fruitful in instructive examples of failure on the part of those

entrusted to maintain order and do their duty. Their shortcomings were especially conspicuous in France. It is needless to relate the causes of the revolution in 1848, so discreditable to all concerned in it. I shall merely mention that in the beginning of 1848 there was considerable discontent among the inhabitants of Paris, which was fanned into agitation by the prohibition by the government of the reform banquet and procession which were fixed for the 22nd February. The party which merely aimed at overthrowing the ministry was numerous, and led by chiefs able indeed, but so unprincipled as virtually to ally themselves with the republicans whose object was to destroy the monarchy. The republicans who could be counted on were contemptible as regards numbers, which on the best authority did not exceed fifteen thousand in the provinces and four thousand in Paris. These, however, constituted only the *cadres* of the revolutionary force, and were certain to receive vast accessions of strength on the first gleam of success. On the other hand, the government of Louis Philippe had at its disposal in Paris itself twenty-five thousand regular troops, which might in six hours have been doubled by drawing in the garrisons of the neighboring towns. At Versailles there was a powerful reserve of cavalry, which in two or three hours could have been brought to the Tuileries, while the large artillery force at Vincennes was even nearer. In addition to the regular troops, there were in Paris alone fifty thousand National Guards, a flabby force which has almost always proved treacherous or weak, and which in 1848 was in a state of discontent. It soon became evident that a rising was at hand, and the government issued orders that Paris should by 7 A. M. of the 22nd February be militarily occupied. Unfortunately on the afternoon of the 21st there seemed to be a probability of the procession being abandoned. The movements of the troops were accordingly countermanded in order to avoid all risk of a collision.

On the 22nd large crowds assembled in the streets, but no procession took place till the afternoon, when some bands of

students marched about shouting, "Vive la Réforme!" "A bas M. Guizot." Later on, the crowds failing to disperse, some bodies of cavalry were posted in a few of the chief thoroughfares. These bodies were pelted by the mob, and even some attempts were made to construct barricades. The government on this became alarmed, and issued orders that Paris should, as was originally intended, be militarily occupied. In accordance with the custom which had prevailed since 1830, every body of troops was to be accompanied by a body of National Guards, the government, misled by false information, believing that it could reckon on the loyalty of the latter. On the evening of the 22nd, however, a meeting of the principal officers of the National Guards was held at the offices of the *Siccle*. At this meeting it was resolved that though a change of ministers was required it was not desirable to overthrow the monarchy. It was therefore decided that the National Guards should everywhere interpose between the troops and the insurgents, and thus prevent a conflict. At 7 A.M. on the 23rd the *générale* was beaten for the assembly of the National Guards. The latter carried out their scheme, and thus prevented the troops from dispersing the crowds which soon began to gather. Indeed, some battalions of the National Guards openly joined the mob. At noon the members of the secret societies presented themselves in great numbers. The next step was the pillaging of gunsmiths' shops and the construction of barricades. The revolution had commenced. The king realizing at length the gravity of the case summoned a council. He consented to grant parliamentary reform and accepted the resignation of the Guizot ministry. Indeed, he expressed a wish that he could himself resign, but the queen in a few noble words reminded him of his duty. The moderate men were satisfied with this concession, and the National Guards, quite proud of their share in extorting it, returned to their homes singing songs of triumph. Though clothed and armed militarily, these parodies of soldiers have apparently never known what a military spirit is, and have not even

been conscious of their shame. Had the king combined his concession with vigorous measures his crown might have been saved; but he was no longer the man of Jemappes. His fatuity was turned to good account by the professional revolutionists who wished for nothing less than a peaceful reform. Several bands, when night fell, traversed Paris by torchlight, shouting "Vive la Réforme!" "A bas les ministres!" One party, armed with pikes and headed by a wild-looking fellow of the name of Charles Lagrange, hastened to the Foreign Office, the ministerial residence of M. Guizot. There they found their progress stopped by a battalion of the line. Like a ruffian as he was, Lagrange on this deliberately, and with the view to provoke conflict, fired a pistol at the soldiers, who instantly replied with a volley which laid low fifty of the mob. The revolutionists took advantage of this incident to excite still more the silly or criminal portion of the populace by parading about in a wagon as many of the killed and wounded as it would contain. On hearing of the incident at the Foreign Office the king sent for M. Thiers to form a cabinet and Marshal Bugeaud to take command of the troops and National Guard. The following extracts from a letter written by the marshal to M. Léonce de Lavergne are interesting.

"It was at two o'clock on the morning of the 24th of February that one of the king's aides-de-camps came to summon me to the palace. I went there as quickly as I could and was offered the command of the troops and of the National Guard. I quite understood that it was too late, but thought it would be unworthy of me to refuse. The late ministers, Guizot and Duchâtel, were sent for to countersign the decrees appointing me. All this took a great deal too much time, and it was not till half past three in the morning that I was able to place myself in communication with the troops that were in the Place du Carrousel and the court of the Tuileries. . . . The troops were very much demoralized; they had been kept for sixty hours in a timid and even disgraceful attitude before the mob, their packs on their backs, quietly allowing the insurgents to

attack the Municipal Guard, burn the guard rooms, cut down trees, break the lamps, and make speeches to the soldiers.

"The only food they had received was three rations of biscuit, all eaten up long ago. Generally they had but ten rounds of ammunition a man, and the best-provided battalions had not more than twenty. There were only three wagons of small-arm ammunition in the Place du Carrousel; there were none at all at the Ecole Militaire, nor anywhere else in Paris.

"The only store was at Vincennes, and that was but thirteen wagons. This was the only reserve, and to bring it up a way would have had to be made through the whole mob and thousands of barricades. The horses of the cavalry were exhausted and had no corn. The men had been kept in their saddles almost all the time."

Bugeaud soon formed his plans, and it will excite laughter when we inform our readers that Thiers, who to the end of his days labored under the delusion that he possessed military skill, asked to look at them. We can imagine the contemptuous smile with which the grand old warrior consented, and the expression of his countenance when the self-sufficient little bourgeois was good enough to express his approval of the veteran commander's dispositions. After a couple of hours spent in arranging the columns, sending orders, and trying to inspire the troops and National Guards with confidence, the marshal at 5.30 A. M. assumed the offensive, and despatched four columns, several reserve columns being formed in the Place du Carrousel.

We cannot better describe what ensued than by giving more extracts from the letter above referred to.

"At seven I had formal reports that my columns had reached the points named without encountering any resistance. The barricades had not been defended, and had been thrown down enough to allow of the passage of artillery.

"The column of the Boulevards alone had not gone to the Bastille, because it had met an immense mob upon the Boulevard Montmartre. The general commanding sent to me, 'I am in front of an enormous crowd, but badly armed. They are not

offensive and shout, "Vive la Réforme!" "Vive la Ligne!" "A bas Guizot!" What must I do?' I answered, 'Summon them to break up, and if they do not obey, act as I have told you in my instructions.' I afterwards was informed that my orders had not been executed, and that this general had behaved with great weakness."

About 8 A. M. Thiers and Odillon Barrot brought the marshal an order from the king to withdraw the troops and only employ the National Guard. He at first refused to obey, but the Duc de Nemours arriving and repeating the order, he felt that he could no longer decline to carry out this suicidal command. He therefore sent instruction to the different columns to fall back on the Tuileries. The marshal then occupied himself with haranguing two battalions of the National Guard, which were also reviewed by the king, in preparing for the defence of the palace, and in persuading the insurgent National Guards and the mob to give up some barricades in the streets opening on the Rue de Rivoli. After a time, hearing some musket-shots in the direction of the Palais Royal and the Louvre, he placed himself at the head of a battalion of regular troops, and was about to advance with them, when two royal aides-de-camp came to tell him that the king was abdicating, and that Marshal Gérard had been appointed to the command of the troops. He then went to the council chamber and warmly combated his Majesty's resolution, being energetically supported by the queen. The king for a moment seemed disposed to yield to his representations, but the cowardly courtiers and politicians about him — and to his shame be it said — the king's son, the Duc de Montpensier, applied such pressure that Louis Philippe resumed his pen and signed the document by which he sacrificed the monarchy and handed over France to the rule of his enemies.

From the above it is quite clear that the king had ample warning of the rising, and possessed the means of nipping it in the bud. If, when the cavalry were pelted on the afternoon of the 23d, they had been ordered to charge, and been supported by infantry, the plans of the chief officers of

the National Guard would have been baffled, for their men had not then been called out. The want of forethought with regard to ammunition and food for the troops contributed to their discouragement. A little inquiry would have convinced the government that the National Guards were, as usual, untrustworthy. Under no circumstances should they have been allowed to hamper the action of the troops. When it was found how the former were acting the latter should have been disengaged from them—by retreat if necessary—and the National Guards should have been forced to take sides. The government was strong enough to deal with both the National Guards and the mob, but had the military authorities assumed an energetic offensive many of the National Guards would have been actively loyal and others would have stopped at home.

When it was resolved to give Marshal Bugeaud the command of the armed force in Paris no time should have been lost in empty formalities. Lord Clive was on one occasion playing whist when he received a letter from Major Ford, commanding a field force, conveying important intelligence. Lord Clive did not interrupt his game, but merely scribbled in pencil, "Dear Ford, fight them at once. I will send you the order in council to-morrow." Similarly, Louis Philippe ought to have allowed Marshal Bugeaud to set to work at once without waiting for a formal document, which could have been drawn up and signed afterwards. Again, the marshal should have been given full powers, and not have been relieved till he had tried and failed. But he would not have failed. In spite of the want of food and ammunition, in spite of the depression of the troops, success was actually within the grasp of the marshal when, by the meddlesome interference of Thiers and the weakness of the king, he was ordered to leave the task of dealing with the insurrection to the National Guards, who had only the day before proved their worthlessness. Even at the last moment, when Bugeaud had been so unwisely relieved by Gérard, there still remained a chance had the king acted with courage. The conduct of the Duc de Montpensier in urging his father to abdicate reflects lasting shame on his name. Indeed the only two persons in the council chamber who behaved with credit were the queen and Marshal Bugeaud.

In strong contrast to the feebleness of the French government in February, 1848,

was the firmness of their successors in June of the same year. On the night of the 22nd of June crowds of revolutionists began to assemble. On the following morning barricades, eventually amounting to thirty-eight hundred and eighty-eight, were constructed. General Cavaignac, the minister of war, had at his disposal in Paris no more than twenty thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry, or, including artillery and engineers, about twenty-five thousand men. Not much confidence was to be placed in the National Guards and the Garde Mobile; some of both indeed openly joined the insurgents. Four regiments at Versailles and Orleans were summoned to Paris, and orders were sent by telegraph ordering reinforcements from Rouen, Lille, Metz, and Lyons. But some time would elapse before any considerable proportion of these reinforcements could arrive, and it was necessary to deal with the emergency promptly. During the morning of the 23rd the *général* was beaten for the assembly of the National Guards and the Guard Mobile. The former, however, came in slowly. Having carefully formed his plans, as if he had to deal with a regular army, Cavaignac organized the troops in four columns. The insurgents on their side were also well organized, and showed a resolution very different from the hesitating attitude at first displayed by the revolutionists of the previous February. The actual fighting was begun by a body of the National Guard. There were some five battalions in that generally untrustworthy force, which carried a couple of barricades after a severe struggle. The regular troops also, after a desperate resistance, gained possession of several barricades. On the morning of the 24th the strength of the insurgents was so formidable, and the state of affairs generally so serious, that General Cavaignac was appointed dictator by the Assembly. One remarkable result of this measure was, that in two hours after it became known twenty thousand more men joined the ranks of the National Guard. Cavaignac, having now his hands free, pushed forward offensive operations with energy. Artillery was employed freely, the troops were well handled, and reinforcements from the neighboring garrisons arrived; but it was not till about 11 A. M. on the 26th that the insurrection was finally crushed. As to the cost at which this result was obtained, Alison, in his "History of Europe," says, "This terrible strife cost France more lives than any of

the battles of the empire. The number of generals who perished in it or from the wounds they had received exceeded even those cut off at Borodino or Waterloo."

We have in these two cases instances of the result of feeble and energetic dealing with insurrection. In the first instance the authorities had far greater chances of success on their side than in the second instance. There was more notice, the number of regular troops available was larger, and the mob was at first hesitating in its action. Feebleness, indecision, and want of foresight, however, caused a riot to develop into a revolution. In the second instance a revolution fully fledged broke out with scarcely any notice, the socialists, encouraged by their former triumph, having had time to organize their forces, were recruited by many foreign veterans of insurrection; they were nevertheless completely crushed by troops who must have lost much of their *morale* by previous events.

Turning to the history of our own country, I shall briefly describe two outbreaks from which a lesson is to be learnt. The first of these is what the Radicals absurdly called "the Massacre of Peterloo." There had been in 1819 a growing effervescence in the country owing to the general distress, which the Radicals turned to political account. A great meeting was summoned at Peterloo, near Manchester, for the 16th August. The magistrates were, with reason, alarmed, for drilling had been going on in all the country round. They therefore obtained the support of six troops of the 15th Hussars, the Cheshire Yeomanry, a troop of the Manchester Yeomanry, two guns, and the greater part of the 31st regiment. They also swore in a large body of special constables. All these—the special constables armed with staves—were brought to the place of meeting. The persons who were to meet together marched to the rendezvous in regularly formed bodies, six abreast, headed by bands, and carrying colors with various inscriptions, two of which were "Liberty or death!" "Equal representation or death!" About sixty thousand, including many women and some children, were present, and the magistrates, fearing the consequences if the proceedings were allowed to go on, made out a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Hunt, "Orator Hunt," as he was called, who was to deliver an address. The chief constable ordered to execute the warrant pointed out that it was physically impos-

sible for him to penetrate through the dense crowd which surrounded the platform. Consequently the military were called upon to support the police and clear the way. The Manchester Yeomanry were the first to arrive, and unfortunately advanced at a walk two abreast. The mob uttered a loud shout, pressed in on them, broke up the ranks, and even unhorsed some of the yeomen. On this the officer commanding the 15th Hussars was ordered to disperse the crowd. The hussars coming up at a trot wheeled into line and charged. The troopers showed great forbearance, few of them striking otherwise than with the flat of the sword. Their charge was, however, irresistible, and the crowd, struck with terror, swayed back. A terrible scene of confusion and pressure was presented, and four or five persons were crushed to death, and some twenty wounded by sabre cuts; altogether some seventy persons were more or less injured, among them being a special constable ridden down by the hussars, and a yeoman knocked off his horse by a stone thrown by the rioters. The magistrates accomplished their object, viz., the arrest of Hunt and ten of his companions, and the dispersal of the mob. While the prisoners were being conveyed to jail an attempt was made to rescue them, but foiled by the fire of the infantry guard, which wounded several of the rioters. Thus by prompt, energetic action, a severe blow was struck at the would-be revolutionists, and probably much valuable property in and about Manchester saved from the thieves who are always to be found in every mob. At the same time, it is a question whether the same results might not have been attained with less violence, by a more judicious handling of the troops, who might have cut off sections of the mob successively. On the other hand the spirit of defiance to the law animated the assembly, and the severe lesson given was needed.

In 1831 the state of the country was still more disturbed and dangerous. Outrages of the most violent and brutal nature took place in different parts of England, and resolution in dealing with mobs was therefore imperatively required. Yet, instead of acting with the vigor of the magistrates and officers at Manchester in 1819, the civil and military authorities at Bristol displayed the greatest feebleness and incapacity. What happened was briefly as follows. Sir Charles Wetherell, who was very obnoxious to the people of Bristol, of which town he was the recorder, made a public entry, as usual, into

the place on the 29th of October. A large mob assembled, and first hissed and then pelted the recorder. On the arrival of the procession at the Mansion House, the roughs hurled at it every missile which was at hand. The mayor entreated the mob to disperse, and, to calm it, withdrew some of the special constables. Of course this concession emboldened the roughs, who are seldom courageous until they see symptoms of fear in their adversaries. The crowd not only became bolder but more numerous. The mayor read the Riot Act; but as that formality was not followed by action, he might just as well have fired a pop-gun, and, finding how weak a man they had to deal with, the rioters drove back the constables, broke into the Mansion House, completely gutted it, and, pulling up the iron railings in front, retained them for use as weapons. Sir Charles Wetherell and the mayor made their escape, and the latter applied for the assistance of the military, in chief command of whom was Colonel Brereton. In reply to this requisition two troops of the 14th Light Dragoons arrived; but they got no orders from any one, and contented themselves with walking their horses backwards and forwards through the crowd. The latter, encouraged by this inaction, began to break the windows of the Council House, on which they were charged and promptly dispersed by the troops. During the night the idea spread that the magistrates would not order the soldiers to act, and that, if they did, the soldiers would remain passive. Feeling secure as to their personal safety, and attracted by the hope of drink and plunder, thousands came in on the following morning to swell the cohorts of rascaldom. The cellars of the Mansion House were broken into, and soon extensive drunkenness ensued. A troop of dragoons was sent for, but no orders to act being given, the officer commanding, finding that his presence was useless, and fearing that his men would become demoralized, returned to barracks. Another troop was then sent to the Mansion House, and from some whim the mob saluted its arrival with cheers. The rioters then broke up into detachments, and unimpeded by the military burned the Mansion House, the bishop's palace, many public offices, and forty-two private houses and warehouses, and set free the prisoners in the various jails. Altogether property to the extent of half a million sterling was destroyed. For fear of irritating the populace the troops were all withdrawn from the town,

and had the mortification during the whole night of seeing the sky lit up by the conflagrations raging in all parts of the city. On the morrow, even the supine magistrates and commander of the troops felt that for very shame's sake something must be done. A party of dragoons were therefore sent into the city, and, being well commanded, they charged with vigor, and soon put the chivalry of the gutter to flight.

The terror displayed by these "true reformers" was most abject. Thousands fled before a few scores of soldiers, and in some cases the fugitives were so besotted by fright or drink that, to escape the swords of the dragoons, they rushed into burning houses and perished in the flames. It must have been at this period of the disturbance that the following incident occurred. One of the officers of the 14th Light Dragoons, when charging at the head of his men, was attacked by a stalwart blacksmith, who rushed out of his smithy with a red-hot bar in his hand. The officer, who was of anything but a truculent disposition, in self-defence, delivered a cut at his assailant's neck, when, to his surprise, the man's head fell from his shoulders. Eye-witnesses said that they never saw anything more striking than the look of extreme astonishment which appeared on the skilful swordsman's face when he perceived the effect of his cut. To return to the disturbance, it was completely at an end within a few minutes after the order to charge had been given, showing what could have been accomplished thirty-six hours previously, had the mayor instructed the dragoons who first appeared on the scene to act. The officer above mentioned was not the only person who used his sword with effect, and the total of killed and wounded brought to the public hospitals amounted to ninety-four. Besides there were no doubt others, including the men burnt to death, who were never heard of by the authorities. In the subsequent investigation the mayor was acquitted of blame, as he proved that he was not properly supported by the military, though I, for one, cannot hold him guiltless. As for Colonel Brereton, the evidence against him was so strong that he committed suicide.

The last case of rioting to which I shall allude was that called the Astor Place Riot, which occurred in New York in 1850. Macready, as a representative of the English drama, had arrived in New York to fulfil an engagement. Unfortunately a quarrel arose between him and the cele-

brated American actor, Forrest. The population was divided into two camps; one supporting Macready, the other Forrest. At length party feeling ran so high that a mob of Forrest's partisans stormed and gutted the Astor Theatre, where Macready was acting. That celebrated regiment, the 7th New York Volunteers, consisting entirely of gentlemen, was called out, and finding that the mob would not disperse fired a volley which killed twenty-five people besides wounding many more, and thus, as if by magic, cleared the place.

Having dealt with the subject from an historical point of view, I propose to devote the rest of this article to a consideration of the best means of coping with a riotous mob, which, as I have shown, often means an embryo revolution, and at all events is certain, if not repressed at once, to effect terrible loss of life and property. Under any circumstances a riot not promptly arrested is apt to bring the law into contempt. The ordinary instruments for dealing with a disturbance are the police. Should the task prove to be beyond their power the aid of the military is invoked, and if matters threaten to be very serious law-abiding citizens are sworn in as special constables. Between the three we possess in England ample means to maintain or restore order; but unfortunately there is no system, no code of tactics, by which these instruments can be used to the best advantage. Indeed we set to work in what may be termed a very crude manner, merely directly opposing brute force to brute force, instead of using the means at the disposal of the authorities with the skill which is the outcome of reflection, common sense, and experience. However capable the direction of the operations of the troops of order or disorder, skill cannot to any great extent be displayed unless the troops themselves are properly organized, disciplined, and accustomed to combined action. This fact in itself gives authority an immense advantage, for the army of disorder is so wanting in the qualifications above referred to, that it is capable only of moving in huge unwieldy masses, and quite incapable of manœuvring. It has, it is true, in its favor the weight of numbers, and the momentum caused by the foremost ranks being pressed irresistibly forward by the large majority in the rear, who either are ignorant of the danger awaiting them or are protected from its consequences. A mob, in short, is pushed on rather than drawn or led on, and provided

those in the rear feel or fancy themselves safe, the courage or cowardice of those at the head of the column is a matter of comparatively little importance. We have, however, always acted as if such were not the fact, and our only notion of stopping, driving back, or dispersing a mob consists in making a bull-like rush at its head.

I venture to suggest that the principles of military tactics are as applicable in a contest with a mob as in a pitched battle with a foreign army. I also submit that a mob possessing little cohesion, no organization or discipline, and slight confidence in its extemporized leaders, and having, moreover, a sense of wrong-doing, is especially liable to moral influences, and consequently to panic. The above considerations form the basis of the following outline scheme.

A mob is either stationary, with the exception that small portions make occasional brief rushes against the police, or on the march, with a view to reach the appointed scene of operations, or attacking either the police or another body of civilians. Let us deal with each case separately.

The stationary mob is generally occupied in (a) listening to speeches, (b) making a demonstration, (c) attacking or plundering a house, (d) blocking a street. No matter, however, what its object may be, the same means, or almost the same means, should be employed to deal with it. I of course assume that the authorities consider it necessary to disperse the mob. Generally speaking it will be found more easy to prevent the assembly than secure the dispersal of a crowd. The best way to prevent the gathering of the latter is to keep every one moving; also on the dispersal of a crowd, its constituent parts must be kept on the move and in as many directions as possible. To disperse a stationary crowd a direct attack by the police, or even by the troops, with an attempt to reach the core of the meeting, such as the platform, is not as a rule advisable. The superior weight of the mob in such a case has to be overcome by the free use of bâtons or arms, and the police or soldiers are likely to be surrounded. If the front ranks of the mob are by a sudden rush of the police forced back, or should a panic caused by fear of soldiers arise, many foolish but innocent spectators are exposed to the danger of being thrown down and trampled to death. At all events, the contest should be begun by shredding off as it were corners and the outermost ranks of the mob, and this

process should be carried on quietly at several spots simultaneously. If possible, by a combination of moral and physical force, a group of the mob should be got to move away from the crowd; the probability is that many will follow without knowing why, simply from the sheep-like instinct which men display when assembled in any numbers. When the crowd has been thinned from the outside, and is beginning to sway about somewhat, the police, forming a long triangle with short base, might endeavor to insinuate their way in firmly, but without more violence or noise than is necessary, and disintegrate the crowd. An endeavor to penetrate to the centre and to arrest the speakers should not be made till the last moment. In fact the harangues of the speakers and the applause of their immediate surroundings favor the action of the police by drawing away attention from the latter. As for the arrest of the speakers, that can easily be accomplished when the crowd has been broken up. To attempt it earlier would only be to concentrate and give cohesion to the mob. When the mob is merely blocking a street, to prevent, say, the passage of the general public, the troops, or a procession, etc., there is generally only one front, *i. e.*, the mob are looking in one direction for the arrival of those whom it is desired to stop. In that case no effort should be made directly to drive back the mob, for the reasons which we have already given. The front should be watched and its attention attracted by a portion of the police, but the real efforts should be made by two or three strong detachments shredding off successively men in the rear and on the flanks. When that process has gone on for some little time, bodies of police may boldly attempt to make several lanes simultaneously in the mob from one flank to the other, and thus disintegrate it. Deprived of solid support in the rear, the men in front will probably lose heart, and be easily driven away or arrested. It must be remembered that the people on the outskirts and rear of a crowd are often only influenced by curiosity, and almost always are the least determined members of the mob. In the case of a mob attacking a house, the proceedings of the police must be somewhat modified. Delay under such circumstances is dangerous, and energetic measures must be adopted. I would advise that the bulk of the police available should be formed into a solid column with a front of four, and should with a cheer charge the flank of the fore-

most row of the assailants, using truncheons freely; at the same time a smaller body should attack the flank of the rear-most rows.

I have a great belief in the efficacy of fire-engines against a mob. Wet clothes damp ardor; few men are brave when cold and wet; and this fact is so well known that a certain French politician living in Paris during a period of excitement was in the habit as soon as he rose of looking out of window, and if he found that it was raining would exclaim with a sigh of relief, "No revolution to-day." We also learn that when Louis Philippe was replacing Napoleon's statue on the column in the Place Vendome, the Napoleonists assembled continually in excited crowds round the pedestal. The crowds were, however, soon dispersed by copious streams of water being pumped on them. The material effect of a stream of water projected from a fire-engine through a hose is considerable. No man can stand against it. Besides, on the principle that the mishaps of others afford human beings a certain amount of satisfaction, the members of a crowd are sure to laugh at seeing their companions wetted, and a crowd which begins to laugh, ceases to be dangerous. I would therefore suggest that whenever a serious disturbance is anticipated a few fire-engines should be placed at the disposal of the police.

To return from this digression, I will now deal with the case of a mob on the march. Hitherto the method of proceeding is to oppose a direct resistance to the head. This is a mistake, for the force at the disposal of the authorities is generally, nay, almost always, inferior in numbers to the mob. I would recommend a plan very different from the above. The great point is first of all to disintegrate the mob, *i. e.*, break it up into small parties. Most of the system of tactics suggested for dealing with a stationary mob is also applicable in this case. As to details, the head of the moving mob should be observed and hindered by a portion of the police, but the latter should not attempt to stop the head of the procession by main force. It is easier to turn off, than to stop, the mob. Hence endeavors should be made occasionally to divert its head down a side street, and when a certain number have gone by to allow the bulk to proceed in the original direction. If this process be repeated several times the mob will be broken up into manageable fragments. It may be said that it is no easy thing to divert a living stream, but by suddenly

charging or threatening to charge the head of the column and simultaneously opening a way by a cross street close at hand and getting a few of the mob to take the new direction, the object may be effected, for a crowd is always ready to follow an example. A good plan is for the police to have a few roughs in their pay and employ them to set the example required. These broken-off fragments of the mob can when they have gone a short way be disposed of very easily by a few policemen, assisted if necessary by special constables. Of course this diversion would be of little avail if the detached fragments were allowed to retrace their steps and rejoin the principal body; but an essential part of my plan is to occupy with troops, police, or special constable all the entrances from cross streets into the line of route. By so doing the authorities have it in their power at any moment to attack the mob in flank and cut the column into slices. The great point is to pare off the column from the rear, and this can best be done by successively making at intervals a rush across the street and chopping off the tail, turning it if possible off the main line of route. It cannot be too much borne in mind that the strength of a mob consists in the mass, generally without resolution or fixed purpose, which pushes on the leaders, who from fear of personal consequences would often be glad to stop or go back if the pressure would allow them to do so. The brains are in the head, and the physical force in the body of the column. The thinner the latter, *i.e.*, the narrower its front, the more easily is it dealt with.

It is therefore a good plan to keep bodies of police (or troops, preferably cavalry) moving backwards and forwards along the pavement or the sides of the roadway. These bodies of troops should not attempt to stop the progress of the mob, but merely to shoulder them off as much as possible towards the centre of the street. They at the same time protect the houses. The bodies of troops or police occupying the entrance of the cross streets serve, in addition to the uses mentioned above, to prevent the reinforcing of the mob by people coming down these streets. The rear of the mob should be followed, both in order to arrest or send away persons by degrees and to prevent any accession of numbers from behind. A cord or rope stretched across the street about eighteen inches above the ground will be found useful, for if the mob are moving rapidly many persons will stumble over or be

pushed over it, and those who follow will fall over those who are in front.

It often happens, especially in Ireland, that a body of police is besieged in a house. In such a case a good way to assist direct defence is for a portion of the garrison, if it be possible, and they can be spared, to slip out unperceived, and making a circuit to charge with a rush and a shout the rear or flank—the latter in preference—of the assailants. A mob is especially liable to panic, and half-a-dozen policemen unexpectedly appearing will suggest the arrival of a force ten times as large.

I now come to the question of the employment of troops. The Duke of Wellington, in the Chartist demonstration in London in 1848, thought it wise to keep his force at hand but out of sight. It seems to me that the great captain was right, and that the troops should not be shown till it is intended that they should act. It cannot be wise to allow the mob time to familiarize themselves with the sight of the military and to count their numbers. On the contrary, a great moral effect is produced by the sudden appearance of the military, especially if it be known that they are brought to the spot, not to be stoned and insulted, but to act with effect if the mob do not immediately give way. I do not advocate hasty or extreme violence, but I do emphatically urge in the interests alike of humanity and order that in the case of a riot the troops are for use and not for show. They should never be broken up into small numbers, and when warning is given that force will be used if the people do not disperse within a given time, and that time should be short, no further delay should take place. If, however, the mob be not very aggressive and desperate, a charge by infantry with unfixed bayonets will frequently suffice; for a thrust in the pit of the stomach with the muzzle of a rifle is by no means agreeable, neither can it be said that a blow with the butt of a rifle on the shins is a pleasant salute. If more than this be needed then the effect of fire should be tried. I venture, however, with all respect for the regulations, to submit that if matters are so bad that firing is needed at all, it should be such as to produce a terrifying impression on the mob; if it fall short of that it is apt to irritate instead of cowing. Consequently I would suggest that not fewer than twelve men should fire at first, and that if the crowd do not then at once flee a second volley by an equal body of men should promptly

follow. The object being to disable and frighten rather than to slay, the troops should fire from a kneeling position and aim at the shin. Moreover, by this means the danger of the bullets ranging far and striking either the most innocent members of the mob, *i. e.*, those in rear, or peaceful persons a mile off, will be avoided. Buck shot are, however, preferable to bullets. If it can be managed there should be a fire on the flank as well as on the front of the crowd. As soon as the mob begin to turn, they should be followed up rapidly, but steadily, with fixed bayonets, so as to give no opportunity of rallying, and to keep up the terror. In some cases, especially in open ground, a charge of cavalry is more humane than, and equally as effective as, the action of infantry. The charge should be made in line, with supports on each flank, at a fast trot, or at most a canter. The troopers should rely as much as possible on the action of their horses, and the edge not the point of the sword should be used. The former is more terrifying and inflicts uglier-looking wounds, and yet is less likely to prove fatal than the latter. If possible, the troopers should aim at the arms and legs of the mob, though, if the latter resist viciously, a few cuts across the face are desirable.

Artillery should only be used as a last resource, and then case-shot should be employed; but when it comes to cannon the riot has developed into an attempt at revolution, and the only object of the military commanders should be at any cost to stamp out resistance. In such a case as that it may be assumed that the houses adjoining the troops will be occupied by the insurrectionists, and then the tactics should be such as those employed when a garrison which has been driven from the ramparts continues its resistance in the streets. For example, detachments accompanied by sappers should break into a building and force their way from house to house till they get in rear of the enemy, shells and hand-grenades being thrown down the chimneys or through any other openings in order to dislodge the occupants of a house. If this house-to-house fighting requires too much time, or for any other reason is unadvisable, an artillery or rifle fire should be delivered down the centre of the street, while on each side, close to the walls, should march a body of soldiers in single file, firing at any who may show themselves at the windows on *the opposite side*.

My object, however, is not so much to

write on the best means of dealing with revolution, but to show how, in my opinion, a riot can be prevented from becoming one. As I have said above, this object may be accomplished without much bodily injury to any one concerned, by the adoption of a simple system of tactics, if the disturbance is in its earlier stages dealt with firmly. In the case of the police, I have gone into those tactics minutely. In the case of the military I have treated the subject more generally. Whether, however, police or military be employed, the main principles are the same.

In conclusion, I would again impress upon my readers that, if the actors in a disorderly drama are thought to be not merely mischievous but really vicious, then calculated, methodical, and controlled severity will prove in the long run the truest humanity. W. W. KNOLLYS.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
A SECRET INHERITANCE.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VIII.

As I lay in this dreamy condition I became conscious that the music had ceased and that the players had departed. But I was not alone; Dr. Louis was with me.

These facts were made apparent by my inner sense, for I did not attempt to open my eyes. Indeed, without a determined effort I should not have succeeded. A wave of cold air passed over my eyelids; another; another. This did not proceed from an uncontrolled natural force; Doctor Louis had risen from his seat, and was now standing in close proximity to me. I did not pause to consider whether he had moved towards me stealthily, in order not to disturb me. I was content to accept certain facts without inquiry as to how they were produced. Again the wave of cold air across my eyelids; again; again.

"To seal them," was the expression of my thought. "So be it — but this learned doctor shall not quite succeed. He is endeavoring to magnetize me to his will, but my power is no less than his; it may be greater. Hidden force shall meet hidden force in friendly and amiable contest. He will not be aware that I am resisting him, and the advantage will be on my side. I will play with him as one skilled in fence plays with an apprentice. My dear doc-

tor's power is the product of cultivation ; he has learned the art he practises. To me it is natural, born in my birth without a doubt. What matter how transmitted? That I am I is the potent fact ; and being I, and of and in the world, I am, to myself, supreme. What to me would be the marvels of nature, the genius of centuries, the memorials of time from the first breath of creation, were I not in existence? Therefore am I, to myself, supreme. The present lives ; the past is at rest. The future? A grey veil spreads itself before me, shutting out from my view the years of mortal life through which I have yet to pass. But I possess a talisman. I breathe upon the veil the form of a rose, white and most lovely, with just a tinge of creamy pink, and it dissolves into a vision of flowers, amidst which I walk, clasping a hand which, but that it is flesh and blood, might be the hand of an angel. It is an angel's hand — mine, and no other man's ; mine, to gladden my hours, and to be forever creative of joy, of peace, of beauty. How fair the view ! I will have no other.

"I am not fearful that the doctor has evil intentions towards me ; and truly I have none towards him. As regards our relations to each other, spiritual and temporal, nothing is yet fixed.

"I see him as he stands by my side, waiting his turn. A grave, courteous, and kindly man, whose native instinct it must be to shrink from evil. Goodness and nobility are inherent in his nature. Not that he is devoid of cunning. Indeed, is he not practising it at the present moment? But it is cunning which must always be used to a just or good end. I do not unite the terms 'just' and 'good,' for the reason that they are sometimes at war with each other. What is a blessing to one man is frequently a curse to another. The doctor's cunning is just now weakened by the fact that it is as much the cunning of the heart as of the head that he is bringing to bear upon me. Mixed motives are rarely entirely successful. In enterprises upon which momentous issues hang, one dominant idea must be the supreme guide.

"He is not inimical to me, yet he is secretly disturbed — and I am the cause. Well, doctor, you picked me up in the woods and saved my life. Who, then, is the responsible one — you or I?

"Between us, for sympathy or repulsion, are a being and an influence which soon shall become resolved into a bridge or a chasm. I prefer that it shall be a bridge, but it may be that it will not de-

pend upon me to make it this or that. Only, I will have my way. No power on earth shall mar the dearest wish of my heart.

"What being stands between you and me, dear doctor, to unite or sever? Ah, the fragrant air playing about my face, whispering of spring, of youth, of joy! Lying back in my chair, with eyes fast closed, I see the pink and white blossoms growing upwards into the clouds, kissing heaven. I am lifted heavenward. Delicious and most sweet! If death bear any resemblance to this state of beatitude, it were good to die. But I must live — I must live! A heaven awaits me in mortal life. Dear doctor, whom, unconscious to yourself, I am dominating even as you would dominate me, which is it to be — a bridge to join our hearts, or a chasm to hold them apart? The influence is love, the being, Lauretta. You cannot quite see into my heart, nor can I quite see into yours, but the secret which includes love and Lauretta is yours for the asking. Also, for the asking, my resolve to win both love and her.

"But your inquisitiveness may travel beyond this point ; you may seek to know too much, and I am armed to resist you. Nothing shall you glean from me that will be to my hurt, that will step between me and Lauretta. You shall obtain from me no pathognomonic sign which will enable you to lay your finger upon the secret of my midnight musings, and of my love for solitude. You shall not make me a witness against myself. True, I have heard silent voices and have seen invisible shapes. You would construe the bare fact to my disadvantage. You would be unable to understand that they are my slaves and have no power over me. All the dark thoughts they have suggested, all the temptings and instigations, will presently be slain by love, and will fall into a deep grave, to lie there forever still and dead. I am, as others are, human ; my life, like the lives of other men, is imperfect. The purifying influence is at hand. I thank thee, Creator of all the harmonies in the wondrous world, that thou hast sent me Lauretta! Now, doctor, I am ready for you."

He spoke upon the instant.

"You and I have certain beliefs in common — as that we are not entirely creatures of chance. There is in all nature a design, down to its minutest point."

"So far as creation goes," I answered, "so far as this or that is brought into existence. There ends the design."

"Because the work is done," said Doctor Louis.

"Not so," I said. "Rather is it because nature's part is done. Then the true work commences, and man is the master."

"Nature can destroy."

"So can man; and, of the two, he is the more powerful in destruction. His work also is of a higher quality, because of the intelligence which directs it. He can go on or turn back. Nature creates forces which, apart from their creator, produce certain results — some beautiful and harmonious, some frightful and destructive. For these results nature is only indirectly responsible; the forces she creates work independently to their own end. When a great storm is about to burst, it is not in nature's power to will that it shall dissolve into gentleness. Hence, nature, all-powerful up to a given point, is powerless beyond it."

"And man?"

"Is all-powerful. He wills and executes. He aspires to win, and he works to win. He desires, and he schemes to gratify his desire." I paused, and as Doctor Louis did not immediately reply, continued: "If there is not perfect accord between us in large contentious matters upon which the wisest scientists differ, that is no reason why there should not be between us a perfect friendship."

"I am pleased to hear you say so; it means that you desire to retain my friendship."

"I earnestly desire it."

"And would make a sacrifice to retain it?"

"Sacrifice of what?"

"Of some wish that is dear to you," replied Doctor Louis.

"That depends," I said. "In entering upon a serious obligation it behoves a man to be specific. Doctor, we are drifting from the subject which occupies your mind. Concentration would be of advantage to you in any information you wish to obtain from me."

"The flower turns towards the sun," said Doctor Louis, after a pause, during which I knew that he was bringing himself back to the point he was aiming at, "and closes its leaves in the darkness. My view has been that man, though the highest in the scale, is not his own master; he is subject to the influences which affect lower grades of life. At the same time he has within him that with which no other form of life is gifted — discernment, and, as you have said, the power to advance or recede. It sometimes happens

that an impulse, as noble as it is merciful, arrests his foot, and he says, 'No, I may bruise that flower,' and turns aside. You follow me?"

"Yes — but you are still generalizing. Question me more plainly upon what you desire to know."

"You are a stranger among us."

"I was; I do not look upon myself as a stranger now. Here have I found peace and fitness. Do not forget that, out of your goodness and generosity, you have treated me with affection."

"I do not forget it, and I pray that it may not lead to unhappiness."

"It is also my prayer — though you must remember that one man often enjoys at another man's expense."

"You have already told me something about yourself. Again I ask, what are you?"

"An English gentleman."

"Your father?"

"He was the same."

"Your mother?"

"A lady."

"Were you educated at a public school?"

"No; my studies were conducted at home by private tutors. We lived a life of privacy, and did not mix with the world."

"For any particular reason?"

"For none that I am aware of. It suited my parents so to live; it suited me also. Since the death of my parents I have seen much of the world, and derived but small enjoyment from it until destiny led me to Nerac."

"Destiny?"

"It is the only word, doctor, by which I can express myself clearly."

"During your illness you gave utterance to sentiments or ideas which impel me now to inquire whether, in the lives of either of your parents, there was that which would cause an honorable man to pause before he feels a passion towards which an innocent being may be drawn to her destruction?"

"I would perish rather than destroy the flower in my path."

"You adopt my own figure of speech, but you do not answer my question — which proves that I have not complete power over you. Your high sense of honor will not allow you to commit yourself to anything distinctly untruthful. Say there is that in your inner life which warns you that to touch would be to wither, would you stoop to gather the flower which it may be awaits your bidding?"

A glow of ineffable delight warmed my heart. "Do you know," I asked, "that it awaits me?"

"I know nothing absolutely. I am striving to perform a duty. An ordinarily wise man, foreseeing a storm, prepares for it; and when that storm threatens one who is dearer to him than life itself, he redoubles his precautions."

"As you are doing."

"As I am doing—though I am sadly conscious that my efforts may be vain."

"You are not my enemy?"

"On the contrary. I recognize in you noble qualities, but there is at the same time a mystery within you which troubles me."

"May you not be in error there?"

"It is possible. I speak from inward prompting, based upon observation and reflection."

"Dear doctor," I said, with a sense of satisfaction at the conviction that I was successfully probing him, "if I thought that my touch would blast the flower you speak of, I would fly the spot, and carry my unhappiness with me, so that only I should be the sufferer. But no need exists. Nothing lies at my door of which I am ashamed. No man, so far as I am aware, is my enemy, and I am no man's. I have never committed an act to another's hurt. You speak of my inner life. Does not every human being live two lives, and is there not in every life something which man should keep to himself? Were we to walk unmasked, we should hate and loathe each other, and saints would be stoned to death. We are maculate, and it is given to no man to probe the mystery of existence. There are pretenders, and you and I agree upon an estimate of them. If in private intercourse we were absolutely frank in our confession of temptations, gross thoughts, and uncommitted sins, it would inspire horror. The joys of life are destroyed by seeking too far. We are here, with all our imperfections. The wisest and truest philosophy is to make the best of them and of surrounding circumstance. Therefore when I see before me a path which leads to human happiness, I should be mad to turn from it. Will you not now ask questions to which I can return explicit answers?"

"You love?"

"Yes."

"Whom?"

"Lauretta."

"In honor?"

"In perfect honor. So pure a being could inspire none but a pure passion."

"You would make a sacrifice to render her happy?"

"I can make her happy without a sacrifice."

"But should the need arise?"

"If I were convinced of it, I would sacrifice my life for her. It would be valueless to me without her; it would be valueless with her did not her heart respond to the beating of mine."

"You have not spoken to her?"

"Of love? No."

"You will not, without my consent?"

"I cannot promise."

"You believe yourself worthy of her?"

"No man can be worthy of her, but I as much as any man."

"She is young for love."

"Those words should be addressed to nature, not to me."

"Aspiring to win her, you would win her worthily?"

"It shall be my endeavor."

"I do not say she is easily swayed, but she is simple and confiding. She must have time to question her heart."

"What is it you demand of me?"

"That you should not woo her hastily. I am her father and her natural guardian. It would not be difficult for me to keep you and her apart."

"Do you contemplate an act so cruel?"

"Not at the present moment seriously, but it has suggested itself to me as the best safeguard I can adopt to save an inexperienced child from possible unhappiness."

"She would suffer."

"Less now than at some future time, when what is at present a transient feeling may become a faith, from which to tear her then would be to tear her heart-strings. You are, or would be, her lover; I am her father. Were you in my place and I in yours, you would act towards me as I am acting towards you. I repeat, you are a stranger among us; you must give us time to know more of you before I can take you by the hand and welcome you as a son. You must give my daughter time to know more of you before you ask her to take the most important step in a woman's life. It is in my power to-day to make my conditions absolute, and I intend to use my power."

"You require a guarantee from me?"

I said.

"Yes."

"And if I give it, will it be the means of separating me from Lauretta?"

"No."

The fears which had begun to agitate

me vanished. What guarantee could Doctor Louis demand which I would refuse to give, so long as I was permitted to enjoy Lauretta's society?

"State what you require," I said.

"I require a sacred promise from you, to be repeated when you are in full possession of your faculties, that, until the expiration of twelve months from this day, you will not seek to obtain from my daughter any direct or indirect pledge of love by which she will be likely to deem herself bound."

"On the understanding that I am a free agent to stay in Nerac or leave it, and that you will not, directly or indirectly, do anything to cause Lauretta and me to be separated, I give you the promise you demand."

"I am satisfied," said Doctor Louis.

"A moment," I said, a sudden vague suspicion disturbing me; "there is something forgotten."

"Name it."

"You will bind yourself not to use your parental authority over Lauretta to induce her to enter into an engagement with, or to marry, any other man than me."

"I willingly bind myself; my desire is that she shall be free to choose."

Those were the last words which passed between us on that occasion; and soon afterwards Doctor Louis left me to my musings. They were not entirely of a rosy hue. At first I was in a glow of happiness at what it seemed to me I had learnt from between the lines of Doctor Louis's utterances. If he had not had good reason to suppose that Lauretta loved me, he would not have sought the interview. What had been said was like a question asked and answered, a question upon which the happiness of my life depended. And it had been answered in my favor. Lauretta loved me! What other joys did the world contain for me? What others were needed? None. Blessed with Lauretta's love, all sources and founts of bliss were mine. It did not immediately occur to me that the probation of twelve months' delay before heart was joined to heart was a penance, or that there was danger in it. But certain words which Doctor Louis had uttered presently recurred to me with ominous significance: "My desire is that she shall be free to choose." To choose! Were there, then, others who aspired to win Lauretta? The thought was torture.

To debate the matter with myself in hot blood I felt would be unwise; therefore I schooled my mind to a calmer mood, and

then proceeded to review the position in which I stood with respect to the being who was all the world to me.

It was not to be supposed that Lauretta had grown to womanhood without forming friendships and acquaintances, but I had seen nothing to lead to the belief that her heart had responded to love's call before I appeared. She was sweet and tender to all, but that it was in her nature to be, and I had allowed myself to be strangely self-deceived if the hope and the belief were false that in her bearing towards me there was a deeper, sweeter tenderness than she exhibited to others. That she was unconscious of this was cause for stronger hope. But did it exist, or was it simply the outcome of my own feelings, which led the word of promise to my ear?

To arrive at a correct conclusion it was necessary that I should become better informed upon the social habits of Doctor Louis's family. I had been until this day confined to a sick-room, but I was growing strong, and I had looked forward with tranquil satisfaction to the prospect of recovering my usual health by slow stages. This was no longer my desire. I must get well quickly; I would will myself into health and strength. I was sure that even now I could walk unaided. By a sudden and determined effort I rose to my feet, and advancing three or four steps forward, stood upright and unsupported. But I had overtaxed myself; nature asserted her power; I strove to retrace my steps to the chair, staggered, and would have fallen to the ground had it not been that a light form glided to my side and held me up. Lauretta's arm was round me.

"Shall I call my father?" she asked in alarm.

"No, no; do not speak, do not move; call no one; I shall be well in a moment. I was trying my strength."

"It was wrong of you," she said in a tone of sweetest chiding. "Strength! You have none. Why, I could vanquish you!"

"You have done so, Lauretta."

She gazed at me in innocent surprise, and I equivocated by asking,—

"You are not angry at my calling you Lauretta?"

"No, indeed," she replied; "I should feel strange if you called me by any other name. Lean on me, and I will guide you to your chair. You will not hurt me; I am stronger than you think."

Her touch, her voice with its note of exquisite sympathy, made me faint with

happiness. I sank into the chair, and still retained her hand, which she did not withdraw from me.

"Do you feel better?"

"Much better, Lauretta, thanks to your sweet help. Remain with me a little while."

"Yes, I will. It was fortunate my father sent me to you, or you might have fallen to the ground with your rash experiment."

"Your father sent you to me, Lauretta?"

"Yes."

This evidence of confidence from one I honored, after what had passed between us, did wonders for me. A weight was lifted from my heart, a cloud from my eyes. I would prove myself worthy of his confidence.

"The color has come back to your face," said Lauretta. "You are better."

"I am almost quite well, Lauretta. I have been so great a burden to you and your good parents that I thought it was time to give up my idle ways and show I was capable of waiting upon myself."

"It was very, very wrong of you," she repeated. "And as wrong to say you are a burden to us. It is almost as if you believed we thought you were. I must tell my dear mother to scold you."

"No, do not tell her, Lauretta; it might pain her. I did not mean what I said. Let it be a secret between us."

"A secret!" she exclaimed, raising her eyes to my face. "I never had one; but there is no harm in this."

"You have no secrets, Lauretta?"

"Not one," she replied, with guileless frankness; "and I will promise that my mother shall not chide you if you will promise not to try to force yourself into strength. The wisest and cleverest man cannot do that. But perhaps you are weary of us, and wish to run away."

"I should be content to remain here forever, Lauretta."

"Well, then," she said gaily, "be patient for a few days, and, as my dear father would say, don't be inconsistent." She uttered the last three words in playful imitation of her father's voice, and I was enchanted with this revelation of innocent lightness in her nature. "But I am losing sight of his admonition."

"He bade you do something?"

"Yes; he said you might like me to read or play for you. Which shall I do?"

"Neither, Lauretta."

LIVING AGE. VOL. LVII. 2914

"Can I do nothing?"

"Yes; talk to me, Lauretta."

I was never tired of uttering her name. It was the sweetest word in all the languages.

"Well, then," she said, clasping her hands in her lap (she had gently withdrawn the hand I held), "what shall I talk about?"

"About your friends. When I am well, I shall want to know them. Introduce me to them beforehand."

"I introduce you then," she said with tender gravity, without losing touch of her lighter mood, "to everybody."

"Is everybody your friend, Lauretta?"

"Yes, everybody — truly! and it makes me very glad to know it."

"But there are special ones, Lauretta."

"Of course there are special ones. First, my dearest."

"Your parents?"

"Yes, they are the first, the best, the dearest. It is well known; my mother is an angel."

"I honor them, Lauretta."

"All do. That is why people like me; because I belong to them, and they to me."

"You are loved for yourself, Lauretta."

"No," she said with pretty wilfulness, "because of them. Then there is Father Daniel, a saint, my mother says; then Eric and Emilius — and that is all, I think, who can be called special."

"Eric and Emilius?" I said, in the form of a question.

"Yes, they are brothers, handsome, brave, and strong. You will like them, I am sure you will."

Handsome, brave, and strong! I gave Lauretta a searching look, and she returned it smilingly. There was no blush, no self-consciousness. Why, then, should I feel disturbed? Why should Eric and Emilius become established in my mind as barriers to the happiness for which I yearned? I did not dare to trust myself to ask for information of these friends of Lauretta, so handsome, brave, and strong — I was fearful that my voice might betray me; and as I could converse on no other topic with ease, I remained silent while Lauretta chatted on sweetly and artlessly.

CHAPTER IX.

I WAS quite well; the fever had entirely departed, and my ankle was as strong and sound as ever. I moved about freely, with a keen enjoyment of life, an

enjoyment intensified by the happiness which I believed to be in store for me. Four weeks had passed since Lauretta had uttered the names of Eric and Emilius, and I had seen nothing of them. Not only had they not visited the house, but I was convinced they were not in the village. My jealous fears were dead. The hopes in which I indulged were strengthened by Doctor Louis's behavior towards me. There had been a short conversation between us on the subject of what had passed while he was endeavoring to mesmerize me on the first day of my convalescence. It was I who, to his manifest relief, broached the subject.

"I remember everything perfectly," I said, "every phase of my sensations, every word that was spoken, every thought that occurred to me. Although my eyes were sealed, I saw you plainly, and it seemed to me that I could *see* what was passing through your mind."

"It is frank of you," said Doctor Louis, "to say so much. Was I in error in supposing that you were resisting me?"

"Not entirely in error," I replied, "and yet not quite correct. I was aware of your design, and I strove to exercise over you, to some extent, a power similar to that you were exercising over me. If I did nothing else, I gave you pause."

"Yes," he said, "you compelled me to wait your pleasure, and now and then, instead of being dictated to, dictated. That, to me, was a new condition of a psychic force at present in its infancy, but which, at some not too distant time, will be the means of producing marvellous revelations."

"What brought us into harmony," I observed, "was the fact that the subject was one which commanded our entire and undivided sympathies."

"My daughter."

"Yes, your daughter Lauretta."

"You obtained a promise from me which was to be confirmed, I infer, in such a conversation as we are holding now. I confirm it. And you, on your part, will abide by the engagement into which you entered with me respecting Lauretta."

"Assuredly."

We clasped hands, and directed our conversation into another channel. The agreement we had made necessitated certain action with respect to my residence in Nerac during the period of probation. I felt that it would be scarcely right for me to continue to live in the doctor's house; even were a closer tie not in contemplation, it would have been indelicate

on my part to encroach upon the hospitality of these generous friends. It was for me to make the first move in the matter, and I did so when we were sitting together after the evening meal.

"I have had it for some time in my mind," I said, "to endeavor to express my heartfelt thanks for all the kindness you have shown me; but although I am not usually at a loss for words, I am at a loss to carry out my wish in a fitting manner."

"It is enough," said Lauretta's mother, with a gentle inclination of her head. "Having said so much, there is no need for anything more. Do not distress yourself. What has been done has been cheerfully and willingly done, and your restoration to health is the best return you could make for the slight service we have been able to render you."

"There was a time," I remarked, "when I myself might have regarded the saving of my life a slight service; that was when I deemed life of little value, when I thought there was little in the world worth caring for. But it is different now; my life is precious to me, and the world is very beautiful."

"It is," said Doctor Louis, "all a question of the liver. The world is bright or dark according to the state of our digestions."

He often interjected these pleasant discordances, upon which we placed their proper value, knowing that they were introduced chiefly for the purpose of giving a healthy turn to the conversation. This did not, however, detract from the wisdom of his utterances, which were nuts with sound kernels within.

"Therefore," I continued, smiling at the doctor, and becoming grave immediately afterwards, "what you have done for me is of inestimable value, and cannot be priced. There is only one way of showing my gratitude, and that way lies in the future, not in the present. It shall be my endeavor to prove to you that your precious kindness has not been wasted."

Lauretta's mother nodded and looked kindly at me, and then turned her eyes of full love upon her daughter, who was sitting by her side. Between me and Lauretta's mother no words had been exchanged with reference to the dear wish of my heart, but without being told I knew that Doctor Louis had imparted to his wife all the particulars of what had passed between us, and that she was aware that I stood in the position of one who desired to win their home rose for my

wife. There was a new tenderness and solicitude in the mother's looks which deeply moved me.

"Then there is another matter," I said, "upon which I hope we shall be in accord. I am mustering up courage to leave you."

"I feared, mother," said Lauretta, and it delighted me to note that her voice was tremulous, "that he was growing weary of us. I told him so a little while since, I think."

"And my reply was," I said, "that I should be content to remain here forever; but that can scarcely be. I have no intention of leaving Nerac, however."

"Of course not, of course not," said Doctor Louis; "the air here is so fine, so much finer than it is anywhere else —"

"Very much finer," I said.

"And the fruit is so delicious, so much more delicious than anywhere else —"

"Much more delicious," I said.

"And the skies are so bright, so much brighter than anywhere else —"

"Much brighter,"

"And the flowers so much lovelier, and the stars so much more brilliant —"

"The doctor and I," I said, entering into his mood, and addressing his wife and daughter, "so perfectly agree."

They smiled, but in Lauretta's smile there was a tender wistfulness.

"Then the people," continued Doctor Louis; "they are so much superior, so much more refined, so much higher —"

"Indeed," I said with a touch of earnestness, "that has been truly proved to me."

"No, no," said Doctor Louis, "I am not to be turned from the track by sentiment. It has been left to our young friend to discover — all honor to him — that, taking us altogether, we in the little village of Nerac here are a very exceptional lot. Now, I have only to make this public to bring us an inch nearer to the sun. The least we can do for him is to present him with a testimonial."

"Which he is ready to accept," I said gaily; "but, doctor, you omitted to mention one important thing."

"What is it?"

"My health; it will take a considerable time to establish it, and it cannot be established elsewhere."

"A poor compliment to my skill," observed Doctor Louis quizzically. "Ah, I always thought I was a pretender, but until this moment no one has had the courage to tell me so to my face."

"Be serious, Louis," said his wife.

"I am dumb," he rejoined with a comical look.

I then unfolded my plan. It was my desire to take a house in Nerac, not at too great a distance from the house of Doctor Louis, in which I could reside, with two or three servants to attend to it and me. I had seen such a house on the borders of a forest about a mile and a half away, which appeared to me to have been long uninhabited. The grounds in which it was built and the gardens by which it was surrounded had been neglected by man, but there was much wild beauty in them, and a little care and attention would soon bring them into order. The place had attracted me, and I had spent an hour in wandering through the grounds, and had attempted, also, to enter the house to examine it, but the doors were locked. Attached to the house was a cottage, which I supposed had been the gardener's cottage. This little dwelling was literally imbedded in climbing wild roses, which had grown in wonderful luxuriance upon all its walls. There were stables also, which I judged would afford accommodation for half-a-dozen horses.

In some respects the estate reminded me of Rosemullion, which, considering the kind of life I had passed therein, might not have been considered an attraction; nevertheless, I found myself insensibly drawn towards it. Its points of resemblance were that the house stood alone, and could not be overlooked; that it was at some distance from other habitations; and that it was on the borders of a wood. In one respect it was pleasantly dissimilar. No stone walls surrounded it; there was not even a fence; the fine trees around it had been so arranged by man or nature as to form an intelligible barrier, which, however, any person was at liberty to pass. The gloom of Rosemullion did not, therefore, pervade it, and, living there, I should not feel as if I were cut off from communion with my fellows.

I had visited it on a bright day; the sun was shining, the birds were singing in the trees; and when I visited it, and as I wandered through the grounds, I was thinking of Lauretta. But when, indeed, was I not thinking of her? She was my sun, my light, my life. All aspects of nature were rendered beautiful by thought of her; she was to me the essence of joy; through her, and through her only, my heart was a garden. Through her I discovered beauties even in nature's sad moods; her spiritual presence was

never absent from me. She moved by my side when I strolled unaccompanied through the quaint little thoroughfares of the village and the sweet and solemn woods in the valleys of which it lay; alone in my chamber she was ever with me; she was not only life of my life, she was my religion — I who had had no religion, and to whom the sacred peace of church or chapel had never come. My father had never taken me by the hand and led me to a place of worship; I had read the Bible, not as a religious study, but for the most part as a collection of amusing, improbable romances. There was certainly one character in it which had deeply impressed me, the character of Isaiah, for whose wild, prophetic life I entertained a profound admiration. Otherwise, the book simply entertained me. It was different now. Not that I read the Bible in a newer light, or indeed that I read it all, but that, through Lauretta, I became amenable to certain influences of a religious nature. I sat with her in the pretty chapel of the village in which Father Daniel officiated, and the hushed air within the building, and the voices of the choir of children, and the tender, sacred music, had upon me a purifying influence. The music was Lauretta's; the angel voices were Lauretta's; the tender peace was Lauretta's; the priest's consoling, compassionate admonitions were Lauretta's. What mystic thoughts of a higher future state these matters brought dimly to my mind were inspired by Lauretta. It was she for whose sweet sake I gave Father Daniel money for his poor. Through her I saw "good in everything;" through her I inhaled it.

The money I gave to Father Daniel was given privately, but I did not think of laying an injunction of secrecy upon him, and it became known. I was guiltless of any wish to earn praise for my actions in that or in any other respect, but a reward most disproportionate (but most sweet) was bestowed upon me by words and looks from Lauretta and her mother.

"It is good of you," said Lauretta's mother.

"You almost make me ashamed," I said.

"Why?" asked Lauretta's mother. "It gladdens us. I am learning not only to know you but to love you."

Precious were those words from such lips; but afterwards, when I offered my contributions to Father Daniel I asked him not to speak of them. I think he

respected my wish, but nevertheless I gained a reputation for charity in Nerac which did me no harm.

To return to the conversation respecting the house I desired to take.

It was well known to Doctor Louis and his family, and of course to all in the village, and one reason why it had remained for so long a time uninhabited was that it was a gentleman's house, and no person rich enough had desired to become its tenant.

"It is filled with old furniture," said Doctor Louis, "and a man with a large family could be tolerably comfortable there, no doubt. There were gay doings in it once upon a time. A nobleman inhabited it for many years, and entertained shoals of visitors. He was not a favorite in Nerac, and took no pains to make himself one, looking down upon us as somewhat too common for intimate association; and as we have a pride of our own, we returned his scornful opinion of us in kind. He died there, and his affairs were found to be hopelessly involved. Since then the house has been empty. The agents, a firm of lawyers, live a hundred miles away, but there will be no difficulty in communicating with them if you are really serious in wishing to occupy it."

"I am quite serious," I said.

"You will be lonely there," said Lauretta's mother.

"You must remember," I said, "that until I came here I have lived a life of solitude."

"Have we not cured you of that?" she asked.

"Of the desire for a life of solitude? Yes. It is only that I am accustomed to it, and that it is not so irksome to me as it would be to others. But why talk of my being lonely unless you have decided to banish me from your society?"

"We shall be happy to have you here as often as you care to come," said Lauretta's mother. "Meanwhile you will remain with us, and we can be of assistance to you in settling yourself. Left to your own devices in arranging matters, you would make, I am afraid, a sad bungle of them."

It was settled so, and in a few days the keys of the house arrived, and we all set out together to inspect it. We found it charming, but very musty. Some of the rooms were spacious, some small and cosy. Of bedrooms there were at least a dozen, all amply furnished; but Lauretta's mother shook her head when she examined the linen, and declared that it would

occupy some time and much labor to put it in order. I asked her to take direction of the affair, and she consented to do so. We decided which rooms were to be locked up and which used, and in which way the furniture was to be disposed of. The agents, in reply to my letter, had sent an inventory, which I would have taken for granted, but Lauretta's mother would not have it so, and chided me for my easiness.

"What would you have?" said Doctor Louis. "It was his misfortune to be born a man, and what does he know of sheets and curtains and footstools?"

"He will not want footstools," said Lauretta's mother.

"Indeed I shall," I declared, "and everything feminine. Am I to be shut up here alone, without even a visit from my friends?"

"Oh," said Lauretta's mother, "we will come and see you if you invite us."

"Therefore, footstools," said I gravely.

There was, indeed, a great deal to be done, and it did not surprise me to discover that Lauretta's mother was thoroughly practical in all household matters. Lauretta herself gave her opinion and advice, timidly and shyly, and not a word she said was lost upon me. Subsequently, when the work was done and I was duly installed in my new residence, she was delighted to see that every hint she had given had been acted upon.

"The first necessary thing," said Lauretta's mother, "is to hire some one to take care of the place and look after it while the workmen are employed. It should be a gardener, who could usefully employ his time, and who, perhaps, might afterwards be permanently engaged if he gives satisfaction."

"I know the very man," said Doctor Louis. "Martin Hartog, who is seeking employment. A faithful fellow, and capable."

"He has a daughter, too," said Lauretta's mother, "who could look after —"

"The footstools," said Doctor Louis.

"His character is excellent," said Lauretta's mother; "it is a pity he is so eccentric."

"His eccentricity," said Doctor Louis to me, "consists in his having opinions. For instance, he does not believe in kings and queens; he believes in the universal equality of man. For another instance, he is supposed to be a materialist; yet I never heard of his doing wrong to a fellowman, and I am sure he would scorn to rob even the rich. For my part, I have a

respect for Martin Hartog, and so has my wife, whose only sorrow with respect to him is that she cannot convert him."

"He is a conscientious man," said Lauretta's mother, "and will faithfully perform any duty he undertakes."

"As good an epitaph," said Doctor Louis, "as could be graven upon any tombstone."

The next day Martin Hartog was engaged, but when I spoke to him about his daughter he declined to allow her to enter service. He had always maintained her, and he hoped to be always able to do so. She could live with him in the gardener's cottage attached to the house, and he promised that I should never find her in my way. If I objected to her living with him in the cottage he would remain where he was, and come to his work every morning, and if that would not do, why, he could not accept the employment I offered him. What particularly struck me in him was the tender tones in which he spoke of his daughter; she was evidently the treasure of his life. In the course of a day or two, when I saw her — for Martin was engaged upon his own conditions, which were quite suitable to me — I was not surprised at this, for she was a maiden of singular beauty.

I pass over all further details with respect to the house of which I became the tenant. It will be sufficient to say that the work proceeded satisfactorily, though its complete execution occupied a longer time than I expected. I spared no money, and insisted upon the appointments, within and without, being of such an order as to be worthy of the dear friends whom I hoped to receive often as my guests. The association between me and the members of Doctor Louis's family grew closer and more binding in its intimate relationship; perfect confidence was established between us, and it made me glad to think that they regarded me almost as one of themselves. I faithfully observed the contract into which I had entered with Doctor Louis; nearly three months of the twelve belonged to the past, and nothing had occurred to disturb my tranquillity.

Before the end of the week I expected to remove from Doctor Louis's house. He and I were frequently together when he went to visit those of his patients who lived at a distance, and on one occasion at this period we had arranged to ride in company to a village situated sixteen miles from Nerac, and on our return to dine at an inn, and visit some caves which had just been discovered, and which were said

to contain, among other relics of the past, bones and skeletons of animals now strange to the district.

On our way out of Nerac we met the village postman, who gave Doctor Louis a letter. He glanced at it, and saying, "Ah, a letter from Emilius," opened and read it as we ambled along the soft forest track.

CHAPTER X.

A LETTER from Emilius! The words seemed to burn themselves on my brain. The tone in which they were uttered denoted satisfaction. It was unreasonable, I knew, to torture myself about such a trifle, but my love for Lauretta was so absorbing that the least thing was sufficient to prick it into misery. I felt that I might as well be jealous of the air that kissed her cheek as of a man whom I had never seen, and who had given me absolutely no cause for jealousy. I do not attempt to justify myself; I simply record the fact.

After reading the letter Doctor Louis put it in his pocket, and to my great comfort presently spoke upon the subject that occupied my mind. Had he not done so I should myself have managed to approach it, and in so doing might have betrayed myself, as I feared would be the case when Lauretta had mentioned the names of Eric and Emilius. The doctor commenced by asking whether in any of our conversations he had ever referred to two young friends of his, Eric and Emilius, from one of whom he had just received a letter. I answered no, but that once Lauretta had spoken of them in a tone which made me curious about them.

"They are brothers, I believe," I observed.

"Yes," said Doctor Louis, "twin brothers, who commenced life with a strange history — which," he added, "somewhat reverses the order of things."

"Are they young?" I asked.

"Within a year or two of your own age. In all likelihood you and they will meet. If I thought the story would interest you I would relate it."

"It would be certain to interest me," I said, with a successful attempt at calmness, "if only for the reason that Lauretta first spoke to me of the brothers. She said they were handsome, brave, and strong, and that she was sure I should like them."

"Did she say so much?" said Doctor Louis. "But, after all, that is not strange, for they and she were playmates together when they were quite young children. It

is, however, a long time since they met. Eric and Emilius left Nerac three years ago, for the purpose of travelling and seeing something of the world."

"Lauretta spoke of them as special friends."

"Yes, yes; women of her and her mother's stamp are very constant in their friendships and affections. The esteem of such is worth the winning; and you, Gabriel, have won it."

"It has rejoiced me to believe so; it rejoices me still more to hear you confirm my belief."

"Let what I tell you of these young men be in confidence between us."

"It shall be, sir."

"My wife is familiar with the story, but I doubt whether Lauretta has ever heard it. There is, in truth, a mystery in it."

"Which will make it all the more interesting."

"Perhaps, perhaps. There is in the human mind a strange leaning towards the weird and fantastic."

Before we returned to Nerac on the evening of this day Doctor Louis fulfilled his promise, and told me the story of these brothers, which, however, so far as they were concerned, proved to be but an epilogue to the play.

"It will serve our purpose," commenced Doctor Louis, "and will tend to brevity and simplicity, if in what I am about to narrate I use only Christian names. Silvain was the father of Eric and Emilius; and strangely enough, these young fellows being twins, their father was twin brother to Kristel. With Silvain I was well acquainted, and what I learned and knew of him was admirable. Kristel I knew less intimately, having fewer opportunities. My first meeting with Silvain took place in England, long before I met my wife. On the Continent it is the practice of many fathers to send their sons to foreign countries for a few years, to see something of other customs than their own before they settle down to the serious business of life. My father did so by me, and I travelled through most of Europe, and profited, I hope. However that may be, when I was two-and-twenty years of age I found myself in England, and in that wonderland, London. I do not know whether I should have liked to become a resident in that turbulent city; we grow accustomed to things, and I have grown accustomed to the quiet, peaceful life I am living and have lived for many happy years in our lovely village. It presents itself to me, in the form in which I feel it,

as a phase of human happiness which is not to be excelled. Doubtless it would not do for all to think as I do; but each man for himself, so long as he is living a life that, to a fair extent, is useful to others.

"Well do I remember the evening on which I first met Silvain. He was standing at the money office of an opera-house; between him and the money-taker some difficulty had arisen with respect to the payment, and Silvain, being but imperfectly acquainted with the language, had a difficulty in understanding and in making himself understood. I put the matter straight for them, and Silvain and I entered the opera house together, and sat next to each other during the performance. Being foreigners we naturally conversed, and the foundation of a friendship was laid which was as sincere on his side as it was on mine. We made an appointment to meet on the following day, and thereafter for a long while travelled in company, and were seldom apart. Confidences, of course, were exchanged, and we became familiar with each other's personal histories. Mine was simple, and was soon told; his had an element of mystery in it. In the relation of his story I noted what was to me very touching and pathetic, and what to him had been the cause of a great sorrow. He had, as I have informed you, a twin brother, Kristel, from whom, until he set out for his travels, he had never been separated. But their father, for some reason which I failed to discover, and which also was not understood by Silvain, had resolved that his sons should not travel in company, and had mapped out their separate routes in so cunning a manner that without violating his instructions, they could not meet. This was a heavy grief to them. Born within a few minutes of each other, they had lived, as it were, wedded lives; side by side and hand in hand they had grown from boyhood to manhood, shared troubles and pleasures, and were in rare and perfect harmony. When one rejoiced the other rejoiced, when one was sad the other was sad. The severance of two such natures was therefore no common severance, and the scene of their last meeting and parting as described to me by Silvain, must have been heart-rending.

"I felt," said Silvain, "as if I had lost the better part of myself, nay, as if I had lost my very self. But that I was conscious, and amenable to ordinary human sensations, I should have doubted that I

lived. It is impossible for me to describe my despair; and my brother suffered as I suffered. I gathered this from his letters, as he must have gathered the knowledge of my sufferings from mine. Happily we were not debarred from the consolation of corresponding with each other. Not only routes but dates had been carefully prepared by our father, and I knew from day to day where Kristel was, and where he would be to-morrow. One night—I was in Spain at the time—I had a vivid dream, in which Kristel played the principal part. It was, as most dreams are, panoramic, phantasmagoric. There was a lake; upon it a pleasure boat; in the boat six persons, two boatmen, two ladies, and two gentlemen. One of the gentlemen was Kristel; the faces of the others were strange to me. They were laughing and singing and conversing gaily. The sails were set, and the boat was ploughing its way swiftly onwards. Suddenly the sky, which had been fair, became overcast; the boatmen were busy with the sails. A lurch, and one of the ladies was in the water, struggling for life. Her white arms were upraised, her face was blanched with terror; in a moment she sank. Then my brother stood upright in the boat, and plunged into the lake. All was confusion. A whirl of clouds, of human faces, of troubled waters, upon the surface of which Kristel appeared, supporting the insensible form of the lady. They were pulled into the boat, and my dream ended. I awoke, much agitated, and when the violent beating of my heart abated, I wrote an account of my dream, omitting no detail. In my next letter to Kristel I said nothing of my dream, but on the fifth day I received one from him in which he gave me an account of the perilous adventure, his description tallying exactly with all the particulars of my dream. In this way I discovered that there was between me and Kristel a strange, mysterious link of sympathy, through which each was made acquainted with any danger or peril which threatened the other."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MRS. JOHN TAYLOR, OF NORWICH.

I.

IN the earliest years of the present century, when Norwich was in its ascendant and giving its intellectual supper parties; when the learned Dr. Sayers was sitting

for his likeness to Opie; when Mrs. Barbauld had retired from Palgrave to the suburbs of London; when Elizabeth Gurney and her beautiful sisters, no longer galloping about the country in their riding-habits and red boots, were beginning their married lives; when little Harriet Martineau as a child was wandering round Castle Hill and trembling in terror at the depths below, at the sound of the sticks falling with dull thuds upon the featherbeds which the careful housewives of Norwich were beating in their door ways, — in these pre-eventful times there lived in a house, not very far from Castle Hill, a friend of Mrs. Barbauld's, a quiet lady, Mrs. John Taylor by name, whose home was the resort of many of the most cultivated men of the day, and whose delightful companionship was justly prized and valued by them. People used to say it was well worth a journey to Norwich to spend an evening with Mrs. John Taylor. She was Mackintosh's friend; she was Mrs. Barbauld's dearest friend; in after days John Austin was her son-in-law; John Mill and Charles Austin were her intimates. Her life was spent in the simplest fashion. She stayed at home, she darned with wool, she read philosophy and poetry, she spoke her mind and she thought for herself, while she stitched, and marketed, and tended her children.

She was a type of a high-bred simple race of women, perhaps more common in those days than now. To some people seven children and limited means might seem a serious obstacle to high mental culture, but Mrs. Taylor and her friends were of a different way of thinking; they were not ashamed of being poor, of attending to the details of life; they were only ashamed of being shabby in spirit, of mean aspirations, of threadbare, slovenly interests. The seven children, reared in a wholesome and temperate, yet liberal-minded atmosphere, went their ways in after life, well prepared for the world, fully portioned with those realities and impressions which are beyond silver and gold. The two daughters, Susan and Sarah, both married. Sarah was Mrs. Austin, the translator of Ranke, of the "Story without an End," which children have not yet ceased to read, the mother of Lady Duff Gordon, whose name is also well remembered. Susan, the elder daughter, became the wife of Dr. Reeve, and the mother of Mr. Henry Reeve, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. It is by the kindness of this old friend that the writer has been allowed to read many of the letters

from Mrs. Taylor to her early friend, to her daughters, to Dr. Reeve, her son-in-law — the faded writing flows in a still living stream of interest, solicitude, affection, anxiety, and exhortation, flowing on in even lines, and showing so much of that mingled force, of imagination and precision, which goes to make up the literary faculty.

The letters run back to the days before Mrs. Taylor's marriage, and give a vivid picture of a young lady's impressions of life a century ago; for it is more than a hundred years since Miss Susanna Cook sat down to describe what she calls a "jaunt to London," and to recapitulate all the crowding interests and delights of 1776 for the benefit of a friend, Miss Judith Dixon, somewhat her junior in years and experience, and living tranquilly far removed from the metropolis in St. Andrew's Broad Street in Norwich.

Miss Susanna dips her pen and traces her pretty lines, and the yellow pages seem tinted still by the illumination of these bygone youthful shining mornings and evenings, brilliant anticipations and realizations, to say nothing of the dazzling lamps of Vauxhall which Miss Cook does not fail to visit. The parcel of happy people (so she describes her party) consists of the young lady herself, of a "lively young divine" and his wife, and three sisters; nor can Miss Susanna find too much praise for the most amiable girls she ever met; for the evenings fine beyond expression; for Vauxhall itself, which she had always admired, but which appears to her more enchanting than ever. Let us hope that the young ladies, the great-great-granddaughters of Miss Cook and her companions, still write in the same spirit and find balmy sights at the Colonial Exhibition and elsewhere, as well as lively young divines to escort them. But this is perhaps hoping too much, for I am told the race no longer exists. Nothing, however, not even a jaunt to London, is absolutely perfect, either in this age, or in the last. "Pity me!" writes the young lady, "Garrick played Hamlet at Drury Lane last night, and we might as well have attempted to move St. Paul's as to get in. The crowd was inconceivable." Our youthful company are only consoled at the opera by the voice of the "Siren Leoni." Susanna steadily follows up the records of her sight-seeing; she visits Wedgwood's classic potteries, which were then the fashion, she describes the models brought over by Sir William Hamilton. Her friends also take her to the Exhibition of

the Royal Academy of Paintings, where the young ladies, we are told, "divert the gentlemen by delivering opinions with all the arrogance of connoisseurs."

Some of us may know Ramberg's delightful print of an exhibition some ten years later, in 1787, of which a fine copy is in the studio of our own president of 1886. As one looks at the picture, the century rolls off, the sleeping palace awakens, the ladies in their nodding plumes, the courtly gentlemen, with their well-dressed legs and swords, exchange greetings. We seem at home in the unpretending rooms with the familiar pictures on the walls (the dear little strawberry girl is hanging there among the rest); the originals of those charming figures we all know so well, are depicted gazing up at their own portraits. Rules and regulations must have been less strictly measured out then than they are now, for although umbrellas did not then play that important part which belongs to them at present, sticks and swords without number seem to have been boldly introduced into the gallery, to say nothing of a little dog frisking merrily in the foreground.

The experience of each generation varies in turn, with its dress and peculiarities; ours is (as yet) exempt from certain trials which are feelingly alluded to by Miss Cook in her correspondence, and of which Madame d'Arblay, Mrs. Barbauld, and others also bitterly complain. The elegant ladies of Sir Joshua's powdering times certainly had their own trials. We find the young traveller warmly congratulating her friend Judith upon a marvellous escape; where other headdresses succumbed, Judith's feather had remained steady in its place. Susanna has seen many distresses occasioned by these fashionable embellishments; among the sufferers she mentions two ladies unfortunately sitting next each other at a concert, "whose heads met and becoming immediately entangled, the attempts they made to extricate themselves only increased the difficulty, until, finally, one of the fabrics was demolished." Another tragic story is that of a belle dancing in a *cotillon* who seems suddenly to have "lost the whole of a majestic superstructure which rolled backwards while the company fled from the cataclysm;" one can imagine, says Miss Cook, "the falling curls and the clouds of powder, and the despair of the poor victim of this vertigo."

Susanna gives another page or two to the fashions; she describes what she calls "an anecdote upon Lady Harriet Foley

which made quite a bustle." This lady appeared at court after her marriage in a suit of white lutestring trimmed with large bunches of acorns, of which the cups had really grown upon oak-trees. The idea was immediately seized upon, the fashion adopted, and the dresses for a masquerade at Carlyle House which followed were whimsical and ridiculous to the highest degree. It must have been on this occasion that one has read of ladies appearing with whole branches of oak, roughly sawn off, and balanced on their powdered heads.

The same gift which stood Mrs. Taylor in such good stead in later life, that power of throwing herself into her surroundings, of appreciating and enjoying the gifts of others, marks her early experiences. She has a decided taste for human nature. There are so many different sorts of people, she says. Her artless enthusiasm for the lovely Miss Linley, who had been singing at Norwich, will not surprise any of those who have lately seen the enchanting portrait of the wife, mother, and grandmother of the Sheridans,—the saint, as Garrick called her a hundred years ago, and whom one might well be inclined to canonize now that the hundred years are past.

II.

Now and again our young traveller varies her correspondence with certain philosophical disquisitions upon the frivolous diversions in which she sees most women engaged; the idle amusements they so ardently desire furnish her with subjects of wonder and amazement. Life was meant for better things, she says, and not least to render ourselves in all our capacities as serviceable as we possibly can. And this outward grace of good-will in the creed of the then inhabitants of Norfolk meant something very substantial, and was represented by many visible signs: kind offices, turkeys, Norfolk pippins, strings of sausages, long visits cordially welcomed from impecunious relatives, were all a part of it.

Perhaps, as these early letters flow on, the sympathetical Judith may have begun to surmise some events in prospect. There is an indefinable change in the style, there are allusions to the writer's happy lot, to a delightful succession of guests and surprises. Although Susanna declares that a certain serenity of mind is absolutely necessary to improvement, we hear of picnics, excursions, and riding parties. Her enthusiastic admiration of a

moonlight night is productive of diversion to her friends, she says, who laugh at her raptures while she rails at their want of taste. One cannot help seeing the picture, as she unconsciously sketches it in, the animated young horsewoman, the happy young company, that friend in particular who is laughing, coming along the moonlit lane. Surely it is an absorbing hour of life which has dawned for Miss Susanna; and before long moonlight, philosophy, serenity of mind—all are resolved into the important fact that Mr. John Taylor, the "excellent young man to whom she is so soon to be united," has appeared upon the scene. There is finally a demure, dignified, yet warm-hearted letter from the bride, Mrs. John Taylor, to her old friend Judith, who is also married by this time, and Judith no longer, but "my dear Mrs. Beecroft." Mrs. Taylor unconsciously throws the light of her own warm and happy hearth upon her exhortations to her friend.

The constant desire [she says] of a wife of giving pleasure to her husband, makes even trifling affairs of some importance; this affords that stimulus which is so needful to keep the active mind from weariness and lassitude. I feel too much on your account, beloved friend, to salute you with the usual forms of congratulation [she concludes]; may as much happiness be yours as this life affords.

Mrs. Taylor herself and her husband only "wish to tread in the peaceful paths of life." Mr. Taylor was established in business at Norwich, and here he and his Susanna settled down in the year 1778 after a wedding tour to the north. They settle among their friends and their kinsfolk. In due time children begin to figure in the closely written pages despatched to aunts and adjacent relatives, and with little John and little Richard follow the usual categories of a young mother's happy trials and anxious joys. Mr. Taylor's business also flourishes. They do not want for money, for their wishes are moderate enough to be fulfilled. While the children fill the little home and the cares increase, new friends gather round.

We have most of us at one time or another known the old Norse settlement, where the Danish fleets once landed before the sea rolled back, leaving the old city of Norwich high and dry upon its hillside, with its busy interests, its pleasant homes, its lively inhabitants, whose companionship seems to have been seasoned with a certain flavor of independent thought and a taste of Attic salt blown in

from the neighboring bays and shores and promontories; and, indeed, the life of a community within an hour's journey from the sea is one to which certain happy moods and sudden upliftings must necessarily belong. Within easy reach of Norwich stands Felbrigg, once the home of the Windhams, the "hillside ridge," among the woods and avenues of oak, with its glorious sights of sky and sea beyond; there is also Cromer, between billows of down and broad reaches of silver sand; still nearer at hand is Earlham Hall, the birthplace of the Gurneys—that stately old house among lawns and spreading trees, where Wilberforce used to rest upon a pleasant bench which is still pointed out; whither Elizabeth Fry returned from time to time, and where we sometimes hear of Mrs. Taylor spending a summer's afternoon. At Holkham, another neighboring place, Mr. Coke (as an epigrammatic historian tells us) was then making poor land fertile, and in return for half a million so liberally spent was destined to be set upon some ten years later by the furious Norwich mob. Mrs. Taylor speaks of visiting at Holkham, and hopes "they may enjoy themselves notwithstanding the French."

She was already popular and much made of in her own little world, and also visited by friends from other circles. Mrs. Procter remembers her own step-father, Basil Montagu, speaking with regard and admiration of the quiet Norwich lady. Another name often occurs in her letters, that of one of the most brilliant and popular men of those brilliant times, Sir James Mackintosh, for whom Madame de Stael and Napoleon (for once agreeing) both expressed their admiration. Madame de Stael used to go so far as to say that Sir James was among Englishmen the most interesting man she had ever met. On one occasion when he and Madame de Stael alone outstayed a brilliant company at Bowood, Lord Lansdowne told Mrs. Kemble that in all his life he had never heard anything to approach the varied charm of the dialogue of these two distinguished people.

Sir James Mackintosh's feeling for Mrs. Taylor must have been of a different order from that which the brilliant Corinne inspired. How homely, how genuine, are his kind words to the quiet Norwich housewife! "I ought to be made permanently better by contemplating such a mind as yours," he writes; and he dwells affectionately upon her goodness, her fidelity in friendship, that "industrious

benevolence which requires a vigorous understanding and a decisive character." "The assize week brought us Mr. Mackintosh and Basil Montagu," Mrs. Taylor says in a letter to Dr. Reeve. "Mackintosh spent an evening with us alone. He was brilliant, instructive, sentimental—in fact, everything that the various powers of his mind would enable him to be."

In the little Norwich parlor, as in the Bowood drawing-room, one can imagine Mackintosh pouring out his delightful flood of talk, while Mrs. Taylor, like the princess in the fairy tale, sits listening, without time to intermit her labors, as she stitches at the shirts of the sleeping brothers up-stairs.

III.

THE Taylors belonged to the sturdy, sensible, stoical school which flourished in the beginning of the century, amid the alarms and catastrophes all round about; the great wars, the momentous struggles of Napoleon's ambition, the heavings of the French Revolution. This quiet English household was only in so far different from a hundred others that its mistress was a woman possessing more strength of mind, character, and perception than falls to the lot of many.

A friend who still remembers Mrs. Taylor has described her as follows: "I used to see Mrs. John Taylor at Mrs. Barbauld's, when I was a mere child, so that my recollections are only of her appearance and manner. She could never have been tall and handsome as her two daughters were; but she had fine dark grey eyes, and marked features. Her voice was deep-toned, her way of speaking decided and clear." Mrs. Taylor, we are told, cared little for appearances; her dress was apt to be unbecoming. It was Lucy Aiken who used to describe how she would go on darning her sons' grey worsted stockings while she was holding her own with Brougham, or Mackintosh, or Southey—flashing out epigrams at a roomful of wits.

Mr. Reeve has sometimes described his grandmother in later days; actively ruling in her little kingdom, full of care and hospitality and help for others, occupied with every household interest; although delicate in health, yet toiling daily up the hill to the great Norwich market, to cater for her family, followed by a maid carrying the brimming baskets. There is something which reminds one of Mrs. Carlyle in the raciness and originality of Susanna Taylor's mind, as well as in the keen in-

terest she gives to all the details of her home, and to the necessities of the people she comes across. She is happier than Jane Carlyle in the good and happy children growing up around her, upon whom she can pour out all the warmth and energy of her affections.

Dr. Reeve seems to have been a sort of adopted son of the house long before his engagement to Susan the younger, and to have lived and grown up among all these young people, and to have been very near the mother's heart. He is sorely missed when the time comes for his departure from among them.

I rather envy Mr. Frenshaw [writes Mrs. Taylor] when I see him mending pens and poring over small print; my eyes are somewhat more bedimmed than usual, for they overflow now and then in spite of myself. Cowper says in his address to his mother's picture, —

Where thou art gone

Adieus and Farewells are a sound unknown.

In this odd world they seem to be the most common of all words. To be sure, partings and meetings give variety to our existence; but I am now grown so dull as not to want variety. If I should wish for any, I must be contented to have it all second-hand. And so, when you have seen London and the Lakes and Edinburgh, all of which I know and have seen in former days, you may tell me what you think of them.

Nothing at present suits my taste so well [she says in another letter] as Susan's Latin lessons and her philosophical old master. . . . When we get to Cicero's discussions on the nature of the soul, or Virgil's fine descriptions, my mind is filled up. Life is either a dull round of eating, drinking, and sleeping, or a spark of ethereal fire just kindled.

Do not suppose I am beginning or ever will begin to preach to you. We know each other's opinions upon these topics, and we equally despise any shackles for the human mind but those which God and Nature impose upon us. But if we endeavor to escape from these, we certainly subject ourselves to others infinitely more galling.

What a good friend she must have been for a young man at his start in life — what a good companion! Her letters are full of charming sense, of useful and pleasant suggestions, and as one quotes at random one feels that they contain a hundred things which ought still to be said to the young, still to be felt by the old.

On one occasion, after enumerating several remarkable people, she names a certain Mr. Wishaw.

I would not have said so much about a person you know nothing of, but for the comfortable feeling *that people of the right sort are*

always to be found, and also that they are sometimes happily thrown in our way; nothing tends more to enjoyment than to keep up a taste for their company whenever and wherever it can be had, instead of fancying that excellence is the exclusive production of past times or distant parts.

Is there not a whole philosophy of good sense in all this? Mrs. Taylor was no optimist like her friend Mrs. Opie; she had no exaggerated ideas of life and its possibilities; but she fully realized what was possible, and she held faithfully and gratefully to the blessings within her grasp. She continues very warmly attached to her young correspondent. "The very feelings which have produced such a friendship must perpetuate it," she says; and few people knew better than she did what it was to possess warm and enthusiastic friends.

So she writes on, discoursing, philosophizing, throwing out the suggestions of her bright and practical mind as they occur to her, and we cannot do better than to go on quoting the passages as they occur. Here is one of her sensible sententious observations.

There is no surer way of becoming acquainted with our own mind than by the effect produced upon it by the conduct of others; if we can tolerate vice and folly, we may grow fond of them in time. Perhaps [she continues] you can bear witness to the truth of another remark, that people generally wrap themselves up in a solemn kind of reserve, and particularly those who have taken upon themselves the task of enlightening the world. It is to be accounted for from the jealousy and fear of losing a reputation once acquired, by the unguarded frankness of colloquial intercourse. Be it ours, my dear friend, merrily to philosophise, sweetly to play the fool. Strange counsel to a young man in a grave university.

Through all the tumult of the early years of the century the Taylors' home pursues its steady life. The elder boys grow up and go out into the world; little Sally, the pet of the family, who is to translate Ranke in after life, is beginning to write in round hand; Susan is still Mr. Frenshaw's pupil; of herself Mrs. Taylor writes:—

For my part I never valued life more than I do at present, yet I think it would be a relief to me to feel as if I could be spared; but perhaps in this I deceive myself, and one of the charms of the world may be that I am still wanted in it. It is a pleasant world after all, and for your comfort, my dear friend, let me tell you that it is not only pleasant at that delicious season which we may denominate the morning of our existence,—there is a chast-

ened, a temperate kind of happiness, which is perhaps to the full as desirable as the more glowing sensations of our early days.

She is greatly interested in the *Edinburgh Review*, then in its earliest numbers. It was first published in 1802; Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sydney Smith were its founders, clothing the new-born potentate in the Whig colors, blue and yellow. Doctor Reeve, who had then only just taken his degree at Edinburgh, contributed some articles to the first numbers. Reviews have their own life and growth. This one toned down with time; but in its early days it was somewhat over-vigorous and unsparing in its measure. Mrs. Taylor has been reading a review of the "Life of Cowper," and the busy lady, dispensing her loaves and fishes, still finds time to review the reviewer, and to add her own excellent comment to the text. She says:—

Mr. Hayley's style wants that majestic simplicity with which such a character as Cowper's should have been portrayed. He thinks it necessary too, as Mr. Jeffrey observes, to praise everybody. This is so like the misses who call all their insipid acquaintance "sweet," and "interesting," that it makes me rather sick. A biographer is good for nothing who does not give those touches, those lights and shadows which identify his characters; on this account I do not like a remark of the reviewer that Mrs. Unwin's little jealousies of Lady Austen might as well have been passed over in silence. If the weaknesses of excellent people are to be concealed, how shall we form an accurate impression of human nature?

It would certainly be difficult to tell one person from another. Again she says:—

Nothing can operate more powerfully against the attainment of excellences in every species of composition, than the indiscriminate praise, and false tenderness, which prevent those writers who are capable of higher degrees of improvement from endeavoring sedulously to aim at greater perfection, or which lead those who are incapable to trouble the public at all. I have been witness to such extravagant praises bestowed upon inferior compositions, especially in London, that I rejoice in the more hardy criticism of our northern metropolis, not from a desire to depreciate, but from a conviction that, the more completely both books and characters find their proper stations, the better it will be for society. I think the "E. R." contains just but not ill-natured criticism.

If I were inclined to make an appeal for any person who has fallen under the lash, it would be for Robert Southey, whose experiments in poetry I acknowledge to be many of

them fantastic and extravagant, but they are the experiments of a man of genius. . . . I think we ought to be thankful to literary pioneers. . . . After all that can be said as an apology for the new school of poets, they (themselves) must find the exact boundary between simplicity and childish puerility.

IV.

ONE important element of daily life in England all this time must not be overlooked, and that was, the prevailing fear of a French invasion which constantly haunted people's minds. Sir George Napier, in his memoirs, tells us that he heard from Soult himself that the project was in fact strongly in the emperor's mind. England was not unprepared, and Norfolk was ready to play her part. Mrs. Taylor describes the start of the Norwich volunteers : —

I begin to think people may make a joke of anything if they try; but I was never less disposed to be merry than this morning when in the midst of pouring rain our volunteers with three cheers bade farewell to their native city; Mr. Houghton, the clergyman, gave a breakfast on the occasion by candle-light. Dear little Mary looked on with wondering eyes at her old friends transformed into soldiers. If the French land in Norfolk, I shall expect prodigies of valor from you. What do you think of Richard in his scarlet uniform? Of all things this is the last sight I should have dreamed of seeing.

The French never landed in Norfolk, but an event which Mrs. Taylor contemplates with far less equanimity is beginning to foreshadow its coming. Mr. Frenshaw's pupil is still following her Greek lessons and sewing her seams, but she is also growing up day by day and hour by hour as maidens of fifteen are apt to do, and her mother (as is the way of mothers) is among the last to realize this fact. Little Susan, who leaves her dressing-things behind her, who has to be reminded to tie up parcels securely, who but yesterday was a baby, — is it possible that already a woman's life and cares are awaiting her, and that the young doctor is thinking of her as a helpmate and companion for life! The extraordinary fact seems to have taken Mrs. Taylor quite by surprise. Mothers and daughters of our own time are in a different attitude from the affectionate but Minerva-like terms on which they were content to remain in the days of which we are writing. I have heard it lately said with truth, that the difference of feeling now existing between parents and children, far exceeds the natural divergence of a single genera-

tion. A whole revolution of opinion and impulse has come about within the last twenty years, dividing even young mothers from their growing daughters. It must require some generosity and intellect in a parent to discriminate between what is harmless in itself, though it may absolutely jar against her own instincts and prejudices, and that which borders upon the common and the reckless, to use no harsher words. Mothers and daughters in those days were upon terms which we can scarcely realize now. There was a decorum, a deliberation, a stiffness in their intercourse which could perhaps better be carried out before posts, telegrams, daily papers, had multiplied occupation, familiarity, and consequent haste. It was Mrs. Taylor's belief, for instance, that during her girls' absence from home "their moral improvement would keep pace with their intellectual, thanks to the observations and discussions they would receive by letter." All these grand words mean nothing more, after all, than that the mother is ever thinking, hoping, planning for her children's well-doing and safety.

Susan is, however, to know nothing of Dr. Reeve's ardent feelings; not one word is to reveal to her the romance of which the web is silently weaving about her. She is only sixteen; she is to go on with her lessons, to see something of the world, to "practise housekeeping and the culinary arts, that she may not from mere inexperience make mistakes which her husband would not like;" but no glimpse of his real feeling is to be allowed to her. One feels sorry for the poor lover, and yet how wise is the mother's appeal to him not yet to disturb her young daughter's serene and innocent mind! —

Prove [she says] that you can, as you said to me, command your feelings. The way to allow mind and body to come to perfection is to suffer them to ripen by degrees.

If you knew what harm it would do to substitute constrained manners for innocent frankness, and to carry forward Susan's attention to distant objects, instead of bestowing the whole force of her mind upon present subjects . . .

And then comes a little relenting sympathy: —

When either you or I am inclined to torment ourselves with fruitless wishes, let us have the comfort of thinking there is always one person we can sit down and open our hearts to.

The anxious mother writes page after page to her would-be son-in-law, half scold-

ing, half soothing. Why does he want to settle in London? Why is he not satisfied with Norwich and Norwich life?

Dr. Alderson [she says], after reading me those letters of Mrs. Opie's which completely prove that the whole fraternity of authors, artists, lecturers, and publick people get such an insatiable appetite for praise, that nothing but the greatest adulation can prevent their being miserable, came to this sentence: "Dr. Reeve, like a sensible man, prefers London to Norwich." "Is that a proof of sense," said I, "to reject what you allow is an extraordinary chance of settling to advantage in a place, because it contains but 40,000 inhabitants!"

Meanwhile, in 1805, Mrs. Taylor gives an account of another talk with Dr. Alderson: "'What a pity it is that Dr. Reeve should not settle here,' says Dr. Alderson, 'when there is so fine an opening and nobody to fill up the vacancy at the hospital; but *London*, I suppose —' 'Yes,' said I, 'he has contracted something of the disease which people acquire by living there — a sort of feeling that no other place is fit to live in.'" To which the kind old doctor replies by reminding Mrs. Taylor that he, himself, will be dead before very long, and that this is an additional reason for Dr. Reeve's return to Norwich. And very soon, and with very good reason, Dr. Reeve seems to have made up his mind, and to have given up all thought of settling away from Norwich, and, premature though it may have appeared to the poor anxious mother, he seems to have disclosed his feelings to his future wife.

Then Susan goes to London to visit Mrs. Barbauld, and improve her mind, and the engagement is formally announced. Her mother is glad she reads poetry with Mrs. Barbauld, and delighted she has been to the play. Here comes a gentle motherly rebuke: —

It would have been better if Reeve had not accompanied you to Stoke Newington; we must not only mind our P.'s and Q.'s, but our "R.'s." You know how freely I like to talk to you about everything. Do not show a kind of weakness, which in the end never fails to lower a woman, even in the estimation of a lover! Men may be gratified first by possessing unbounded influence over the mind of a woman, but they generally despise her for it in the end. One of the great evils in contracting engagements of this sort at such an early age as yours is the full disclosure of affections owing to the innocent simplicity of youth, which a woman at a more advanced period, from a due sense of propriety, would certainly in some measure have concealed. For the future show Reeve that you, like him, can

bear absence when absence is necessary, and that the only way to be fit for the duties of life hereafter is to perform them with the utmost zeal and alacrity now.

How admirable is all this, how Spartan, how sensible, — and how difficult to carry out! And then comes a touching little bit of sentiment on Mrs. Taylor's own account: —

Your father has just reminded me that to-morrow is my birthday. What a difference between the beginning of life and the close; solicitude on one's own account seems quite extinguished as far as relates to this world, not so for one's children. Towards them it will remain to the last moment; but I will endeavor to make it useful without being troublesome to you.

Other admonitions follow, warnings against want of attention to respectful demeanor such as is never to be observed in well-bred girls; and then, very mother-like, at the end of the letter: —

Now I have written this letter, I have a great mind to burn it, I am so unwilling to give you a moment's pain, but if you take it as a proof of love, and determine to profit by it, it will rather give you pleasure.

When you are absent it is a great effort to think of faults. I would rather sit down and cry for your company.

One letter winds up with a quotation from one of the lover's epistles. He complains that he has heard nothing for several weeks. And here it is not possible to sympathize as much as usual when the mother points out to the daughter that she should not encourage her lover to expect to hear more often than is convenient.

Mrs. Taylor, as other mothers have been and will be again, is still perturbed by her son-in-law's impatience, by his ineradicable conviction that two people can live at the same expense as one. Little by little, however, difficulties are removed. Mr. Reeve's father promises him a good allowance; all is made smooth for the young couple's future, and at last they are married in the autumn of 1807. A house belonging to the Kerrison family had been taken in Surrey Street. We hear of many details; linen and boilers, and pails, and brushes, and scouring-cloths; a faithful Mary is engaged, who falls ill from over-scrubbing and has to be nursed. The good mother is there ready to see to everything, to nurse, to shop, to order. She writes full and detailed accounts of everything that is in preparation for the home. "Don't you wonder we can be interested in anything," she says, "while these riv-

blood are flowing
to complete the work
to rivet the chain
unhappy Europe
whatever is going
to happily go on
own lives, and in

haps the most charming
collection is one of her
husband, towards her
ful married life, in her
eady and exquisitely
g, she treats of "the
nterest to either of
lates the family history
ning almost biblical
n the benediction at the
nd loving life. "As the
r of seven children, we
hankful that they are
hope that their desti-
m as much credit, and
ch comfort, . . . that
re living in a handsome
use in a polite and pleas-
ed is a gratifying circum-
health is concerned." Mr.

afraid that *their* children
ntly remember that this
is entirely dependent upon
life and exertions. She
beloved Richard, "with a
quirements, his genuine
rested kindness, undeviating

How wise is the manner
to help him! "I know no other
ke ourselves tolerably easy
ar, clever child of ours, that
the arbiter of his own de-
els, she writes, "that each
should attain to that meas-
ndence which it is in the power
to bestow, at whatever cost
elves." Then of another of
'It would embitter my latter end
ought that there was anything
inst Edward which would dis-
that he should owe to the favor
then what he is really entitled
ou: . . . it is sometimes as much
it's duty to deviate from the equa-
tion of property as it is in genera-
ere to it. What I have to give
to Sally and Deborah, because they
more than my other daughters.
hole letter breathes a spirit of wis-
d good sense and tender justice,
indeed, a model of impartiality and
h good judgment. The mother is
alone at Norwich; but she forbids
her to mention this to the son with

bright
about it
then the
discon-
them into
light the
out into
ates of hell
the handful
nts; and the
wave of mur-
red it least—

at outrage, but
Oh! they were
then men stood
and to hand, foot
was to dare all for
had brought into a
the tender babes who
dearest upon all

very weak, for part
at that time up to
sickness among
sent of
defense

lish country house. They were very busy, stitching as if for dear life, for their work was destined to begin a long journey before another week had gone by, a journey to the shining East, whither another daughter of the house had gone as a bride a little more than a year previously.

It was very fine and dainty work with which they were occupied; Maud was putting the finishing touches to a gown made of flimsy cambric and delicate lace, tucked and embroidered until my brain aches to think of it, a gown with a very long skirt and a very small body; while on the other side of the window Grace was just finishing a little shirt, which in size was a match for the body of the gown; and Kate was putting a beautiful patch of silk embroidery on the corner of an article, which I am told is called a head-flannel.

Up stairs, a large box was already packed and awaiting these and some few other additions to its contents crept set off on its travels; and over in Muttrapore, the object of all this affectionate forethought was just beginning to eat her dinner.

She was quite a girl, and very pretty, with fair hair hanging in soft curls on either side of her round young cheeks and very blue serene eyes. She was wearing a muslin gown of a pale pink color, with white lace about the slightly opened throat and within the wide sleeves.

She ate her soup in silence, which was not broken by her husband on the other side of the round table. Twice she looked at him in wonder, as if it was an unusual thing for him to be so quiet.

"Is anything the matter, Charlie?" she asked at last.

He looked up with a start.

"Oh! No, my darling; what made you ask?"

"Nothing, only that you have been so long without saying anything," she answered.

"I'm tired, that's all," he said. But he said it with an effort, which did not escape a pair of glittering black eyes which were watching his every movement and expression. "What have *you* been doing today?"

"Lady Marjory came over just after you went this morning — and brought the baby. Such a dear little thing, and takes notice already, Charlie. Yes, it does indeed, for it opened its eyes and fairly laughed at me."

"You don't say so," he said, with a very fair show of interest. "And how is Lady Marjory?"

"Oh! wonderfully well. And, Charlie, she declares that there is no such blessing in India as to have a baby — it gives one such an occupation. I" — with a blush and a downward look — "shall be *very* glad when September comes."

"And I," said he heartily.

"And I had letters from the girls too. The box is to start about the middle of this month. And it will contain everything I can possibly need for — for September."

"That's awfully good of them."

"Yes, isn't it? And poor Maud says it is so hard not to have the baby there. You know I told them I should send a portrait home as soon as possible, but Maud says what's the good of a piece of glass, with a sort of ghost on it that won't 'walk' unless you look at it sideways."

She paused, expecting he would laugh at the little joke, but no, he was as silent as the grave and as grave as a judge.

"Charlie, I'm *sure* something's the matter," she declared positively.

He looked up quickly and answered promptly enough, "Nothing, my dearest, you are very fanciful to-night. I am tired and hungry, that is all. Don't mind me at all, but tell me the home news."

Nothing the matter! Perhaps not — and yet an hour later he asked her to play a game of draughts with him, and then, keeping his eyes fixed upon the closed door, he took her hand and said in a very low voice, "Eva, can you hear some news in silence?"

"News!" with a startled air, yet in a whisper, just as he had spoken.

"Yes, in silence and without a sound?"

"I think I can," she said confidently.

He held her hand yet tighter within his. "Call up the heart of your ancestors," he said with a sad smile, then leaned forward and whispered in her ear, "*It is come at last — they have risen at Meerut.*"

Mrs. Mordaunt half rose from her chair, then remembered herself and sat down again; she looked up into her husband's face with eyes full of fright and put her disengaged trembling hand into his.

"Risen," she repeated. "Oh! Charlie, what will it mean for us?"

"My darling, I cannot say, only — I wish I had died before I brought you out here, I wish I had died first."

"Oh! no — no — I don't. I dare say we shall be safe enough. As Lady Marjory says, it's not as if we were in a native regiment. We might be uneasy then," reassuringly.

"Did she say that?"

Mrs. Mordaunt nodded in reply.

"When?" he asked.

"This morning."

"What, aloud?" anxiously.

"Oh! yes. I couldn't get her to stop. She paraded about the room and laughed the whole idea of a rising to scorn — said she should believe it when it had come and not before. 'It's common sense,' she cried, 'that such a thing couldn't be. Why should anybody want to mutiny, or at least to massacre us? If — but it's absurd,' she said; 'what man on earth could want to harm two poor inoffensive little women like you and me? It's absurd on the very face of it.'"

"Little fool!" said Mordaunt contemptuously.

There was a slight noise at the door and instantly their hands parted, and moved back to the position for playing the game in which they were supposed to be interested.

"Your move," said Mordaunt.

So she moved a piece — at random, and her husband followed her; and so they played on in silence until the servant who had brought in coffee left them alone again.

"I wish you were at home, Eva," he burst out in a whisper of agony.

"So do I — with you," she whispered back.

"With or without me — if only you were safe. If only I could get you away into peace and safety. It will come to us before long, and even if you are safe, I am afraid for the effects of excitement upon you just now. Oh! if I could only take you home."

She shook her head sadly. "No use, Charlie, in wishing it. I am here, and must stop here. I am not the least afraid, though your news startled me for a moment. Besides, a good deal may happen before September, you know, all this trouble may be smoothed over and done away with long before then."

"Yes, that is true — that is true. What a pluck my darling has!"

"Your darling loves you," she said very softly, "and God will do all the rest."

That was the secret of her pluck — "God will do all the rest!"

CHAPTER II.

THEY were heavy and anxious days which followed the arrival at Muttrapore of the news of the outbreak at Meerut. And they were days of silence — silence so carefully observed that men conveyed meaning by looks, and made the centre of

the deserted barrack square, their place for discussing the times, when discussion was absolutely necessary; that the wives kept away from each other's houses lest they should betray their anxiety and fear; that morning rides and evening band were the only entertainments which kept up a semblance that all was well.

In the entire station there were but two Europeans who were not impressed by the gravity of the dangers which surrounded them and which each hour drew nearer and nearer to them. Those two were Jack Farquhar, of the Black Horse, and his lovely little wife, Lady Marjory.

But their careless indifference to danger did not last long. For a week or two they went on as gaily and as unconcerned as if they were spending a winter in Cannes, or a season in town; openly laughing at the fanatical hatred of the natives for the rule of the Feringhee, as if it was a joke; acting like a pair of fools, as every one said, because she, poor little soul, was so proud of his stalwart size and strong arm and he so proud of his little wife's pluck and courage.

And then — ah me! it makes the bright spring day seem dark as I write about it — there came an awful night, when the smouldering fires of hatred and discontent needing but a breath to fan them into flames whose lurid glare would light the whole world with horror, burst out into life and fury, so that the very gates of hell seemed to be flung open upon the handful of British soldiers and residents; and the first to fall before that cruel wave of murder was the one who had feared it least — Lady Marjory Farquhar.

Her death was the first outrage, but alas! it was not the last. Oh! they were fearful times — times when men stood shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand, foot to foot, ready and anxious to dare all for the sweet wives they had brought into a land of exile and for the tender babes who were their nearest and dearest upon all the earth.

The garrison was very weak, for part of the regiment — not at that time up to its full strength owing to sickness among both officers and men — had been sent off to succor a still more weak and defenceless station nearer to Meerut by ten or twelve miles, and at which there seemed every probability of a rising earlier than at Muttrapore. Still the men were desperate and the women were brave, and they held their own and fought for their lives with an obstinate, passionate strength which any Eastern enemy would have found irre-

sistible had it not been for the aid and help of another foe (more silent than English caution, more insidious than the work of an Eastern mine-layer, more powerful in its relentless selection than he who won for himself a reputation stained crimson with the blood of helpless women and innocent babies, whose name will be uttered with accents of execration and loathing as long as the English language lasts and is spoken — Nana Sahib, rajah of Bithoor), the silent, insidious, relentless enemy which we call pestilence.

It thinned the ranks of that devoted band — taking a strong man here, a brave nurse there, or a little child unable to fight against these sudden hardships and privations — until they stood no longer shoulder to shoulder, no, nor yet even within touch of one another, and yet they fought on, on until, "stormed at by shot and shell," they could hold their shattered and blazing defences no longer, and found themselves with no course open to them save to make a dash for the open and try to reach the rest of their comrades at the station ten miles in the direction of Meerut.

Up to this point Mordaunt's courage had not forsaken him, nor yet his hopes. His wife had borne the horrors, terrors, and privations of a close siege better than might reasonably have been expected, all things being considered; but when it came to an attempt to get ten miles across such a country through the very heart of the rebel army — why, he just sat down and hid his face in his hands and wished to God that he had died before ever he was born.

Still even such a wish as that did not help him — or her — in the least; there was no other course for them to take, the attempt had to be made and they must make it with the rest. But oh! how the man dreaded it, dreaded it, it would be hard to say — and it was in vain that his wife roused all her scanty stock of failing courage, and bade him cheer up and hope for the best.

"Don't worry so, Charlie," she said, a few hours before the start was made. "I think it will be all right, I think we shall get there. After all, it's only ten miles; and after all, what is ten miles? A mere nothing — I've walked twenty many a time."

"But not now," he said in a tone of anguish; "and never in an Indian jungle."

"Perhaps it won't be all jungle, Charlie," she suggested.

"No —" he was going to say, "Perhaps some of it will be swamp," but he broke the words off just in time. "If I could only carry you all the way there, my darling," he cried.

"We'll see what you can do if I get *very* tired, Charlie," she said gently, with which he was compelled for the time to be content.

About an hour after this, while he with all his comrades were watching anxiously for the thick darkness which would permit their flight from behind their defences, he felt a light touch upon his arm, and turning quickly, saw the dark face and gleaming eyes of his bearer, by name Majid. "What is it?" he asked, his thoughts flying to his wife at once. "Is anything wrong? Does the mem sahib wish for me?"

"No, sahib," the man answered; "the mem sahib is sleeping peacefully — but I wanted a word with you, sahib."

"Well?"

"I have been arranging a way of resting the mem sahib, if she grows very tired," he explained, and then displayed a light hammock secured at the ends by stout ropes, one of which he passed over his shoulders, handing the other to his master. "If I take one rope and you the other, sahib, it will make it much easier for the mem sahib."

"But —" exclaimed Mordaunt in astonishment, "do you prefer to go with us?"

"Yes, sahib, I am going to see my lady into safe hands," said the man quietly.

A flash of memory came back to Mordaunt's mind of the times — many of them — that he had chaffed his young wife for her extreme politeness to the principal servants of the establishment. And then he remembered how once Majid had cut his arm rather badly, and that she had insisted on his taking it to the doctor and had inquired kindly after the hurt each day until it was healed and well; now he realized the value of her kindness. "Thank you, Majid," he said gratefully and with a rush of feeling which, man-like, he was most careful to hide.

And about an hour and a half later a forlorn and well-nigh hopeless band filed out of the sheltered defences, and creeping between two rebel pickets, got without accident or alarm into the open country.

"Never thought I should live to turn tail in this way," growled one soldier to another as they passed out.

But the man to whom he spoke did not

reply, only folded his arms closer about the little tired child which lay sleeping upon his breast; if he had spoken he probably would not have called the better part of valor "turning tail."

Of necessity their progress was very slow and wearisome — they had no horses, nor even so much as a "tat" among them, all the animals being stolen or dead long ago. Bravely the women-folk bore up, several plodding steadily on in silence, nerved up to fulfil the task they had set for themselves — that of saving the dear wee tots they carried in their arms — while the older children struggled on beside them, each carrying a basket or bag of such provisions as they had to bring.

But before they had covered half a mile poor Mrs. Mordaunt's strength gave out and she was fain to admit that she could go no further.

"Don't mind me, Charlie, you go on with the others," she begged faintly.

But Mordaunt had managed to bring a flask of brandy with him, the last of a precious store which had done good service during the long siege. He put a little to her lips and beckoned to Majid to bring his hammock, and then they went on once more, contriving somehow to get slowly on, though it was exhausting and very weary work stumbling through the long grass and jungle four or five feet in height, soaked through to the skin by the heavy dews, taking each step in fear of the enemy and a yet greater dread of snakes and other vermin of the jungle; and by some means, perhaps because of the black darkness of the night, perhaps because of the delay in getting the lady into the hammock, they missed the track taken by their party and found themselves — a little group of three — in the very midst of what was to the Europeans an unknown country swarming with rebels one and all anxious for the life's blood of any Feringhee who might happen to fall in their way.

They could not get into any village before daybreak, which found them close to a grove of mango-trees having a hollow in its midst. Here they hid themselves and rested all the day, only coming out at nightfall to push on once more.

"We are not far from a village," Majid said, as they prepared the hammock for the lady. "I think we shall reach it without much trouble, sahib."

But alas! before they had gone a quarter of a mile, Mordaunt slipped and fell, wrenching and bruising his knee badly.

"Can you get on at all?" asked his wife anxiously, "because I am not the least tired, Charlie, I can walk quite easily, I can, I assure you."

"Do you think you can? Then keep tight hold of Majid by the hand, for a fall might be a very serious matter for you," he answered, "and I will hobble after you as well as I can with a stick."

So they started once more. With swift, sure footsteps Majid passed on, telling her in whispers where to tread and what parts to avoid, while Mordaunt struggled painfully after them, each step on the uneven ground giving his knee a fresh wrench which made him quiver with agony. Once or twice she insisted on stopping to ask how his knee was, if it was very painful and so on, but Mordaunt always resolutely and dauntlessly waved her on, never admitting that he was suffering much, and begging her not to utter a word more than was absolutely necessary; so they went on until they came within sight of the village towards which Majid was pressing.

"Will the mem sahib look over yonder? *That is the village!*" he said to her in a whisper.

With a look of joy she turned back to tell the news to her husband — but her husband was not within sight. They went back, but he was not to be found; they went to right and left, she utterly heedless of her weariness and prostration and remembering only that her husband was disabled and alone.

"Call!" she said to her guide.

So Majid called, as had been agreed between them before starting, with the note of a bird; but there was no reply — no reply save the ordinary voices of an Indian jungle after nightfall.

Mrs. Mordaunt caught hold of the Bengalee's hand, her eyes staring piteously and her teeth chattering with fear.

"What has happened to him?" she wailed.

"Will the mem sahib keep still?" the man entreated. "I cannot hear."

But he could hear nothing, not even though she braced herself to absolute silence, because there was nothing to hear.

"Majid, he is dead," she whispered.

But the Bengalee shook his head. "The mem sahib must not think of that until we know more. Listen; if she gets to the village, Majid will put her into safe keeping and come back to find the sahib."

"Must I stop there *alone*?" she asked, her natural fear gaining the uppermost hand for a moment. "Cannot I go with you?"

"Better not. I may have to go back a mile or more. But the mem sahib will be quite safe, for I know the village well."

So she consented to go back in the direction they had first taken, and in time they reached the village, where Majid was evidently known and very welcome. The villagers were one and all very kind to her, making her lie down and have her feet bathed, giving her native bread and rice, with milk to drink. And here Majid left her that he might go back and search for Mordaunt, whom he believed had slipped or stumbled in the long rank grass of the jungle and to be lying helpless and probably insensible.

But not a trace of him was to be found; and, not a little crestfallen, the Bengalee turned back and carried the bad news to the mem sahib, who, poor soul, was awaiting him in the direst suspense, and in agonies of fright lest she should be murdered by one or other of the dusky beauties who thronged round her as if she were a fat lady in a show at an English fair.

"The sahib is not dead, or I should have found him," Majid assured her. "The mem sahib must keep up heart, and when night comes we must make for Budwra, where perhaps we shall find him."

"Where is Budwra, Majid?" she asked.

"Another village about three miles from here and off the main road," he told her. "Perhaps one of my people has found the sahib and has taken him on there."

"I wish it was night," said she, with a tired sigh, and set herself to watch for the fading of the day.

However, anxiety and fatigue notwithstanding, after a few minutes Mrs. Mordaunt fell asleep and slept with the sound and heavy slumber of one thoroughly worn out, fanned by a young native girl to whom Majid gave a handful of pice for performing the office. Majid too cast himself down and slept soundly; and so the two lay there neither moving nor stirring until nearly sundown, when the old woman of the house, who had been gossiping at her door about the pretty Feringhee mem sahib, suddenly rushed in and shook Majid into a sense of understanding without ceremony or hesitation.

"Up, quick, quick!" she cried. "They are coming! Get the mem sahib into that tope of mango-trees. Quick, quick!"

there is not a moment to lose! Save yourselves!"

It was but the work of a moment for Majid to drag the terrified Englishwoman into the grove of mango-trees indicated by the old woman, happily succeeding without being seen; and there they hid themselves, cowering down and crouching low upon the ground amongst the rank grass and undergrowth, listening to the fiendish yells and shouts of the Sepoys, who were searching the little village for the Feringhee lady whom they heard had escaped in that direction.

But the dusk drew on, the last light of day faded away quickly — as it does in the East — and the Sepoys were obliged to give up the chase. Majid began to think of beginning the journey to Budwra, so bade Mrs. Mordaunt remain in the tope of mango-trees while he went back to the village for food and milk.

"But you won't leave me, Majid?" she implored piteously; "you'll come back?"

"Majid will never leave the mem sahib until he leaves her in safety," he said solemnly — he always addressed her thus.

So a very weary half-hour went by, during which she suffered a very martyrdom of suspense and dread. For she was wearing a dress which had once been of white cambric, and which even now, although it had been torn and stained and soiled by the adventures of the previous night and the hardships of nearly a week of the siege, showed very conspicuously against the dark background of the mango-trees. As well as she could she hid herself among the grass, holding her skirts and breath with equal care, starting and shrinking at every sound, fancying that the rustling of the leaves, the creaking of the bending branches overhead, the thousand and one sounds which one hears in a grove of trees after dusk, were the approaching footsteps of her murderers. And then, poor soul, when at length Majid returned, she mistook him altogether, and hiding her face upon her knees as she crouched there, gave herself up for lost and made a feeble effort to say her prayers. But it was only the faithful bearer, who had brought her chupatties and boiled rice, with milk to drink. Besides this good meal he had also managed to get a quantity of long strips of cotton, with which he carefully bound and bandaged her feet and ankles, so that she might tramp through the long grass and jungle with comparative ease; and then they set off on their three miles journey to Budwra.

CHAPTER III.

THREE miles is not a very long distance if it is looked at from our standpoint—that is to say, the standpoint of this the eighth decade of the nineteenth century. With rail or road in good order and at a convenient distance from our starting-place, a journey of three miles is a mere nothing; nothing more than a matter of a few minutes. And if one is in tolerable health and well shod, why, it is not a very formidable distance as a walk; but as that frail woman went, on foot—in India, where climate and custom alike render walking exercise almost impossible—broken down in health and spirits—living in hourly, nay, in momentary dread of a fearful and horrible death—sickened by direct suspense for the fate of him who was nearest and dearest to her of all the world—travelling, not by road or rail, not with cool and comfortable shoes and stockings on her feet, but lame and worn and weary, scarce able to keep a foothold and yet afraid lest aught should go wrong with that other life so close bound up within her own—oh, thinking of all this, doubt not that the three miles which lay between those Indian villages seemed to her a journey so difficult that it could never be accomplished.

But Majid cheered her step by step, steadying her faltering feet and often keeping her from falling by sheer force of arm and will; and in her brave heart fighting hard with anxiety and grief for her husband, were two great influences—the mother-instinct strong as life, and the absolute trust in God stronger than death. After all, it was only her poor suffering body that failed; her heart, never.

Yet they did not reach the village that night, for several times they had alarms of the mutineers being upon them; twice they lay for a long time behind a thick cluster of bushes and scrub, listening to them as they told with fiendish and exultant laughter of deeds of bloodshed and cruelty such as happily an imperfect knowledge of Hindustani prevented the lady from understanding in full.

But she had gathered a little of what they were saying, and, when they moved off, asked Majid anxiously if they had mentioned her husband, heaving a great sigh of unutterable relief when he told her no. And then, when the fright was over, they toiled on again, making but slow progress, for she was completely exhausted and beyond the power of making any very great exertion; so when the day

broke, it found them still in the heart of the jungle and not even within sight of village or road.

Here Mrs. Mordaunt remained hidden under a broad-leaved bush while Majid pressed on to the village, in which there lived an old lady with a reputation for a knowledge of medicines and herbs, some to cure and others to charm. Fortunately for the preservation of the English lady's life, this old personage was a great-aunt of the faithful Majid and he her favorite relation, whom she received with extravagant expressions of joy and every demonstration of affection and pleasure.

As soon as her delight had subsided a little, Majid entered into the business which had brought him there, and on the whole a very pretty piece of work he had to persuade the old lady to take the Feringhee mem sahib in and shelter her, for a more bitter hater of the European race could not, perhaps, be found in the whole of India. But Majid's influence over the old dame—by the by, she rejoiced in the name of Zee-Zeet—was unbounded, and after a short harangue he overruled all her objections and made arrangements for bringing the lady in.

"But mind," she exclaimed, as a last warning, "it is only because she has been good to my favorite relative that I do this."

"Oh, yes, yes, to be sure," he answered.

He knew if he once got her unperceived into his aunt's house that the mem sahib would be safe for any time that he thought it needful for her to hide there. For the festive Zee-Zeet had a reputation, which was spread very widely indeed in that neighborhood, that it was always best to let her severely alone; and to such an extent did the superstitious inhabitants believe in the power of her charms and cures that none ever ventured to approach her domicile without various preparations in the shape of propitiatory offerings, and only those who were pretty sure of being in her good graces dared venture to take so great a liberty as that.

Majid, therefore, with a well-satisfied heart, went back in search of his mistress, whom he found in what might be termed the last agonies of fright and weariness; being, poor soul, in that condition of body which made him determine to run all or any risks in order to get her into the village of Budwra by daylight, instead of waiting until the friendly shades of evening spread their sheltering arms above them.

And well it was for her—and for him

— that he so made up his mind, for when at length they reached the safety of the old lady's hut, happily without much difficulty — though several times they were within an ace of running into the very arms of the Sepoys, and all Majid's skill was needed to avoid being seen by the other inhabitants of the village, which above all things he was most anxious to prevent — Mrs. Mordaunt's state was simply one of desperation, and that bitter hour which Charles Mordaunt had so feared and dreaded was fast stealing upon her.

To do her full justice, the festive old Zee-Zeet was wonderfully good to her during the twelve weary hours which followed, in spite of her hatred and loathing of everything belonging in any way to the Feringhee race; so the poor fugitive English girl came through her hour of trial, and in the thick darkness which immediately precedes an Indian dawn, a little girl-child first opened her eyes upon an anxious and woful world, wherein battle, murder, and sudden death ran riot.

CHAPTER IV.

WE are all of us more or less familiar with the awful story of the Mutiny of '57 as a whole — how strong men dropped off their horses and died without so much as a struggle for life — how women in the prime of life died of sheer fright — how fever and famine thinned out the ranks of those who were still holding out against the cowardly foe who butchered little children and helpless babies in their merciless thirst for blood — how the lives of all were in jeopardy every hour, and none who opened their eyes upon the dawn had any reasonable hope that they would live to see the sunset.

And yet that wee small fragment of humanity, born into the world two months before her time, frail as a snowflake, for whom there seemed to be no place and no room, lay close cuddled against her mother's breast and throve almost like a mushroom on a moist September night after the warmth of a bright autumn day. Throve — ay, and throve apace — fed like a young calf; stared about her with wondering blue eyes (at least, that was what her mother said they were) when she did not happen to be asleep, which was about four hours out of the twenty-four; twisted her very wrinkled and scarlet little face into the oddest contortions imaginable, and doubled a wee morsel of a hand into a fist (with the thumb *outside*), and sucked the first of the four knuckles with an en-

ergy which under the circumstances was neither more nor less than thoroughly astounding. But that was only now and then, for generally she lay sleeping the sweet and lovely sleep of babyhood, a dear, wee, velvet-skinned person, whose advent into the world had amply compensated for all the mother's suffering and privation, who allayed all her fears, and left no pain behind except the anxiety about her husband. If only her Charlie had been at hand she would have been perfectly happy, even though she had not a second frock in the world for herself nor a proper rag of any kind for the child, who was dressed in a strange arrangement of white cotton contrived by the festive Zee-Zeet.

"Dear good old Zee-Zeet" — as the little fugitive lady called her in the overflowing gratefulness of her tender heart, and her blessed ignorance of the fact that right willingly would the old lady have cut her throat and made witch-candles and other ghastly *articles de luxe* of her body — under the influence, or perhaps pressure, of her nephew Majid, did more for her than bring the child into the world in safety. She cast about in the village for a wet-nurse, and finding a young native woman with a baby of a few weeks old just at the point of death, carried her off to her hut, and, after binding her down to secrecy with all the influence of her evil eye and her worse reputation, introduced her into the presence of the tiny heroine of this story. Lucky little heroine! The poor grieving dark-skinned mother's torn heart went out to her at once, and she cuddled the little bundle of white cotton to her bosom and shed the last tears of regret for the one she had lost upon the blonde and velvet-like head of her new nursling. And after that, the little Feringhee lady and her baby had lack neither of attention nor of love.

For nearly three weeks all went well and not a soul guessed who was so safely hidden within the sacred hut of the old lady with the evil eye. The villagers knew that Corah had gone there after losing her baby — but then Corah's lord and master was away, nobody quite knew where, being bearer to some great English sahib, who had gone up to the hills several months before. And as Corah was to be seen almost every day walking in some part of the village and had evidently got over her trouble, it was nothing to anybody if Zee-Zeet chose to have her in her house or she to remain there. So for nearly three weeks all went well, and the

small atom of humanity throve and grew considerably. And then Mrs. Mordaunt, never having heard a single word of her husband — not even though Majid went several short journeys in quest of him or of some other English officer who could carry the news of his mistress's safety to the nearest British camp — began to fret and worry to be getting back to her own people once more.

Up to that time Majid had been afraid to take any expedition of more than two or three hours' distance from Budwra, fearing lest his old aunt's fanatical hatred should outweigh the power of his influence over her and cause the betrayal of the English lady into the hands of the mutineers; but when the time had come for them to seize the first chance that Providence gave them of making a dash for the nearest British camp, he felt at liberty to leave her for longer periods, so that he might discover the whereabouts of the world, so to speak.

He made three of these pilgrimages before he hit upon any authentic information about the various garrisons in the neighborhood, but when he went out for the third time he fell in with a half-caste who was friendly towards the Europeans and who told him exactly how the land lay at that moment; who told him, too, exactly how to reach the garrison of Singkôte, and finally offered to carry a letter or message there for him.

Now Majid was a very wary sort of person who did not believe in disclosing the hiding-place of his mistress, whom he had brought safely through so much hardship and danger, to a half-caste who might or might not be as faithful as he made himself out to be, and who might sell her to the Sepoys, even if he did not take an opportunity of murdering her himself. "You've been in the camp?" he said cautiously.

"Yes, I was there three days ago."

"Ah! Did you see any of the English officers?"

"Why, of course, all of them. I saw Clarke Sahib, and Gregory Sahib, and the mem sahib; and I saw Moore Sahib and Mordaunt Sahib too."

"Oh, you saw Mordaunt Sahib?"

"Why, yes — of course I did. Do you know him?"

"I've seen him," said Majid evasively.

"What is he like now?"

"Oh! very well — he has got over his lameness."

"Was he lame?" asked Majid with truly Oriental but admirable indifference.

"Yes, he was lame — got hurt in the jungle — lost his wife. Ah! that hurt him most."

"Ah! Well, if you are going near Singkôte to-morrow, you might turn in and tell Mordaunt Sahib that Majid is on his way to him, with good news."

"I will. I owe him a good turn and will do it."

And so the two parted, and Majid returned to the house of the lively Zee-Zeet, to prepare his mistress for good news and a move.

She was obliged, poor little woman, to have a nice comfortable cry over the baby's blonde head; and then she tried hard to tell the good news to Zee-Zeet and Corah, who neither of them understood so much as a word she was saying, in spite of the fact that Corah was all sympathy with the tear-brimming, shining eyes; Zee-Zeet didn't want to know, so the little Englishwoman made no impression upon her, therefore she had to content herself with whispering the wonderful news to the equally wonderful baby, who, poor mite, didn't even know it had a father, so was as unappreciative as the others had been before it.

And as soon as dusk fell a strange farewell was taken in the little hut, and the party set off. I say strange, because in those times it was strange, ay, more than strange, it was marvellous, to see a beautiful little fair-haired Englishwoman clinging to a hideous old native hag — I use that word advisedly — as if she loved her. Zee-Zeet was torn by the oddest mixture of feelings, she hated anything and everything European with the fiercest and bitterest hatred imaginable, the hatred which is born of strong religious feeling and which may be seen even in this enlightened and Christian land, not between those who have chosen slightly different paths to the gate of heaven, but, alas for the precious example that lights us on our way, even between those of one Church, one faith.

So the influence of "Deen" tore the old Bengalee lady one way, and the odd sensation of receiving real gratitude tore her another; so that it became very much a case of "pull devil, pull baker," and strange to say — although Zee-Zeet wouldn't have owned that it was so for the world — on the whole, "baker" got the best of it. For Zee-Zeet knew, nobody better, that she rejoiced in a reputation which was the very reverse of desirable, being in fact just about as bad as it could be; she knew that not a single woman of

her own race who had any knowledge of her at all would have touched her with so much as the tip of one finger, let alone have flung their arms around her and fairly hugged her as this little English lady did; she knew that not one man, woman, or child old enough to know the evil eye would have lifted their eyes to hers, and yet this Feringhee mem sahib fearlessly and smilingly looked straight into her eyes, and, somehow, a thought crept into her mind that, after all, the blue eyes of the Europeans were very pretty. And besides that thought there came also another, one which she entertained grudgingly and-unwillingly enough, which was one of admiration and respect for the courage and pluck which feared neither hers nor anybody else's witchcraft in all the wide world.

There is no saying what the upshot of this mental struggle might not have been, if the old lady had not suddenly remembered that since the Englishwoman had been an inmate of the house, several of her decoctions had "gone bad," and more than one of her charms had refused to work. Oh! what if this mem sahib had an evil eye of greater power than her own! The very thought was enough to shrivel up the ancient dame with fear and horror, and caused her to hurry on the little lady's farewells with a zeal which was the reverse of hospitable.

Poor little Mrs. Mordaunt was quite upset by this parting from one whom she credited with a kindness such as would have filled her own heart under similar circumstances, and set off on her perilous journey with a mist in front of her pretty eyes and a very inconvenient lump in her throat. As for Majid, he knew his distinguished relative well, and breathed with more freedom than he had done since he and the Mordaunts had set off in search of a haven of refuge together; for each day he had noted some sign or other of dissatisfaction or detestation on her very speaking countenance, and all along had been haunted by the gravest doubts lest in the game of "pull devil, pull baker," between her evil passions and his influence over her, "devil" would get the best of it, and the end which he had in view be defeated after all.

Well, they parted from the festive Zee-Zeet, leaving that estimable but superstitious old person in a state of the most abject fear, for Mrs. Mordaunt just at the last took from her finger a handsome ring set with a cat's-eye and two diamonds, and in token of gratitude for the safe shelter

and care which she had given her, slipped it, with a very fervent blessing, on to the old woman's hand.

Zee-Zeet was frightened out of her seven senses and all her wits. She firmly believed that the blue-eyed mem sahib had cast some terrible spell around her. She regarded the thing itself with disgust and loathing, but she was afraid to take it off her finger lest she should find herself transformed into a wriggling snake or a water-rat.

Meanwhile, Majid had taken the lead of his little party and they had passed safely out of the most frequented part of the village, unseen except by one small boy, who like Peeping Tom of Coventry was spying about where he had but little business to be, perhaps seeking food for his mind, and who promptly went home to his mother and told her that he had seen three demons come from the house of Zee-Zeet, receiving in return advice to keep within doors and hold his tongue, while at the same time she could not by any means resist the pleasure of imparting the information to the potter's mother, who after the manner of womankind, no matter whether their complexions be brown or white, just mentioned it to the wife of the smith, who in turn told it to her husband, who passed it on to the astrologer, who by the by hated Zee-Zeet with a righteous loathing, as an utterly unclean but alas, powerful thing, who was too many altogether for his fine science and study. And in turn the astrologer imparted the story — by this time distorted out of all likeness to its original form — to the Brahman, who happily did not in any way connect the tale with the Europeans, whom he hated as much as the astrologer hated the festive Zee-Zeet.

On the whole it was well for the Europeans of that district in general, and for Mrs. Mordaunt in particular, that this young Hindu Peeping Tom did happen to see the exodus from the old wise woman's house, for the villagers kept away from her, and she, haunted by the dread of the terrible influence of the cat's-eye ring, kept away from them; and so the fugitives had an infinitely better chance of accomplishing their journey in safety.

On the whole they were singularly fortunate, for they fell in with no rebels for a fair part of the distance to Singkôte, and the inhabitants of the village through which they were passing (not, that is, the actual group of houses near which the hut of Zee-Zeet lay, but the whole district or *village* of Budwra), were, like most dwell-

ers in an Indian village, of a totally different class from the malcontents who raised and continued the mutiny, being peaceful and honest, and, with the exception of the Brahman, not troubling themselves much one way or the other about the Europeans who lived among them.

So for the first part of the day all went well. Mrs. Mordaunt trudged bravely on beside Majid, forgetting all but that her Charlie was at the other end of her journey, and that her wee blonde-haired mite was safe in Corah's arms just behind her. She could not help thinking as they pressed onward that she could never be sufficiently grateful to the merciful Providence which had watched over her during these past terrible weeks, which had brought her through her hour of pain and trial, had spared the life of her little frail infant even though she had come into the world two months before her time, which had preserved the life which was of most value to her on the whole earth, and which had raised up in the land of her enemies — the land reeking with every crime of which, alas, murder was neither the most dreaded nor yet the most common, reeking with the blood of women and helpless innocents — three such tried and trusty friends as Majid, Corah, and that dear old Zee-Zeet. Oh! if ever this awful rebellion was ended, and peace and order reigned once more over the land, how Charlie should make it up to them for the trouble and expense and risk to which they had been put for her; oh! what cause they should have to remember the unprotected and helpless Englishwoman whom they had befriended! And then, dear little soul, plodding along with her tender heart flowing over with gratitude, she fell to thinking what she should be able to do for each — first there was Zee-Zeet, the old darling, what should she be able to do for her? Bless her! Well, she didn't think somehow that Zee-Zeet was over and above well off. What then if she got Charlie to settle a nice little annuity upon her? say twenty or five and twenty pounds a year; that on the whole she should think would be better than any other form of thank-offering, and there the old lady could make herself happy in her own way — which, as Mrs. Mordaunt admitted somewhat ruefully to herself as she remembered the exact circumstances of their parting, was a way that she hardly quite understood.

And for Corah? Well, of course there was Corah's husband to be considered. From all Majid had told her she thought he must be a very good husband indeed,

and evidently Corah was very, very fond of him. She didn't quite know what would be the best to do for them — something useful and substantial of course; and here she turned round and refreshed herself by a good long look at the little blonde head lying against Corah's bosom. She just touched the child's cheek with her lips, fearing to wake it by a real kiss, and then she smiled up in the nurse's dusky face with a smile of seraphic trust and beauty such as is never seen save on the face of a good woman with a pure heart.

And then she went back to her dreaming, settling in her own mind how Charlie should reward the ever-faithful Majid. Ah! well, *that* would be easily settled, for Majid had had a dream for a long, long time, and the little woman had wormed it out of him during her durance in the house of Zee-Zeet.

For a well-born Bengalee it was, I dare say, when looked at from the standpoint of his compatriots and compeers, the desire of a most depraved taste; but you see, the little lady looked at the matter in quite a different light, and she thought Majid the most sensible and reasonable of men. As a matter of fact, his dream was to marry an Englishwoman and keep a tobacco bazaar, where he did not much care, except that he had been to England twice and had rather a fancy for Bournemouth, at which secluded and then very select spot he had passed the greater part of one winter.

So that would be very easy to manage. Charlie would mention him to the government and secure for him a full share of any rewards and honors which might happen to be going, and then faithful Majid should enjoy the fruits of his fidelity and the realization of his fondest dreams.

At this point Majid, who had been surprised and delighted with the style in which she kept up the march, stopped the little party for refreshment, which consisted of some boiled rice and sweet milk, with some strong chicken broth for the lady, cold but good, which Majid had made during the afternoon and had put up in a bottle for her use on the journey. How she enjoyed it, and munched nice little native cakes — chupatties — as they rested; and then, just as they were about to start, there was a rustling among the growth of the jungle, a trembling of the tall grasses to the left, and a terrified shriek, followed by the report of a gun and the falling of some heavy body headlong to the ground. For an instant Mrs. Mordaunt did not know where she was, nor what she was

doing, for it almost seemed to her as if Majid had unceremoniously knocked her down. However, when she came to her full senses she found herself lying under a low-growing bush, with Majid lying beside her and holding the branches on one side down upon them till they pressed upon the ground. In this way they lay hidden for two hours or more, listening to the coarse jests and quarrelsome talk of the band of rebel Sepoys which had thus sprung almost upon their very resting-place. Once only she spoke, whispering into his ear, "Where are Corah and the baby?"

"All right," he answered, and so she lay very still, being perfectly satisfied.

Personally, Majid was very glad indeed of the opportunity thus afforded him of learning the movements of the rebels. Having shot the wretched fugitive who had fallen in their way, the Sepoys squatted themselves down upon the ground to discuss matters generally, and happily they just discussed those points upon which he was most anxious to be informed. He learned, among other things, that Sing-kôte was regarded as absolutely out of their power, the garrison being very strong, the health of the defenders very good, the defences impregnable, and ammunition and provisions inexhaustible. And he learned also that the road to Sing-kôte was comparatively clear, a piece of information worth more to him a great deal than two hours' discomfort, delay, and a little cramp. Finally the rebels moved off, leaving the coast clear, and presently when he had made quite sure they were out of sight and hearing he rolled out from under the bush and helped his mistress to her feet.

"Do not look to the left, mem sahib," he said, wishing to spare her the sight of the poor dead white face of the man whose last shriek was still ringing in her ears.

Mrs. Mordaunt trembled but obeyed him. "It is not the sahib?" she asked in an awful dread.

"Oh, no—it is a mere boy. Majid will take his watch and rings into camp."

He would have scooped a shallow grave for the poor boy, but the ground was hard and he had nothing with which he could dig—so he searched his pockets for any things by which he could be identified, and then put him as decently as he could under the bush where they had lain hidden.

And then Mrs. Mordaunt, who had been peering curiously around, said suddenly, "Majid, where are Corah and the baby?"

The words had scarcely left her lips when a succession of piercing and agonized shrieks rang out upon the air in the direction which the rebels had taken. Then there was *dead silence*! The mother caught at his hand that she might steady herself, and together they listened intently; a few shouts and peals of derisive laughter rose upon the stillness of the night, but they too died away and all was quiet, quiet as the grave; the faithful native and the overwrought and half-fainting Englishwoman looked at one another—a desperate question shining out of the blue eyes of the mother, the wistful gentleness of profound and hopeless pity melting the black orbs of her protector.

CHAPTER V.

THE look in Majid's eyes was all too plain an answer to the question the mother's had put; and as she realized that her child had fallen into the hands of the rebels, that almost beyond all possibility of doubt the piercing shrieks which but a few minutes ago had rent the air were the last cries of agony uttered by poor Corah, and that the dead silence which followed had been to her the silence of the grave, Mrs. Mordaunt sank down upon the ground in utter and abject despair. For half an hour she stayed thus, crushed, hopeless, and so weary of life that it seemed useless to attempt to continue the struggle any further. A horrid nightmare seemed to possess her, and she sat swaying herself to and fro like a woman in a dream. Could it be possible that her little child, who had come into the world with such difficulty, and yet who, like a sweet flower growing up in a ditch, had thriven and flourished in spite of all the unlovely and unhealthful surroundings, was gone from her forever? That she was not only gone, but to a violent death; for oh! there was no hope of mercy from the wretches who had shot down the poor lad who was lying still and silent under the bushes but a yard or so away from her as she sat. Oh! why, why had not the little life ebbed away in peace at the old woman's hut? Why should it have been spared only for such an end as this? It was surely too cruel, too hard, that if she ever found herself in her Charlie's arms again, she should have to tell him of the little child—his own—whom he had never seen; that if they should escape the perils of this horrid country and live out the rest of their life together, there would be a leaf in her life which would have no part in his, a leaf turned down

and never to be read again until they should read it together in eternity.

And then—oh! who but God himself rent the thick clouds asunder and let a flood of joyous and hopeful light into her soul?—and then a remembrance came back to her of the words she had spoken to her husband the night they had first heard the news of the outbreak at Meerut—"God will do all the rest, Charlie." Yes, God would do all the rest. Oh! what had she been about not to have had a stronger faith, a greater trust! Surely, she was not the one whose faith should be small, she who had been brought through so many and great dangers, who but that very day had heard the blessed and joyous news of her husband's safety, the dear husband whom for three weeks and more she had mourned as dead!

The new thought put new life and new heart into her. She rose to her feet and put out her hand for Majid, resolved that come what might she would not give in yet. She would keep up heart and pluck to the last, the very last, hoping and believing that the power which had saved the father would save the child.

"I don't believe that was Corah," she said in a whisper; "that did not sound like her voice. I believe she will get my baby in safely. I feel convinced she is still alive—that they are both still alive, and that it will be well with them in spite of all we heard and fear."

Majid's grave face lightened a little. "If that was not Corah we heard she may get the little baba in safely," he said. "In any case, it must be best for the mem sahib to press on in order that help may be sent out."

So she consented once more to put herself altogether in his hands, and they set off their steady, plodding tramp once again. But alas, Majid did not find that she kept up as well as she had done before; very soon she lagged wofully and began to show signs of the greatest weariness until their steady pace dropped down at last to a mere crawl, a dragging of one sore and weary foot before the other.

No wonder that it was so, poor little soul, for the loss of the child had taken all the strength out of her, and naturally enough, the all was not a very large store and had been soon exhausted. But the faithful Majid cheered her up, urged her on, fed her out of his bottle of chicken broth, and half carried her over most of the rough places.

"The mem sahib must *not* give in," he said imperatively. "If the mem sahib

can keep up a little longer we shall get into camp safely. Those are the lights of Singkôte on .n front."

She looked up eagerly, and, sure enough, on ahead were a few twinkling lights but dimly visible in the first dawn of the grey morning.

"Is that really Singkôte, Majid?"

"That is Singkôte, mem sahib," he answered.

"How far is it?"

"Only about a mile and a half, mem sahib."

A mile and a half! It seemed to that weary and exhausted woman that he might as well at once have said a hundred miles and a half. "Majid, I can't walk a mile and a half," she faltered.

"Not quickly, but the mem sahib will get there a little at a time—every step counts, and we are too near the city now to come to much harm. Perhaps we may see some of the sahib-loge driving or riding presently."

And sure enough Majid was right, and before they had toiled on for more than a couple of hundred yards further, a light buggy drawn by a seedy gray horse and driven by a stout old gentleman in white clothing, approached them from the city. At the sight of Majid's warning he drew rein and asked what they wanted.

"Is that an English lady?" he asked, peering at the travel-stained figure in the background.

"Yes, sahib—a fugitive, and the wife of Mordaunt Sahib, who——"

But Majid never finished that sentence, for the old gentleman had flung the reins upon the old horse's back and himself out of the buggy to the ground.

"My dear lady, what joy for Mordaunt!" he cried, taking both her hands with an air of the oldest and closest friendship. "Why, God bless my soul, he has been mourning you as dead, poor fellow, this past month or more. Why, bless me, he'll go out of his mind for joy! But get into the buggy. I'm sure you're worn out utterly—utterly, you must be. But there, never mind, my dear, your troubles are all over now—you'll be as safe here as in the Bank of England. There, there, my dear, you mustn't cry. You're all right now, you know—why, you'll be back again with your husband in less than half an hour."

It would have done the little woman good to cry, to shed a regular flood of tears, but she did not altogether give way then; she dashed the few tears aside that had gathered in her eyes and let the old gentleman help her into the buggy.

"Can you make room for Majid?" she said. "He's dead beaten. I believe he carried me nearly all the way."

"Oh! of course, of course — we'll make room for him," cried the old gentleman, who was one of the old school, and, but for the little lady's pitiable plight, would have seen "the nigger" shot before he would have given him the pampering luxury of a drive back into town. However, thus bidden, Majid clasped his hands together after the manner of his kind and made a polite bow of thanks; then without further ado he clambered in, putting himself into as small a space as possible. So the queer-looking party drove back at the best pace the seedy old grey could muster, and presently drove in at the principal gate and went straight up to the residency.

"Where is Mordaunt Sahib?" the old gentleman shouted as he pulled up. "Oh! is that you, Owen? Do you know where Mordaunt is?"

Mr. Owen was a very young man, who had come out to the verandah on hearing the shout. "Mordaunt? Oh! he's lying on the sofa in the billiard-room. Why — do you want him?"

"His wife here does," returned the older man with blunt enjoyment of the other's surprise.

"*Mrs. Mordaunt!*" he exclaimed, coming down the steps, and holding out his hand — for all Europeans were dear friends in those days — "why, Mordaunt will go out of his poor distracted mind with joy. He's been nearly mad for weeks."

The sound of voices and their exclamations of surprise had brought one or two other white-garbed men upon the scene — among them one Ennis of the Black Horse, who stared at the new-comers for a minute in speechless astonishment.

"Good God, Mrs. Mordaunt, is that *you*?" he cried, and without further ado he just took her in his arms and gave her half-a-dozen kisses. "Is it really *you*?" he cried. "Oh! my poor child, you must have had a terrible time of it to change you so. But what will Mordaunt say? Has anybody told him? For Heaven's sake do it carefully — don't blurt it out at once."

"You'd better go, Ennis," some one suggested. "Mordaunt's in the billiard-room."

Thus bidden, Ennis disappeared in the direction of the billiard-room, leaving the others still in the large hall. He found Mordaunt asleep.

"I say, old chap," he began.

The other, sleeping very lightly, woke with a start. "Eh! what — anything wrong?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, no, my dear chap! quite the contrary. Can you hear news — eh!"

"News! Yes, of course. What news have you?" Poor fellow, he was so firmly convinced of his wife's death, that he never dreamt the news could be anything to him more than to any one else. Ennis took his arm kindly.

"It's good news, old chap — try and bear it bravely."

"Yes."

"Your wife's been brought in."

He felt Mordaunt cringe and shake, and his face grew a sickly greyish-white. "Is it — is it —" he began, when Ennis cut him short.

"Why, man alive, didn't I tell you it was *good* news? She's alive — *a — live*, and as well as one could reasonably expect considering the time she must have had."

"Alive!" he gasped, staring at his comrade as if he were dazed or drunk.

"Yes — come along."

And then poor Mordaunt broke from his friendly hand and dashed into the hall where *she* was. And oh! what a meeting it was — what joy for both — what exclamations and incoherent questions — what an outpouring of unutterable thankfulness to God!

And then, in the midst of it all, the little woman suddenly gave way and flung herself upon her husband's breast with an exceedingly bitter cry. "Oh, Charlie — Charlie — my baby — my baby — my poor little lost baby!"

So Charles Mordaunt knew for the first time that his little child had been born into the world, and heard all the story of Majid's prudent care and forethought, and of Corah's devotion to that frail life, which, like a little plant that comes up too early in the spring to weather the last storms of winter, had yet had time to entwine its tendrils close and firm about the mother's heart.

And as the days wore on and parties went out in all directions in the hope of finding alive the baby of the little woman who had borne so much and who had come through so many and great dangers, but returned without any success, the mother's sanguine heart began to fail before the horrible fear that she would never see her little child in this world again.

The uncertainty was terrible — fifty times in the course of the day she said to

her husband that she could bear the loss if only she knew the worst — if only she knew what the end had been — if only she knew that the end had come, and that her babe was not left to the mercy of those demons. Yet four days went by and they had no news of the babe or nurse, either dead or alive. Otherwise Mrs. Mordaunt would have been thoroughly happy, for surely never was one little woman made so much of before. Everybody in the garrison, and it was a large one, vied with every one else in trying to do the most for her — the ladies all brought the best and prettiest garments in their wardrobes, and each one of them offered to put their needles at her disposal, so that she might have anything more that she wanted; the men went out, as I said, to search for the child, and had she wished it, she might have had every carriage in the garrison in which to take her daily drives; and the children brought her flowers and fruit, and one darling tot who knew "the poor pretty lady was sorry because she had lost her baby," brought her a present of a terrier pup, a siege baby like her own.

So the days went by — four of them — and on the fourth, towards evening, there was news. It was brought into the Mordaunts' quarters by an excited subaltern, who was one of Mrs. Mordaunt's most enthusiastic admirers and who had been one of the most indefatigable searchers for the lost baby. This young gentleman made no attempt whatever to break the news — on the contrary, he blurted out his errand at once.

"Oh! Mrs. Mordaunt," he exclaimed, "I believe they've found it, I do really. A young native woman has just been brought in, found a couple of miles out hiding under a bush dead-beat. She's got a baby, says it belongs to an English mem sahib, but she doesn't remember her name. It must be yours."

"It is Corah! Oh! where is she?" cried Mrs. Mordaunt, starting to her feet.

"She's over at Forbes's bungalow," he answered.

The mother waited to hear no more — like a mad thing she flew to the place where a group of people were gathered around the new arrival, recognized with a cry of joy the wet-nurse of her child, tore aside with a trembling hand the wrappings which covered it, and beheld, sleeping peacefully, with one tiny hand outspread against the breast which nourished it — *a little native baby.*

For a moment she was too completely stunned by the intensity of her disap-

pointment to speak; then the sight of Corah's smiling face fairly roused her into fury.

"My baby! where is she? *What* have you done with her? What child is this?" she cried in a passionate voice.

"Is this really the nurse?" several of the bystanders asked anxiously.

"The nurse, of course it is the nurse," Mrs. Mordaunt answered excitedly; then addressed herself once more to Corah, "My baby — where is she? What have you done with her? I tell you I *will* know!"

But it was perfectly useless to rave in English at a poor girl who only understood the Hindustani, and in a moment of less excitement Mrs. Mordaunt might have remembered it. However, her words made no impression whatever upon Corah, who still beamed brightly upon her and made as though she would lay the sleeping infant in her arms. She looked not a little surprised when the mem sahib recoiled a step; but then a light seemed to break into her mind, and she burst into a low amused laugh.

"Oh! this is *too* much," cried the mother indignantly, with an appealing gesture to the others of the group; and then — "why — why — what are you doing?" she faltered.

Well, Corah was just unwinding the soiled and dingy cotton wrappings from the baby, and presently two pink dimpled legs appeared, the limbs not only of a European child, but of Mrs. Mordaunt's very own.

There was a little scuffle and a smothered ejaculation; and then Mrs. Mordaunt fell frantically to kissing that baby, first the pink European end, then with equal passion the brown native end; and then she cried, then laughed, until finally the baby began to cry too, much after the fashion of babies, who have most manners and customs in common, no matter whether it be a poor little atom born in a London slum, or the new little king of Spain, in the account of whose christening there was this pathetic touch, "During the ceremony, his Majesty protested several times in a loud voice."

That was exactly what little Corah Mordaunt did a few hours later, when, the last traces of her disguise having been washed away, she, amid the rejoicings of the whole garrison, was received into the fold of Christ, bearing the name of the poor heathen girl who had saved her life at the risk, ay, the double and treble risk of her own.

Long afterwards, when the Mordaunts had left India behind them forever, they heard of poor Corah's death.

"Ah! Corah was an angel here, she is an angel above now," cried Mrs. Mordaunt with tearful eyes. "A heathen? Oh! well, she never changed her religion certainly, but, all the same, I know I shall meet her over there some day. Corah was very good, really good, and God will do all the rest;" an argument which might not be good theology, but it was very human, and in faith stupendous.

J. S. WINTER.

From The National Review.

FRANCE AS IT IS AND WAS: GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY.

"Il faut savoir où telle pensée est logée en son auteur," is one of the profoundest thoughts expressed by that profoundest of thinkers, Pascal. If this precept were strictly adhered to, there would be fewer mistakes in the judgments passed on different races. The common phrase, "How such a nation has changed!" is a merely superficial comment on outward appearances, for, as a matter of fact, races change very little. We do not sufficiently study the permanent but hidden sources whence the real nature of a race is derived. We neglect to learn accurately where such or such a parent force is "lodged" (*où telle pensée est logée*) and we omit to see that, according to this original cause, so will be produced the developments of the race in spite of all contrary appearances.

The true and persistent nature of a race is mainly to be discovered at those points where what the Germans term the prehistoric harmonies between the physical and spiritual elements are least disturbed; where the completest equilibrium is established in the individual specimens of a race — namely, where the *type* of the race is most perfect. Taking ourselves as an example, for instance, no nation has assumed greater varieties of aspect than the British; yet we shall be found unchanged if what constitutes our very cause of being be adequately bared to the touch.

We seemed different under Edward III or Charles I., under Elizabeth, or Cromwell, or the Georges, or the present confused conditions of our life; but we are the Vikings we were a thousand years ago, and the home and the source of our "thought" — the idea of our very being — is "lodged" forever in strength and

faith, the power to do deeds ourselves, and the capacity of trust in others. Behave as we may under some passing impulse or delusion, if once the race realizes that it is being attacked in its might or its faithfulness, it will to a certainty prove that its true nature is unaltered.

Just so, too, with the French. The *natural* nature of the race — that which constitutes their physical and moral unity as a race — has never changed. The spring whence flows their being, the home where lodges their thought, is found in dependence and doubt. The Briton trusts others because he relies upon himself; the Frenchman doubts all men because he has no stubborn faith in himself, and, in general, no stubbornness of will.

Study the records of French history, dissect the finest fibres of the organism yclept society; through every opposing semblance, through the basest servility and the fiercest revolt, through bigotry or atheism, and licentiousness or prudery, through despotism or demagoguery, you will always seize the same guiding threads that lead to the centre of the maze, and you will find face to face with you a psychical unity that equally inspires, from the earliest ages down to the present day, all the apparent antagonisms of French society.

Under the Valois and the Bourbons, through Gallicans, Jesuits, or Voltairians, from Versailles and Louis XIV., down to the Malmaison of the first and the Compiègne of the third empire, you will recognize the same spirit fleshed in varying garbs, and know that the race-thought is lodged in the same places.

This is the chief reason which makes it in reality so much easier to understand society in France than in almost any other country; and, granted certain circumstances, gives a so much readier foresight into how they will meet them. You can almost always divine what they will do, because you have a sure key to why they will do it. But for this you must know them, not take them for granted, but live with them, live of their inner life, which they never, if they can avoid it, share with a stranger. They have a "Dictionnaire de l'Académie" for their lives as for their language, and *cela n'est pas Français* applies equally to the men and women of France under the age of Grévy and Gambetta as to those of the eleventh century, when Anna Comnena scribbled about them at the court of Byzantium. No second-hand information will avail here; no listening at keyholes *à la Vassili*; no treas-

uring up of ante-room gossip. You must think with them, if you can, see with their eyes, sink a shaft deep into their mine, dig up their ore, whether copper, tin, or gold; for what is not theirs has no import. That done, they are easy enough to comprehend and to portray; but never seek to bring any external force to bear upon them, or apply any rules to them, save their own; you would drift into hopeless confusion, and their ever-changing outward manifestations would so jumble together all your faculties of discernment that you might as well try to live in a kaleidoscope.

Probably the two best tests of what a nation is, of its qualities and defects, are religion and marriage. How a man mates, and how he believes, will give a tolerably sure clue to the nature of the man himself. In France the two are indissolubly bound together, but marriage comes first. Marriage makes the human creature which is, later on, to believe, or disbelieve; and while half of his belief is the result of teaching, the other half comes from the quality of his own mind. Now in both these matters, that of piety and that of marriage, France stands apart from almost all other countries. The French do not believe in love. This is a sweeping statement, it may be said, but if not accepted as a fundamental truth, the surest of all "open sesames" to the arcana of French society fails the observer.

In every other civilized country love is admitted as a possible modifier and framer of morals and manners. In Italy and Spain, where — whatever may be the internal orthodoxy — the habits of life are Catholic, love marriages do occasionally take place. They may be deplored as inconvenient to family projects, or imprudent or prejudicial to the man's interests or position, but a man is not lessened in the general esteem because he has married for love. In exclusive Austria (as also in more philosophical though scarcely less aristocratic Germany) the power of personal affection, *i.e.*, the principle of "this one and no other," is so universally acknowledged, that the most frequent form of love-match is the least admissible, that of the utterest *mésalliance*, the union of a grandee among grandees with a milkmaid, of a prince with a peasant. Setting aside the heart dramas that make Austrian and German history so interesting in the past, our own age tells us of Archduke John — him whom Immermann * apostrophizes as

* The poet of the Tyrolean Tragödie (Andreas Hofer).

Oh! theurer, lieber, Erzherzog Johann —

and his brave stable-maiden of a wife, respected, honored, consulted by every Hapsburg in existence; and of Prince Oettinger Wallenstein, in Bavaria, and his beautiful Crescentia, by common consent exalted to the level of the bluest-blooded dames; and dozens of others may be quoted in nearly every European country — Catholic as well as Protestant. But not alone is the "accident" of practice there to confirm our statement, but the theory has been laid down, and the principle established, in the same mode in which we seek to establish it regarding France, by one of the acutest thinkers and one of the completest men of the world of modern times. The famous Prince de Ligne, writing at the end of the last century, to a grand seigneur of France, his friend, says: —

Take heed of what you are doing; by the sales you are encouraging of your sons to the daughters of soap-boilers and *marchands de bois*, you will make of their children mere hucksters and pedlars — at best, petty *bourgeois*; whilst when an Austrian or Hungarian prince marries a peasant girl for love, his progeny are princely as himself.

In those words lies the whole secret — true then, still truer now. Nearly all the successive social modifications of French society may be traced to the fact of the inability of the French nation to conceive of real love, and from this negation has gradually grown up the formidable power of clericalism (as distinct from religion), of that clericalism which has mainly contributed to transform the external aspects of society in France to what we see them now.

France is the only country in the world in which a man is positively lessened if he has married for love. It casts on him a kind of taint of insanity, leads people generally to doubt of his being employable for any practical purpose — and, as a matter of fact, he hardly ever is so — and entirely isolates him from his kind. Of course there are particular cases in which some daring individual has in this way challenged public opinion; but if those (comparatively few) who have committed this folly would produce the long list of failure and misery it has entailed upon them — the exile in some distant province, the exclusion from common pursuits, the destruction of healthy ambitions, the distrust of their fellows, and ultimate admission by both of their own mistake — it would be seen that the price paid for, at

best, a questionable happiness, is so high as to deter the immense majority from accepting such a risk.

Marriage is a business, love a phase to be lived through; and it is the attempt at mixing up the two that is so bitterly punished. A man may marry his cook if he likes it, or he may live with his mistress (provided he have some reason for it); in the one case, as in the other, he remains virtually single; and if he is of any practical value to society he is made use of, without any regard to the "encumbrances" that are left at home and never taken into account. But what is forbidden is that love shall be raised to the dignity of a social constituent, a source of consideration, a power to be parleyed with like money, or rank, or any genuine indisputable superiority. If that could come to pass, it would transform too many time-honored customs and ways, and this brings us direct to the juxtaposition of religion and marriage in France, and to some of the most curious aspects of French society at the present hour.

A fact or two may prove more than whole pages of disquisitions. Under the later years of the Restoration, one of the greatest ladies in France, one of those with whose family almost every historic name in the country has been allied, was left a widow with an infant son. She had delicate health, and may be said to have owed her life to the talent and devoted care of a young and very distinguished physician. They were much attached to each other, and her family so patronized the man who had preserved to them a (then) much beloved relative, that his fortune was to be considered made, and his fame brilliantly established; but the lady was a true Christian, taking the articles of her faith *au sérieux*, and she decided for marriage. They married, and survivors of the wedding ceremony tell to this day how the great lords of her line assembled at the doors of the vestry to mock and insult bride and bridegroom as they passed. The event created a never forgotten sensation. The man was ruined; the woman crushed, driven into solitude, and held up to the eyes of her son, by all who bore his name, as an object of scandal and of shame. "But you all encouraged the intimacy at first?" was objected by certain simple-minded people. "Intimacy!" was the invariable retort; "yes, but we supposed it was of quite another sort. We could never have supposed one of our blood would commit the crime of marrying a plebeian — and for love!"

"Then why do you marry your sons to girls out of the gutter?" was sometimes rejoined.

"That is altogether different — we enoble the individual woman. Her family disappears; *she dies to them*."

And there we come to the greatest political as well as social transformation that has occurred in France since '89, and in which the clergy is the prominent factor. But of this anon. Reverting to our former theme: if love were to be acknowledged as a constituent element of society, as it is in England, an enduring force, what would become of the present system of education? and what of that tremendous power, the mothers? It is the mothers in France who are responsible for the men, and they refuse to admit of any rival, and what is termed the "world" sides with them.

One of the brightest and most illustrious of all France's sons, Alexis de Tocqueville, could tell a curious tale of this divided allegiance between the family and the wife. He knew what it cost him, spite of all his superiority, to be allowed to fill high places. Without the February Revolution of '48 he never could have done so. And, worst of all, the cause of the crime was a foreigner, an English woman. But Tocqueville's was a highly chivalrous nature, and the partner of his fault never felt the price paid. He loved on to the end, but was *she* forgiven? Never! Tocqueville's career was soon cut short; he died relatively young, and is now mostly spoken of by his own connections as *ce pauvre Alexis*.

Now, about the education and the main educator, the mother. We have said she tolerates no rival. She is jealous of everything, to begin with, of whatsoever expands or elevates the mind, for this leads away from the spirit of dependence. She takes no interest in classical studies, but rather votes Greeks and Romans subversive. "What's Hecuba to her?" is more than true, for she dislikes Hecuba "consumedly," and will none of her.

But, then, where are the dangers and where the safeguards of her supremacy? They are two; love *and* marriage. If these could join together she would be lost; therefore, whilst recognizing both, but keeping them well asunder, she obliges each to destroy the integrity of the other. She is unconsciously the accomplice of all her son's shortcomings, for she calls all this by other names, and raves of "maternal affection" and "indulgence," for which reason let unconsciousness be pleaded.

What is the average "bringing up" of the vast majority of Frenchmen? During the first seven or eight years of childhood wholly and solely the government of the mother, with all the fatal spoiling that an uneducated woman finds conducive to her own ease and comfort; with absence of all proper examples, "duty" being a word the boy never hears; with irregularity and disorder of more than one description pervading the household, and perpetual disputes between husband and wife, and conversations at meals that no decent person (let alone a child) should have his ears polluted by. From this home nurture he migrates to *le collège* (whether lay or clerical). There begins his "battle," not of "life," unfortunately, but of all his worst instincts against the silliest, pettiest, of compressions, which makes learning hateful. Memory is the one faculty cultivated; cramming is resorted to unlimitedly, and here again "duty" is a word the sound whereof is unheard. Discipline, healthy discipline, which teaches sacrifice, consideration for others, and, above all, the respect of self, this discipline is unknown. The proud self-respect which through life guides a gentleman as to the things that he may do, fails the "bringing up" of Frenchmen in both the systems—Catholic or lay—to which they are subjected. The lay teacher inculcates it not, because he ignores it, and the Catholic tramples it under foot because it is contrary to that so-called humility whence springs self-abasement, and whereon is founded (let this never be forgotten) the moral rule of the clergy in France.

Well, at from fifteen to eighteen this ill-trained youth escapes from the schools which, under every imaginable circumstance, he hates, and reverts to the domestic centre, where years have usually been far from bettering matters. He brings the semi-maturity of earliest manhood to bear upon what, in childhood, was a mere image to his sense, and he is at the outset deprived of any wish to discriminate or judge, because he is without all motive to admire or esteem. His mind has been left fallow, and his heart (if he happen to have one) beats for false and sickly sentiment only. All human nature being, as he conceives, weak and unworthy, there can be but one virtue—indulgence, commiseration for inevitable wrong.

Here, again, he finds his mother, who seizes upon him, body and soul, and with far worse effect than during the earlier period of her sway.

The real aim of life is supposed by all to be enjoyment. The largest and surest source of enjoyment is money; so money must be got. This means marriage with a rich wife.

Yes! Marriage is the one goal which a French mother foresees while her first-born is lying in his cradle. But as she (the mother) is to be protected before all else, and to retain possession of "her boy" as long as possible, marriage is to be to the utmost extent shorn of its dangers, rendered as little mischievous as may be. If the man be possessed for his wife of that pure, holy, ennobling, satisfying love which in Christian lands is, at all events theoretically, admitted as the basis of the conjugal union, he will be absorbed, carried away into other regions, and become half of a dual whole. He might, for his mother, as well be dead. Yet he must marry, and be wealthy, so that he may enjoy life. But marriage is the end; in order that it may be a "haven of rest and comfort," there must, in the beginning, have been something else. And here you obtain a clear vision of those two fatal halves of a Frenchman's life. Half a century ago, the process entailed far less misery, less wickedness, and less mental deterioration than it does in the present, because the immorality of France was, if more licentious perhaps, far less vicious; it was, so to say, a manner of innocent immorality, and did far less harm. But, since then, what is dignified by the name of *la passion* has "come, seen, and conquered," and we have made acquaintance with the "Antonys," and, worst of all, with the "Dames aux Camellias."

Nor, as will be easy to see, has this militated in any way against the proper division of existence into two separate halves, but just the reverse; the wife, if in any degree a charming or superior woman, has more than a fair chance with a husband whose only distractions have been those of a lower species; but if you come to Traviates of an interesting kind, to Margaret Gauthiers who may have surrounded themselves with imitation respectability to any amount, and in truth want nothing except the right to their neighbors' respect—if you waylay the heart, and subjugate whatever there may be of it, once, it has later in life but a remnant to dispose of, and the "other one," the legitimate companion, comes in for the small portion only of what in former times was reputed to constitute the whole happiness and dignity of life. The dignity remains, and the wife lays claim to it en-

tire, and that far, she gets the mother as a firm ally; but as the affections of a Frenchman rarely yield a second crop, she must content herself with the lesser harvest; the spring, with its exuberance, its freshness, its blooms, is not for her—it is over, and was another's; and when life wanes, there is nothing to recall between these two partners. She is an object of the highest consideration as *la mère de mes enfants*, if there are any; but there is no blessed past they have gone through together, and that, with reflective radiance, rises like a rainbow and bridges over any transient storm. On the contrary there is mostly an unhallowed memory somewhere, that may assume a sudden form, and, in a crowded theatre or a railway station, confront the former lover, whose lawful owner will feel a tremor of the arm she leans on, nor guess at what has caused the electric shock, so little of magnetism is there between him and her. On such occasions he recurs to his mother, if she still live, for in former days she was the consoler. And in the hours of agony, and what the sufferer—if he be worth anything—likes to think despair, she was ever ready to pity and sympathize with what she knew could not endure. For there lies the mortal ill.

"But don't Frenchmen fall in love like other people?" is a natural question to ask. Assuredly they do "fall in love" after a fashion, but not quite "like other people." Our assertion is not that they do not "fall" (namely, tumble or drift) into love, but that they do not *believe* in love. They do "fall in love," but *avec des réserves*; and that calm reserve of themselves for future contingencies, there (where enthusiasm, wrapt self-oblivion, are the power and virtue of the circumstance) will be found at the root of all the weakness, the indifference, the emptiness of mind and soul that are now culminating in the contemptible pessimism that is the *soi-disant* inspirer of modern society in France. In whatever he attempts the Frenchman is half-hearted; he is supposed to love, he is reserving himself for marriage; he marries, and brings to his wife *ses restes*. He is always drinking from a riven cup. He knows the rift is there, and that one day it must break and lie shattered in his hands; and yet he would fain dream of pouring into that damaged vessel the pure nectar of the gods.

And so in all he does through life there is no integrity, he is never whole. Generally a part, only, of him acts, while the

other parts look on. He is largely possessed by that peculiar dishonesty of our age, which aims at achieving pleasure without payment. Now, of all things in the world, pleasure will be paid for, as will success; perfect enjoyment being a work which, to produce, exacts a portion of your own very self, given in return as its fair price.

When Frenchmen go the Derby, the more philosophical of them shake their heads, and ask why it is so different from *le Grand Prix*? And what is still more puzzling to them is the University Boat Race; for here life itself, health, the chances of a future career are at stake—staked against the triumph of an hour. A phrase from a provincial English newspaper was much quoted in Paris *à propos* to the last Oxford and Cambridge race, much pondered over, perhaps not thoroughly understood. It was as follows:—

It is impossible to doubt that strong qualities are fostered by boat-racing over long-distance courses. Men who can row a stern chase over a long reach of river, and win, may be trusted to go anywhere and do anything. They will not fail for want of pluck and that utter incapacity to take a beating which the enemies of England call our intolerable obstinacy.

Among the comments made on this passage (and they were numerous), the fact mostly dwelt on was that, in after life, so many promising young men were reputed to have failed in attaining eminence on account of this very athletic and exhausting triumph of an hour. True! but they had the "hour" in its perfect plenitude, and the Arabs have a saying that "he who commands the hour mostly commands the time."

It is not difficult to see how the man whose life is thus prudently guarded, and whose spiritual and moral thrift is thus severe, how, as a matter of course, his capacity for dependence must have grown. The first proof given of this is the ready submission to whatsoever form of government proclaims that it means to govern by the strong hand and uphold authority. The government that, on the contrary, invites the nation to partake its responsibilities, and share in the "task of rule," as Mr. Froude terms it, finds little favor in France, as her entire history will show; for responsibility is a task which requires self-reliance in the extreme, and the race-thought of the French is not "lodged" in that direction.

Whilst a genuine Briton would scarcely like the best and most model government

if he felt himself governed, the Frenchman would tolerate the worst if he were quite sure of being taken care of.

And this leads direct to the power of the clergy, and, above all, to their power at the present moment.

It will be perceived that in these pages we are studying what constitutes "society," or those groups of the community who arrogate to themselves that name. This takes in a far greater mass of human beings, even in France, than is commonly supposed, and in fact only excludes the man who lives by the work of his hands, and him immediately above him who sells such handiwork over the counter. Christian belief — be it Catholic or Protestant, the faith held by Coligny or St. Vincent de Paul — is extinct in Frenchmen, though they have come to such a depth of ignorance that they are themselves not altogether aware of it; only, the less they believe, the more they lean upon the clergy; and given the system of matrimony now accepted as law, the priest has gradually become the almost universal arbitrator. It is this dominion of the Church (quite apart from any faith of whatsoever description) that not only the existing government in France has completely failed to observe, but that has been transforming — radically transforming — French society for the last quarter of a century without any one taking the trouble to note what was going on.

We must cast a glance at pre-Revolutionary times. Birth alone was the recognized source of superiority; recognized so commonly by all, even by those who worst hated it, that they acknowledged it as the "real thing," and resolved to destroy it. They cut off heads wholesale, because they could not admit of themselves obtaining that one unattainable object; everything else was attainable, but they refused to believe in an imitation: in *une noblesse pas née*.

Hence the fact that merit can, in France, realize no supreme distinction. Desert is only relatively rewarded. Glory, even, could not entirely succeed; for after Napoleon had frightened the world, and played battledore and shuttlecock with king's crowns, he gained his topmost steps towards Olympus by mating with a real (!) emperor's daughter, and familiarly alluding to the lamentable victim of '93, disrowned, outraged, done to death by popular fury, as "*mon oncle*, Louis XVI." All his own fabulous triumphs had never stifled the secret longings of his innermost spirit.

Besides the want of all real reverence for desert, there has never been any consecrating medium in France since 1789. No one believed more in any, and the cry for equality rose higher and higher, because it cannot be *octroyé*, hanging as it does more upon men's consciences than upon decrees. But, as M. de Tocqueville remarks in his "*Ancien Regime et Revolution*," when the power was gone, the vanities lived on; and now came once more the turn of the high-born, and after a most unexpected fashion. It has been noted that when the traffic between illustrious names and heavy purses first began, the principle acted upon universally was the total suppression of the bride's family. She, herself, was chosen and lifted up to the place of honor, and henceforth would divide a rank and title to which, until then, she could only look up with awful idolatry. But her belongings were reputed base as before, and remained base.

The proof of how radical was the feeling which prompted this, how ingrained in the popular mind, comes forth into the fact that no sooner had the Revolutionary storm swept by than the old system cropped up afresh, and the former mode of contracting marriage reasserted itself quite naturally. Beheadings and drownings, and prison massacres, had altered nothing. They were, after all, isolated facts; a few thousand aristocrats had been murdered, but the principle was not touched; and the principle was that rich plebeian wives should purchase high-born husbands. And from 1804 up to the last years of the second empire (towards 1866-7-8) the practice endured in full force. Girls were taken out of the surroundings of their homes, taught to look down upon them, and the children of the persecuted had it now all their own way, and made the executioners pay for violence by humiliation. But the point to note is, that they, the humiliated, did not think the price too high, but paid it submissively. That the aristocrats of France (though with blood already sadly mixed) should have despised the plebeians, is explicable enough; but the important fact is that, after all that had past, the plebeians still believed in them. From this has proceeded most of what is to be noted now in social France, and it is just the one fact least chronicled, and that for obvious reasons. The Restoration is, relatively, the period during which the fewest of these degrading bargains were struck. On the one side there was a foolish conviction of finality, and a desire, from

sheer exhaustion, for repose. On the other, there was a double current — military and civilian — of opposition so bitter that the passions of thirty years past were seething once more beneath the surface; and hatred (however disguised) was beginning to rage at the bottom of men's hearts.

This was the time when France had her one great chance of a constitutional monarchy with parliamentary institutions. She possessed a solid middle class, wealthy, well-educated, with fairly classical instruction, a good deal of moral sense (though based on the narrowest notions), a bourgeoisie, in short, out of which, with time and tranquillity, such a class of public men might have been made as would have saved the nation from the fatal follies and crimes that followed after the Revolution of 1830.

Till the Spanish marriages — which, like the battle of Leipsic for Napoleon I., were the *premier coup de cloche* of the July monarchy — France had, politically speaking, as many and as good elements of respectable government as most countries; and, socially speaking, she disposed largely of all the elements of intellectual civilization.

Out of what was the now growing antagonism between the old court groups and the rising bourgeoisie there were two manifest advantages made evident; the bourgeois strove to distinguish themselves, and become as nearly like English gentlemen as possible; and the purely patrician class (the people of fashion, who had not yet entitled themselves *le monde*) felt they could not, in the face of their adversaries, afford to be wholly useless, famous only for their frivolity (which invariably leads to worse).

With all their political insanities and suicidal mistakes, the years between 1825 and 1848 were an epoch of splendid culture and brain development in France. From Villemain, Cousin, Guizot, Thiers, down to Tocqueville and Montalembert; from Chateaubriand and Joseph de Maistre down to Lamennais and Lacordaire, and Augustin Thierry and Michelet; from Balzac and Dumas *père* down to Mérimée and St. Beuve; from Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Vigny down to Alfred de Musset, — every separate stream of intellect, science, religion, philosophy, history, fiction, poetry, æsthetics, or the arts, poured forth exuberantly from an overflowing source, and did not sink in the ground, losing itself in a barren waste, but fecundated every rood of the land it passed

through. Society was cultivated, society was polite; society was healthy, preferring good to evil, and capable of enthusiasm. In a word, society *was*; for without all these things society is not.

But be it duly registered, the natural basis of this social edifice was conflict; the conflict between two rival powers neither of which could allow the other to prevail. If the vanities and love of show of the mere *noblesse de cour*, and the restless ambition of their women, led them to regard themselves as Jove's first-born sons, they still dared not refuse competition, and still less affect to disdain power as the reward of merit. On the other hand, power was in truth the exclusive privilege of the bourgeoisie, and in their ranks alone resided the modern reverence for merit, the recognition of the public worth of true citizens, and a certain capacity of independence handed down from the dignified traditions of *les familles parlementaires*. In the rank and file of this *haute bourgeoisie* the arrogance of the patrician class went a great way towards their better qualities, and in the conviction that no real amalgamation could ever exist between the two will be found the chief *raison d'être* of the high character with which some of the men of the *tiers état* were (justly enough) credited — till now. France did owe in our age an enormous debt to her bourgeoisie. Money and clericalism have changed all this, and the transformation is the most radical that has occurred since 1789.

In the face of the ignoble servility with which every form of rule is submitted to, be it military despotism, the vulgarest plutocracy, or the brutal tyranny of the lowest and most ignorant mob, one question rises up: "What has become of *la haute bourgeoisie*?" Where are the men who, from the L'Hôpitals and Harlays of past times down to the Royer Collards and Foys and others of yesterday, were the barriers against all arbitrary encroachments, and who invariably and sternly resisted injustice and scorned superstition? Where are they? They are still represented, but they have gone over to the other side. That fusion considered impossible has been made. It is complete. But how? There is no consecrating power, no equalizing medium in France; less, indeed, than ever. What sovereign influence, therefore, has reconciled these foes? There lies the mistake: money has grown into the equalizing medium, and the Church is the sovereign influence. This is so tremendous a revolu-

tion that it is well worth looking into its details. That wealth should act as a counterpoise to a too narrow worship of mere birth ought not to be complained of; it is unavoidable, and generally promotes more elegant enjoyments, a higher level of female education, and by degrees superior culture and public activity in the descendants of rich men. But for this there must be free institutions, the capacity of independence and self-assertion in the race itself, and, above all, absence of superstition, and of those peculiar prejudices that unconsciously dwarf the national mind from the very cradle.

It is all this that is non-existent in France, where a throne is burnt as firewood in half an hour and a dynasty swept away, but no really strong popular prejudice ever overthrown (and in France a prejudice is always popular).

In the days when girls were taken from their families and taught to regard them as inconveniences to be got rid of, the clergy were wholly on the side of the titled husband, and preached to their *pénitentes* what a glorious thing it was to be so lifted up to exalted spheres and privileged to bear sons who should perpetuate illustrious names. Nor was this one of the lesser causes of the hatred of the *tiers état* for the Church.

But in the same proportion in which grew the enormous influx of wealth (legitimate and illegitimate) during the second empire, and its unholly power of submerging every worth, every honesty, every virtue—in the same measure grew the keen appreciation by the clergy of its applicability to their own interests. The empire deliberately ostracized the Gallican clergy, who had been the honor of Christian France, and called back, illegally, the disciples of Loyola, thus casting the nation spiritually under the direct sway of the pope in Rome. It soon became fashionable to adopt all the outward forms of ultramontane countries. Forms alone were needed. Faith was left in the keeping of the father confessor, who affirmed that that was his affair. What he aimed at was obedience, and he got it. Doctrine was set aside, but the strictest *pratiques* were enjoined. M. Cousin was wont to say laughingly, "Oh! la Trinité incréé leur est bien égale. If only I would go to confess, and fast on Fridays, I might believe what I choose." And he, for example, lived pleasantly enough with the congregations. So did M. Thiers. "Les Jésuites ne me gênent pas," he would constantly repeat; to which, on one

occasion, M. de Rémusat replied, "Non! ni le bon Dieu non plus."

But, with all this, society in France had at last found its master. The priesthood reigned. They had found out where the gold mines were situated, and also that to dispose of wealth unlimited for the clergy the industrial classes only were to be propitiated. They turned, therefore, to the bourgeoisie *en masse*; enrolled the children, boys and girls, in no end of picturesque "associations," became the general matrimonial agents, showed themselves lenient to every sin, and won over all the bourgeoisie mothers by procuring for them that madly coveted and despaired-of end, the positive and firmly established equality with *les grandes dames*. Of course, the husbands were finally brought over too, for in their soul they believed any price worth paying for admission on absolutely equal terms into what they call *le vrai monde*. Money adroitly used did a great deal; but money did not do all, or the result would have been achieved sooner. No! the priest, when he once decided on subjugating the so-called "high classes," conjured with a yet more potent spell than coin. While directing monstrous sums from the pockets of the low-born into the hands of illustrious *quêtuses*, he set upon the said quêtuse's head an iron heel, and crushed her to the dust in the name of religion. He told her that there existed but one superiority, the pious submission to the Church; that the Church considered equal all those who strictly obeyed their pastors; and that when a duke's son took to wife the daughter of a stone-mason's pious helpmate (who was, of course, of exceeding wealth), the plebeian took rank immensely above the merely high-born lady, who was infinitely less generous than the other in her donations to the Church. And thus the fusion is accomplished, and is solid, and the once independent French bourgeoisie is extinct.

The priest is now virtually the ruler of French society; it is he who, in reality, directs the movements of what St. Simon, in his telling language, called the *mécanique de la cour*, and what is now the *mécanique* of the *corps social*.

One of the inevitable effects of this has been to displace what was, till now, termed the middle class. This has naturally descended to a very much lower level. But there is still a middle class in France, which, if democracy progresses, may be called upon to play a not unimportant part.

It is beyond our limits of space to enter fully upon this branch of our subject, for it leads too necessarily into the domain of politics, but it would be well worth the trouble of the English observer to examine narrowly the sources whence the genuine middle class in France is already beginning to issue. The "lower middle class" is the last hope of France; there are, in one sense, great elements amongst these people. In the petty tradesman (above all, the provincial one), the inferior schoolmaster, the humble village curé (but, at the head of everything, the hard-working shopkeeper), much is to be discovered that is absent from every other class. There is honesty, modesty, a desire for knowledge, a relative esteem for truth, a feeling of duty, and the respect for what is, in itself, respectable. But the very merits of this part of the nation (and they are indisputable) point to the establishment of pure democracy; it is here and nowhere else that exists the "Americanizing" process that is so much talked of — this points to a *régime* based upon toil, and which, possibly, may end by creating a commonwealth distinguished by its moral excellence, and in which the municipal and communal institutions must expand with every succeeding year; but idealism will be weakened, and generations come and go before the science of government makes any advance. This species of democracy creates no political traditions. However, there lies the future of France.

For the moment, mere wealth and sham piety hold despotic power. The very Jews are Catholics. And this is one of the most curious features of the whole. When Baron H. (who has had a severely hard pull to creep up into the "world") sends £3,000 (75,000 francs) to Mme. la Duchesse de B. for a *quête*, the object whereof is the conversion of Israelite children to ultramontanism, he contributes to the prosperity of establishments which his creed would oblige him to persecute; but he himself says to you: "Que voulez-vous? je suis clérical, moi!" and he and his are seen at the balls of Mme. de B., and her relatives (who are by no means unmindful of the good things that may accrue to themselves from infidel tributaries) murmur soft words about "tolerance," and "Providence knowing its own ways."

Besides, there is, as has been remarked, no question of religion in it all; it has been a question solely of authority which has been gained, and of a social fusion which has been made.

After religion, politics, and marriage, the three most serious fields of national development, it is by no means indifferent to mark how a nation amuses itself. Well, as a rule, the French do not amuse themselves. Horace Walpole had already found this out when, in the latest series published of his "Letters," he says the French are not a gay or light-hearted people, and that a "hearty, ringing laugh is never heard amongst them."

Society having been, as has been stated, welded together by pressure from without, the situation has become, officially, what it was Mr. Gladstone's iniquitous purpose (in his manifesto of last May) to represent as the social condition of England. All the "classes," namely, are on one side, and three-quarters of the country on the other, these three-quarters being composed of a mere tangled mass of "items" whose principle was that none should be "distinguished" above another. The consequence has been that in the so-called world there exists also a remarkable jumble, and, while the infinitesimal subdivisions into particular cliques separate society at every turn, when society comes together for its diversion, it does so in the form of a more or less anonymous and wholly uninteresting crowd. This has fostered the inclination for public amusements which were formerly not well affected by the then *élite* as the term was understood.

Charity is the usual pretext; for charity has many uses, and one is that it is supposed to prove to the masses the tender interest felt by the "upper ten" for their misfortunes (in which it entirely fails).

Exhibitions of paintings, bazaars, subscription balls, dramatic representations, all are now the rendezvous of "everybody," as are to a certain extent the coteries of the Princess de S—, and the fairs and *kermesses* where the chieftainesses of the various political sets join together to lure the *pièces de cent sous* from the pockets of the public. But the great feature in all these "amusements" is the unmistakable ennui of all who partake in them. The fact of there being a special motive for all these shows, or of there being the mere result of imitation, drives pleasure away, flying; and after a half-day spent at the Grand Prix, the answer is easy to the question already quoted: "Why is it so different from the Derby?"

It is different because there, as elsewhere, French society is doing what it

does not care for, and what does not suit its tastes. Here, again, is the half-heartedness we have alluded to. At Epsom, or on the racecourse of Pesth (the very next best thing to it), the vast multitude is, as it were, in a monster cauldron boiling over with national fun, they are "in it" with all their hearts, have plunged into it "neck and crop."

The French man (or woman) has been told to imitate what is done somewhere else, and they do so (awkwardly on the whole), but they do not relish it, and the outcome is boredom — a boredom that so permeates all the *couches sociales*, that while in salon life it has generated pessimism, it superinduces contempt and disgust amongst the so-called "people," for whom the government or the municipalities get up what they are pleased to entitle popular fetes. At these rejoicings nothing can exceed the weary aspect of the lounging, lazy masses, unless, indeed, it be that of the showily bedizened, dust-beladen, yawning groups of a *retour des courses* down the avenue of the Champs Elysées.

All sovereigns are hard to please. Mme. de Maintenon, declared Louis XIV. *pas amusable*. Perhaps since *le peuple* has been crowned king, all capacity of hearty, healthy enjoyment has ceased. What every individual in the whole nation is wildly seeking for is "distraction," forgetfulness of self, and this eludes them. It is this restless chase after an emotion, or an interest of any description, which lies at the root of the abominations that have been, and still are (though perhaps in a less degree), disfiguring French art in every shape.

Whether on the walls of the Salon, on the boards of the various theatres, or in the pages of the last novel, or (worse) in the latest collection of poems, the two distinguishing traits are invariably violence and vice. The universal impression among the two thousand and more paintings at the Palais de l'Industrie is of nudity and bloodshed, as in every printed narrative in the world of fiction the honor of decent people is at once provoked by the details of useless indecency and of crimes committed *à froid*.

In a little work published only two years back, a French artist of high repute, Amaury Duval (M. Ingres's favorite pupil), while chronicling the events and the men of his own youthful days, and the coarseness and absence of idealism visible in all the French art of our time, draws the following parallel.

A propos to his raptured surprise over the monuments of Grecian architecture and sculpture, he writes: "When I look back to the sensations produced in me on my first visit to Greece, to the awestruck admiration so much grandeur and perfection inspired, and happen then to look downward at what is now around me, I ask myself to what a degree of baseness have we sunk, that men, who are seemingly in the enjoyment of their reason, can be thus led away, perverted, by what is termed *la mode*. Alas! yes, there is the one word which is to excuse all! Fashion, it is proclaimed, has inflicted a blindness so total, that absolute insanities, utterly monstrous productions, are taken into serious account, and an entire generation in France positively lays down as a law that the hideous alone is true to nature."

It may be said that Amaury Duval, who died a few weeks ago, was an old man when he published the above, but Eugène de Vogüé is a young one, a leader of the so-called *jeunes*. Let any one ponder over the bitter record he draws up in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, against the school of disease to which belongs French art in the present time.* No foreign critic has hit *les jeunes* harder, though he evidently did not intend or wish to do so. Speaking of the "realism" of modern French literature, this latest of young authors says: "In thus depicting human nature, they limit their field of observation to what in man is coarse, fatal, putrid (*pourri*), but the human animal is not all this alone. . . . We are a duality . . . there is the breath of life, the soul; and life begins where we cease to comprehend." And further on: "Other literatures" (he is alluding to the English and Russian) "probe to their depths the lasting wants of humanity . . . the enduring longings of our race. . . . This escapes us" (the French) "entirely now. . . . It will be said that the works of fiction of our tongue flood the book-markets of the world. True! They are purchased from habit, and they amuse for a passing hour, perhaps; but, unless in cases exceptionally rare, the book that brings life and nourishes, that is seriously studied, read in the home centre, and helps to mould the mind of the readers — *that* book comes no longer from Paris. . . . The ideas that fecundate men's minds, the high universal thoughts that penetrate and transform

* De la Littérature Réaliste, by Eugène Melchior de Vogüé. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st June, 1886.

European communities, no longer emanate from the soul of France. As miserable as our policy, excluded from material influence over mankind, our literature has ceased, by its own unworthiness, to hold any portion of that intellectual empire which formed in other ages our chief patrimony."

No one abroad has passed a severer judgment upon the literature of modern France than that. But let it apply in its complete severity to the passing hour alone; there is perturbation in the French mind just now; there is disease. But, as the young writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* himself remarks at the close of his article, there is better stuff for the future to be found in the hidden reserves of the French nature. It must be hoped, for the sake of human culture, that the good taste of France will awaken ere long and turn in disgust from the loathsome aspects of the existing school; that her artistic sense will be shocked by the deformity and ugliness of the manifestations of to-day; for she must again acknowledge the superiority of beauty as a matter of fact, before she can revert to what was once her supremacy in the domains of thought. France has passed through trials that may well overthrow the balance of any nation's mind, but it must not be believed that the land of Pascal and Descartes, Molière, Corneille, and Lamartine, can be destined permanently to descend to forms and expressions of imagination that would make Falstaff and Dame Quickly blush.

It is probable that science will be the saving of the French. The "little science" which, Bacon says, "leads to doubt," will expand into that higher, grander science which "leads to faith," or at all events, to wondering, loving awe, and the irrepressible longing for the infinite.

The generation of this age — the men and women of from eighteen to forty or fifty, are more or less unconscious, at any rate irresponsible. They are the outcome of pain and wrong, and the appreciation of the right — of the fair, of the just, of the fitting — has come to fail them utterly. But those who know them thoroughly have hopes of the children who are growing up out of all this confusion, and seem already in the unblurred mirror of their souls to prefer the reflection of what is plain and simple to what is complicated or distorted.

It is in them that will have to be discovered where "the thought" of the race

is "lodged;" not in the broken fragments of a society that is crumbling away; but our purpose has been with that society and its actualities, and, we repeat it, its worst aspects — however contradictory they may appear — hang directly to its original characteristics of dependence and doubt.

It is a very uneasy task to paint truly the society of any country; for those who are of it, living with it, and *in* it, will not, and those who are *out* of it, cannot, portray it with precision. A couple of months ago there was published in Berlin a short pamphlet, vigorously characterizing the vulgar frivolous calumnies of the *Nouvelle Revue*, and the ante-room and servants' hall pictures by which it is sought to satisfy the cravings of a democratic public. Whoever the author may be, he speaks with the authority of one who knows from the inside what he is speaking of, and does not rely for facts either on keyhole listeners or discontented ladies' maids. But recent publications in London merit exactly the same reproaches, by their abortive attempts at painting the contemporary society (or societies) of France. Mr. Child has fallen into the same mistakes as the proprietress of the *Nouvelle Revue*, though with less evident desire to abuse and vilify *cobble que cobble*, but in each there is the same evidence of ignorance, and, in the wild inaccuracy of all smaller details, the same proof of second-hand information and of the certainty of the "chiel" who is taking "the notes" being a hopeless outsider.

No! the living cannot delineate their kind with living truth. You must be dead to do that, and you must have been, while you lived, one of those whom you describe. In the "Greville Memoirs" and in the Duc de Broglie's "Souvenirs," you see revived what was the society of their time, much even of what is still — that of our own. But because they possessed the real materials for reconstructing the true-truth, their lips were sealed until they themselves had forever quitted the scenes they photographed.

Out of all the various testimonies to French social life that are deluging the habitable globe, some are irrefutable (because issuing from repetition by the public press of judicial scandals, and officially authorized facts); but out of all these there emerges one circumstance of paramount interest for the English student, which is, the radical difference in the juxtaposition of government and society in the two countries. In England, gov-

ernment is in so far swayed, whether supported or obstructed, by the vast majority of a constituted community. In France the very smallest minority shackles, confronts, or browbeats it at every turn if hostile, or drives it, if friendly, into its worst and most fatal excesses and mistakes.

It should be distinctly noted that with us what is termed "society" never bears upon government as an extraneous force. The meaning of the word itself is not the same. Society with us is, in fact, one with what governs it; it is from its ranks that those who rule are chosen, and all join in furthering a common aim. Government and society are absolutely fellow-workers in England, and it is hard work, the work of the country, that unites them. Society in England reveres political power, exercises or strives to exercise it, and, whether in support or in opposition, equally regards power as the supreme goal to be attained. In France it is the contrary; society is a body setting itself aloof, and scorning the task of mere government. In England, the pressure of the social forces becomes really and truly public opinion; in France, unfortunately, it makes itself felt through the noisy, vain, frivolous, but most mischievous, dangerous, and, alas! still potent medium of *la mode*. With us, it is the mysterious emanation of the vast national aggregate that compels a government with Brobdingnagian weight; with the French it is the flea-bites of the Lilliputians that sting and prick their rulers beyond endurance, goading them almost unto death; and the worst feature of the whole lies in the consent of the overweening majority to the assumption by so small a minority of the sovereign title of *la société*—nay, far more even, of "the world."

Most pyramids in France stand now upon their apex, with their base uplifted to the sky; and accordingly fashion has decreed in this one country, of all others, that her high priests shall in no way help their fellow-countrymen; they shall toil not, neither shall they spin; but, unlike the lilies of the field, they have lost claim to any superiority resting on the beauty of aspect. Beheld in no matter which of their avocations, they are decidedly unattractive, having lost the grace, the delicacy of taste, the respect for the fitness of things, the sense of "decent splendor" for which they were once so renowned. Fashion has decreed that in their utter and total uselessness shall lie exclusively their title to supremacy.

There is no more curious proof of the antagonism between the social code of the two countries than the significance in each of the term "man of the world." In reality, no word can, in the English language, convey a more complete notion of superiority; for to be truly a man of the world a man must be everything else besides. He must be a politician, a diplomatist, a philosopher; well travelled and well read; a sportsman, a good talker; at home with all sorts and conditions of men, equal to every emergency; of temper not to be ruffled, and of health that never fails; a man of business, and a man of pleasure; a sound scholar and a thorough gentleman. Failing in any of these attributes, he is imperfect as a man of the world; and we instinctively recognize what Greville meant when, speaking of Sir Robert Peel and Gladstone, he deplored in different terms that neither could ever be a "man of the world;" whereas in the case of Lord Palmerston, his security of success was derived exclusively from his knowledge of men, and the capabilities of power that are the prerogative of a genuine man of the world. The dictum of Prince Talleyrand holds good: "Pour être un homme d'état il est peut-être bon de savoir mourir, mais il est indispensable de savoir vivre."

Now to this representative of large-mindedness and many-sidedness, what is set forth by the French word, *homme du monde*? The utter contrary. To be to-day in France an *homme du monde* is to be the reverse of our "man of the world." The typical *homme du monde* must know nothing, do nothing, be nothing. At most it may be permitted him to be a musician or a painter, but only within the limits of amateur art, and of the proficiency reached by the women of his sphere. Any excellence beyond that disturbs the completeness of the type, blemishes the effacedness required, and threatens the perfection of the nullity which constitutes the sign of the divine right to reign.

All this would be of less importance were there any violent, any convinced hostility to be found to the pretensions of society in France; any resolute contempt—contempt *du fond du cœur*—for such a futile enemy, but there is none. The green dragon on Chinese banners strikes no terror into the hearts of Europeans; but these "outer barbarians" believe in the green dragon. Hence the weakness. If the French governing classes (those, namely, from which are

at present chosen the men who legislate and wield official authority) — if they would, or could, believe in themselves, they would at once decide to compete, instead of apparently shrinking from meeting their adversaries "on their own ground." But they prefer to exclude the "world," as they allow it to style itself, from all possible contest with themselves, thus showing their own doubt of any merit of their own, and implying their faith *au fond* in the superiority of the foe. The fatal mistake of the governing body in France is the firm belief that there are games at which two cannot play.

If it were not for this curious self-abandonment, things would wear a very different aspect in France; and were the educated people (and they are to be found) to come into closer contact, a larger measure of Conservatism, under no matter what particular form, would speedily show itself to be the desire of the overwhelming majority of all Frenchmen. For the moment, and in the transitional condition of public affairs in France, it is not without interest to mark where a certain national *thought is lodged* in its author.

A PARISIAN.

From The Contemporary Review.

MOHAMMEDANISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

FOR some time past the subject of the civilization of Africa has been a favorite one with all classes. Each European country has vied with the others in attempting ostensibly to open it up for the special benefit of the inhabitants. The methods adopted sometimes appear strange, and we are apt to become suspicious when we find beneath a veneer of cotton a large amount of rum and gin, and civilization forced on the notice of the negro with sword and gun. It may perhaps not be without a certain amount of interest to inquire if there are any other agencies — apart from the European — at work pursuing the noble aim of elevating the negro to a higher level of humanity. It will, I suppose, seem passing strange to many when I point to Mohammedanism as one of these agencies engaged in this great task.

Since the appearance of Mohammed the religion which he founded has been a favorite subject of attack and misrepresentation. First looked upon as a form of idolatry, it was, later on, described as a

mass of blasphemous imposture, and only within the last few years have a few sympathetic and impartial students of the Koran dared to point out the genuine veins of gold which ramify through the system, and, risking the *odium theologicum*, to hold up its author as a hero. Even yet, to the great mass of the people, Mohammedanism is merely thought of in a vague sort of way as something connected with polygamy, as the inspiring source of the slave trade, as the cause of all the evils which prevail in north Africa, Asia Minor, and Turkey, and as in some way or other a curse and a blight to whatever country falls under its influence.

It is not my business to point out here how Mohammedanism, in being thus depicted, is treated with injustice; but I may be permitted to remind the reader that the man who said that "the worst of men is the seller of men," and who declared that nothing was more pleasing to God than the emancipation of slaves, could never have in any way encouraged or sanctioned the slave trade. To argue that a religion is responsible for all the vile acts of its professors is monstrous in the extreme. Yet that is exactly what we are continually doing with regard to Mohammedanism. We forget that the Mohammedan might turn the tables on us with a vengeance, and lay our brutal slave trade of the past at the door of Christianity, as well as our incessant wars and all the crying evils of the gin trade in the present. And has he not as good a right to say that these are the necessary outcome of Christianity as we have to say that the slave trade and other evils are produced and encouraged by Islam?

We are not, however, called upon to discuss these questions, nor am I the man fitted to do it. I propose to direct attention to the civilizing and elevating influence which this so much vilified religion is exercising in the heart of Africa, and to the transformation it is effecting in the whole political and social condition of inner Africa north of the equator.

During the three expeditions which I conducted in east-central Africa I saw nothing to suggest Mohammedanism as a civilizing power. Whatever living force might be in the religion remained latent. The Arabs, or their descendants, in those parts were not propagandists. There were no missionaries to preach Islam, and the natives of Muscat were content that their slaves should conform to a certain extent to the forms of the religion.

They left the east-African tribes, who indeed, in their gross darkness, were evidently content to remain in happy ignorance. Their inaptitude for civilization was strikingly shown in the strange fact that five hundred years of contact with semi-civilized people had left them without the faintest reflection of the higher traits which characterized their neighbors — not a single good seed during all these years had struck root and flourished. This seemed to me a very remarkable fact, and the only conclusion I could then come to was, that the negro was so hopelessly ossified in his degraded state as to be next to unimprovable, by moral suasion at least — a view somewhat strengthened on seeing the martyred lives of missionaries, and the great treasure thrown away in endeavors to reach them through the divine teaching of Christ. That these latter practically failed to attain their noble ends I did not wonder at when I saw how the missionaries attempted the impracticable — expecting to do in a generation the work of centuries, and to instill the most beautiful, sublime, and delicate conceptions of religion into undeveloped brains. The more I saw of east-central Africa the more I tended to take a despondent view of the future improbability of the negro, simply because I could not see how he was to be got at in such a way as to touch the depths of his soul, and light some spark which would give him new life. So far as I could judge, I had not as yet seen more than a semblance of something better — a sort of veneer of Christianity, which made a good show and looked satisfactory only when described in a missionary magazine.

It was not till last year that I was destined to be converted from this scepticism about the negro, and to begin to see infinite possibilities lying latent, encased in his low, thick cranium. My conversion took place in west-central Africa. It was not, however, brought about by the sight of the thriving community of Sierra Leone or that of Lagos, though both were encouraging. Neither was it brought about by seeing the civilizing influence of European trade, of which we sometimes hear so much; for, as I have stated elsewhere, "for every African who is influenced for good by Christianity a thousand are driven into deeper degradation by the gin trade." Four hundred years of contact with Europeans have only succeeded, along the greater part of the coast, in raising a taste for gin, rum, gunpowder, and

guns. The extent of the intercourse between a village and the European merchant is only too often gauged by the size of its pyramid of gin-bottles. It is a painful fact to admit, but there is no shirking the naked reality, that in west Africa our influence for evil enormously counterbalances any little good we have produced by our contact with the African. The sight of the small headway Christianity was making, and the aptitude in the negro to adopt all that was evil in the white man, only deepened the impression I had acquired in east Africa.

My conversion from this pessimistic view took place when passing up the Niger, through the degraded cannibals who inhabit its lower reaches. I reached the central Sudan, and the sights and scenes I there witnessed burst upon me like a revelation. I found myself in the heart of Africa, among undoubted negroes; but how different from the unwashed, unclad barbarians it had hitherto been my lot to meet in my travels in Africa! I could hardly believe I was not dreaming when I looked around me and found large, well-built cities, many of them containing ten to thirty thousand inhabitants. The people themselves, picturesquely and voluminously dressed, moved about with that self-possessed sober dignity which bespeaks the man who has a proper respect for himself. I saw on all sides the signs of an industrious community, differentiated into numerous crafts, evidence sufficient to show how far advanced they were on the road to civilization. I heard the rattle, the tinkle, and the musical clang of workers in iron, in brass, and in copper. I could see cloth being made in one place, and dyed, or sewn into gowns or other articles of dress, in other places. In the markets, crowded with eager thousands, I could see how varied were the wants of these negro people, how manifold the productions of their industry, and how keen their business instincts. Almost more remarkable than anything else, no native beer or spirits, nor European gin and rum, found place in their markets. Clearly there were no buyers, and therefore no sellers. Outside the towns, again, no forest covered the land; the density of the population and its numerous requirements had made the virgin forest a thing of the past, and its place was taken by various cereals, by cotton and indigo, and other vegetable productions which minister to the inner and outer man.

What could have produced this great

change?—for that a change had occurred could not be doubted. Certainly, contact with Europeans had had nothing to do with it. The character of the industries, the style of art, indicated a certain amount of Moorish influence, giving them the direction which they had assumed. How had the first great steps been taken? No Moors or Arabs were to be seen among the people. No such races held the reins of government, and by their powerful influence caused the introduction of new arts and industries. Evidently, whatever had been done had been done through the free aspirations of the negroes towards higher things.

I was not left long in ignorance of the agency which had thus transformed numerous tribes of savages into semi-civilized nations, ruled by powerful sultans who administered justice of a high order (for Africa), and rendered life and property safe. That agency was almost exclusively Mohammedanism. I say *almost*, because there were in reality a few secondary causes at work, which tended to elevate the negro, apart from the religious. One of these causes—the one of chief importance—was the physical conditions which prevailed over a great part of the central Sudan.

Mohammedanism it was, without a doubt, which had breathed this fresh vigorous life into these negroes. It was Mohammedanism which supplied the living tie which bound a hundred alien tribes together—tribes which without it were deadly foes. The Koran supplied the new code of laws. Islam had swept away fetishism, with all its degrading rites, and replaced it with a new watchword—a watchword of a truly spiritual sort. No longer did the naked savage throw himself before stocks and stones, or lay offerings before serpents or lizards; but as a well-clothed and reverent worshipper he bent before that “one God” whose greatness and compassionateness he continually acknowledged. How impressive it was to me, when I wandered in these lands, to hear the negro population called to the duties of the day by the summons to prayer at the first streak of dawn. Sung out in the musical stentorian notes of the negro muezzin, it echoed and re-echoed throughout the sleeping city. “God is most great! Come to prayers! Prayer is better than sleep!” was the burden of the call; and even as the thrilling notes still lingered in dying cadence, and the grey dawn but faintly illumined the houses

of the town, doors were heard to open, and devout Muslims—such as submit themselves to and have faith in God—appeared. Some would go through their morning duties in the courtyards of their compounds, and others, more devout, would wend their way to the mosque, where, looking in the direction of Mecca, and with faces humbled to the dust, they would acknowledge their utter dependence on God. At other times I could see these negroes, during the thirsty march, in the dusty field, or while engaged in ordinary industrial occupations, stop for a moment in their several employments, and seeking out one of the numerous places marked off by stones which did duty as mosques wean for a time their thoughts from the sordid cares of this world, and fix them on the things which are above mere sense.

In these Sudanese towns not only did I find mosques, but the importance of studying religion at the fountain-head had made education necessary, and hence in every quarter of the town were to be found schools of the usual Eastern type, where the rising generation learned at one and the same time the articles of their faith and the Arabic language. The desire for education was very general, and a village without several men who could read or write Arabic was a rarity. In the larger towns, such as Sokoto, Wurnu, and Gandu, there were to be found men who, not content with the education they could get at home, had found their way through manifold dangers and toils to the great Mohammedan university, El-Azhar, in Cairo, to complete their studies.

A volume might be written in describing the various modes in which Mohammedanism has affected the negro and civilized him; but I have said enough to draw attention to the incontestable fact that Islam is a powerful agency for good in central Africa. It may be remarked that in the central Sudan the Muslim is not fanatical. The negro has not the intense nature of the Arabs and kindred people, and is consequently inclined to live and let live on easier terms than his co-religionist in the Egyptian Sudan.

Like all Eastern and African races, the Sudanese is a polygamist, but his free and social nature has not permitted the seclusion of his wives in harems, nor does he consider it necessary that they should be veiled. They occupy probably a better position in the central Sudan than in any other country where polygamy is the rule.

The extent of country over which Islam

holds sway is coterminous with that great continental zone called the Sudan, which extends from the Nile to the Atlantic, and from the Sahara to within between four degrees and six degrees of the equator. Along the Atlantic seaboard there are still some pagan spots, but Mohammedanism is slowly but surely bearing down on them — establishing itself by moral suasion if it can; but if not, then, in the name of God, with fire and sword and all the dread accompaniments of war. But not only is it proselytizing among the heathen; it has its missionaries in Sierra Leone and Lagos. It has there thrown down its gage to Christianity for the possession of the natives, and reports speak of its spreading rapidly, and recruiting its ranks from the Christian community to no small extent. If that is so — and I have no reason to doubt it — there must be something terribly wrong in the *method* of teaching Christianity. To me, as one having the interests of Christianity deeply at heart, it has always appeared as if the system adopted was radically unsuited to the people. Meanwhile I cannot help saying, better a good Muslim than a skin-deep Christian — a mere jackdaw tricked out in peacock's feathers. In reaching the sphere of European influence, Mohammedanism not only throws down its gage to Christianity, it also declares war upon our chief contribution to west Africa — the gin trade. While we support anti-slavery societies, and spend great sums in sending missionaries to the heathen, it is very strange that we are absolutely indifferent to the shameful character of this traffic. We are ever ready to raise shouts of horror if a case of maltreatment of slaves occurs, and we will not see that we at this moment are conducting a trade which is in many respects a greater evil than the slave trade. That word, "European trade," as spoken of on our platforms, is complacently regarded as synonymous with civilization; it is supposed to imply well-dressed negroes as its necessary outcome, and the introduction of all the enlightened amenities of European life. It *ought* to mean that to some extent; but, as I have seen it in many parts of west Africa, it has largely meant the driving down of the negro into a tenfold deeper slough of moral depravity. And we — we Christians — leave it to the despised Mohammedans, those professors of a "false religion," to attack this traffic and attempt to stem the tide of degradation, to sweep it away utterly if possible, as they have

already done fetishism and cannibalism over enormous areas. If this is its mission, then, in default of something better, let Islam continue its progress through Africa! It will be the vanguard of civilization. Whatever may be said about many aspects of Mohammedanism, it at least contains as much of good as the undeveloped brains of the negro can well assimilate; and so long as good is being done in genuine reality, why should we not heartily welcome it, even though it is accomplished through a religion we ourselves do not accept?

I had proposed to myself to enter into the questions, why Mohammedanism has been so successful in Africa? and why Christianity, in comparison with it, has done so little? I had further proposed to ask whether our missionaries could not derive some hints and lessons from the Mohammedans, and so be better able to enter into the field against heathendom.

These three questions cannot be adequately answered here. I may, however, be permitted to express my opinion in the briefest manner. The success of Mohammedanism has been largely due to the fact that it has asked of the negro apparently so little, and yet that little is so much, for in it lie the germs of a great revolution. The message is brought by men like themselves; its acceptance does not necessarily change any of their habits. Everything is within the range of the negro's comprehension — a very terrible one God, who sits in judgment, and a very real heaven and hell. Belief in these and in God's messenger, and attention to a few practical duties — prayer, almsgiving, etc. — are all the requirements. To state the matter in another way, it is because of its very harshness, of its great inferiority, as compared with Christianity, that it has succeeded.

On the other hand, Christianity has done so little because it has tried to do too much. Missionaries have proceeded almost invariably on the assumption that it is necessary to present the doctrinal system of the Christian Church in its entirety. They have forgotten that minds can only assimilate subtle or beautiful truths in proportion to their development. The ideas of the Christian world at large are in many respects not the same to-day as they were six centuries ago, or even one century ago. We have taken eighteen centuries to become the Christians we are, although through the ages the Bible remained the same; and now we

think that in a generation we can graft our conceptions of Christianity on the low brains of the negro. The idea is not in accord with common sense. We present to him intangible and transcendental aspects of religion. We stupify him with unthinkable dogmas about the Trinity and kindred topics. With all this we think there ought to be a Pentecostal awakening — that the inherent virtue of the word should produce a miracle, and when the miracle does not appear, we groan over the hardness of heart and the ascendancy of the devil in the negro, when in reality the fault is in ourselves and in our methods of procedure. We must be simple in our creed, or rather in our presentation of the gospel. We must find out what aspects of Christianity the negro can comprehend and can assimilate, as well as what will attract and impress him. From the Mohammedan missionary we might get hints as to the line this simplification should take. Better sow one good seed which will grow and fructify and permeate the life of the negro, than a thousand which will fail to strike root, but remain sterile on the surface.

In thus recognizing a good element in the spread of Mohammedanism, and in venturing to hint at desirable improvements in the methods of our own missionary propaganda, very probably I shall lay myself open to various forms of misconception on the part of those who recognize but the agency of the evil one in good works which are not done in the orthodox manner. In any case, I shall be satisfied if, by indicating that some good can come out of Islam, I have shown that some Christians may take hints from our vastly more successful rival in the work of civilizing Africa, and thus be able to present a purer, a nobler, a more inspiring religion to the negro, which will satisfy his inner cravings for some light in his dark surroundings. For the negro, with all his intellectual deficiencies, is naturally a very religious individual. In a hundred ways he shows how much he feels the necessity of depending on something else than himself. In his helplessness he gropes aimlessly about after an explanation of his surroundings, and finds but slight consolation in fetishism and spirit worship. The rapid spread of Islam proves beyond a doubt that there is nothing to hinder the Christian faith from making far more extensive conquests, if we would only meet the negro with weapons properly selected from the Christian

armory. We must also be content to let generations of wise education develop the capacities which as yet are in the most rudimentary condition, and not expect to work miracles. And, most important of all, let us get up a missionary agency for Christian Europe which shall preach the doctrine of no more gin trade, no more gunpowder and guns, for the African. Then, when we have set our own house in order, we shall be able to go with clearer conscience to the heathen, and with brighter prospects of success.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

From The Leisure Hour.
A PILGRIMAGE TO SELBORNE.

BY AN INVALID.

THE following account of a visit to White's Selborne, one of the classic homes of England, by an excellent observer and accomplished young naturalist, who was cut off prematurely last year, will, it is felt, be read with interest, more especially by those who sympathize with the acquisition of knowledge under formidable difficulties. The author, Mr. Henry Waring Kidd, of Godalming, labored lifelong under the severest physical disabilities, never having had the use of his limbs; yet, through the medium of persons he employed, the kind agency of relatives and friends, and, above all, the force of his own natural tastes and mental energies, he became proficient in more than one branch of natural history. He was an indefatigable collector, achieving remarkable results in botany, entomology, and geology. He kept up a correspondence with most of the leading naturalists of the kingdom. He was more especially an original investigator of the interesting group of insects which form the galls (oak-apples, etc.) on trees and plants, many interesting forms of which he contributed to the British Museum collection. He died at Godalming, the home of his family, on the 23rd of March, 1884, the victim of an epidemic caught whilst on one of his expeditions in the village of Witley.

It was a beautiful morning in the autumn of 1878 when I started from the little hamlet of Rake, in Hampshire, for the home of Gilbert White, in Selborne. I adopted my usual mode of travel, being seated in a Bath-chair. Rake is close to

the lower greensand escarpment bounding Harting Combe, at the western extremity of the great valley of the Weald. It lies in one of the few ravines which, in geological language, deepen against the dip or inclination of the strata. From near Heathmount, about half a mile nearer to Petersfield, and at four hundred and ninety-three feet above the sea-level, a fine view is gained of the richly wooded combe, and at one point a peep may be had at the eastern range of the South Downs, probably near Brighton.

Turning down Crocker Hill, as if for Liss, let us take a look at the landscape. The Selborne hills unite the North Downs, near Farnham, with the South Downs, near Petersfield. To our left is Temple Hill, a noble promontory, crowned with its group of beech-trees. Between this and Nore Hill, in an elevated valley, lies the village of the immortal Gilbert White. Nore Hill, which terminates the elevation known as the Hanger, ends in a lofty white cliff. White suggests that the termination of the spur has been engulfed at some remote time. More to the left comes the vale, in which Hawkley Church is seen, backed by its long, dark Hanger, and ending in the bare, high cliff left exposed by that fearful foundering of the rocks in March, 1774, so vividly described in White's pages. Still more to the left is Whetham Hill, a well-wooded chalk cliff which has been completely thrown upon its side, the chalk flints being vertical instead of horizontal. The escarpment of the Selborne range presents, I think, features very different from those of any portion of the chalk escarp of the Weald of which I possess any knowledge.

The old Bath-chair goes merrily down Crocker Hill. In the banks of a deep, sandy lane the purple-flowered *Vicia sepium* gives notice of the proximity of Bargate stone. Ciddy Hall, an old timbered farmhouse, is soon passed, as also a pit where Bargate is dug. Crossing the London and Portsmouth line, we make for Greatham, leaving Weaver's Down and Warne Hill (all parts of Woolmer) to our right. Greatham old church is very picturesque; its roof half untiled, half covered by Virginia creeper, just putting on its autumn tints. The churchyard yew is remarkably small in girth, but so hollow that the fluted shell can hardly hold together.

At the summit of the hill Woolmer Pond comes in sight. It is surrounded by low, heath-clad hills, which allow a

sight of a goodly group of pines known as Hollywater Clump. All around the water is a broad strand, sometimes occupied by white sand, at others carpeted with sphagnum and sundew. The pond doubtless once extended as far as Blackman Church. Woolmer Pond has yielded not a few Roman copper coins from White's time downwards.

Blackmoor, the seat of Lord Selborne, is on our left, and before we pass the rustic lodge on a brow just within the wire fence, three circular tumuli are seen. A little fern-grown knoll, seen across the pond, is most likely also a tumulus, several of which are stated by Lord Selborne to occur around the forest basin. The Blackmoor estate has been rendered remarkable by the largest find of Roman coins on record. Thirty thousand, if my memory does not mislead me, have been found in a single urn. Amongst them were many with two reverses, and others with two obverses, so that they hardly appear to have been current money. Several smaller finds of coins have occurred on the estate, as also many weapons of bronze and iron. In Lord Selborne's appendix to Mr. Buckland's edition of White's book, Woolmer is assigned as the probable site of the battle in which the usurper Allectus was slain by Constantine (296). In 1879, through the kindness of a person employed on the estate, I had the pleasure of a sight of a then very recent find of about half a pint or so of Roman coppers; on some of them the features of the emperors were as well defined as when they were first struck.

The ascent from Woolmer Pond to Selborne is in a hollow lane in the malm rock, which bears a limestone rather than a truly chalk flora. Clematis, cornel, and their companions occur, and here and there the hart's-tongue fern luxuriates, especially where small springs break forth; but one misses such plants as *Anthyllis vulneraria* (common kidney vetch), *Scabiosa columbaria* (lilac rock scabious), *Gentiana amarella* (autumnal gentian), *Origanum vulgare* (wild marjoram), and others which greet the eye of the botanist along the southern chalky slopes of the Hog's Back in Surrey.

Temple Farm, which was once a preceptory of Knights Templars, is reached, and then, passing a fragment of a hop-kiln, we begin to descend into the village of Selborne. On our left we see a long rift in the malm rock, in which rises a small stream, which takes its way down

by the roadside, but is soon lost sight of. This, I believe, is the main source of the River Wey, though the Arun also has its source at Selborne. The cottages are mostly decent erections of some forty years' standing.

Arriving at the Wakes, my note to Professor Bell is left. The Wakes is a simple, old-fashioned house, with a neat white railing and gate. Proceeding to the Plestor, I rest while the clerk is being found. The Plestor (familiar to all White's readers) is a quadrangle, having on one side the garden wall of the vicarage, on another a few cottages, while the church railings ran across the upper end, leaving the fourth side open to the village. Narrow-pitched paths run up either side, nor must I forget a diagonal one. The Plestor has its horse-chestnut tree. In fact, Selborne, with its trees, its gardens, and, above all, its beech Hanger, is very umbrageous, and especially charming to the eye after the treeless, glaring expanse of Woolmer.

The clerk soon came. Entering the churchyard, we passed under the magnificent yew with its columnar trunk. The tree has, however, a rather unnatural appearance, as the trunk tapers slightly downwards, doubtless owing to the rising of the soil consequent upon centuries of interments. The result is seen in the floor of the church being below the level of the churchyard. I could point to churchyards that must have risen two or three feet since the church was first built.

Passing along the south side of the church, we leave the footpath, and with some jolts and collisions with half-hidden gravestones, I am dragged to the fifth grave from the north wall of the chancel. Here on the hard stone is seen the simple inscription, —

G. W.
28 June *
1793.

It was enough. I picked some trefoil from off that grave and departed, not caring to see the costly monuments within the church. Such a grave seemed quite in harmony with such a man as Gilbert White.

* This would seem to be an error of observation, all biographers concurring in giving the 26th June as the day of White's death.

Returning to the Wakes, I was conducted into a large and lofty room at the back of the house, which I was afterwards informed had been added by Professor Bell. A young lady received me very courteously, and from her I understood that Mr. Bell was too unwell to see me; but she again left the room, and in a few minutes returned with the professor (her father, I presume) leaning on her arm. He seemed very feeble. He stood before me, and seemed pleased that I took an interest in White. When he was told I had come from Rake he could not at first call up where Rake was, but on being enlightened he thought it a long Bath-chair ride. A handsome old man he was, with a fresh complexion and hair as white as snow; a man who had started with good powers of body and mind and had not overtaxed either.

Upon the professor retiring, I was by his kindness asked out into the garden, and on my way thither I passed through what I took to be Gilbert White's study, as I caught sight of some old portraits, probably of some of the White family. In the garden, the arbor and the sun-dial were pointed out to me, as also a tree of White's own planting. The lady now left me — would it had been alone. There was the little path of three bricks wide, leading towards the paddock, laid down by Gilbert's father, John White, that he might walk dry-shod to his fields. The ground rises until the fence dividing the garden and paddock is reached, and then falls with a gentle slope towards the foot of the Hanger, which rises abruptly from this green glade. It is the intervening glade which makes the garden so delightful a spot, as there was not that sense of oppression one often feels in gardens which rise without any interruption. All was very fresh and clear. The sunlight glanced here and there amongst the trees, just touched with autumn tints. Everything was hushed. I could have lingered there for hours, with the beech Hanger rising peacefully above all. Thus ended one of the most happy days I have ever spent. Professor Bell has now also passed from among us, but Selborne will be visited by the rising generation of naturalists with redoubled interest as the home of Gilbert White and Thomas Bell.

HENRY WARING KIDD.

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CONTENTS.

I. SEA PHRASES, ...	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , ...	67
II. "UNSTABLE AS WATER,"	<i>Temple Bar</i> , ...	74
III. HISTORY IN <i>Punch</i> . Part II., ...	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , ...	80
IV. EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY. Conclusion, ...	<i>Argosy</i> , ...	89
V. CANON KINGSLEY AS A NATURALIST AND COUNTRY CLERGYMAN, ...	<i>National Review</i> , ...	98
VI. LIFE IN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS, ...	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , ...	104
VII. THE MODERN ENGLISH POST-OFFICE, ...	<i>Time</i> , ...	110
VIII. THE LATE MASTER OF TRINITY, ...	<i>Temple Bar</i> , ...	119
IX. NAPOLEON IN TOR BAY, ...	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , ...	122
X. DOMESDAY, ...	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> , ...	125

POETRY.

A BRIGHT DAY IN NOVEMBER, ... 66	A MEMORY, ... 66
DEPARTED GLORY, ... 66	KEEPSAKES, ... 66
MISCELLANY, ...	128

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A BRIGHT DAY IN NOVEMBER.

A SUMMER hush is on the golden woods;
The path lies deep in leaves — the air is balm;
No sound disturbs these silent solitudes,
Save some faint bird-notes, which, amid the
calm,
Seem like the sad, sweet song of one who
grieves

Over a happy past — yet with a strain
Of hope, which sees, amid these yellow leaves,
Bare boughs all clothed with spring's young
buds again.

Even thus, most gracious Lord, in sorrow's
hour,
When life seems saddest, and our hopes
decay,

Thou sendest comfort — as, in wood or bower,
Some humble flower remains to speak of May;
Some gleam of joy lights up the wintry scene;
Some tender grace returns to bless and cheer;
And though our trees no more are clothed in
green,

Bright days may light the closing of our year.
Chambers' Journal. J. H.

DEPARTED GLORY.

GREY is the morn, the air is chill,
The breeze is blowing from the west;
No heather bloom is on the hill
Where lie the mountain sheep at rest;
The birds have flown, the flowers have died
Since summer smiled herself away,
And cheerless o'er the country-side
Rises the gusty autumn day.

Above the hill that stretches brown
Against the neutral-tinted sky,
Pale gleams of yellow light are thrown
Beneath the rain-clouds sailing high;
Like ghosts of summer, come to steal
A last look at dear Nature's face,
Whose beauty was a joy to feel
When first they sprang to her embrace.

Those pallid gleams of yellow light
Have struggled with the wind and rain,
They have been journeying all the night
To catch one glimpse of earth again.
And now they see the sloping hill
Rise brown and dusky into view,
And there the sheep lie soft and still
Upon the herbage, wet with dew.

The shepherd turns, to face the light,
The strong west breeze still blows behind,
"There must be rainfall ere to-night,
With such a sky and such a wind."
And yet the sheep doze calmly on,
Or gently bleat their waking dreams,
Unmindful of the summer gone,
Contented with the autumn gleams.

Go, with the shepherd take thy stand
Upon the brown and breezy slope,
See in the sky a golden band
Of shimmering light, and call it hope;
Or turn to where adown the hill
The vigorous wind blows in thy face,
Or rest thee where the flocks lie still,
Or gently browse in measured pace.

'Tis nature all; and Nature's mind
Is constant as her Maker's heart,
The music of the autumn wind
Still keeps in tune with summer's part;
The dulness of the dying year
Is tinged with glow of earlier days,
And though the earth be dry and sere,
She yet can sing her pastoral lays.

What though no leaves be on the bough?
The unseen bud is ripening,
The fallow-fields beneath the plough
Are making ready for the spring;
The promise of the future smiles
In every token of decay,
And with calm hopefulness beguiles
The sadness of the autumn day.
Sunday Magazine. GENEVIEVE IRONS.

A MEMORY.

THE horned moon low hanging in the sky
Casts a mild radiance o'er the steely blue,
Which twinkling stars are peeping softly
through
And sounds far distant seem to be more nigh.
Low in the valley the grey mist doth lie,
The air is moist and heavy with the dew,
And night fast closes in with ebony hue;
While from the stubble comes the crane's
weird cry.

Three monthly roses, bought of one who
stands
At busy corner, earning daily bread
In that great city, pride of many lands.
Three dainty buds, a gift to me, who said
"Do you remember?" straight Time loosed
his bands,
And swiftly to the past my memory fled.
Time. ARTHUR G. WRIGHT.

KEEPSAKES.

EACH lover has a keepsake
For the memory of his love;
One has a note or a ribbon,
And one a curl or a glove.

But I am rich in keepsakes;
Three notes I treasure apart;
There are two, accepting my presents,
And one, declining my heart.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.
SEA PHRASES.

"THE sea language," says Sir William Monson in his "Naval Tracts," "is not soon learned, and much less understood, being only proper to him that has served his apprenticeship; besides that, a boisterous sea and stormy weather will make a man not bred to it so sick that it bereaves him of legs, stomach, and courage so much as to fight with his meat; and in such weather, when he hears the seamen cry starboard or port, or to bide aloof, or flat a sheet, or haul home a clew-line, he thinks he bears a barbarous speech, which he conceives not the meaning of." This is as true now as then. But the landsman is not to blame. There is no dialect peculiar to a calling so crowded with strange words as the language of the sea. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who is never more diverting than when he thunders forth his abhorrence of naval life and of sailors as a community of persons, has in some cases perpetuated, and in some cases created, the most ludicrous errors in respect of ships, their furniture and crews. If, as Macaulay declares, the doctor was at the mercy of Junius and Skinner in many of his shore-going derivatives, he was equally at the mercy of Bailey and Harris when he came to the ocean. A few samples will suffice. "Topgallant, the highest sail." "Topsail, the highest sail." The word topgallant, as Johnson prints it, is not a sail at all. Had Johnson defined the "topgallant-sail" as the highest sail, he would have been right; for in his day there was no canvas set above the topgallant yard. But it is manifest that if the "topgallant-sail" was the highest sail, the topsail could not be the highest too. "Tiller, the rudder of a boat." The proverbial schoolboy knows better than that. "Shrouds, the sail-ropes. It seems to be taken sometimes for the sails." It is hardly necessary to say that the shrouds have nothing whatever to do with the sails. They are ropes — in Johnson's day of hemp, in our time of wire — for the support of lower, topmast, and topgallant masts. "Sheets." This word he correctly defines, borrowing his definition from a dictionary. But he adds, "Dryden

seems to understand it otherwise;" and quotes

Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the *sheets*.

It is very evident that Dryden perfectly understood the term as signifying the ropes at the clews of sails. "Quarter-deck, the short upper deck." This is as incorrect as "Poop, the hindmost part of the ship." The poop lies aft, to be sure, but it is no more the hindmost part of the ship than the bowsprit is — any more than the quarter-deck need necessarily be "short" or "upper" — in the sense clearly intended by Johnson. "Over-hale, to spread over." Over-hale then signified what is now meant by overhaul. To overhaul a rope is to drag it through a block; to overhaul a ship is to search her. It certainly does not mean "to spread over," nor, in my judgment, does Spenser employ it in that sense in the triplet that Johnson appends. "Loofed, gone to a distance." "Loofed" in Johnson's day denoted a ship that had luffed — *i. e.*, put her helm down to come closer to the wind. "Keel, the bottom of the ship." No doubt the keel is at the bottom of the ship, but sailors would no more understand it as a ship's bottom than they would accept the word "beam" as a definition of the word "deck." Johnson gives "helm" as "the steerage, the rudder." It is plain that he is here under the impression that "steerage" is pretty much the same as "steering." In reality the helm is no more the rudder than it is the tiller, the wheel, the wheel-chains, or ropes and the relieving-tackles. It is a generic term, and means the whole apparatus by which a ship is steered. "Belay, to belay a rope; to splice; to mend a rope by laying one end over another." To belay a rope is to make it fast. These examples could be multiplied; but it is not my purpose to criticise Samuel Johnson's Dictionary. Yet, as it is admittedly the basis of most of the dictionaries in use, it is worth while calling attention to errors which have survived without question or correction into the later compilations.

These and the like blunders merely indicate the extreme difficulty that confronts,

not indeed the etymologist — for I nowhere discover any signs of research in the direction of marine originals — but the plain definer of nautical words. The truth is, before a man undertakes to explain the language of sailors he should go to sea. It is only by mixing with sailors, by hearing and executing orders, that one can distinguish the shades of meaning amidst the scores of subtleties of the mariner's speech. It is, of course, hard to explain what the sailor himself could not define save by the word he himself employs. Take, for example, "inboard" and "aboard." You say of a man entering a ship that he has gone "aboard her;" of a boat hanging at the davits that it must be swung "inboard." There is a nicety here difficult of discrimination, but it is fixed nevertheless. You would not say of a man in a ship that he is "inboard," nor of davits that they must be slewed "aboard." So of "aft" and "abaft." They both mean the same thing, but they are not applied in the same way. A man is "aft" when he is on the quarter-deck or poop; you could not say he is "abaft." But suppose him to be beyond the mizzen-mast, you would say, "He is standing just abaft the mizzen-mast," not, "He is standing aft it." Peculiarities of expression abound in sea language to a degree not to be paralleled by the eccentricities of other vocational dialects. A man who sleeps in his bunk or hammock all night, or through his watch on deck, "lies in" or "sleeps in." But neither term is applicable if he sleeps through his watch below. "Idlers," as they are called, such as the cook, steward, butcher, and the like, are said to have "all night in" — that is, "all night *in* their bunks or hammocks." To "lay" is a word plentifully employed in directions which to a landsman should render its signification hopelessly bewildering. "This word 'lay,'" says Richard Dana, in a note to "Two Years Before the Mast," "which is in such general use on board ship, being used in giving orders instead of 'go,' as 'Lay forward!' 'Lay aft!' 'Lay aloft!' etc., I do not understand to be the neuter verb *lie* mispronounced, but to be the active verb *lay* with the objective case

understood, as 'Lay *yourselves* forward!' 'Lay *yourselves* aft!' etc. At all events, lay is an active verb at sea and means go." It is, however, used in other senses, as to "lay up a rope," "the ship lay along," the old expression for a vessel pressed down by the force of the wind. Other terms strike the land-going ear as singular contradictions, such as "to make land," to "fetch such and such a place" — *i. e.*, to reach it by sailing, but properly to arrive at it by means of beating or tacking; "jump aloft," run aloft; "tumble up," come up from below; "bear a hand," look sharp, make haste; "handsomely," as in the expression, "Lower away handsomely!" meaning, lower away with judgment, but promptly; "bully," a term of kindly greeting, as "Bully for you!"

The difficulties of the lexicographer desiring the inclusion of nautical terms in his list are not a little increased by the sailor's love of contractions, or his perversities of pronunciation. Let me cite a few examples. The word "treenail," for instance — a wooden spike — in Jack's mouth becomes "trunnel." "To reach" is to sail along close-hauled; but the sailor calls it "ratch." "Gunwale," as everybody knows, is "gunnel," and so spelt by the old marine writers. "Crossjack," a sail that sets upon a yard called the "crossjack yard," on the mizzen-mast, is pronounced "crojheck." The "strap" of a block is always termed "strop;" "streak," a single range of planks running from one end of the ship or boat to the other, is "strake;" "to serve," that is, to wind small stuff, such as spun-yarn, round a rope, is "to sarve." The numerous contractions, however, are pre-eminently illustrative of the two distinctive qualities of the English sailor — nimbleness and alertness. Everything must be done quickly at sea; there is no time for sesquipedalianism. If there be a long word it must be shortened, somehow. To spring, to jump, to leap, to tumble, to keep his eyes skinned, to hammer his fingers into fish-hooks, — these are the things required of Jack. He dances, he sings, he drinks, he is in all senses a lively hearty; but underlying his intellectual and physical caper-cutting is deep perception of the

sea as a mighty force, a remorseless foe. The matter seems trifling, yet the national character is in it.

A great number of words are used by sailors which are extremely disconcerting to landmen, as apparently sheer violations of familiar sounds and the images they convey. To lash: ashore, this is to beat with a whip, to thrash; at sea it means to make anything fast by securing it with a rope. To foul: when a sailor speaks of one thing fouling another, he does not intend to say that one thing soils or dirties another, but that it has got mixed in a manner to make separation a difficulty. "Our ship drove and fouled a vessel astern." A line is foul when it is twisted, when it jams in a block. "Seize" is to attach: it does not mean, "to grasp." "Seizing," is the line or laniard or small stuff by which anything is made fast. "Whip:" this word naturally conveys the idea of the implement for flogging, for driving; in reality, it signifies a line rove through a single block. "Whip it up!" hoist it up by means of the tackle called a whip. "Get it whipped!" get it hoisted by a whip. "Sweep" looks like a fellow who cleans a chimney; at sea it is a long oar. "Board" is not a plank, but the distance measured by a ship or vessel sailing on either tack, and beating against the wind before she puts her helm down for the next "ratch." "Guy" has nothing to do with the fifth of November, nor with a person absurdly dressed, but is a rope used for steadying a boom. "Ribands" are pieces of timber nailed outside the ribs of a wooden ship. "Ear-rings" are ropes for reefing or for securing the upper corners of a sail to the yardarms. The bewilderment increases when Jack goes to zoology for terms. "Fox" is a lashing made by twisting rope-yarns together. "Spanish fox" is a single yarn untwisted and "laid up" the contrary way. "Monkey" is a heavy weight of iron used in shipbuilding for driving in long bolts. "Cat" is a tackle used for hoisting up the anchor. "Mouse" or "mousing" was formerly a ball of yarns fitted to the collars of stays. "To mouse," is to put turns of rope-yarn round the hook of a block to prevent it from slipping. "Spi-

der" is an iron outrigger. "Lizard" is a piece of rope with a "thimble" spliced into it. "Whelps" are pieces of wood or iron bolted on the main piece of a windlass, or on a winch. "Leech" is the side edge of a sail. "Sheepshank" is the name given to a manner of shortening a rope by hitches over a bight of its own part.

Of such terms as these, how is the etymology to be come at? Without question the name of the animal was suggested in a few cases, as in "lizard" perhaps by some dim or fanciful resemblance to it in the object that wanted a title. But "monkey," "fox," "cat," and other such appellations, must have an origin referable to any other cause than that of their likeness to the creatures they are called after. It is impossible to be sure that these names are not corruptions from Saxon and other terms expressive of totally different meanings. It may be supposed that "Spanish fox" comes from the Spaniards' habit of using "foxes" formed of single yarns. We have, for example, "Spanish windlass," as we have "French fake," "French sennit," etc. The derivatives of some words are suggested by their sounds, "Bowse," pronounced "bowce," is a familiar call at sea. "Bowse it taut, lads!" "Take and bowse upon those halliards!" The men *pull off* upon the rope and *bow* it by their action. It is therefore conceivable that "bowse" may have come from "bow" "bows." "Dowse," pronounced "dowce," signifies to lower, to haul down suddenly. Also to extinguish, as "dowse the glim," "put out the light." The French word *douce* is probably the godfather here. But "rouse," pronounced "rouce"? "Rouse it aft, boys!" It means, to drag smartly. Does it really signify what it looks to express—to "rouse up" the object that is to be handled? It is wonderful to note how, on the whole, the language of the sea has preserved its substance and sentiment through the many generations of seafarers down to the present period of iron plates and steel masts, of the propeller and the steam engine. The reason is that, great as has been the apparent change wrought in the body and fabric of ships

since the days of the Great Harry of the sixteenth century, and the Royal George of the eighteenth century, the nomenclature of remote times still perfectly answers to a mass of nautical essentials, more especially as regards the masts, yards, rigging, and sails of a vessel. And another reason lies in the strong conservative spirit of the sailor. There was a loud outcry when the Admiralty many years ago condemned the term "larboard," and ordered the word "port" to be substituted. The name was not abandoned without a violent struggle, and many throes of prejudice, on the part of the old salts. What was good enough for Hawkins, Duncan, Howe, Rodney, Nelson, was surely good enough for their successors. Not in many directions do I find new readings of old terms. As a rule, where the feature has disappeared the term has gone with it. Where the expression is retained the meaning is more or less identical with the original words. A few exceptions may be quoted: "bittacle" was anciently the name of the binnacle; obviously derived from the French *habitable* (a small habitation), and still the French term for the compass-stand. "Caboose" was formerly the name of the galley or kitchen of small merchantmen. Falconer spells it "coboose," and describes it as a sort of box or house to cover the chimney of some merchant ships. Previous to the introduction of the caboose, the furnaces for cooking were, in three-deckers, placed on the middle deck; in two-decked ships in the forecabin; and, adds my authority (the anonymous author of a treatise on shipbuilding, written in 1701), "also in all ships which have forecabin the provisions are there dressed." "Cuddy" is a forcible, old-fashioned word that has been replaced by the mincing, affected term "saloon." In the last century it signified "a sort of cabin or cook-room in the fore part or near the stern of a lighter or barge of burden." It is curious to note the humble origin of a term subsequently taken to designate the gilded and sumptuous first-class cabin accommodation of the great Indian, American, and Australian ships. "Forecabin," again, I find defined by old writers as "a place fitted for a close fight on the upper deck forward." The term was retained to denote the place in which the crew live. The exploded expressions are numerous. A short list may prove of interest. "Hulling" and "trying" were the words which answer to what we now call "hove-to." "Sailing large," having the wind free or

quartering; this expression is dead. "Plying" was the old term for "beating" — "we plied to windward" — *i. e.*, "we beat to windward." The word is obsolete, as is "spooning," replaced by "scudding." For "veering" we have substituted "wearing." Some good, strong, expressive words have vanished. Nobody nowadays talks of "clawing off," though the expression is perfect as representing a vessel clutching and grabbing at the wind in her efforts to haul off from a lee shore. For "shivering" we now say "shaking." "The topsail shivers to the wind!" In these days it "shakes." We no longer speak of the "topsail atrip," but of the topsail hoisted or the yard mast-headed. "Hank for hank," signifying two ships beating together and always going about at the same moment, so that one cannot get to windward of the other, is now "tack for tack." We have ceased to "heave out staysails;" they are now loosed and hoisted. The old "horse" has made way for the "foot-rope," though we still retain the term "Flemish horse" for the short foot-rope at the topsail yard-arms. The word "horse" readily suggests the origin of the term "stirrup," a rope fitted to the foot-rope that it may not be weighed down too deep by the men standing on it. It is plain that "horse" is owing to the seamen "riding" the yard by it. Anything traversed was called a "horse." The term is still used. The "round-house" or "coach" yielded to "cuddy," as "cuddy" has to "saloon." The poop remains; but the "poop-royal" of the French and the Spaniards or the "topgallant poop" of our own shipwrights — a short deck over the aftermost part of the poop — has utterly disappeared.

Whoever were the inventors [writes Sir Walter Raleigh in "A Discourse of Shipping," included in his genuine remains, 1700] we find that every age hath added somewhat to ships, and to all things else; and in mine own time the shape of our English ships hath been greatly bettered. It is not long since the striking of the Top-mast (a wonderful case to great Ships both at Sea and in Harbor) hath been devised, together with the Chain Pump, which takes up twice as much water as the ordinary did. We have lately added the Bonnet and the Drabler. To the Courses, we have devised Studding Sails, Topgallant Sails, Sprit-sails, Topsails. The Weighing of Anchors by the Capstone is also new. We have fallen into consideration of the length of Cables, and by it we resist the malice of the greatest Winds that can blow.

Now, although this passage has reference to improvements made in the fabrics

of ships during the closing years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and of the opening of that of James I., it is curious, as illustrative of the conservatism of the sailor, that by omitting the "spritsail" these words of Raleigh might stand for the ships of to-day. No sailor unacquainted with the archæology of his own calling would believe that the studding-sail, the bonnet, the drabber, the chain-pump, the topgallant-sail, and even the spritsail (a sail that was in use down to so late a period as the close of the first quarter of the present century) were as old as Raleigh's heyday. Certainly the terms given by Sir Walter would furnish us with a clue to the paternity of these cloths. "Studding-sail," for example. Falconer derives it from *stud*, *stead*, or *steady*. I am inclined to think it is derived from the verb "to stud"—to adorn, to cover, but not necessarily, as Johnson says, "with studs or shining knobs." It is quite conceivable to think of a forked beard lifted over a ruff in admiration of canvas that raises the cry, "By'r Lady, but she is now studded with sail!" Assuredly we moderns would not regard a studding-sail as a steadying sail in any sense of the word. The "bonnet" mentioned by Raleigh is an additional piece of canvas made to lace on to the foot of a sail. The term *bonnet* applied to a thing worn at the *foot* advises us of an ironical derivative. But of "drabber" the etymology is obvious. To drabble is to wet, to befoul. Now the drabber is an additional piece of canvas laced to the bonnet, and necessarily coming very low, unquestionably takes its name from "drabbling"—getting wet. The spritsail and sprit-topsail are among the vanished details; so indeed is the sprit-sailyard, which may be said to have been conquered, like a cold young virgin, by the invention of "whiskers"—small booms or irons, one on each side the bowsprit, and formerly projecting from the *cat-heads*, whence possibly the term. Of many sea-expressions the origin is sufficiently transparent. I offer a few examples. "Bilge" is the part of a vessel's bottom which begins to round upwards. The word is corrupted from the old "bulge, the outermost and lowest part of a ship, that which she bears upon when she lies on the ground." "Butt" is the joining of two planks endways. "To start a butt" is to loosen the end of a plank where it unites with another. This word is got from "abut." "Chock-a-block," said when anything is hoisted by a tackle as high as the block will let it go: chock here means

choke, and in that sense is implied in such expressions as "chock-aft," "chock-home," etc. Formerly "jib" was spelt "gyb." A vessel in running is said to "gybe" or "jibe" when the wind gets on the lee side of her fore and aft sails and blows them over. As this in the old days of square rigs and "mizon yards" would be peculiar to the "gyb" or "jib," the expression is sufficiently accounted for. "To stay" is to tack; a ship "in stays" is a ship in the act of tacking. I interpret "to stay" by the verb "to stop;" "she is staying"—she is stopping; "in stays"—in the act of stopping. "Tack" is the weather lower corner of a square-course when set. "To tack" may be accepted as metaphorically expressing the action of rounding into the wind in the direction of the tacks. "Topgallant," says Johnson, "is proverbially applied to anything elevated or splendid," and quotes from L'Estrange: "I dare appeal to the consciences of topgallant sparks." Prior to the introduction of topgallant-sails, there was nothing higher than the topsails. Taking "topgallant" as of proverbial application to whatever is elevated, if not splendid, one easily sees how the topgallant fabric of a ship—its sail, mast, and gear—obtained the name it is known by. "To luff" is to put the helm down, so as to bring the vessel closer to the wind. This word is manifestly taken from "loof," which in olden times was the term applied to the after-part of the bows of a ship. "Quickwork" was the name given to that part of a ship's sides which is above the channel-wales. "'Tis commonly perform'd with Fir-deal," says an old writer, "which don't require the fastening nor the Time to work it, as the other parts, but is Quicker done." The ancient spelling gives us "halyards," "halliards"—ropes and tackles for hoisting sails and yards. To hale is to haul; so that "halyards," "halliards," is *ben trovato*.

In old marine narratives and novels the term "lady's hole" frequently occurs. I was long bothered by this term, which I indirectly gathered to signify a sort of cabin; but in what part of the ship situated, and why so called, I could not imagine, until in the course of my reading I lighted upon a description of a man-of-war of 1712, in which it is stated that "the lady's hole" is a place for the gunner's small stores, built between the partners of the mainmast, and looked after by a man named "a lady," "who is put in by turns to keep the gun-room clean." Terms of

this kind are revelations in their way, as showing for the most part the sort of road the marine philologist must take in his search after originals and derivatives. A vessel is said to be "hogged" when the middle part of her bottom is so strained as to curve *upwards*. To the shape of a hog's back, therefore, is this expression owing. But the etymology of the word "sagged," which expresses the situation of a vessel when her bottom curves *downwards* through being strained, I am unable to trace. "Gangway" means the going-way — the place by which you enter or quit a ship. "Gudgeons" — braces or eyes fixed to the stern-post to receive the pintles of a rudder, I find the meaning of in the old spelling for the same thing, "gougings" — the eye being *gouged* by the pintle. "Lumpers" is a name given to dock-laborers who load or discharge vessels; it was their custom to contract to do the work by the *lump*, and hence the word. "Stevedore" one whose occupation is to stow cargoes) originates with the Spanish *stibador*, likewise a stower of cargoes. The etymology of certain peculiarly nautical expressions in common use on shipboard must be entirely conjectural. Take "swig off" — *i. e.*, to pull upon a perpendicular rope, the end of which is led under a belaying-pin. The old readings give it as "swag off," "swaggering off." The motion of this sort of pulling is of a swaggering kind, and I have little doubt that the expression of "swig" or "swag" comes from "swaggering." "Tail on, tally on!" the order for more men to haul upon a rope, possibly expresses its origination with some clearness. "Tail on!" — lengthen the tail of pullers; "Tally on!" — add men in a countable way. It is usual to speak of a ship as being "under way." It should be "under weigh." The expression is wholly referable to the situation of a ship in the act of moving after her anchor has been lifted or "weighed." Similarly it should be, I think, "The anchor is aweigh," not the anchor is "away" — the mate's cry from the forecabin when the anchor is afloat or off the ground.

Blocks, a very distinctive feature in the equipment of a vessel, get their names in numerous cases from their shape or convenience. A *cant*-block is so called because in whalers it is used for the tackles which cant or turn the whale over when it is being stripped of its blubber; a *fidle*-block, because it has the shape of that instrument; a *fly*-block, because it shifts its position when the tackle it forms a part

of is hauled upon; *leading*-blocks, because they are used for guiding the direction of any purchase; *hook*-blocks, because they have a hook at one end; *sister*-blocks, because they are two blocks formed out of one piece of wood, and suggest a sentimental character by intimate association; *snatch*-blocks, because a rope can be *snatched* or whipped through the sheave without the trouble of reeving; *tail* blocks, because they are fitted with a short length or *tail* of rope by which they are lashed to the gear; *shoulder*-blocks, because their shape hints at a *shoulder*, there being a projection left on one side of the shell to prevent the falls from jamming. In this direction the marine philologist will find his work all plain sailing. The sources whence the sails, or most of them, take their appellations are readily grasped when the leading features of the apparently complicated fabric on high are understood. The "staysails" obtain their names from the stays on which they travel. "Topsail" was so entitled when it was literally the top or uppermost sail. The origin of the word "royal" for the sail above the topgallant-sail we must seek in the fancy that found the noble superstructure of white cloths *crowned* by that heaven-seeking space of canvas.

The etymology of "hitches" is not far to seek. But first of the "hitch" itself. "'To hitch,' to catch, to move by jerks. I know not where it is used but in the following passage — nor here know well what it means: —

Who'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides in a verse, or *hitches* in a rhyme.
POPE."

So writes Dr. Johnson. Had he looked into the old voyages, he would have found "hitch" repeated very often indeed. From the nautical standpoint, he defines it accurately enough as "to catch." Pope's use of the term puzzled the doctor, and he blundered into "to move by jerks." But Pope employs it as a sailor would; he *hitches* the culprit in a line — that is, takes an intellectual "turn" with his verse about him, or, as the poet puts it, suffers the person to "hitch" himself. To hitch is to fasten, to secure a rope so that it can run out no further. From "hitch" proceed a number of terms whose paternity is very easily distinguished. The "Black-wall hitch" takes its name from the famous point of departure of the vanished procession of Indiamen and Australian liners; the "harness hitch," from its form, which suggests a bit and reins; "mid-

shipman's hitch," from the facility with which it may be made; "rolling hitch," because it is formed of a series of rolling turns round the object it is intended to secure, and other rolling turns yet over its own part; a "timber hitch," because of its usefulness in hoisting spars and the like through the ease of its fashioning and the security of its jamming. The etymology of knots, again, is largely found in their forms. The "figure-of-eight knot" is of the shape of the figure eight; the diamond readily suggests the knots which bear its name (single and double diamond knots); the "Turk's-head knot" excellently imitates a turban. To some knots and splices the inventors have given their names, such as "Elliot's splice" and "Matthew Walker knot." The origin of this knot is thus related by a contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*:—

Over sixty years ago an old sailor, then drawing near to eighty years of age, said that when he was a sailor-boy there was an old rigger, named Matthew Walker, who, with his wife, lived on board an old covered hulk, moored near the Folly End, Monkwearmouth Shore; that new ships when launched were laid alongside of this hulk to be rigged by Walker and his gang of riggers; that also old ships had their rigging refitted at the same place; and that Matthew Walker was the inventor of the lanyard knot, now known by the inventor's name wherever a ship floats.

It has been suggested that "knot," the sailor's word for the nautical mile, springs from the small pieces of knotted stuff, called *knots*, inserted in the log line for marking the progress of a ship through the water. It is worth noting, however, that in the old voyages the word *knot*, as signifying a mile, never occurs. It seems reasonable to suppose that it is a word not much older than the last century.

Amongst puzzling changes in the sea language must be classed the names of vessels. "Yacht" has been variously defined: as "a small ship for carrying passengers;" as "a vessel of state." The term is now understood to mean a pleasure-craft. "Yawl" was formerly a small ship's boat or a wherry: it has become the exclusive title of yachts rigged as cutters, but carrying also a small sail at the stern, called a mizzen. The "barge" was a vessel of state, furnished with sumptuous cabins, and canopies and cushions, decorated with flags and streamers, and propelled by a band of rowers. This hardly

answers to the topsail barges and dumb-barges of to-day. The word "bark" has been Gallicized into "barque," possibly as a marine protest against the poetic misapplication as shown in these lines of Byron:—

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;

Or the —

My bark is my bride!

of Eliza Cook. By bark the poets intend any kind of ship you please; but to Jack it implies a particular rig. The Americans write "bark" for "barque," and rightly; for though Falconer says that "bark is a general name given to small ships," he also adds: "It is, however, peculiarly appropriated by seamen to those which carry three masts without a mizzen topsail." The "pink" is another craft that has "gone over." Her very narrow stern supplied the name, pink having been used in the sense of small, as by Shakespeare, who speaks of "pink-eyne," small eye. The "tartan," likewise, belongs to the past as a rig; a single mast, lateen yard and bowsprit. The growth of our ancestors' "frigott," too, into the fire-eating Saucy Arethusas of comparatively recent times, is a story full of interest.

I have but skimmed a surface whose depths should honestly repay careful and laborious dredging. The language of the sea has entered so largely into common and familiar speech ashore, that the philologist who neglects the mariner's talk will struggle in vain in his search after a mass of paternities and derivatives, and the originals, and even the sense, of many every-day expressions. It is inevitable that a maritime nation should enlarge its shore vocabulary by sea terms. The eloquence of the fore-castle is of no mean order, and in a hundred directions Jack's expressions are matchless for brevity, sentiment, and suggestion. But the origin and rise of the marine tongue is also the origin and rise of the British navy, and of the fleets which sail under the red ensign. The story of the British ship may be followed in the maritime glossaries; and perception of the delicate shades and lights, of the subtleties, niceties, and discriminations of the ocean dialect is a revelation of the mysteries of the art of shipwright and the profession of the seaman.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

From Temple Bar.

"UNSTABLE AS WATER."

FATHER MARTIN SCHULTZ, parish priest of Grünenau, sat at the foot of the great beech-tree on the brow of the Katrinenberg, and looked with weary eyes on the fair prospect spread before him. The hill sloped quickly down to a fertile rolling plain, with cornfields shining golden in the westerling sun. Here and there a little village, a church tower, and a few trees, broke the yellow expanse; in the middle distance a dome-shaped mound, with a ruined castle, its donjon keep still showing sharp angles, rose sheer from the plain. Beyond, in the west, the hills lay blue, one behind the other, till they merged into the sky, and far away to the east glimmered a silver ribbon, the full-flowing Rhine itself.

Fair indeed with fruitful promise was the scene, but Father Martin paid no heed to it, though he had climbed to this his favorite resting-place for comfort and refreshment of mind.

His head rested against the bole of the great tree behind him, which served as a relieving background to his refined, well-cut features. It was a very attractive face—a broad, clear forehead, well-opened grey eyes, a straight nose, and a delicate mouth; but it had *les défauts de ses qualités*, for the chin was wanting in strength, and the mouth, with all its delicacy, was far too sensitive.

Father Martin had had a trying day. Summoned to a clerical meeting, at some five miles distance, he had, in default of any conveyance, trudged both ways under the hot August sun; on his return, tired out with unprofitable discussions, he had been called at once to the death-bed of a favorite parishioner, the wife of the *Förster*, whose house with its closed blinds lay behind him in a clearing of the beech woods. He arrived only just in time to administer the last rites; the dead baby was laid on its dead mother's breast, and in frozen grief the husband looked at both. The priest placed a sympathetic hand upon his arm, and with soothing words strove to lead him from the chamber of death. But the man turned fiercely on him, and in low but bitter tones bade him begone. "What can you, a *priest*, know of what a husband and father feels at such a time? Leave me with my dead."

And Father Martin had left him, and now sat in the evening cool, and thought of many things—of his boyhood, when

the entrance into the priesthood was held up to his youthful mind as the summit of ambition,—then of his novitiate in the Jesuit seminary, where, as another in like position once said, "his battle was with nocturnal fear and the noonday devil; he wrestled with the angel, he went through the fires," until, in despair at his own wavering faith, he rushed on to the fatal step of becoming a monk, trusting that the sacrifice would bring its own peace.

Then in the quiet life of the cloister his doubts returned with threefold force, and in the hope that active work amongst his fellow-men might crush the tormenting demon out of him, he begged for his secularization, and had now been for some years parish priest of Grünenau.

But, scholar and student as he was, the narrow round amongst a sparsely scattered rural population fretted him inconceivably. Daily the thought recurred to him of how many things the Church enjoined on him in which he had no faith, and with which, try as he might, he could not put himself in sympathy.

To him, in this state of loneliness and doubt, had come an unexpected pleasure. Roger Bowyer, head of a large and successful boys' school near London, had settled down in Grünenau, to spend his summer holiday fishing and botanizing, and he and Martin Schultz had become fast friends.

Even now, as Father Martin sat there weary and dispirited, Roger Bowyer was making his way up the winding path between the beeches to where he hoped to find him.

"Good-evening, my friend," he cried, as he emerged on the mossy summit of the Katrinenberg, and threw himself down beside the priest. "Where have you been all this broiling day?"

Martin Schultz turned his haggard face toward him and told him of his last errand.

"You see it is just as you tell me; we try to be superhuman, and so those for whom we would give our heart's blood look upon us as *inhuman*. What would I not give to be as you are, free of this torturing thought that is wearing out my soul—that in all my life I am wrong, and can do naught but wrong; for I am upholding what I feel to be a false system, full of rottenness and error!"

Bowyer looked at him in surprise. They had often discussed religious questions together, but the priest had never yet spoken so plainly, though his friend had suspected his dissatisfaction. He said to

him slowly: "Is that your real deliberate opinion?"

"To my sorrow it is," said Schultz; "and you can little tell the misery it is to feel oneself hemmed in on all sides by restrictions that one knows to be an insult to one's manhood. Why I, as a Jesuit, in this nineteenth century of boasted civilization, may not even read a book without the permission of my superiors! Blind obedience is imposed on men whom God made with seeing eyes, to choose the good and reject the evil, each one for himself. I am not a man, I am a wretched tool."

Roger Bowyer was thoroughly roused. "Look here," said he; "why not throw it all up, and come over to England? With your talents and learning you would soon be able to earn a competency. If you are really in earnest in your dissatisfaction with your present life, leave it, and begin a new career. I will do what I can to help you. My German master leaves me next term; take his place, even if only for a time, until you can look about you."

Martin's mobile mouth quivered with emotion. "I do not know how to thank you for this proof of your friendship; but how dare I accept it? O that we were in the days when man's path was pointed out to him in visions, so that I might know the right!"

"But that not being the Almighty's way of governing us now," said Bowyer somewhat impatiently, "it behoves every one to try to do the best they can; 'Man is man, and master of his fate.'"

He rose to return to his inn; the priest looked up at him with feelings of envy. Here was a man with every line of his face and figure marked with strength and decision, — the strength which would lead him to weigh well both sides of a question, and having formed his opinion, to walk by it steadily and fearlessly in the way that lay before him.

Martin Schultz sighed and said, "You do not wish for an immediate answer to your proposition? How can I tell that my longing to be free is not a simple self-seeking?"

"No, do not hurry," said Bowyer. "Think it all over, then write to me, for I am sorry to say my holiday here is over; I am called back to London, and must leave early to-morrow."

Here was another cause of trouble for the poor priest. He had hoped to talk it all over with Bowyer — to look impartially at this thing, which now that it was put before him baldly and distinctly

seemed very terrible, and with his friend's help to arrive at some decision; and this assistance must now be withdrawn.

Something of his trouble showed itself in his face, for Bowyer turned to him with the feeling of pity which had moved him first to make his acquaintance, and said very gently, —

"You know it must be you, and not I, who shall decide. When I am gone, perhaps it will be easier for you to know your real mind on the subject. But I do not think any man can be either happy or truly good who is daily testifying to things which he but half believes. Good-bye to you now, and God be with you, whatever your decision."

Bowyer held out his hand, which the other wrung in silence, and then sat down again, listening to the receding footsteps of his friend as he went quickly down the precipitous path. Long sat Martin Schultz, hesitating and wavering, now leaning to one side, now to the other, "this way and that dividing the swift mind;" now appalled at the thought of the sudden upheaval of all his life, now attracted by the vision of freedom. Thus he lingered, until the shadows of the hills began to creep further and further across the fertile plain, and a line of pallid mist outlined the river's course. Then in the valley behind him he heard the monotonous note of the bell of his little church ringing for vespers, and rising up, he stood for a moment with eyes fixed on the spreading landscape; and as he gazed, familiar words sprang to his lips: "The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." Then, in tones of agony, as if the evil one were there in actual presence tempting him, he cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and with bowed head passed on to his evening prayer.

PART II.

NEVERTHELESS, about a month later Mr. Bowyer received the following letter: —

"Grünenau, Sept. 18—.

"DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND, —

"In prayer and anguish of spirit I have considered what you so kindly put before me one month ago, and have determined to accept your offer. I have one thing to pray of you — that you will let my history remain a secret between you and me. Unused as I am to the world and its ways, I could not bear the thought that I was being pointed out as 'the renegade priest.'"

I am breaking with this old life completely. Henceforth Martin Schultz is dead, and I shall bear my mother's name. She and my father are long departed, and to my Maker alone, whom I still hope to serve, am I responsible for this my deed. But to you, who gave me hope and courage, I sign myself for the last time,

"Yours gratefully,

"MARTIN SCHULTZ."

Time went on, and Martin Stein, as he now called himself, still remained as Mr. Bowyer's German master. His admirable scholarship made him a most efficient teacher, and his gentleness endeared him to all his pupils, although he had scarcely the strong hand necessary to control the unruly spirits of healthy English boys.

On the whole, the change had been a successful one for him. The look of anxious unrest passed from his face, and left him calmer and brighter. His friendship with Bowyer was drawn still closer, although according to Martin's earnest request the subject of his former life was never mooted between them. He was certainly happier than in former days, and Bowyer congratulated himself on having been the instrument of this improvement.

Herr Stein, who at first had preferred to live almost without outside acquaintance, began at length to lose this shyness, and gradually became intimate in the family of a German merchant, a Mr. Tienemann.

Mr. Tienemann had a daughter, Mina, a bright, pleasant girl of twenty; and, as was but natural, Martin Stein, himself only thirty-two, brought for the first time into close contact with an attractive girl, fell in love with her, blamed himself for so doing — *he* the priest, the vowed celibate — then argued that he had cancelled these vows, hesitated, wavered, succumbed to an impulse during an unexpected *tête-à-tête*, proposed and was accepted, and went home in the new flush of his joy to tell Bowyer what had happened.

Then, for the first time, Bowyer reverted to his friend's past life, and said: "Of course you will tell the young lady and her parents the story of your life."

Martin Stein turned pale; he had not bargained for this.

"No!" he said impetuously. "I cannot do it. That chapter is closed and over, I will not re-open it. She loves me for myself, and what is it to her that for the best years of my life I was a slave and prisoner. I will not tell her!"

"But," said Bowyer, "she is a Protes-

tant born. She will not look upon it in the same light as you do. Old friend, I think it is due to her to let her know."

"No, I cannot!" replied he. "See! the very thought of those years is like a nightmare, and seems to chill my blood." And in truth he was shivering, all the bright joyousness gone from the face just now so eager. "Perhaps, when we have been married a little time, when she has proved what a true and loving husband I will be to her — perhaps then I may find it in my heart to tell her, — but not now."

Bowyer saw it was useless to urge him further; and feeling that after his promise given he could not himself mention the matter to either the parents or the *fiancée* herself, the subject was dropped. Things took their course; Mina Tienemann became Mina Stein, and although she soon found that hers was the stronger spirit of the two, the pair were very happy. Mina had been much in the habit of managing her old father and mother, and naturally enough fell into the way of guiding her husband. Martin had made some little money by the proceeds of a philological work on which he had been busy ever since his arrival in England. This money and the bride's own fortune were settled absolutely on her. So the little household progressed very comfortably; two children, a boy and a girl, were born to them, and all seemed well.

PART III.

ONE summer, when the Steins had been married some eight years, his wife complained of not feeling well, and indeed looked a good deal out of health. The midsummer holidays were just approaching, and Mina had in her little head a complete plan of what she intended should be done therein.

"Martin," she said one night, "I feel that I ought to see a physician."

Martin, who had noticed her loss of color, at once responded: "By all means, dearest. Let us go to London as soon as the term is over, and you shall see any one you think best."

"That is very kind," said Mina; "but I have a better plan than that. We will leave the children with grandmamma and go to Bonn, where I will put myself in the hands of my old friend Dr. Hahn, who knew me when I was at the school there, and see what he will prescribe." Mrs. Mina, if the truth must be told, was hoping to be sent to some *Badekur*.

Martin hesitated a moment. This was the first time that a return to Germany

had been suggested to him, and terror overcame him at the idea of being recognized by any of his old acquaintances. But a little thought reassured him. Martin Schultz the tonsured priest with shaven face was dead; in his place stood Martin Stein the married man with thick curls and dark beard and moustache.

Still, that momentary hesitation had shown him how much he dreaded any recognition, and more still, that his wife should know this past chapter of his life. Many a time he had said to himself, "Now I will tell her," but the time had passed away, and still she was in ignorance.

Accustomed to give way to his wife's wishes in most matters, Martin Stein followed them on this occasion; and after having been duly under the inspection of Dr. Hahn, Mina was ordered to try what Bad Bertrich would do for her. This was a shock to Martin. Within twenty miles of his old parish, Bad Bertrich is for some occult reason a place greatly resorted to by priests; and if Martin could but have found some valid excuse for disobeying the doctor's prescription, he would have done so. Indeed he brought forward one or two suggestions of other places, but Mina's reply, "My dear, surely you want me to get well as soon as possible," coupled with a look of rather hurt surprise, silenced him. But the pleasure was gone from his holiday. Even Mina's delight at the scenery, as the carriage road from Alf to Bertrich opened out the constantly changing views of the lovely narrow valley—not this even could rouse in him any response to her constant appeals for sympathy in her enjoyment. Like a wise woman she concluded he was tired, and let him alone.

As they reached the door of the Drei Reichskronen, Martin Stein felt as if he were in a dream. On the terrace sat, chatting and smoking their after-dinner cigars, three or four black-robed priests, whilst one, very old and delicate-looking, and apparently a dignitary of the Church, crept slowly up and down leaning on the arm of a young chaplain. Martin gazed hastily around him. Thank heaven! there were no faces that he knew.

So for some days he lived in a fool's paradise, and more visitors arrived, taking the place of departing ones, and still they were all strangers. "Surely," he said to himself, "the bitterness of death is past."

But one day the heat in the narrow valley was so great that Mina, tired out after

her morning bath, said she did not feel equal to the *table d'hôte* dinner, and Martin went down alone. He was somewhat late, and the long narrow table was already full of tourists, priests, and invalids, all Germans (for Bertrich is a place little frequented by the English), and all laughing and talking as loud as only Germans can. Martin's place was at the end nearest the entrance, and as he advanced to it, the glass door leading on to the terrace opened, and a tall, thin, white-haired priest came in and took the only other vacant place, the one just opposite to Martin.

The old priest stood with bowed head and folded hands, and as he murmured in familiar tones the well-known words of the grace, "In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Amen," years seemed to roll away, and once more Martin Schultz was standing with his black-robed fellows at the seminary table, and mechanically he lifted his hand and crossed himself on brow and shoulders and breast. Then his opposite neighbor raised his head and looked at him with eyes whose keenness age had not dimmed; a flash of recognition sprang into them. "Martin Schultz!" he said. "God be thanked, I have found the sheep which was lost!"

Martin never knew how that dinner-hour passed. Before him sat Father Joseph, the head of the Jesuit seminary, and yet, with that instinct of self-defence common to us all, he sat down and made believe to go through the usual routine, even exchanging a word or two with a lady beside him; but his head seemed dazed, and before the long-drawn meal had come to a close, he rose and made his way to the door. But as he reached it, he found Father Joseph at his side. In silence they went out together, and when the door had closed behind them, Father Joseph turned, looked at Martin sadly and affectionately, and then, "My son," said he, "tell me all."

For a moment the thought crossed Martin's mind to deny all knowledge of his questioner; but old habit was too strong, and moreover he had loved this man with a filial affection, as indeed had every novice who had come under his firm but gentle rule. And now, what could he say to him? Concealment was impossible, even had he cared to try it. His wife might at any moment join him, and then he would be face to face not only with one judge, but with two. This thought prompted his reply.

"Father," he said, "let us go where we shall not be interrupted by this noisy crowd, and I will tell you what you wish."

Silently they walked down the road to where the river bending round the garden made a little solitude. Father Joseph sat down on a bench shaded by hanging larches, and motioned to Martin to take his seat by his side. Then, at first in hesitating sentences, but soon with eager flow of words, Martin poured forth the history of his doubts, his troubles, his anguish of soul, and lastly of his flight from Grönenau.

"All this shall be as naught," said Father Joseph. "Come back to the Mother Church, who opens her arms to receive you, and these your sins shall be forgiven."

Then Martin gathered himself together with a visible effort and said, with eyes fixed on the dark water at their feet,—

"Even if I wished it—which I do not—return is impossible. I am married. I have two children."

Father Joseph covered his face with his hands and groaned. But in his soul, the purpose took root to bring back to repentance and a new life this his prodigal son. And then, with all the force of a loving, grieving heart, filled with full conviction of the truths he uttered, he put before Martin the picture of his life as it seemed in his eyes. He spoke of broken vows, of sacrilegious escape from his father's house to feast with harlots, and to eat husks with the swine, and ended in fervent tones imploring him to arise and return and be forgiven.

Martin Schultz sat silent and troubled. He had gone through all this before, but only with himself; and when the self-same reproaches were uttered by a voice which he had of old loved and revered, they struck him with tenfold force.

Again he said, "Return is impossible. I have to think not only of myself, but of my wife and children."

"Nay," said Father Joseph, "hear what the Church says: 'He who does not hate father and mother, and more, even his own soul, cannot be my disciple.' My son, my dear son, think of my words, and give me in my old age the inestimable joy of knowing you brought home to the flock."

He rose and blessed him where he sat, and turned away, the tall, bent figure passing slowly on under the shadowy trees, whilst Martin remained behind, torn by a thousand conflicting emotions. Had it come to this, that he was so weak that

the first authoritative words should make him doubt, should upset in one moment the peace and happiness of these past ten years? But had it been peace? His conscience rose up against him, and accused him of stifled misgivings, of deliberate putting away of thought upon the matter; and then his heart bled within him, as the picture came before him of what it would mean if he should indeed be brought to feel that he was, as Father Joseph said, living in deadly sin. The husband's and the father's love revolted at the thought. He had vowed to love and cherish—ay, but other vows had first been uttered. Chaos seemed to have opened before him, and no voice said, "Let there be light."

So the days came and went, and Mina Stein went on with her *Kur*, and chatted and compared symptoms with the other ladies, and occasionally joked her husband about his sudden fancy for Father Joseph, little dreaming of the misery which was gradually making his life a burden to him. For, alas for him! he could not bring himself to confide his trouble to his wife, who with many whims was after all a sensible little woman, and who would at once have appealed to Mr. Bowyer to come and draw him out of this morbid state. Daily, Father Joseph, with loving prayers and every argument and assurance, urged him to cast aside his sin, and daily the battle raged more fiercely in his soul. The very knowledge that on the one side stood happiness, and on the other a lifelong penance, told against him. Like many another poor, perplexed mortal, it seemed to him that the hard way must be the right one; and so from day to day he grew less able to stand against the priest's persuasions, and at last the end came.

Mina Stein lay in bed but half awake, listening to the Kursaal band, which was enlivening with somewhat discordant sounds the early morning walk of the patients undergoing their daily portion of water. The musicians were playing a selection of German Volkslieder, and in her half-drowsy state Mina had been following them in her mind through the words of many a well-known song, when she was roused from her slumbers by her husband coming to her bedside.

"Do not wait breakfast for me, dearest," he said, "I shall not be in." And then she saw he was equipped for walking.

"Where are you off to so early?" she asked him, smiling up at him as he stood looking gravely down upon her.

"Over the hills," he said.

"'Over the hills and far away'?"

He sighed, and answered with an effort at cheerfulness, "Very far away. Good-bye, Mina mine; God bless thee, my heart's delight."

He kissed her once and again, and was gone, the sound of his footsteps mingling with the notes of the band, which, as she listened, broke into the well-known refrain:—

Wär'st du bei mir, wär' ich bei dir, wo ich
bald wollte sein,
Ich säss nicht hier, du sässt nicht dort, so
Mutterseelen allein.

Mina Stein never saw her husband again.

When the day went by, and he still had not returned, she began to get anxious; and when night fell, she was almost frantic in her helplessness. She pictured him lying on one of those lonely hills, perhaps with a broken limb, waiting for help; and wrung her hands in agony. Next morning searchers went out far and wide, and sought for him in vain. No trace of Martin Stein was ever found.

Roger Bowyer, on hearing the news, came at once to the help of the poor young widow; and when at last she was convinced that her married life was ended, he took her home to her orphaned children.

PART IV.

THE healing hand of time had been laid for some years on Mina Stein's wound; her children were growing up to be a comfort to her, and wrapped up in them and their welfare, she had regained her natural cheerfulness. Bowyer, who had married shortly after his friend, was still at the head of his school, and still yearly with his wife took his summer holiday abroad.

Once it so chanced that they turned their steps to Brittany, and, wandering from one old town to another, found themselves at Soligny-la-Trappe, a little village which has nothing to attract the traveller beyond its neighborhood to the Trappist monastery, which Bowyer had long desired to see. Mrs. Bowyer found that she would not be admitted to the monastery, but decided to drive there with her husband, and wait in the carriage whilst he was shown the place. Their way took them through a hilly, thickly wooded country, until by a sudden turn in the road they came out on the spur of a jutting hill.

Below them lay a narrow valley, the sides dark with trees. In the centre stood

the grey buildings of the abbey, almost surrounded by a chain of triple lakes, which reflected the towers in their still waters. A winding road, which now revealed, now hid the monastery, led them down into the valley, the actual entrance into the precincts of La Trappe being marked by a wooden cross with this inscription:—

C'est ici que la mort et que la vérité
Elèvent leurs flambeaux terribles:
C'est de cette demeure, au monde inaccessible,
Que l'on passe à l'éternité.

When the carriage stopped at the monastery gates, and the sound of its wheels could no longer be heard, the silence was extraordinary. Only the murmur of a little spring close by, and the measured fall of a hatchet far away in the forest, broke the complete stillness. No human voice reminded of the fact that within those grey walls a multitude of men had elected to pass the remainder of their days, looking on the world (in their great reformer's own words) "as if it had already gone through the great conflagration which shall destroy it in the end of time, and as if nought but its ashes remained."

It seemed as if the silence all around had laid its hand even upon these casual visitors to its abode, for they spoke in subdued tones, and started when the driver rang the bell at the central gate, and shocked the air with its harsh clang.

The door with its warning to strangers, "*On gardera dans le cloître un perpétuel silence,*" opened to admit Mr. Bowyer; the silent porter in his long white woollen gown with leathern girdle, his face almost hidden by the great black hood, kneeled for a moment, in token of welcome, before his guest, and then mutely led him down the narrow walk between gooseberry bushes and white thorns to the door of the ship-like church.

Here and there a brother was at work in the garden, his hood thrown off, the long gown tucked with the black scapulary into the girdle, his shaven crown bare to the afternoon sun. None paused or looked up for a moment at the stranger, whose eyes passed from them to the motto on the cloister door,—

Sedebit solitarius et tacebit,

ere he entered into the gloom of the church itself. It was very plain, totally lacking in those adornments usual in Roman Catholic places of worship. A simple wooden altar, above it a great crucifix, and right and left a double candlestick—

this was all—no silk or embroidered hangings—only the symbol of the faith in stern severity.

Mr. Bowyer stood there and gazed, whilst he pondered sadly enough on the living death of these monks, who may neither speak to each other, nor communicate by writing with the outer world; a clock outside struck the hour for service, and through a side door filed in silently the company of brothers, each one kissing the ground before the altar, as he moved solemnly to his place, where through the service he stood with closed or downcast eyes singing the responses, in which alone his voice should evermore be heard on earth.

And as Roger Bowyer looked in sadness on that mournful band, he started with dismay. Close to him, where his hand could almost reach him, stood, thin and aged and haggard, but unmistakable, — with face shaven as when first he knew him, — Martin Schultz, whilom priest of Grönenau, the long-mourned husband of Mina Stein.

Bowyer with difficulty restrained himself till the short service was at an end, and then he leaned towards him and whispered his name. The downcast eyelids quivered, the sensitive mouth, drawn with pain and year-long anguish of soul, trembled, but no other sign of recognition came; and before Bowyer could speak again, the hood was drawn closer over the lined brow, and Martin Schultz, the Trappist monk, had passed out of his sight forevermore.

Bowyer had heart for no more sight-seeing that day; he joined his wife, but so pale and shocked that she exclaimed at his appearance. But neither then nor at any other time did he give her any explanation beyond the one (which, as she said, was none), —

"I have seen a ghost, and mortal flesh cannot overcome its horror of the dead returned to life."

AMY LAYARD.

From The Fortnightly Review.
HISTORY IN *PUNCH*.

PART II.

EUROPE being "profoundly at peace," all sorts of animals, inclusive of the lion and the lamb, lying down beside one another metaphorically in the gigantic conservatory of Hyde Park (which, by the way, received its title of Crystal Palace from *Mr. Punch*), England had time to

attend to domestic matters. The so-called "Papal Aggression" once more attracted attention, and in his representative character, though in a spirit quite foreign to that of the paper in the first ten years of its existence, the sage of Fleet Street was one of the strongest advocates of that undignified and abortive measure, the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. It is noteworthy that both Bright and Cobden opposed the statute.

As the first of the series, the Exhibition of 1851 was the sensation of the year. Its effect upon the theatres (like that of a similar institution recently) was disastrous. This was commemorated by *Mr. Punch* in a cartoon, in which was represented a manager informing the solitary individual occupying his entire house "that the ridiculous farce of opening his theatre would not be repeated, and the 'order' of the gentleman before him would be returned to him on application to the box-office." History repeats itself; the Fisheries, Healtheries, Inventories, and Colinderies have, temporarily at all events, caused the theatres a considerable amount of damage.

In 1851 the pre-Raphaelite movement began seriously to attract the attention of *Mr. Punch*, who raised his voice against its exaggerations. This was the time when Holman Hunt, Watts, and Millais were a united band of brothers, and were walking in the same road of art. Since then their paths, although on parallel lines, have separated. The Royal Academy of the Exhibition year contained Millais's "Mariana in the Moated Grange," and the sage of Fleet Street held it up to derision; but pre-Raphaelitism was, in the eye of the public, a ridiculous affectation, and so for some years this famous artist was one of *Mr. Punch's* butts. But genius broke the pre-Raphaelite bonds, and ultimately Millais was awarded the highest honor in *Mr. Punch's* power to confer — he was invited (and the invitation was accepted) to contribute to *Mr. Punch's* own pages.

Among other fads, "bloomerism" was in high favor at this time. Naturally, *Mr. Punch* made the most of portly and ugly old women adopting male costume, and could not resist the temptation of showing, with the assistance of Leech's pencil, that pretty English girls would look just as beautiful out of petticoats as in them. Much fun is made of the difficulty of the fair sex accurately to christen that portion of human attire now known as "the divided skirt."

If 1851 might be called "the Exhibition

Year," 1852 might be equally appropriately described as "the year of the Napoleonic *coup d'état*." Fully half of the cartoons in the two volumes, if not more, have reference to the affairs of France. *Mr. Punch*, representing the tone of the English feeling which considered Prince Louis not only as an adventurer, but as an unprincipled and reckless adventurer, from the first adopted a bitterly hostile tone towards the ultimately unfortunate emperor, whom he depicts as a "beggar on horseback."

In 1852 home politics are remarkable for the sudden rise of Benjamin Disraeli into first-class cartoon importance. For some years the great statesman had occasionally appeared in the pages of the *London Charivari*, but always in a character indicative of weakness allied either with feeble malice or conceit. Thus he was at one time drawn as a little viper gnawing at a file, at another as the juvenile political representative of that body of precocious children immortalized by Leech, under the heading of "The Rising Generation." Now he was treated with greater respect, and *Mr. Punch* shows him as the conductor of an omnibus, suggesting that "a party" should go out in the rain to make room for a very attractive young person (but seemingly not overburdened with brains), Miss Agriculture. Lord John Russell, who is seated on the knife-board in the wet, expresses his regret that he should have accommodated "a party of swells." After a period of vacillation (which *Mr. Punch* marked by exhibiting him as "the Political Chameleon"), Disraeli at length accepted free trade, when the sage of Fleet Street immediately presented the nation with a cartoon showing the minister as Fair Rosamond offered by Queen Eleanor (Cobden) a bowl of poison thus labelled, or the alternative dagger of "resignation." The Conservative chancellor of the exchequer preferred the former.

Four-and-thirty years ago obituary cartoons were unknown in *Mr. Punch's* pages, and the pictorial record of the death of the great Duke of Wellington came upon the public with the force of extreme novelty. It was something new for so serious a drawing to appear, and proves that the sense of a great national loss was overpowering and universal.

Mr. Bright at this time was presented by *Mr. Punch* with his mysterious eye-glass (for the right honorable gentleman has never worn one) which he has retained ever since — in the pages of the *London*

Charivari. No doubt the idea was suggested by the great incongruity between the sober Quaker's costume and the then usual appendage of the extremest dandy. In like manner, but with greater regard for "local coloring," Lord Palmerston was given by *Mr. Punch* a wisp of straw, ever afterwards to be held between his lips. To this day presents are occasionally made to the leading statesmen of the time by the generous dispenser of good things who dates from Fleet Street — for instance, the rather large-sized collars which Mr. Gladstone is usually depicted as wearing are gifts from that locality. In the case of Mr. John Bright he is shown looking through his eye-glass at a very small reform baby, and expressing his dissatisfaction with its diminutive proportions.

Leaving politics and turning our attention to the "domestic concerns" of the nation, we find that every effort was made to retain the Crystal Palace on its site at Hyde Park for the benefit of the working classes. This scheme was opposed by a favorite "butt" of *Mr. Punch's*, Mr. Sibthorpe, a colonel in the militia, who was guilty of the unpardonable eccentricity in those days of wearing a beard, whiskers, and moustaches. This peaceful warrior had the active assistance of the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Shaftesbury, even then known for his philanthropy, but who on this occasion as on others, took a narrow-minded view of things. A compromise was ultimately effected by removing the building to Sydenham.

Mr. Punch, who always keeps his eyes on the ladies, notices in 1852 that they are wearing hoods to their cloaks. Ever practicable, he suggests that as the hoods are not intended to cover the bonnet, they may be utilized in carrying the infants of the family. *Mr. Punch's* pages contain a sketch embodying the idea.

In 1853 "Spiritualism" appears in England for the first time, and John Leech gives the world plenty of pictures of table-moving and bat-turning, which were then considered merely drawing-room amusements, entirely unconnected with the supernatural. Later on, when the barrier which divides the invisible world from the visible was professedly removed by mediums, *Mr. Punch* adopted a very different tone, and denounced the Spiritualistic charlatans.

This year, so far as foreign affairs were concerned, may be accepted as "the lull before the storm." We were "drifting into war." The public were heedless and

Mr. Punch, at first, does not pay any very great attention to the situation. Now and then, in the spring, there is a reminder that Russia was on bad terms with England, France, and Turkey, who appear for the first time as allied; but as the year grows older every other cartoon is devoted to the Eastern question. The change of English feeling engendered by the *entente cordiale* between ourselves and our "lively neighbors" is shown in the different treatment of the emperor Napoleon III. He is now no longer "the beggar on horseback," but a highly respectable physician called in by Dr. John Bull to consult with him as to the health of the sick man of Europe.

The camp at Chobham, which was the precursor of Aldershot and Shorncliffe, gives *Mr. Punch* plenty of subjects, and it is amusing to note that some of his suggestions (for instance the formation of a shoeblack brigade for the special service of the occupiers of the tents) have since been adopted and carried into effect at Wimbledon. Among minor matters was the Cab Act, which was intensely unpopular at the time with the London Jehus, for whom *Mr. Punch* had on the whole a kindly feeling. Now, too, we observe the change in the costume of our young men. The cheery wine-party undergraduate, whom Leech had drawn in years gone by, was now succeeded by the stolid swell whose elder brother's breastpin, representing a miniature human skull, provoked the junior's envy.

The year 1854, as seen in the pages of *Punch*, seems to be one long panorama of the war in the Crimea. Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman followed in quick succession after the long pause of inaction at pestiferous Varna, and the public could think of nothing else. Again the cartoons became "heroic," and as John Leech's *forte*, in spite of an occasional example of power or pathos, was comedy, the position of artist in chief was assumed by Mr. Tenniel, whose designs for the House of Lords had a little earlier commanded universal admiration and approval. Early in the year a cut of two soldiers representing England and France, grouped in amity, was so popular under the title of "The United Service" that it was reproduced on a number of articles, inclusive of playing-cards.

After the war, one of its incidents — the spread of the beard and moustache movement — attracted perhaps most attention. In spite of *Mr. Punch's* chaff, and John Bullish objections to anything

that seemed foreign and unclean, the fashion became firmly established.

Among other matters claiming to divide attention with the war, was an attempt to introduce legal examinations as a qualification for the bar. *Mr. Punch* did not take up the matter with much heartiness. One of his contributors, "Mr. Briefless," although a sound lawyer, was much in favor of existing institutions, so after a little genial quizzing the subject was dropped, for twenty years.

Looking at the year's amusements, the production of a version of "Faust" by Mr. Dion Boucicault at the Princess's, under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, seems to have been the event of the season. Under the title of "Poodle Mephistopheles" the play is criticised very harshly. "All the poetry, all the grandeur, is discharged from Goethe, the imagination and the subtleties of the master being supplied by the pulleys of the machinist and the colors of the scene-painter." So says *Mr. Punch*, who disposes of Mr. Kean's own performance by roundly abusing him, and then admitting his new nose to be perfect. "It has the true demoniacal curve. We never saw a better view of the devil's bridge." Among the "small beer chronicles" of the drama, a "list of prices for puffs in a pantomime" is given, which might in all seriousness have been adopted by the manager of a theatre to day; and Evans's supper-rooms, "late Joy's" (it is now the "New Club" in Covent Garden) are alluded to as recording a recent change of proprietorship.

The war was prosecuted with vigor (at any rate in the pages of the *London Charivari*, during 1855), and the cartoons are consequently nearly all of a pugnacious character. Early in the year John Leech's "General Février turns Traitor," showing the czar succumbing at the touch of the skeleton death attired in the Russian uniform, attracted much attention. Peace negotiations were carried on, but without result, beyond establishing the reputation (in the chronicles of *Mr. Punch*) of the king of Prussia as a besotted winebibber, on account of his devotion to the champagne of the Veuve Clicquot. It has since been proved that the facts were not sufficient to warrant so grave an accusation. Perhaps the peace negotiations were rendered the more difficult by the action of the Russians in firing upon a party protected by a flag of truce. This incident was known as "the Massacre of Hango."

In consequence of the recent development of photography (which in 1855 was in its infancy), the following imaginary P.S. to a lady's letter was published: "P.S. I send you, dear Alfred, a complete photographic apparatus, which will amuse you doubtlessly in your moments of leisure; and if you could send me home, dear, a good view of a nice battle I should feel extremely obliged. P.S. No. 2. — If you could take the view, dear, just at the moment of victory, I would like it all the better."

Among matters of social interest the "Amateur Pantomime" at the Olympic is mentioned in an article, enriched with a cut, showing Messrs. Albert Smith and Tom Holmes engaged in mortal combat. The latter survives, but most of the other players have gone over to the majority. The "Sunday question" (always cropping up) again came to the front, and was popularly treated by Leech, who contrasted the club, where the rich man could get "just a sandwich and a nice glass of hock," with the roadside inn where the artisan can only procure "a mouthful of dust and a pull from the pump." *Mr. Punch* also returns to the charge about the neglect of "Nelson's grandchildren" — the family of "Horatia" — and complains bitterly of Earl Nelson for not helping them.

Before 1856 Sebastopol had fallen, so when the new year opened the "harvest of the war" (as *Mr. Punch* christened "the blood-stained ruins") having been secured, the nations were in a better mood for considering peace. Two officers of English and French nationality are shown holding their swords in one hand and olive branches in the other, and addressing to the czar the words, "Peace if you like, but no tricks this time." Ultimately a peace was concluded, which, however, was never popular in England, as it was thought the national interests had been disregarded to suit the foreign policy of the French emperor.

The return of the Guards from the battle-field is duly chronicled, as it was some twenty years later when our gallant troops came home from Egypt. *Mr. Punch* is, and always has been, a thorough Londoner, and so any event exclusively metropolitan was sure to attract his attention, to the exclusion of subjects of more imperial interest. The Guards came back to London, and so London in general, and *Mr. Punch* in particular, is there to welcome them.

From a social point of view, however,

the most important matter was the passing of the Divorce Act, which rendered the separation of man and wife, under certain conditions, easy and convenient. One of the most important clauses in the act was carried in the House of Lords by forty-three to ten, which does not argue that the peers, spiritual and temporal, took a very deep interest in the measure.

Towards the close of 1856 the rumblings of the storm so long gathering in America, and so soon to break, were again heard. *Mr. Punch* in a cartoon shows North and South as twins — the former as an embodiment of all that is good, and the latter as the incarnation of villany. The sage of Fleet Street deprecates separation in the following lines:—

How all the despots would rejoice
Should you break up and fail;
How would the flunkies' echoing voice
Take up their masters' tale.
"Free Institutions will not do!"
Would be the cry of all the crew.

The year ends with the return of the recovered arctic ship *Resolute* by the United States government to England, which deepens the feeling in favor of the North. In the last cartoon of the bi-annual volume *Mr. Punch* calls Brother Jonathan "a good boy with his heart in the right place," while Britannia wishes him "a merry Christmas and many happy New Years." The situation is emphasized by the title to the drawing, "Mother and child are doing well."

Scarcely had the Crimean war been brought to a termination before we found ourselves in difficulties with China. Commissioner Yeh, a most truculent Celestial, had supported the action of some imperial troops who had murdered a number of British subjects. Upon this the English admiral attacked the Chinese forts, blew up their fleet, and made other reprisals. The leaders of the Tory and Radical parties objecting to this prompt action on the part of the premier, but unsuccessfully, *Mr. Punch* produced a cartoon showing "the great Chinese warriors Dah-Bee and Cob-Den" attempting to turn Lord Palmerston out. After this there was a lull in foreign politics as distinguished from domestic affairs until the outbreak of the Indian mutiny. This terrible calamity was commemorated by the memorable cartoon, "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger." This picture caused so profound an effect that in the very next number we find it repeated on a flag which a recruiting sergeant holds aloft asking for willing hands

for India. All through the year the cartoons dealing with the Indian massacres breathe the same spirit—vengeance and no mercy. Looking back at the crisis of thirty years ago, the British public seems to have lost its head. The smallest show of clemency on the part of the Indian officials is received with contempt and hostility, and “slay, slay, slay” is demanded as the order of the day. Perhaps the most unpopular man of the year was Lord Canning, the viceroy, who was accused of first causing the mutiny and then with neglecting to punish those who participated in it.

“H.R.H. Paterfamilias” once more attracted attention on the occurrence of a “great and important event.” *Mr. Punch* shows the late prince consort tying up his door knocker on the occasion of the birth of the princess Beatrice. It is strange to note that, until the hour of his death, the man whose memory is now universally respected was highly unpopular with the general public. The Democritus of Fleet Street was, and is, essentially representative, and the popular opinion of the merits or demerits of H.R.H. is constantly shown. Only a few weeks after the cartoon to which we have referred, *Mr. Punch* is drawn looking at the portrait of the prince consort at a review at the Royal Academy, and saying, “No. 24. A field-marshal evidently; h’m—very good indeed. What sanguinary engagement can it be?” That these satirical observations were made simply at Prince Albert’s expense, and were not intended to reflect upon the queen or the rest of the royal family, is shown by the extremely hearty manner in which the marriage of the princess royal was welcomed by *Mr. Punch* as representing the English feeling. John Bull is heard saying, as he hands over to the imperial princess of Germany her dowry, “There, my child! God bless you! And may you make as good a wife as your mother.”

Perhaps the most remarkable cut in the volume ending the year 1857 was one that has often been objected to on the score that the subject with which it dealt was an “impossible” one. John Leech had the courage to show two poor, gaudily dressed, famine-stricken outcasts in the dripping rain asking one another at midnight “How long have you been gay?” At the time, this wonderfully pathetic sketch was denounced as likely to bring the color into the cheek of Dickens’s “young person,” and therefore highly “improper.” It is instructive to contrast

this “sermon in wood” with a recent “movement” in the same direction. In an age not so refined as the present (the jokes about “H.R.H. Paterfamilias” would not be tolerated nowadays) *Mr. Punch* dealt most delicately with a very difficult subject. The cut was the outcome of a long social controversy with many ramifications. A branch of the question was the advisability of marrying on £300 a year.

The events of 1858 were not nearly of so startling a character as those of its predecessor. *Mr. Punch* could not resist the temptation of showing “H.R.H. Paterfamilias” in his dressing-gown creating “P—pps the Fortunate a Knight of the Shower Bath.” Other days, other manners. In 1886 *Mr. Punch* doesn’t trouble himself much about court officials. Leaving Buckingham Palace, the sage of Fleet Street travelled to Knightsbridge, which was then the headquarters of the Puseyite movement. Dr. Tait (at that time Bishop of London) is shown remonstrating with his clergy as his “little men” for bringing their “toys” into church with them. The “toys” (a cross, candlesticks, and flowers) have since been declared ornaments that can be legally introduced into a place of worship belonging to the Established Church. Other “toys” referred to by *Mr. Punch* about this time were those expensive ones the household cavalry, one of whom, after alluding to the campaign in India as “sharp work,” is shown as adding, “What a hardship a soldier’s life must be!” This reproach was removed in Egypt thirty years afterwards.

The year 1859 is so capitally epitomized in *Mr. Punch*’s preface to his thirty-sixth volume that it is worth quoting.

Year of the war in the South, and the winning the Derby by Musjid;
 Year when the Oxford boat won and Cambridge was merged in the billows;
 Year Mr. Millais came out with those terrible nuns in the graveyard;
 Year the great Ebreu composer, Beer, gave “Le Pardon de Ploermel”;
 Year the first fountain for drinking was set up by Gurney, near Newgate;
 Year Alfred Tennyson uttered a trumpet-tongued warning to arm us;
 Year that King Bomba departed from out of the world he polluted;
 Year that the daughter of England gave a nice baby to Prussia;
 Year that Miss Craig took the prize for her Ode at the London Burns Festival;
 Year that the young Prince of Wales was received by the Pope at the Vatican;

Year *Mr. Punch*, the avenger, kicked Mr. Cox out of Finsbury;
 Year that the new Temple Chambers were marked with the name of Sam Johnson;
 Year that the fashion broke out of abusing our wives for bad dinners;
 Year Queen Victoria announced the India subdued was *Her* kingdom;
 Year Mr. Owen, Professor, expounded the dreadful Gorilla;
 Year that the Tories, in office, brought in another Reform Bill;
 Year that such Bill was rejected, and Derby appealed to the country;
 Year when the General Election ejected his lordship from office;
 Year that Lord Palmerston found himself Premier again on Whit Sunday;
 Year that Sam Warren, the Poet, was raised to be Master in Lunacy;
 Year that the Westminster Clock began to have thoughts about moving;
 Year that the gay Floral Hall rose alongside the Opera House;
 Year the Welsh child in the Gallery howled while Lord Stanley was speaking;
 Year that the Emperor Napoleon the Third entered Milan in triumph;
 Year that the Thames smelt as bad as it did in the year antecedent.

In 1860 Mr. Gladstone is chancellor of the exchequer in the Palmerston Cabinet. Italy is successful in her struggle for freedom under Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. The emperor Napoleon desires that Italy should obtain peace and that the French troops should be able to quit Rome without compromising the security of the pope. This is illustrated in *Mr. Punch's* cartoon (October 13) of "The Friend in Need," where Louis Napoleon is saying to the pope, "There, cut away quietly and leave me your keys. Keep up your spirits, and I'll look after your little temporal matters." The legend here confuses the spiritual and temporal powers, but later on (October 1, 1870) it will be seen that *Mr. Punch* had clearly mastered the distinction when he depicts the pope as surrendering the temporal power to King Victor Emmanuel, while he retains the spiritual power which the latter has no authority to touch. This exactly illustrated the attitude of Pius IX. towards the king of Italy, between whom there was popularly supposed to exist a strong personal affection.

The great volunteer review of June 23rd, 1860, is recorded by *Mr. Punch* in a cartoon representing the queen in a sort of huntress's uniform resting her rifle on *Mr. Punch's* head, which is surmounted by a volunteer cap. At what her Majesty is taking aim is not mentioned, but this is

an unimportant detail, as the queen's aim must always be the welfare of her subjects.

Leech in his sketches of this review shows that crinolines were still in vogue, that the policeman's uniform still consisted of the high chimney-pot hat and tail-coat, and that schoolboys were wearing a sort of Spanish toreador's cap, which soon developed into a kind of "pork-pie" hat.

The summer had evidently been a wintry one, as *Mr. Punch* in a cartoon (drawn by John Leech), dated July 14th, 1860, shows the joy of Britannia on welcoming the "Long-lost Sun" to her shores, where all "the corn had been spoiling—to say nothing of the strawberries."

In the Royal Academy list the names of Pickersgill, Hunt, Richmond, Morris, and G. D. Leslie are honorably mentioned. Mr. Whistler's talents are recognized; indeed *Mr. Punch's* critic says that his picture of "At the Piano," No. 598, "shows genius." Also the water-color portraits by Mr. Moore come in for a word of praise from "Jack Easel," who tells us how he passed through the "Condemned Cell," by which he means "the room devoted to rejected contributions." He describes what he sees there. Do the rejected ones nowadays lie in the condemned cell till late in July? Is there not an exhibition of the Great Unhung?

A half-page picture by Mr. Tenniel shows John Bull in a fearful temper at having to pay £4,000,000 for the expenses of the Chinese War. This delayed the reduction of the paper duty.

A cartoon represents John Bright as a Quakeress throwing a torn census paper in the face of Mother Established Church. The victory remained with the Dissenters.

The Berkely peerage case occupied legal attention. It was heard before Lords Redesdale, Brougham, Kingsdown, and others. The chancellor sums up the sitting with these words: "We have made very good progress to-day and we must not hurry. Admiral Berkely has been for sixty years and more without a peerage, so he can wait a little longer and we can't."

Volunteer movement in full force. Volunteers been bivouacking in the park, and "Master cleaning that there dratted rifle in the kitching," is drawn by Mr. Charles Keene. The Spanish cap for young men in country suits has come into fashion; also turndown collars.

This summer a new ride in Kensington Gardens is opened. It is a great boon to equestrians and is protested against by the stupid "Westry." What a pity this

ride is not revived and two or three more shady ones made, after the manner of the avenues in the Bois de Boulogne!

Sir Colin Campbell returns from India, and *Punch* in full volunteer uniform at the head of a regiment, in which we recognize such other distinguished volunteers as Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, salutes "the conquering hero."

"Spiritualism" and "spirit-rapping" are coming to the front again and are trenchantly satirized. The late Mr. Medium Home gets a severe rapping. *Mr. Punch* points out the need for reform in bankruptcy proceedings.

John Bull determines to spend some money in his dockyards and arsenals, meaning thereby no offence of course to anybody, least of all to Louis Napoleon, who is armed to the teeth. This is in a cartoon for August 4th.

The return of the Irish Papal Volunteers is celebrated in a couple of verses, from which it would appear that the expedition had not been a conspicuous success.

The emperor's remarkably frank letter to Count de Persigny does not obtain much credence from *Mr. Punch*, who represents his Majesty as the wolf in sheep's clothing, and Mr. John Bull replies:—

What *has* been *may* recur. Should a Brummagem Cæsar

Try a dash at John Bull, after conqu'ring the Gauls,

I intend he shall find the achievement a teaser,
What with Armstrongs, long Enfields, and stout wooden walls.

The "wooden walls" were still quoted.

The expenses of projecting the Suez Canal are noted by *Mr. Punch*, who keeps an eye on M. de Lesseps.

A cartoon represents "The Two Sick Men," the pope and the Turk, with Napoleon as the physician who has done no good to the former with his doses of steel, and is now giving the latter his "gruel."

About this time *Mr. Punch* takes Lord Shaftesbury and others to task for their bigotry in depriving one Mr. Turnbull, a Roman Catholic, of the office of calenderer of foreign papers in the State Paper Office. This gentleman was especially fitted for the post and did some excellent work, but the persecution to which he was subjected by the ultra-Protestant party hastened his death. "This," says *Mr. Punch* indignantly, "is altogether a most inexplicable case of Protestant terror," and he summons Lord Shaftesbury to call at his office and explain.

The sage of Fleet Street highly praises the conduct of two clergymen of the name of Hayles, of Llanelly, who inter two hundred and thirty bodies of persons lost in the Royal Charter, and proposes a testimonial for the Reverend "Robin Redbreast" brothers.

August 25th, 1860, Lord Palmerston, in a cartoon as a valet, tells the gamekeepers "it's no use their waiting, as their masters won't be up for a long time." A protracted session.

The Prince of Wales is in Canada, and *Mr. Punch* protests against H.R.H. being pestered by advertising tradesmen. Spiritualism is ridiculed in the letterpress, and in pictures by John Leech. The ministerial government dinner takes place at the end of August, and Lord John Russell on the balcony of the Trafalgar complains of the size of the whitebait, whereupon Lord Palmerston replies, "Oh yes, you would make it so late this season."

Mr. Spurgeon is mentioned, and is supposed to write a letter in verse recounting what he had seen on the Continent.

Everybody in September has gone out of town; Pam and Johnny Russell are packing up, and the "social" cuts, *i. e.*, half-page and quarter-page pictures, are all about holidays, travelling, fishing, and shooting. Mr. Briggs goes to the Highlands and crosses a park in which somebody's favorite bisons are kept.

The next cartoon is about the harvest, and Mr. Charles Keene represents a solitary swell left in town chatting with a crossing-sweeper. The swell in question is a member of the Rag (he calls it "Wag": this affectation was as much "the thing to do" as it was when Bulwer Lytton wrote "Money"), and wears weeping whiskers, cutaway coat, low shoes, and balloon trousers.

To Charles Keane, on tour in the provinces, *Mr. Punch* devotes a chaffy paragraph. This actor has not been noticed for some time in *Mr. Punch's* pages.

Spurgeon, the pope, Cardinal Wiseman, Mr. Babbage (of calculating fame, and much disturbed by organ-grinders), spirit-rapping, Garibaldi, all come in for paragraphs, and the last mentioned is represented in one cartoon as driving the saints of the Roman calendar out of Italy, and in another as sympathetically suggesting to the pope that he should exchange his tiara for the cap of liberty. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says Shakespeare, and—it is capable of arithmetical demonstration—the head that wears a triple crown must be trebly uneasy.

The Prince of Wales is now in America, and presently *Mr. Punch* has some letters about his progress in the United States, and a cartoon entitled "The Next Dance," in which H.R.H. is represented as being introduced to pretty Cousin Columbia as a partner.

In October, 1860, there is an amusing article on "The Registration Court." It is a dramatic dialogue, evidently *à propos* of a generally haphazard manner of conducting business on the part of revising barristers.

Nearly all the cartoons just now are occupied with foreign politics, in which the pope, Italy, Victor Emmanuel, the king of Naples, Garibaldi, and the emperor of Austria play conspicuous parts.

Leech has a very funny sketch, a half-page, of Brighton at this time of year. Israelitish "gents" are on the parade wearing velvet coats, big trousers, and "pork-pie" hats. The ladies — one of decidedly Jewish type — appear in enormous crinolines, pork-pie hats, and their hair in nets. In another part of the same number there is a short paragraph announcing, under the title of "New Jewry," that "Baron Rothschild is stated to be arranging for the purchase of Palestine, with a view to the restoration of the Jews. Rents at Brighton are expected to go down two-thirds." In this respect alone Brighton has not much changed in the last twenty years; it is still *Jerusalem-super-mare*.

Mr. Punch chaffs Dr. Cumming in a friendly way in consequence of the latter having alluded to something "the celebrated satirist" has written about his having prophesied the end of the world in 1867 and then taken a lease of a house for twenty-one years.

This year a home for dogs was started at Islington, and *Mr. Punch* punningly suggests that a more appropriate site for it would have been Kenilworth.

Mr. Punch's nautical poet now sings that the hearts of oak and wooden walls have come to an end, and that henceforth "ribs of steel are our ships, engineers are our men," and then he goes on, —

We're steady, boys, steady,
But always unready:
We've just let the French get before us again.

The history of the British navy repeats itself, and the scare about our "unreadiness" is periodical.

The "latest Parisian folly — the spoon-shaped bonnet," is immortalized in a sketch by John Leech.

November 30, 1860. One of *Mr. Punch's* poets writes some verses about "The Drag on the Treasury Coach," which "Bill Gladstone" had been driving.

John Bull has good pluck and firm faith in his luck,

And likes a bold rate of progression;
It's hard to make *him* shy, but that son of Nimshi,

Bill Gladstone, did *that* all last session.

And so John Bull, jumping down —

Amazed that he'd not had a tumble —
Says he, "Next time *you* drive, sure as I am alive,

I'll send a safe guard in the rumble."

And in consequence "Pam" puts up
"Fred Peel," bidding him —

To the drag have an eye, and remember us,
boy,

You're put there to keep William in order.

Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer, attracts the notice of the sage of Fleet Street.

The emperors of Austria and Russia and the king of Prussia hold a conference at Warsaw, and *Mr. Punch* records their probable dialogue.

The sentimental ballad becomes a nuisance, and *Punch* proposes some simple songs instead of "Will you love me then as now?" and "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," which were at this time rather too popular.

Notable is the reappearance of Prince Albert in the cartoon for November 10, 1860. He is bald-headed, wears stock and turn-down collars, tightly buttoned frock coat very much taken in at the waist, and tightly strapped trousers. It is on the occasion of the return from America of the Prince of Wales, who, dressed as a Yankee, is seated in a chair with his legs on the mantelpiece (on which is a glass of sherry cobbler with straws and ice in it), and while he whittles a stick and smokes a cigar says to his father, "Now sir-rec, if you'll liquor up and settle down, I'll tell you all about my travels." This picture is by Leech.

A poem on the burial of Lord Dundo-nald, in Westminster Abbey, November 13. This is the final verse: —

Ashes to ashes! Lay the hero down;
No nobler heart e'er knew the bitter lot
To be misjudged, maligned, accused, forgot;
Twine martyr's palm among his victor's crown.

The convention between China and the allied powers having been signed in October, Lord Elgin insists on the terms being

strictly adhered to by the Chinese emperor. This is shown by the cartoon, November 24, entitled "New Elgin Marbles."

The volunteer movement was very much to the front about this time, and Mr. Charles Keene was perpetually sketching amusing incidents in volunteer drill.

A small theatre inside Her Majesty's Theatre was opened, called the Bijou. Here Madame Doche performed. It was very badly ventilated, and *Mr. Punch* justly complained. Fechter was playing "Ruy Blas" at the Princess's, and the sage of Fleet Street was much delighted with the performance. He alludes at this time to his favorite paper, the *Musical World* (it was then being edited by "Jimmy" Davison, musical critic of the *Times*), and he suggests, *à propos* of a promenade at Baden-Baden having been christened *L'Avenue Meyerbeer*, that in London we ought to have a "Balfe Square, a Wallace Crescent, a Macfarren Avenue, and a Clara Novello Park." By the way, when there recently arose a difficulty about naming the new space between the Criterion and the Pavilion, it is a pity that this hint of *Mr. Punch's* was not again brought forward and acted upon.

Mr. Punch advises the Southwark electors to take Mr. Layard as their Parliamentary representative. In the same number his cartoon represents "The Eldest Son of the Church" as Prince Henry trying on the papal tiara, while the pope is just waking up and looking on in horrified astonishment. *Mr. Punch* asks, "Why can the emperor of the French never be pope?" and replies, "Because it is impossible that three crowns can ever make one Napoleon."

Mr. Punch's cartoon of "A Friendly Visit," shows the empress of the French taking tea with the queen. Her imperial Majesty arrived in England in the most informal manner, went to Scotland, visited the queen at Windsor, and returned home very much the better for her trip.

The "spoon bonnet" becomes fashionable here, and two little boys salute its appearance with "Oh, if 'ere ain't a gal been and put on a dustman's 'at!"

Mr. Punch, for the worst conundrum, gives as a prize Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," bound in extra calf. This says much for the popularity of the book.

Passports for British subjects were abolished (December 16) in France, and the last cartoon of the year depicts Louis Napoleon giving John Bull the latch-key, so that he can "come and go as he likes."

Mr. Punch's fortieth volume (1861) opens with a preface about M. Paul du Chaillu and the gorillas; and in the "Almanack" for the new year, where, incidentally, we may generally expect to find some records of the year just departed, we find crinolines, flowers, and low-necked evening dresses in fashion, the ladies mostly wearing wreaths, the *chevelure* covering the ears, and very full at the back of the head; while one or two show it tightly brushed back behind the ears, where it descends in a profusion of curls. An order for cutting off the whiskers has been issued at Aldershot, and of course a hairless subaltern is regretting the absence of one of his greatest amusements.

The sports in the north were the same then as now—our authority being the immortal Mr. Briggs, who takes a party to join him in deerstalking. The "swells," in Highland costume, are all smoking short pipes, while military-looking men are wearing full whiskers, moustaches, and their chins clean shaven. When riding, ladies wore long habits, their hair in a net, the "pork-pie" hat, or else something like the pork-pie hat, with a feather. The effect of the ladies' walking dresses when hoisted up and showing crinoline and the frill of a petticoat is very absurd. The swells in the country wear caps and pork-pie hats; but there is only one of Leech's swells at this period wearing a "pot-hat." The clergy are beginning to wear beards, and the Bishop of Rochester denounces the fashion, whereupon he is taken to task by Archbishop Punch.

The winter of 1860-61 was severe, and the streets were in a fearful mess. We have known similar instances since this date; still there has been a decided improvement in street-cleaning within the last quarter of a century.

China has to pay an indemnity to Britain, which is the subject of the first cartoon of 1861.

It is curious to note how slight is the notice bestowed upon the drama and on theatricals generally by *Mr. Punch* between '53 and '61, but in this first number he has an article about the "slang of the stage," and says that for "curiosities of advertising literature" it is difficult to beat the *Era*, which was at that time the only theatrical "trade journal." From the specimens given in 1861 the "slang of the stage" appears to be unchanged in 1886, though we believe that the *Era* has now several successful competitors.

There is a protest against the growing magnificence of "transformation scenes"

in pantomime, to the exclusion of the legitimate fun which, the writer complains —

I knew in days of yore :
The poker hot, the butter slide,
The clown laid at the door.

And this was twenty-five years ago, when the "comic business" of the harlequinade was not reduced to a couple of scenes, given at a time of night when the children are weary and longing for bed.

Mr. Punch, in a contrast, draws the county gentleman's attention to the healthiness of his stables and the insanitary condition of his cottages. Here there has been a considerable improvement; but it is difficult to educate the laborer up to availing himself of the resources of civilization.

The "butts" from time to time are the Rev. Hugh Stowell, an ultra-Evangelical clergyman, Dr. McHale, the Irish Roman Catholic archbishop, "the irrational" Mr. Spooner, and Mr. Newdegate, M.P.

Incidentally we find that Lord Wilton has incurred *Mr. Punch's* just displeasure for his "muffish patronage of street organs." Alas! the race of Wiltonians has not ceased, and the liberty accorded to the Italian organ-grinder and other street banditti is one of the nuisances with which the persecuted London resident is practically powerless to cope.

It is noteworthy how Americanisms have crept in since H.R.H. returned from his American trip; for instance, *Mr. Punch* "liquors up" in honor of Mr. Sidney Herbert being made a peer.

There was plenty of skating in January, 1861. Gentlemen in the country were wearing knickerbockers, gaiters, soft wide-awakes, and caps; the pork-pie hat still being in vogue for ladies.

Stars and stripes divided, and Mrs. Carolina asserts her right to "larrup" her nigger. This cartoon is called "Divorce à Vinculo." Carolina is a virago armed with a pistol in her belt, which is apparently not a revolver.

Mr. Punch approves of a proposal to call Holywell Street "Booksellers' Row," and protests strongly against fever patients being carried in four-wheelers, suggesting instead fever-carriages, to be provided by public subscription.

Theatricals are now to receive more consideration at *Mr. Punch's* hands, and he starts a critic, signing himself "One who Pays." From him we learn that "Ruy Blas" in the previous year was successful, and that an Irish actor, one Mr. Drew, is drawing as "Handy Andy," —

but at what theatre this deponent sayeth not.

The Christmas of 1860 and 1861 over, and with the world fairly, but not this time profoundly, at peace, *Mr. Punch* prepares to celebrate the completion of the first twenty years of his history. A brief record of the following quarter of a century is reserved for a concluding article.

F. C. BURNAND.

ARTHUR A BECKETT.

From The Argosy.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY.

PART II.

SEPTEMBER 2nd. — A year has passed since the last extract given. Papa and I are to dine at Lady Freeman's to-night. It still seems strange that Amy is married, and that he and I live *tête-à-tête* together, and together go to the few parties that ever occur in this neighborhood, Strange, but pleasant. This dinner party has an unusual interest in it, as it is given in honor of poor Sir John Grant's nephew, the present baronet, who has only quite lately come home. Papa hopes he will prove a worthy successor to the good old man, and is anxious to meet him.

Sept. 3rd. — Oh, what a wonderful evening was yesterday!

We were all standing round the fire, at Lady Freeman's, talking, when Sir Marcus Gray was announced; and I think we all looked with some interest towards the door to see what the new baronet, who had come in the place of our old friend, was like.

As he entered, my heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. It was not he at all; it was not Sir Marcus. It was my friend, the man who had told me not to forget him. A strange sensation crept over me, reminding me of that terrible night — I hated anything that reminded me of it — when for the first time in my life I fainted; but I was only faint now. I soon found I was recovering my senses, before I had lost them; and, while they were still in confusion, I found that Lady Freeman was shaking hands with the new comer and introducing him to papa and other people of any importance there as Sir Marcus Gray. And then I gradually took in the fact that Sir Marcus Gray was the man I had danced with at Westbeed, and in whose society I had spent that blissful summer day.

I saw in a moment he was anxiously looking round the little group that stood by the fireside. Our eyes met. The blood rushed over his face. He was at my side in an instant, an eager hand stretched out to me, an unmistakable expression of joy in his face. His blue eyes shone with a strange fire in them.

For the rest of that evening I felt as if I were in a dream. I looked, moved, and spoke in a dream; I never woke once. Of course Sir Marcus took Lady Freeman in to dinner. Of course I fell to the share of some unimportant bachelor, and sat at a different part of the table. I eat and drank, and talked little commonplace of the most commonplace description, but it was all in a dream. I was just waiting. I knew what would happen when he was free; I knew he would come to me; and so he did. Of course; it would not have been him if he had not. I sat a little apart when the gentlemen entered the drawing-room after dinner; and some instinct told him where I was, for he walked straight from the door to my chair. He had not given himself time to look for me or see me. He came at once. And then we talked, and another day was added to my life, which now consisted of three. He told me of his disappointment when he called at our house at Westbeed to introduce himself to my father, and he found that we had left. He was only in England for a few days then. He was in the army, and intended to sell out, but his regiment being ordered on service he could not leave with honor, and it was only now he was able to do so. He intended now to settle at home. He looked happier, I thought, than when I had first met him; the expression of extreme sweetness was still in his face, but the melancholy tinge yet mingled with it was less, I thought, than it had been.

It was a perfect evening.

Oct. 1st. — I am engaged to be married to Sir Marcus Gray. My father is delighted and everybody thinks it charming. How can they help doing so? Was there ever such a marriage before? Ever such a man as he? ever such a lucky girl as I?

Papa laughs, and says I view all through rose-colored glasses. He quietly informs me that I am in love. He declares it is an excellent match for his little Lucy, but that Sir Marcus is quite as fortunate as I am. He is, he admits, good and religious, which, he informs me further, ninety-nine young men out of a hundred are *not*.

We are to be married very soon; as soon as I can get my trousseau ready.

And the reason why the engagement is only to be a few weeks is this: papa for some time now has not been very well. There is nothing seriously wrong — my dear, dear father! Ah! what should I do if there were? — but he has had advice, and the doctor tells him that though there is nothing serious, there is that amiss which might become serious if it were not taken in time. So he is to go away and have complete change of climate for a whole year. A long sea voyage is said to be the best thing for him, so he is going to Uncle George in Australia, and Fred's regiment is ordered out there just now. I think that is what made papa fix on Australia, for he and Fred and Amy will sail together immediately after my marriage.

Oct. 20th. — I write very seldom in my journal now. I am too busy. I have to be trying on dresses and choosing pretty things half the day. A baronet's bride, I find, requires a much handsomer trousseau than a captain's; and papa is so kind and generous. Then Marcus takes up a great deal of my time, and I grudge every minute almost, now, I am away from papa. I neither read nor write. I think I am the idlest girl in England, and yet I never have one moment to myself.

Nov. 7th. — I have been married a week to-day. It *does* seem wonderful. And soon I dare say I shall feel as if I had always been married, and as if the wonderful thing is that once I was Lucy Lee, not Lucy Gray. Marcus is all I ever believed him and a great deal more. What a happy girl I am! My life is a poem from morning till night and from night till morning, and the deep happiness is that Marcus is so good. I think there must have been some great grief in his life which has made him more thoughtful and serious than young men generally are, and left a tinge of melancholy in his character.

Jan. 1st. — With the new year I will begin my journal again. I *have* neglected it, but how can I be blamed for that? First, there was the honeymoon, spent in that most delightful of all ways of spending time, travelling; and during our delicious *tête-à-têtes* how could I find time to write? And then the settling at home, the gradual subsiding into home life, the receiving and returning visits and going to all the parties given in our honor; and then every moment that we could spend *tête-à-tête* I grudged bestowing on any other occupation. But visits are not so frequent now; they all have been paid and returned, and Marcus, of course, has

sometimes business in which I cannot join, and that obliges him to leave me for a while; therefore I am going to begin my journal.

Jan. 17. — What a wonderful man he is. I did not know a young man *could* be like him. He thinks so much of duty and doing good, and so very much of not being drawn into temptations, of not giving oneself the chance of sinning; and all this not for himself so much as for others. It is a beautiful character, this husband of mine possesses, and the more I study it, the more I see to admire and respect as well as to love in it. Lucky girl that I am! And how good I ought to become in such companionship!

Jan. 20. — We were walking in the shrubberies to-day. The place is so full of evergreens that on a mild winter's day one might fancy oneself in a rich green autumn. The sun shone, the sky was a pale blue just flecked with little clouds, and I was happy. I paused at an old sun-dial to examine it, and turning to speak to my husband I found his eyes fixed on me with an expression I could hardly read. Then again that old impression came over me that I had seen his eyes before I had seen him. Sad folly! I think it must be that when true lovers meet they *recognize* each other's souls, as what they have been waiting for; and his soul looks at me through those blue eyes of his, and so I seem to have seen the eyes themselves before. That winter's sky I stood under to-day is not so blue as Marcus's eyes. I do wonder whether I have seen any other eyes like them. It seems hardly possible. No one is like my husband.

"Why do you look at me so, Marcus?" I asked gently.

"I was thinking of the song 'Strangers Yet,'" he replied.

"That wicked, false song!" I cried; "you know there is not a word of truth in it."

"Now I scarcely think I agree with you, there."

"What, are *we* strangers yet?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Are we not?" he answered, smiling.

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes!" I cried; "I know you entirely; better than I know myself."

"You do?" He smiled again, but it was a sad smile. "No, Lucy, you do *not*. There is a secret in my life which I have never told you."

"Yes, I know that," I replied slowly.

He looked quickly at me. "You know

it?" he said in a sort of breathless whisper.

"I meant that I *thought* there was. I have fancied you had some past grief in your life."

He breathed freely again.

"I was a wild young fellow, my love," he said, "and there is *much* in my life I would gladly blot out of it."

"*You?*" I cried with incredulous tones.

"Yes I — even I," he replied very sadly.

"Would you love me less, dear, if you knew I had sinned?"

His eyes were fixed on me, those blue eyes of his, with an expression of desperate entreaty in them. How pathetic they looked! I felt ready to cry, and in some strange way I seemed to recognize their expression. A thrill ran over me, and I felt like one remembering. I had seen that very expression in those very eyes before. And yet I had not, because it was impossible.

Then I recollected that he had asked me a question, and I had to reflect before I could answer it.

"We are all sinners," I said, with a thought of papa's teaching in my mind; "but don't talk so, dear Marcus. I don't like it. Your beautiful conscience has made you think more of little faults, and I believe all quite young men are silly; but don't get into a habit of calling yourself a sinner, please. It is so unpleasant. Just once for all in church every Sunday does nicely for the week, and we ought to be content with that."

He could not help laughing; but even while he laughed there was a sorrowful, yearning look in his eyes as they gazed down into mine. Then he recovered himself and said very tenderly: "What is past is past, and my work now is to make you happy, my own sweet little wife."

March 2nd. — My husband has to leave me for a few days. A first separation! How earnestly we hope it may be a last! But important family business calls him to Paris. A brother he loves is in a difficulty out of which he can get him by his personal intervention. I am not very strong just now and the doctor forbids the rapid journey he must take, so farewell must be said. Oh, my darling, how shall I be able to live even a few days without you? How sad and lonely it will be! Alas for the poor women who have to spend the rest of their lives separated from their husbands! How do widows live at all? I cannot imagine it, and the mere thought of them makes me cry. But then, there are few husbands like mine. If he

were not so good and noble, if he were not perfect, I should not feel about him as I do. We have been married nearly six months and I have not detected a single fault in him. When we married, I took it as a matter of course that he must have faults, though I had not yet found them out. I may, if I choose, take it as a matter of course still, but I have not yet discovered them.

April 25th.—I will try to write down calmly the dreadful events of the past weeks. I feel that it may be a sort of relief to do so, if the word relief can ever be used by me again.

He was gone, and I wandered about the house so sad and yet so infinitely happy. Oh, did such happiness really exist as mine then? I must not write of it or think of it, or I shall die.

He had given me his keys in case I wanted anything, but as he did so he reserved one key from the bunch. I found afterwards he had made a mistake and kept back the wrong key, leaving me the one of the drawer I ought never to have opened. Two days after he was gone came a telegram to me; he had left some things behind that he wanted; and so I went to his dressing-room to find them for him. Among other drawers I unlocked one in his table, a drawer he always kept locked. I did not see in it what I was looking for, but my eye fell on something else. A book—a Bible. I knew I had seen it before. The dark blue morocco binding, with the gold edge a little shabby, struck me with a strange familiarity. Idly I opened it, and read in round childish hand my own name.

"Lucy Lee, from her dear papa on her tenth birthday." What did it mean? How did that book get here? Stay, what is this written underneath it, and written, how wonderful! in my husband's hand: "Given by her to me, Marcus Gray, on the night of the 2nd of June, 18—. From this night I go and sin no more."

And there is more still, in different, fresher ink, but the same writing, just below the first sentence:—

"Nov. 1st, 18—. Married to-day to the beautiful child who gave me this book on that memorable 2nd of June, three years ago. She saved me then and I have lived worthy of her since. To do so and to win her love, has been the one object of my life. God grant that I never give her cause to repent it."

What did it mean?

For minutes, perhaps for hours—I do not know—I stood as one stunned, the

book in my hand, my eyes staring at the words, though unable to read them again. Then through my brain like lightning, the meaning flashed; flashed never to be forgotten while memory remained; flashed with a physical agony such as lightning might perhaps inflict. He—my husband—was that sailor lad whom I had hidden in my room and to whom I had given that Bible. He—my husband—was a murderer; the murderer of Sir John Gray; of his own uncle. Everything confirmed this horrible impossibility; dreadful thoughts rushed and tumbled one over another into my mind, all making the impossibilities possible. I knew he had not been on good terms with his uncle, and that something had happened that made it painful to him to hear his name. In fact we never spoke of him, as I had discovered this before we married. Then the secret in his life, and his thought of himself always as a great sinner, and then—what with the damning evidence of the book which was enough in itself, I recollected him—yes—God help me—I did! Those blue eyes that had haunted me, that expression of passionate entreaty, I knew now where I had seen them—why I recognized them. Nay, I remembered the very features now, those clearly cut, handsome features. The slight youth had grown into the strong, broad-shouldered man, and the fair complexion and hair had been stained dark along with the sailor's disguise—that was all.

These terrible *proofs* convinced me, and as they did so I lost consciousness and fell heavily to the ground. I was aware of a sensation of thankfulness; it was the last thought I was aware of; thankfulness that I died, that the shock had killed me, and all was over.

I will think calmly: but it is the calmness of despair. Would to God I had indeed died then!

When I came to myself I was in bed and undressed. I looked for Marcus, but he was not there. A strange woman stood on one side of my bed and Dr. Winsley on the other. They seemed busy about me, and I felt surprised,

"What is the matter?" I asked. How faint and weak my voice sounded! "Where is my husband?"

Then they told me I had been ill, but that I was recovering; that I had been in bed some days, and Sir Marcus was in France; that they had not sent for him as they did not know his address. There had, they added, been no occasion to send for him, as there had not been anything dangerous in my illness, though from

weakness I had been unconscious. All this was told me gradually, and so as in no way to alarm or excite me. Afterwards I learned that I had been found in a fainting-fit on the floor, and that my illness had destroyed the sweet hopes of motherhood which had latterly been mine. I lay all that day quiet and passive in bed, and all that night and all the next day. I took nourishment and medicine, and strength returned by degrees, and Doctor Winsley said that I should soon be convalescent.

But in the middle of the second night my dreadful doom fell upon me. I suddenly, in one second of time, remembered what had happened. Sir Marcus Gray was a murderer and I was his wife!

At first I could only abandon myself to the horror of the one fact, my husband was a murderer. I seemed staring it in the face and making myself acquainted with it. Then I passed through more than the anguish of death, more than the agony even of seeing him die. But out of this came the necessity of arranging my future life. I was young and ignorant, I never thought of means and ways, and how could I carry out such a project? All I intended to do was to hide; hide so that no one should ever find me, or ever learn that I was that miserable woman, Lucy Gray, Marcus Gray's wife. I must go before my husband returned. One thing I would do. I would take my little Bible with me, and by so doing my husband would know why I had left him, and would make no search for me.

My recovery proceeded but slowly while such dreadful thoughts rent my heart in twain. I schooled myself with a desperate force, that I might gain strength enough in time, and I felt myself becoming cold and hard and old under this forced calm.

I did not read one of my husband's letters, and I did not write to him. I could not do either. But one day a telegram came to say he was anxious at my silence, that his business might keep him a week longer, but he must have a telegram to say all was well, or he should return at once.

I asked Dr. Winsley to wire that all was well, and then to write giving a favorable report of my illness, and saying that I should soon be all right again, but that I could not write at present. "And that must be followed by daily bulletins; he will be so anxious," I said quietly.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, I woke from a dream of being married to Marcus. We stood before the altar

dressed in black, in a vast gloomy cathedral, the light dim as the struggling dawn of a winter's day. It was cold; tears started from my eyes; my bridegroom stood beside me a pale, melancholy ghost. I woke suddenly, with these words sounding in my ears, as if spoken aloud, —

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

I lay absorbed in the sound.

Then words came from my heart as if in answer to the voice that spoke so loudly: "For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part. Amen."

Floods of tears fell from my eyes, that had not wept a single tear since the fatal hour when I found the Bible. I wept as if I had never wept before.

I knew my doom, and my spirit rose to it in humble prayer. I was his wife. I must stay with him. I must help. I must console. I must endure. I must live for this duty, if I could. I must not die till God saw fit to take me. I must *endure*.

As my body grew strong my mind strengthened also, and by the time Sir Marcus returned home I had schooled myself into a wonderful calm. I found myself clasped in his arms, held passionately against his breast, my face covered by his kisses. I did not shrink or falter. Ah, my love, my poor guilty love, your touch, your kiss did not repel me. How often had I pictured to myself this moment, but had I ever seen it like the reality? Had I ever thought of myself as yielding to that embrace and returning that kiss? With a sorrowful pride, my heart acknowledged that it still loved, and vowed itself yet anew to its duty.

When in the drawing-room, his blue eyes (alas, alas!) scanned me with deepest love, changing to anxiety.

"Dearest," he cried, "how ill you have been — far, far more than I dreamed of! Why, this is not my Lucy."

"It is your *wife*," I said softly, with an emphasis that I only understood on the little word; then I added: "Yes, I have been very ill — and it has been a strange illness — it seems to have changed me, as you say. I am *not* what I was."

"Lucy," he cried, again embracing me, "as you recover your strength, your gaiety will return — your hopes have been disappointed — your tender heart wounded, and I not able to console — not near you."

Then he went to dress for dinner, and after that we dined together, and together we even left the dining-room for the little boudoir in which we spent our evenings.

How sweet, how dear, how home-like it all was! Yet was it not only a burlesque, such as demon fingers might draw, of the life that *had been*? If it were a sin to harbor the criminal, verily my sin had found me out. Just then my husband, who I suppose had been telling me something amusing, gave a cheery laugh. The laugh startled me. I looked at him, and for an instant the scene around me faded as I beheld, as if with my physical eyes, that man laughing there, my husband, murdering another. I rose from my chair with a cry of pain.

"My dearest," he said, taking me in his arms, "you are still ill. What has Doctor Winsley been about? Why was I not sent for? You should be in your bed—you should, indeed."

He caught me in his kind arms and carried me, more than supported me, upstairs to my room. What could I do in that loving embrace but nestle my head on his breast, and there, my face hid, weep out my anguish? I felt in that moment as if I could have told him all, and that, with no secret between, we could bravely, though sorrowfully, live hand-in-hand our life of penitence and duty, and that, so lived, it might not be so intolerable. There would even have been a sweetness in telling him that I still loved him, loved him still, through all, notwithstanding all. But I could not do it. I felt that to him such a life might be the one thing that could not be borne.

So no word was spoken and I was left alone. Alone to weep and to pray; and my very soul seemed to lose itself in tears and in prayers before I sought my bed. I feigned sleep when my husband came, and I lay sleepless the whole night, though I wondered greatly at the calm slumber which he enjoyed.

Habit is above all things. There is something humiliating in the discovery of how soon the mind becomes accustomed to anything. Ecstatic joy or mortal anguish are accepted after the first, and cease to annoy. How many of us have said, "That I could not bear;" and have been plunged into that very unbearable grief, and learned to smile under it? Yes, and to cease to feel the burthen that *could not* be borne.

And so the days pass on. My husband thinks I have never recovered from my illness, and treats me with a tenderness and consideration that nearly breaks my heart. And he is right. I have never recovered, and the continued mental anguish, the agony that lies forever in my

heart, hidden by my quiet, calm face, is sapping the very springs of life. I am fading away; I am dying. Oh, the relief that this knowledge brings me! I am so young that I have strength to resist, but the enemy is too strong for me—that blessed enemy will conquer—I shall die.

June 1st.—It is months since I have written a line in this book. I cannot leave such a story of a life incomplete. I will finish it, for it is finished, and then I will shut up my book and write in it no more.

I grew very brave and carried on my life as it was, being everything to my husband that a wife could be, devoting myself to him entirely, and—was it strange?—loving him only the more I did so. It was, perhaps, the saddest part of my doom that I loved him still. And how beautiful his life, how noble his character would have been but for *that*—oh, bitter knowledge. An involuntary Eve, I had eaten the apple and knew evil from good.

Sir Marcus became very unhappy about me, as I, by slow degrees, day by day, faded away before his eyes. I knew I was dying and I think he saw it too. How he tended me with an atmosphere of love and gentleness that by turns pierced and soothed my poor broken heart! I do not know that we ever loved each other better than in those melancholy days when each carried a sad secret which love taught us to conceal from the other. My husband never for a moment let me believe he thought seriously of my health, but sometimes I found his eyes fixed on me with an expression that would have alarmed me, had not such alarm been only a joy. One day he asked me if I would like to go to Australia. I reflected for half a moment, and then refused with decision.

"Is my darling pining for her father and sister?" he whispered softly, encircling me with his arms. "Do not be afraid to tell me, sweetheart; I should only love you for your love of them. But let me take you to them—if you were happy, you would get well quickly."

I was eager to speak. "Marcus," I said, "it is not that. I love them, but I am your wife. Never forget that my life is yours; that I live in you and for you. Never forget it."

"Then what is it, dearest? Tell me what I can do."

But I sighed heavily, and, leaning back in my chair, closed my eyes. My heart bled for him, and then for myself. How I pitied us both.—two miserable young

creatures, scarcely more than boy and girl! I viewed them as if I was not one of them, and my heart ached with pity for them. Why had just these two been singled out for such a life as this? Why had the boy been so tempted? Why had the girl married him? But here my heart smote me. Did I indeed wish not to have become his wife? No, I did not. I wished very earnestly to die, but I never wished I had not married Marcus. When I laid down my happiness, I took up the duties of a wife, and with the duties I found I had taken up the love also. Still there was one thing, only one I never did. I never voluntarily caressed. I never kissed him or laid my head on his kind shoulders, or threw my arms round him as of old. Something kept me from this. I know not what—for I never shrank from him. I loved his kind tone and tender kisses. I do not know whether he noticed this. If he did perhaps he thought me passive from the languor of ill health.

One day he was turning over the contents of a drawer, long unopened, in the library. He was searching for photographs of himself as a boy, which I had expressed a wish to see; and to gratify a wish of mine no trouble was too great. He had looked everywhere likely, and, going to this drawer as a forlorn hope, he found them there.

"Here they are," he cried; but the next moment he uttered an exclamation which struck my ear as one of horror. I sprang from my chair and ran to look over his shoulder. He held a photograph in his hand, but it was no boy's face he regarded so intently, the portrait was not his at all. It was a photograph of his murdered uncle, Sir John Gray, and across the picture was a great red stain of blood.

I do not know why this sight overwhelmed me; my nerves ought to have been hardened by the life I had led; every hour of every day had brought to them trials surely worse than this. Yet this alone was more than I could bear; I screamed aloud and then fainted. I should have fallen, but he caught me in his arms. I did not lose consciousness entirely, but I could not stand or see. He laid me on the sofa and tenderly brought me back to life with restoratives and gentle fanning; the cool breeze seemed to reach my brain and soothe it.

"Oh, that blood, that dreadful blood!" I cried.

He stared at me wildly, terror in his eyes. Then he said softly: "Be calm, my dearest. I see what you mean. It

was not blood; it was red ink. A bottle with a little red ink in it has been spilled on the photographs."

This was too much; not blood but red ink. Not murder, I suppose, but just a little red ink. I burst out laughing, and that laugh of mine sounded in my own ears as the most horrible sound they had ever heard.

I was worse for some days after this incident, but early spring was bringing glory and freshness to the earth; and somehow a little of her sweetness crept even into my heart and revived it. I rallied. I was able to go out again, and, leaning on my husband's arm, to stroll through the gardens and see the little leaves and blossoms leap up to welcome the spring. Sometimes I felt only a soft melancholy, looking at them and feeling I should never watch them leap up in their glad homage again. Next spring Marcus would stand a lonely man among them. No poor loving wife would be with him, her heart breaking with his secret, which she betrayed not even to himself.

"Doctor Winsley recommends your riding, Lucy," he said. He was quite cheerful now in seeing me better. "I have sent for a horse, which I think will be quiet and gentle enough for you. I shall ride it myself to-morrow with a side-saddle and long garment. You will like to ride, my dearest, will you not?"

"Yes, Marcus," I replied submissively. Ah! how I loved riding once, and he heard me say so, but I cared for nothing now. I would ride if he wished it, that was all.

The following morning the horse was brought round to the hall door, and I stood on the steps to see Marcus mount him *en amazone*; a long shawl floated from the saddle, and he sat sideways with his leg over the crutch. It was a very pretty, cream-colored creature, and he rode off from the door looking back at me, smiling, and waving his hand.

That was how he left me—but ah! how did he return?

Time passed, but I did not count the minutes. Sometimes I did a few stitches of the crochet work I held in my hand; and then I leant back in my chair and dreamed waking dreams while the quiet tears to which my eyes were so well accustomed rolled silently down over my cheeks.

"How long will it last?" I thought sadly. "How long will youth within me fight with death? And what will he do when I leave him? Oh, my poor Marcus!

And as I thought this *something* came in sight on the road leading to the house. Or, rather, I opened my eyes and saw the something, which had been a few minutes in sight, for it was pretty near the house when I first beheld it. Men, two or three perhaps, huddled close together, and bearing a burden.

What was it they were carrying? As they approached I distinctly saw that it was a man, and another minute revealed to me with equal distinctness the figure and the dress. It was my husband.

For a second or two I was utterly incredulous. I saw him quite plainly and I did not believe that I had seen him at all. Then, with a great leap, my heart saw as well as my eyes, and stood still as suddenly as it had leapt. I knew I had fainted at less things, but I could not afford to faint then. I had no "leisure to be sick." I was out of the room and down-stairs, with a strength I did not know I possessed, and met them just as they were carrying him into the drawing-room and placing him on a sofa.

His face was white, his eyes shut, and he did not seem to breathe. He had fainted, of course. I ran up to him, but they tried to take me away.

"Do not come. For heaven's sake go away. It is too late; it will kill you too."

I thought the men were saying these things to me; the words sounded in my ears in a sort of chorus, but what were the words to me? It was Marcus I wanted; he was there, I was with him, and it did not matter what any one said.

"The doctor will be back in a few minutes," one of the men cried. "He went home for something for you, poor thing; not for him."

"Go away; please go away," was all I replied.

I think they spoke together and agreed to leave me till the doctor came. I think they said it was only for a few minutes, and would not harm me, and it might be best. I am not sure, but I think some such words were ringing in my ears.

I knew well, however, that I was alone with him; and, flinging myself on my knees beside him, I covered his cold, white face with those kisses that I had not given before. One prominent feeling in my mind was a keen remorse that I had withheld them.

These kisses had a wonderful power. He opened his eyes and smiled, and at that moment the doctor came in. Ah, I did not want him; I was the best doctor. Could he restore life as I had done?

Doctor Winsley looked surprised at his patient. I believe he had never thought to see his eyes open again, but what do doctors who confine their studies to matter know of spiritual power?

He was to be arranged on the sofa so as to prevent the necessity of his being carried to his bed, and Doctor Winsley did scarcely more than so arrange him, and order that he should be given stimulants and strong beef-tea at short intervals. He beckoned me out of the room when he left, and broke to me very tenderly that the case was hopeless, and beyond the skill of doctor or nurse. There would probably be a rally, and he would recover the power of speech and might be able to express all his last wishes; but no more than that was possible. There were internal injuries, and life could not last for many hours. It was a case of hours, not of days.

I listened as one in a dream. I suppose I was stunned, or it was the calmness of despair; I don't know. I have not an idea what I felt. I think I felt nothing, and yet I certainly understood that Marcus was to die.

The separation was what I had ever been looking forward to, but not thus. I had expected my own death—but *his*! I understood, but perhaps I did not believe; I was quiet; I said nothing. I cannot tell why Doctor Winsley was frightened and made me sit down and swallow brandy, and felt my pulse and looked deep into my eyes, murmuring to himself, "Poor thing, poor thing," and then charged me not to be a moment alone with him, as I was unfit, most unfit. I shook my head and told him I felt quite strong, and should watch by him myself, and no one must disturb us. He said he would look in again to see how I was; I noticed he did not say how *he* was; and then he went away.

I continued perfectly composed; I did not shed a tear; and I went back to him. I think the shock must have stunned my brain.

His eyes were open, and he was perfectly conscious.

"Dear," he said, "I feel much better. I can talk to you, but I know it cannot last. I heard every word he said to you."

His senses must have been preternaturally sharpened, as is sometimes the case in illness or after accidents, or he could not have heard.

I sat down by him and, taking his hand in mine, kissed him.

"Marcus, I don't believe you will die,"

I said, and I was surprised when I found I had said it. I did not know I was going to utter those words. Had I spoken as one does to soothe the sick? or did I really not believe it?

"Yes, I am. This is the rally he spoke of. My Lucy, I must leave you." How tenderly he looked at me! "My guardian angel, my sweet wife, I must leave you alone."

"I don't believe you will die," I repeated, and this time consciously and in full faith. Was it from the sound of the words that I had accepted their meaning? Or how was it that I did not believe it?

"I have a secret to tell you before I leave you," he sighed heavily. "I will not die with a secret between us."

"Oh, my love, I will save you the confession," I thought. "Poor fellow, poor Marcus, I will save you *that*."

I stooped over and whispered very low, while shivers ran through me and my heart beat, now fast, now faint, —

"I know it."

The color came into his white face.

"You know it?" he cried. He half raised himself and then sank back again.

"No, no, you do not — and I must not lose time. My dearest, when did you see me first? You will tell me at Westbeed."

I interrupted him. "In the garden at my father's rectory," I whispered, breathless.

How he looked at me, and how he continued to look when I added: "On the second of June, four years ago."

His gaze turned into one of amazement, almost of joy.

"You have known it all this time?" he said wonderingly. I thought he hardly realized what it was, or there would not have been that joy in his face; but perhaps he was too weak to do so.

"Not all the time. Since you left me for Paris. I found my Bible in your drawer. I read what you had written."

I spoke in little sentences; I felt as if I should never breathe freely again. His eyes did not leave my face for a moment; he seemed taking in the meaning of my words more through them than by his ears.

"You have known it all this time," he cried. "I have often longed to tell you, but dared not. My darling, why did not you tell me?"

I hardly knew then why I had not told him; my brain was confused, but something made me answer, "I dared not either."

"I want to let you know the story," he

said, "and I have not much time. You know there was always a quarrel, and he treated my mother so badly after my father's death — you know how I loved my mother. I was half mad with anger, and I was a wild fellow — I have told you that before, Lucy; always in some scrape or another. I tried to *make* him do her justice. It was money she *ought* to have, and he kept it, from some legal quibble or other. I left my regiment. I had been laid up with some trifling illness and was supposed to be still in my own room. A good fellow, Morley, a brother officer, was to conceal my absence and to let me know the minute matters looked dangerous. I got off in a smuggler's craft disguised as a sailor — my regiment was in the Isle of Man. I was like a schoolboy out on a freak. It was the fun of the thing I liked, though in a rage with my uncle, and determined to beard him — poor fellow."

Here I gave him some of the nourishment ordered; he swallowed it and continued his story: —

"I saw him and he refused everything. I said I would *make* him do it, but I had to run off, for somebody came. Later in the day I got a telegram, mysteriously worded and addressed to a false name, from Morley, bidding me return at once or all would be discovered and I a ruined man, a disgraced soldier. My craft agreed for a consideration to sail with the first tide next morning. I tracked Sir John to the wood, and again demanded my mother's money. He refused — I threatened — he pointed his gun at me, saying he was afraid of his life. I saw that mine was really in danger, jumped at him, and caught hold of the gun; he wrested it from me, and when in his hand it went off. The next moment a man, who did not know me, had me by the throat, crying out, 'You have murdered him;' and after a deadly scuffle, I flung him off. You see, if I was taken or stopped, and Sir John told who I was or anything, I was ruined and disgraced forever. So I just took to my heels and fled — I ran for my life. I did not know my poor uncle had shot himself in wresting his gun from me, but I soon found there was a hue and cry after me, which made me fear something bad had happened. Ah, my dear, you know the rest."

It was wonderful how Marcus had rallied, and with what spirit and fire he told his story. But what wonder could compare with the change wrought in the mind of the girl who listened to him? The whole world was transformed again. A

miracle had been worked. He was innocent!

A flood of joy and gratitude rushed over me. I found no difficulty in believing now. There was no stunned feeling, no impossibility. The wonder was that I had ever thought him guilty. He! Marcus! my husband! the noblest of men.

I covered his dear hands with kisses in humble reverence.

"I was such a bad fellow," he said, smiling and stroking my hair; "or, if not bad, such a thoughtless, harum-scarum fool. You saved me, little wife—you, with your innocent face, your generous actions and your book, for I kept my promise. I read it every day; I did indeed. If I am a better fellow now, it is your doing."

Was ever any creature in the world so happy as I for that one blissful minute? And then I suddenly recollected that he was going to die.

It could not be. God could not be so cruel. Just as we were again happy, in the moment that my own Marcus was given back to me, God would not take him from me.

I clung to him, I whispered in his ear: "I know you will live; I know you will live."

As for me, strength had returned to me in a wonderful manner. I had been wasting away from the hopelessness of my sorrow. With hope, the power of recovery came back. I sat by him and kept giving him the nourishment and stimulant from time to time. And by-and-by he fell asleep, and still I sat by him, while my heart went up to God in prayer and praise.

Doctor Winsley called late to see me, not Marcus. He could not believe his eyes when he found him not only alive, but in a calm, profound slumber. Beckoning me out of the room, he insisted that Sir James Paget should be telegraphed for at once.

"There is not the internal injury I apprehended. I have mistaken the case," he said gently. "I should like another opinion, and that the best that can be had. It is a most unusual case, but I hope for the best."

"I knew he would recover," I said calmly; but notwithstanding my calm words, floods of happy tears burst from my eyes.

And I was right. He recovered, and the accident left no bad effects behind, though Sir James agreed with Doctor Winsley that it was "a most unusual

case." And I got well, too; happiness is a worker of miracles, and I was the happiest girl in England. By-and-by I confessed to my husband what I had believed when I found my Bible, and he said he only loved me the better for my devotion, and called me a heroine, whose heroism had nearly cost her life. But the only sorrow I now have in the world is that anything should have made me believe that my husband was—I cannot write the word. I am so glad that the belief almost killed me. And if it had done so quite it would be no more than I deserved, and the verdict on my death ought to have been given in the three expressive words: "Served her right!"

From The National Review.

CANON KINGSLEY AS A NATURALIST AND COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

EVERSLEY is a parish favorable to the study of natural history, owing to its extensive wastes, in which wild plants and animals always abounded. The derivation of the word from the Anglo-Saxon *leah*, an open pasture among woods, and *eofer*—ever, in modern English—a wild boar, suggests that big game of that sort was still found in the woods of this neighborhood late in the Saxon period. In fact, the parish of Eversley was probably one of the last lairs of the wild boar in the south of England, and the existing village green formed, in all probability, in early times, an open pasture among the woods, or one of those natural clearances in which the earliest Saxon villages appear to have been built.

Kingsley lived for a short time as curate of the parish, after leaving Oxford, in a small cottage on the green, commencing his life-long work in the midst of a rustic population, whom he himself described as fond of poaching and regular in nothing but in non-attendance at church. It is not surprising that, in spite of his pleasing outlook on the green, enlivened as it was on summer evenings by young people playing cricket and by groups of gossiping elders, the prospect that lay before the highly educated and well-born young clergyman, who had suddenly passed from a college where he had been extremely popular to a rural curacy and a cottage, proved at first dull and irksome.

Within a year his position, from a worldly point of view, had improved; he had received the gift of the living, and

become the rector of Eversley instead of the curate, and his good fortune was completed by an early and happy marriage. But at the first blush, before he knew even the names of the members of his flock, he wrote to a friend in despair: "I am alone! My parish is particular for nothing but want of houses and abundance of peat-bogs."

The young curate's future course of life had not been at that period precisely shaped; but even before we have marked out our intended careers, with pains and care, instinct, or a consciousness of the natural bent of our powers, sometimes declares their character, and we enter, half unconsciously, the road we shall never quit. In one of the earliest letters written from the cottage on the green, Kingsley referred to the happiness which his new mode of life already afforded him, attributing that result of his labors to the daily performance of duties such as an energetic and conscientious curate could not possibly avoid in a parish so benighted as Eversley then was. In that same year, 1842, his mother paid him a visit, and reported the people already devoted to her son. In a letter of hers, written at this time, she sounds the key-note of successful curacy, and of every other kind of useful ministry, when she mentions her son's power of attracting sympathy and confidence, and his hearty interest in whatever lay in his path.

Persons who do not comprehend the character of rustics would be astounded at his estimation of the humble folk around him. "The clod of these parts," says their rector, "is the descendant of many generations of broom squires and deer-stalkers; the instinct of sport is strong within him still." "Well, he has his faults, and I have mine," he says somewhere; "but he is a thorough good fellow nevertheless, civil, contented, industrious, and often very handsome; a far shrewder fellow, too—owing to his dash of wild forest blood, from gipsy, highwayman, and what not—than his bullet-headed and flaxen-polled cousin, the pure South-Saxon of the chalk downs. Dark-haired he is, ruddy and tall of bone; swaggering in his youth, but when he grows old a thorough gentleman, reserved, stately, and courteous as a prince."

Old people in Eversley could remember the time when the royal deer sometimes used to stray into their parish, whence they seldom returned; and Kingsley himself believed the character of his flock had been greatly influenced by their sport-

ing proclivities, and the freedom enjoyed by a thinly scattered population in a wild district.

It is not surprising that the rector who estimated his flock so highly should have been himself esteemed by them. His opinions on subjects relating to the working classes were reflected in his private intercourse with the rustic people about him. To the laborers of Eversley he became a friend and father. His bearing towards them was entirely unconventional, and at a time when hand-shaking was not so common as it is now, he never omitted that friendly form of greeting. He would join the laboring men occasionally at the bar of the village inn in passing, taste their beer, smoke a pipe with them, make them laugh, and sometimes make them cry. All this was the genuine expression of his sympathy, and the manly race among whom he lived thoroughly appreciated his conduct, knowing well the worth of their friend and teacher, and comprehending his eminence outside their circle.

Kingsley's life at Eversley consisted in the unwearying performance of duty, without noise or apparent effort. The village church was now always full, the Dissenters desisted from their opposition and came to church, drawn thither by the rector's power of attraction, the magic of a good man's influence. All that Carlyle so passionately preached in regard to "work" and "duty," Charles Kingsley habitually practised in his daily life at Eversley. "I have learnt," he said in a letter to an old schoolfellow, "to do the duty which lies nearest me; and if a man be busy about his duty, what more does he require, for time or for eternity?"

"All the poor," said one of his parishioners to me, still grieving for his loss, "flocked to him. I never saw such affection for any man before, or such a sway as his was, and all because they loved and trusted him." "And the rich too?" I asked. "When the people come round a man the rich must follow," was the reply; and I dare say that, in the simple life of a country parish, the squire and farmers cannot long resist the influence which wins their humbler neighbors, though such a prophet on the labor question as the author of "Alton Locke" may not at first have been understood.

Some squires and farmers, thirty years ago, would hardly comprehend his treatment of the poorer class, his shaking hands with humble folk, and his advocating Sunday recreation for people shut up in cities. I mentioned his humor. Some

persons would hardly understand his famous picture of a village pump, which he sent up to an examiner at Cambridge with a paper on mechanics in the mathematical tripos. He was first-class in classics and second in mathematics. The candidate had to "describe the common pump;" and Kingsley, having no more to say on the subject, drew a great picture of a pump on a village green, padlocked and chained, with a stately beadle, and people waiting with empty buckets, and a notice on the spout, "This pump locked during divine service." Those who dislike such humor may be glad to know that, from a curate, he filled his church to overflowing. Radical as some might deem him from his sympathy with the popular movements of forty years ago, his busy life at home, "unresting, untiring" in the performance of duty and of daily drudgery, condoned all faults, even among those country gentlemen and others who could not share some of his opinions.

Occasionally, though rarely, Kingsley followed the hounds. His love of sport was undisguised. "Is it not a joy," he says, "to see such a thing alive? It is to me, at least." He is speaking here of a noble fox-hound, for which Mr. Morrell gave £200. "Well worth the money," says the rector; and then he thus describes Virginal finding a fox. "Old Virginal's stern flourishes; instantly her face quickens. One whimper, and she is away full-mouthed through the wood, and the pack after her; but" (surely this is a saving clause) "not I. I am not going with them. My hunting days are over. Life, as my friend Tom Brown says, is not all beer and skittles; it is past two now, and I have four old women to read to at three, and an old man to bury at four; and I think you will respect me the more for going home and doing my duty."

A many-sided man usually excites some prejudice, and the sporting tastes which would not have damaged him at Eversley might have done so elsewhere. But it is one thing to feel a passion, or a natural inclination, another thing to indulge it too freely; and the rector, as a sportsman, was most abstemious. In spite of a few days' fishing in the season, and an occasional ride to the meet on a well-bred screw which he usually rode, preferring clever hacks of breed, though slightly blemished, and not caring to indulge in costly horse-flesh, he was from first to last a great worker. When in training, as a curate, for the busy life before him, he described a day's routine in these words:

"I have since nine this morning cut wood for an hour; spent an hour and more in prayer and humiliation, and thereby established a chastened and happy tone which lasts till now; written six or seven pages of a difficult part of my essay; taught in the school; thought over many things while walking; gone round two-thirds of the parish visiting and doctoring; and written all this."

He practised music for the sake of the singers, and medicine for the sake of the poor scattered over a wide parish, and acquainted himself with the wages and wants of the people generally. If definitions are needed as to the best and most useful life a country parson can lead, there can be no doubt it should be practical and active rather than meditative. The rigid methods of effeminate ascetics, hermits, and sin-hunters, ever self-accusing, preferring "holy thoughts" to good actions, a cell and a scourge to a parish and a constant round of duties, was not the choice of the energetic Kingsley, either as a curate or rector. We are told, by those who best know, that the practical life he led was one secret of the great influence which he enjoyed; that he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers, pitch hay with the hay-makers. He knew every fox-earth on the moor; the master of the fox-hounds and his huntsmen and whippers-in in scarlet attended his funeral, and the hounds were brought to the spot outside the churchyard wall, to honor the friend of sport and manly exercises, who would ride to the meet no more. He knew, from knowledge gained as a follower of "the gentle craft," where the trout lay, and the still holes of the chub. Surrounded as he was by streams and ponds, he allowed himself a little fly-fishing, and he would have used the rod more — the rod that hurts fish only — but for want of time; so he employed it rarely and for relaxation, as in the case of his other sports.

Whatever may be said of fishing in the abstract, or of the moral or immoral influence of sport, the social habits of the rector placed him in sympathy with his people. He was at home with all classes among them. With the farmer he discussed the rotation of crops, and with the laborer the science of hedging and ditching; and yet, while he seemed to ask for information, he often gave more than he received.

The rustics of his flock oddly but affectionately called their famous rector "Un-

cle." They had found him through many years without variableness, their best and wisest, as well as most witty and amusing friend. He had started all their best institutions, or at least made them flourish — church-going, for example, instead of loafing about unlaced and idle; cricket, schools, clubs, and more modes of making the best of the blessing of existence than I can find room for in this catalogue. He had effected in his parish as much or more than Professor Henslow at Hitcham, or Mr. Rham at Wingfield, or Mr. Stubbs at Granborough. He stands among the first of those country clergymen who have taught their flocks "pure religion, breathing household laws," by the influence of acts and deeds.

Those who are familiar with the life of Kingsley must be aware that he shared one of the commonest tastes of country people, and one which usually fascinates the young, and which Professor Henslow encouraged with excellent effect in his Suffolk parish. He had always been a naturalist. As a schoolboy he used to climb the tallest trees and examine the most unapproachable birds' nests in the topmost branches, doing so as a student bent on observation and not for the purpose of taking the eggs or destroying the young ones.

At Oxford he had passionately devoted himself to zoology and botany. At Chester, where he resided a short time, he founded a most useful field club. At Wellington College he riveted the attention of the boys by delightful lectures on the wonders of nature, and at home on the moors or in the fir plantations of his "winter garden," nothing relating to his favorite study escaped his notice. "Feed on nature," he says in his well-known essay called "My Winter Garden," and he shows the same love for the same good old dame in these simple verses: —

Come wander with me, she said,
Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the Manuscript of God!

And he wandered away and away
With Nature the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more wonderful tale.

Beyond the boundaries of Eversley, after the publication of his earliest volumes, Kingsley was weighed at first in

such scales as the world employs in its estimation of a man not yet well known and not at all understood. To some his theology, as the friend and champion of Maurice, seemed extremely faulty; to others, after "Alton Locke" was published, he was little better than a Chartist of the Feargus O'Connor type. To Eversley alone, both in the early days of his notoriety and afterwards of his fame, he was always the same simple-minded, faithful friend and teacher, a perfect parish priest.

Professor Hoppin of Yale College, in his book on the "Old Country," written after touring through the places he describes, assured us, and might have told Kingsley if he had been at home when he called, that America loved and honored him, and that a great enthusiasm existed for him in England; but Eversley knew nothing of this outside fame except by the merest hearsay. It only knew him as a parson such as Eversley had never seen before.

In Mrs. Kingsley's life of her husband,* a letter by their son sketches, in a homely way and from memory, the rector and his boys walking to Bramshill on a Sunday evening, and describes the kind of conversation that beguiled the way.

He says that on Sunday evenings the whole family generally walked over to the services which were held in the schoolroom at Bramshill. Sweep, the retriever, would follow them stealthily a short distance, and then stand with ear cocked and one paw up, hoping against hope that he might be allowed to come on. And very unwillingly his master used to send him back with a sorrowful "No! go home, Sweep." The rector would then stride on. Then he would pause and look down the cultivated valley winding through the purple heaths, the rectory among its trees the nearest roof, and then the hamlets and the village greens, with, perchance, cricketers upon them. Even for such a lapse as cricket on a Sunday evening he had not always a reproof. "For cricket," he would say, "is better than beer; and the poor lads don't get a chance to play on week-days. But," he would add, speaking to his children, "remember, you do."

As they cross the moor, which has since been sown with self-scattered fir-seed, and is fast becoming a forest, his talk would drift, perhaps, from sport to natural history. He would point out the fox's earth

* Charles Kingsley: *His Letters and Memories of Life*. Edited by his wife.

as they passed, and direct attention to the tiger-beetle that whirled from beneath their feet; or the night-jar, which the approach of the party had disturbed a few hours before evening, its usual time of flight. And ever and anon some incident of a pleasant stroll would strike a deeper chord of his religious nature, and then, sometimes, a few words spoken with the insight which poets possess, would entirely remove some of the troublesome stumbling-blocks which his young hearers, in the course of their cogitations, had not been able to dispose of unaided.

It is pleasing to recall the distinguished rector's attachment to dumb animals among the traits of his every-day life. Like Mrs. Somerville, he believed that some of the created beings inferior to man were destined to share the blessings of a future state of existence. His dog and his horse were his friends. As a perfect horseman, possessing the patience and much of the skill of a Rarey, he was a pattern to all who ride, reasoning with the animal he governed, and talking to it in gentle tones, mindful that the panic-fear both of horses and children is increased by harsh punishment. A Scotch terrier named Dandy was the rector's companion in all his parish walks, a diligent attendant at cottage lectures and school lessons, and a friend of the family during thirteen years. He was buried near home, under those fir-trees on the lawn, beneath whose shade his master himself now lies. *Fideli Fideles* is the inscription on Dandy's gravestone. Close by lies Sweep the retriever; and Victor, a Teckel, presented to her distinguished chaplain by the queen, rests on the same spot.

Even in this brief narrative, one would not willingly omit to mention the rector's cats, the delight they afforded, and the affection they yielded, nor the "natter jacks" (running toads) of the garden, the sand-wasps which frequented a cracked window-frame, the fly-catcher that nested every year beneath the master's bedroom window, and the favorite slow-worm of the churchyard.

Kingsley's children were taught to handle gently even toads, frogs, and beetles, these being, as he would tell them, "the works and wonders, like all things, he has made, of a living God." That such lessons were effective, his little girl proved one day by requesting "Daddy," before numerous guests, "to look at this delightful worm," a very long one which wriggled in her hand.

"Study nature," he says. "Do not

study matter for its own sake, but as the countenance of God. Study the forms and colors of leaves and flowers, and the growth and habits of plants; not to classify them, but to admire them and adore God! Study the sky! Study water! Study trees! Study the sounds and scents of nature! Study all these as beautiful in themselves in order to combine the elements of beauty."

When Mr. Darwin published his paper on climbing plants, the rector wrote from Eversley to thank him for having made the study of nature a "live thing, not a collection of names." *Lathyrus nissolia* had been an old puzzle of his. The mystery was solved. The explanation of the filament at the petiole end of the bean was equally satisfactory. "My work," he added, "lies elsewhere now. Your work, nevertheless, helps mine at every turn."

Kingsley's oral or written teachings in the department of natural history seem to me the most fruitful of his many labors. Who can measure the effects of his delightful lectures at Wellington College when it was first erected among the fir woods of his own district? He recommended the collection of specimens for the College museum, and declared to Sir Charles Lyell, whom he addressed on the subject, "I shall go shamelessly a-begging for typical forms of any kind, the intermediate gaps to be filled up by the boys themselves." At Chester he engaged in the same useful work, starting a class on physical science, which grew into the Chester Natural History Society, numbering six hundred members, with a president, a secretary, monthly meetings, summer excursions, and winter courses.

Would that every country curate were such a naturalist as Kingsley! Many a picturesque sentence in his writings bears witness to his love of that "winter garden" he described so well, and of its four native evergreens—the Scotch fir, holly, furze, and heath. The fir plantations of Bramshill stretch nearly four miles from the rectory gates, and there are none in England superior to them, no Scotch firs in the country better than the big trees in Bramshill Park.

The Bagshot sand formation of this district is particularly favorable to the Scotch fir, but there are spots where belts of clay alternate with the rolled gravel and sand of Bagshot, and here every kind of tree, English or imported, except the elm, grows well and rapidly. Lord Eversley has a rare collection of beautiful trees at Heckfield, which Kingsley delighted in,

and which the noble owner can still enjoy at the patriarchal age of ninety-two.

The fir woods of Bramshill Park, which I passed through in travelling to Eversley from Strathfieldsaye and Heckfield, were a source of constant delight to Kingsley. "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," and in this parish they are literally pathless, and well-nigh endless. Seated beneath the noble Scotch firs on the rectory lawn, he could scan a wide prospect of fir forests, which, in letters and idyls, he often mentioned. The house at Bramshill was built for Prince Henry, son of James I., whose death opened the way to a throne and scaffold for Charles I. It is said to be the finest Jacobean mansion left in England. Noble specimens of tufted chestnuts and of oaks grow in clumps about the house, or in avenues at the approaches, but the Scotch firs are the great boast of Bramshill, and the tree is said to have been reintroduced here by James I. "But whatever may have been the date of their reintroduction," says their chief historian and admirer, "here they are, and no one can turn them out!"

Some years since, however, several devastating heath fires had encroached upon the fir woods of Bramshill, and every able-bodied man stood ready at all times to turn out. One Sunday the rector, whose church had been empty till his coming into the parish, was preaching to a crowded congregation, when a messenger arrived with news of a fire. His neighbor's ox was in the pit, so, leaving the curate to conclude the service, he rushed out, leaped over the next fence in surplice, hood, and stole, and went, in sporting phrase, "straight away" for the fire. And no one was more active and useful than he was in arresting that devastating enemy.

It was at Bramshill that Abbott, Archbishop of York, an ancestor of his own, met with that sad misfortune of his life, the shooting of a keeper, and thus he tells the tale. "I went, the other day, to Bramshill Park, the house of the *seigneur de pays* here, Sir John Cope (now succeeded by Sir William), and there I saw the very tree where an ancestor of mine, Archbishop Abbott, in James the First's time, shot the keeper by accident. I could fancy the noble old man, very different then from his picture as it hangs in the dining-room at Chelsea. I could fancy the deer sweeping by, and the rattle of the cross-bow, and the white splinters sparkling off the fatal tree as the bolt glanced and turned; and then the death-shriek, and the stagger and the heavy fall of the

sturdy forester; and the bow dropping from the old man's hands, and the blood sinking in his heart in one chilling rush, and his glorious features collapsing into that look of changeless and rigid sorrow which haunted me in the portrait upon the wall in childhood. He never smiled again! As I sat under the tree there seemed to be a solemn and remorseful moan in the long branches, mixed with an airy whisper of the lighter leaves, that told of present as well as past."

Among the woods the phenomena of a self-grown fir forest, the shedding of the seed, and the gradual extension of the young plantation, were sights of intense interest for Kingsley, and he has described them well. As a clergyman, his close observation of the facts of nature, and his love of natural science, became instruments of great use in dealing with ignorance, that parent of idleness and source of vice. People found him a man of infinite attractiveness, and the customary inattention of the young vanished in his presence. They hung on his lips, and listened to his "message" with rapt attention. His church, we are told by that editor of his life who lost in him the best of husbands, while his parish lost the best of friends, became the very centre of village life. Even the gipsies on the waste spoke of Eversley as their parish church, wanderers as they were, and declared, after his decease, in their picturesque style, that he went to heaven on the gipsies' prayers.

When Wellington College was founded in honor of the duke, four miles from his house, Kingsley helped the new institution, as Dr. Benson, its head master — the present Archbishop of Canterbury — said, wonderfully, and in the readiest and most modest way. His mere presence helped the games, and filled the boys with energy. The "Kingsley" steeplechase was the event of the year. Then his lectures on geology and natural history, says the grateful head-master, were among the most brilliant things he ever heard, and riveted the attention of two or three hundred boys for an hour and a half, or two hours, and many good proverbs of life sparkled among them. He wrote an admirable paper on school museums, and induced the Royal College of Surgeons, and various friends, to present the college with many exquisite natural-history specimens. It was he who started all the collections, and his little speeches at the close of winter-evening lectures, especially an harangue in pure Dorset dialect, de-

lighted both the boys and their learned masters.

As at Wellington College, so at Chester, where he once lifted a lump of coal from the table, and exclaimed to a breathless audience, "A diamond, nothing less," and then unfolded the science and the poetry of the life of plants and all about the sunbeams prisoned in the coal. "Those were bright afternoons, all classes mingling together; people who had lived next door to each other in Chester for years, perhaps without exchanging a word, now met on equal and friendly terms in pursuit of one ennobling object, and found themselves all travelling in second-class carriages together, without distinction of rank or position, to return at the end of the long summer evening to their old city, refreshed and inspirited, with nosegays and wild flowers, geological specimens, and happy thoughts of God's earth and of their fellow-creatures.

Kingsley died in his fifty-sixth year. His grave, which is still often sprinkled with flowers cast down upon the turf by humble hands, is close to the wall which divides the lawn of the rectory from the churchyard, under the shade of those favorite Scotch firs beneath which he was often seated. A passion-flower, with its cruciform stamens, symbolical of his faith, is sculptured on a marble cross erected to his memory, and, in addition to the date of his death, January 13rd, 1875, there are three words inscribed, conveying the story of his life and hope, *Amavimus, amamus, amabimus.*"

HENRY EVERSHED.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LIFE IN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

WE thought we had found Arcadia when we established our domicile among the mountains of North Carolina. A balmy air, a delightful climate, and scenery rarely equalled for picturesque beauty, would seem to give to this Alleghany region all the attractions one could reasonably look for in a home. True, it is remote from the centres of thought, and without libraries and galleries of art; but did not Solomon some ages ago say that much thought is "a weariness to the flesh," and does not constant contact with art and artificiality make us long the more for the unpainted adorning and simple naturalness of nature?

Our home was much like those old mansions which are still occasionally seen

in the rural districts of New England.

The house was spacious and picturesque, with large rooms, wide halls, and broad verandahs; and about its generous deep-breasted fireplaces and antique oak and walnut mantels was an air of comfort and repose not to be found among the tinsel decorations of a modern city home. It was approached by a winding avenue of trees, and embowered amid groups of oak and poplar, which had stood there for more than a century. Dense masses of these woods, intermixed with pines and chestnuts, stood at the rear of the mansion, and smaller groups were scattered over a broad lawn, which, sloping gently down into a wide meadow, skirted the bank of a quiet stream, so placid and yet so picturesque that it had received from the Indians the name of the Beautiful River. Between the house and the high-road lay a deep and shady ravine; and through it trickled a small rivulet, fed by two ice-cold springs, about which were ranged rustic benches, roofed by wide-branching trees — a delightful retreat from the heats of midsummer. This was our home, and around us rose the mountains, of every variety of outline, and every hue of grey and blue — in domes and peaks and pinnacles, piercing the clouds, and towering aloft a mile and more above the level of the sea.

The earth was clad in all the glory of leaf and blossom when we took possession of this mountain home; and I well remember the first evening that we sat under the vine-shaded verandah and watched the sun go down beyond the distant heights, gilding the clouds and the mountains with burnished gold. The air was laden with the sweet breath of the honeysuckle and the climbing rose, and it fanned our faces with a delicious coolness that seemed wafted from some earthly Elysium. Surely, we said to ourselves, in this peaceful locality we shall find

retirement, quiet,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven.

But, alas! Satan entered into Paradise, and, according to the negro legend, there followed in his rear a grand army of gnats and mosquitoes, which, when the Lord had cast out our first parents and the old adversary, remained behind — "case dey wus so nimble and so small, de Lord he wusn't spry 'nuff to kotch 'em." And so, the Satan of slavery had been expelled from this southern Eden, but had left behind a swarm of human gnats — "low-

down whites," and "no-account blacks," the legitimate progeny of the great evil — to remind us that man has fallen, and that an earthly Paradise is a pure chimera. However, this knowledge was the result of subsequent experience. Now, we fully believed that life here would be one round of rational enjoyment, and that we had only to hold out our hands to catch the roasted larks which would rain upon our platters. But it was not long before we began to learn that this world is one of tribulation.

Our house needed some repairs, and an old negro cabin—a relic of slavery, and the only unsightly thing about the grounds—had to be remodelled into a cottage for the gardener, who, blessed with a wife and a baker's dozen of woolly-headed picaninnies, needed a domicile of his own. To do this work I employed a small army of mechanics; but they went about their tasks in so leisurely a way that I soon discovered that my repairs (though the wages were but a dollar a day) were costing about fourfold what similar work would cost at the North. Therefore I discharged the entire gang, and determined I would do what else had to be done by contract.

The work on the negro shanty was the most pressing, and forthwith I bargained with a master carpenter (said to be "entirely responsible") for its reconstruction at a specified price and by a certain time. He sent a solitary workman, who, in the course of ten days, removed the roof and weather-boarding of the ugly edifice, leaving exposed its dingy beams and rafters begrimed with the dust and smoke of nearly a century. This great work was finished on a Saturday. About dark the master builder came to me, saying that his other patrons had disappointed him, that his workmen must be paid, and, though he was to receive nothing till his work was done, it would be a great favor if I would help him out of his difficulty.

He was a "responsible" man, and I a verdant one; and the consequence was that I advanced him about twice what his work was worth, and—saw no more of him during our sojourn in the Alleghanies.

Then for six long weeks the unsightly frame stood there in naked ugliness, an affliction to the eye, and of no possible use except to scare away the crows from the neighboring cornfield. The master builder was coming every day, but his day never came. A home, moreover, had to be prepared for the gardener, who now

lived half a mile away, and came to his work each day a little later than the preceding on the plea of the distance he had to travel. At last, when his morning advent had lengthened out to noon, and his working hours had shortened to four or five, I determined to employ another builder.

This time I contracted, not with a "responsible" master mechanic, but with a journeyman carpenter—"not worth a dime, sir, but sober, honest, and 'dustrious, and jest the smartest workman in five counties." And so he proved to be; and in a reasonably short time the roof was halfway on, and one gable weather-boarded. Then, in my absence, he came to the mistress of my household with a pitiful tale of a child sick nigh unto death, and no money in his pocket to buy medicines. The lady is afflicted with human sympathies, and, though she knew the man was to receive nothing till his work was done, she did, out of pity for his sick child, pay him about twice as much as what he had done would amount to.

His child must have been long sick, for we saw no more of him for a fortnight, when one day I encountered him measuring with unsteady strides the village highway. Then I put the amount paid him with the sum I had on permanent deposit with the master builder, and resolved in my wrath to make an end once for all of the unsightly relic of slavery.

I have omitted to mention that I had bought the house in January (some months before we intended to take possession) and had employed John, who was recommended as a superior gardener, to put the grounds in order, and plant such vegetables as we should need during the season. I was surprised to find, when we came in July, that three-fourths of a two-acre garden had been planted in cabbages, and I hinted as much to the colored agriculturist. "Not a cabbage too many, boss," he replied, "Ye'll find it'm so fore de season am ober."

And so I did. The vegetables grew gloriously; but just as, day by day, they opened their great green leaves, they would suddenly disappear, leaving not a trace behind, except the print of a wide No. 11 brogan. A like fate overtook the beets, the parsnips, the squash, and the cucumbers, and when I alluded to the catastrophe John would invariably say, "It am de 'possums, boss; dey'm mighty fond ob garden truck; an' dey'm great tiefs."

At last, when all the grapes had disap-

peared over night from a choice vine, and nothing was left to account for them but the aforesaid footprint, which tallied with that of John to a nicety, I said to him, "John, I prefer to have no 'possums on the premises who wear brogans so large as No. 11."

So John left, and there being no longer any pressing need of a gardener's house, the old shanty went down, and was consumed in firewood, which I reasonably supposed would be the last of it. But it was not. In about a fortnight after its demolition the journeyman carpenter presented himself, proposing to go on with his contract. I pointed to the sod which covered the spot where it had stood, and offered him a receipt in full for all damages. But this was not satisfactory. He sued me for the work he had not done, demanding the full amount of the contract. I was my own lawyer, and had a fool for a client. I lost the case.

Being now rid of the gardener and the gardener's cottage, and having no vegetables left for the opossums to steal, we hoped to settle down to a life free from domestic annoyances. Of servants we had still a stableman, who took reasonably good care of our animals; a cook, tolerably well acquainted with her profession; an up-stairs maid, who left no dust about, except in corners; and a young imp of darkness who attended upon the others, and went daily to the mail which brought our Northern journals, and was now our only connecting link with modern civilization. In addition a laundress came two days in the week, and "did" the household linen.

A Northern housekeeper will deem this corps of domestics numerous enough to look after two adults requiring but little attention, and a "farm" of twenty acres, nearly all lawn and primitive forest. But the Southern blacks practise upon the principle of "the division of labor." None of them can, or will, do more than one thing; so I was soon obliged to supplement the stableman by another John, who should do the general out-door work. The acquaintance of this lazy genius I made through Lyddy, the cook, a staid matron of about fifty, well known in the neighborhood.

John was about thirty years old, and of pure African lineage. He had a stalwart frame, a foot large enough for an elephant, and arms and hands that might have wielded the weaver's beam of Goliath of Gath. His skin was as black as ebony,

and had the unctuous brilliancy that is peculiar to the negro "blood-royal;" but his features were regular and of clear European type, which contrasted oddly with the sable hue of his complexion. He had a mouth of uncommon width, filled with two rows of the finest ivory. When not open in an habitual grin, it was distended in a sort of chuckling laugh, which rippled over his face and huge frame in a way that was pleasant to look upon. He had what the blacks call "edication"—that is, he could read, write, and do small sums in arithmetic; but such words as "forethought," "care," or "anxiety," were not in the spelling-book he had studied. With no more thought of the present or the future than an animal, he yet had such a capacity for fun, such a sense of the ludicrous, and such an ear for melody, as justify my styling him a genius.

With constant supervision John did his daily duties tolerably well; but it was when the day's work was over, and the servants had gathered together in the kitchen for the evening, that his services became of especial value. Then by a droll story, or some strains of improvised but genuine melody from his banjo or violin, he brought the discords of the day into harmony, and no doubt contributed to the longevity of the household. He was allowed the use of the daily newspaper when it had been read in the library, and often his mistress and I would steal of an evening into a dark corner of the dining-room, where, with the door ajar, we could listen unperceived to the "news," as John dispensed it to his sable auditory in the kitchen. This "news" was not generally according to the *New York Times*, from which he professed to read; but his audience were none the worse, nor the wiser, for the discrepancy. The absurdity of the variations was what made the drollery of the thing.

A report of one of these gatherings will show the character of them all, and cast some light upon the composition of our household. John had read of a whole fleet sunk in mid-ocean, and of an entire country swallowed up by an earthquake, when he told of a woman tried for bigamy, who had been wedded to seven husbands, all of whom, with seventeen children, were in court waiting for the decision of the jury.

"Seventeen children!" echoed Uncle Steve, the stableman. "Why, dat am nuffin. I neber had nary more'n two wives, and I'se had twenty-two."

"Dat'm so, Uncle Steve," rejoined John, "an' ob all cullers, from a dirty white ter coal brack."

"Dat's true," said Stephen, "an' dey'm all smart an' likely loike, 'cep de light-cullud; 'pears dey all wus sort of no 'count."

"'Cep little Zip, uncle, what shines de boss's boots. I'se yered him say dat Zip was born ter de profession, an' wurth all de oder darkies on de place. As for you, Uncle Steve, de boss know you can't tell a hoss from a mule."

"Gwo 'way, you John; de boss doan't know nuffin ob de sort. He'm a Norderman, an' all dey 'spects to git more out of cullud folks dan am in 'em; but he sots a heap on Uncle Steve — he know he hain't no bigamous nigger."

"But yer Emily Jane am. See what you've brung her up to, Uncle Steve — free husbands, an' eb'ery one ob 'em lib-in'!"

"Well, I 'clare ter gracious," now chimed in Ida, the yellow up-stairs servitor, "that isn't 'spectable."

"'Spectable!" echoed John. "You talk of 'spectable, what habs free fellers you own self, all on de hooks togeddar. I jest tought I'd a died de oder Sunday when dey all comed to onst — two a foot to de back door, an' tudder in a kerridge, to de front, whar he ringed de bell like as if he wus somebody. But lor! how he did wilt when de missus up an' tole him dat darkies mus' keep dar place, and his place was on de wes' side of de house. Leff him try dat on ag'in, an' you'll walk, Miss Ida — dat's sartin."

"Well," said Miss Ida, with, as we could easily imagine, a high toss of the head, "if I walks, I'll go in a kerridge, as I done dat Sunday."

"Yas," now said Lyddy, "an' hab a white driber, as you done den. But, Miss Ida, you goed 'way in a kerridge, an' you comed back afoot — an' dat am what all de proud 'uns 'll come to. I'se yered it read so out ob de book."

"Dat's so, Miss Lyddy," rejoined John. "I'se read it so myself — dar hain't much in dat book as I hain't read. But takn't much to be driv by such white trash. An' I reckon de boss am a fin'in' ob 'em out, dough he tole me de oder day — dat time he kotch me asleep in de hay-mow — dat he wus a gwine to cut all us darkies adrift, an' hab nary one but white folks. Reckon he'll hab a good time doin' it! 'Spec he'll begin wid de red-headed fellar as brung de missus chickens wid de shells sca'ce off dar backs."

"Or dat oder one," said Stephen, "as brung de blin' hoss nigh dead wid ole age, an' de heabes, an' swore he wus only six year de comin' spring; or de oder dat leff ter sell de hoss sick wid the lungs, when de boss wus away, an' missus an' me had to nuss him day and night ter keep de breff ob life in his body. An' dat ar white man had de imperence when he comed for de animal ter ax, 'How'm dat hoss?' like as if he tought he was dead. I 'spec he war sartin he was, and he meant ter make de boss pay fur de critter."

"Or dat oder ole fellar," resumed John, "dat de boss wus so tooken wid — him as brung de wood wid de ox an' de mule hitched up wid a rope harness, tied togedder wid red flannel and bits of de ole 'ooman's garters. De boss he walk round an' round dat team, an' he say dat dough it wasn't 'zactly 'cordin' to scriptur, it wus wuth gwine a long way to see; an' he ax' dat ole feller to come agin, 'case he b'lieved in patronizin' 'mestic industry."

And here John broke into one of his low ripples of laughter, at the expense of "de boss," who was overhearing him from the next apartment.

"But he bought de wood," now said Lyddy; "an' lor', how he done storm when I tole him dat all but de top ob de pile wus pine saplin', jess cut, an' as wudn't burn fur no 'sideration. Day say dat ole man lead prayers in de meetin'. I wonder if he eber tink when he'm on his knees, of de spittin' wood dat he made de boss come nigh ter swarin' ober."

"Well," said John, "de boss am a fin'in' 'em out, an' I reckon we won't hab to trabil. But, 'ludin' to trabin', leff me read you 'bout de great walkin' match dey hab up to New York, whar one cullud man beat de crowd — trabbled five hundred and sixty mile in a day."

Then John proceeded to read from the *Times* about the great match in Madison Square, exaggerating the account in a most amusing and amazing manner, and supplementing the whole by professing to read from a sermon of the Rev. George Washington, the illustrious colored preacher of the North, wherein he strongly denounced the folly of such practices, and adduced Enoch as the greatest walker of all times. "But, my hearers, with all ole man Enoch's grit, and pluck, and persavarance, what comed ob him? What comed ob him? Why, arter walkin' fur free hundred year in fa'r heel an' toe fashion — none ob yer hippedrum business, like dese yere — walkin' wid de Lord free hundred year, he got

tuck, de Lord tuck him. Ole massa was too long in de stride, and too sound in de wind for him, and so ole boss Enoch got tuck. And leff dat be a warnin' to all ob you to leff alone dis walkin' business."

Amid the wonderment which followed, we heard Lyddy exclaim, "Oh, Mr. Cobble! what a edication you hab—it'm written on yous bery brow."

This was the social life that gathered under our roof, and I think we shall be pardoned for indulging in it in so surreptitious a manner, if I state that it was the best the neighborhood afforded. Of people professing any kind of cultivation there were but three within a radius of five miles. One of these was a high-pressure philanthropist, whom I had known at the North as a decided sham; another was an ex-Confederate, who had not given up his prejudices when he surrendered his sword; and the third was a retired gentleman who saw the most sunshiny day through the medium of a diseased stomach, and was, therefore, not the most cheerful of companions. The remainder of our social horizon was bounded by a dense mist of poor whites, and a denser cloud of blacks, whom, like the mists and clouds in nature, we preferred to observe and wonder at from a reasonable distance. Our society, therefore, we had to find in nature, in books, and in ourselves; and when tired of such companionship we sought recreation in a study of the nondescript humanity that came under our observation.

The general characteristics of these people I have elsewhere delineated, and a repulsive picture is not improved by frequent exhibition. Rather than dwell too much upon defects, a kindly critic prefers to search for unobtrusive beauties that escape the general eye, and which may redeem an otherwise wretched production. These beauties I found everywhere among the blacks, and even among the "poor whites," who are physically, mentally, and morally, a "bad job." I encountered, here and there, an isolated specimen which showed that, planted in another soil, and given the ideals on which true manhood is fashioned, they might yet be raised above their present grovelling condition, and made valuable citizens of the republic. Some of these "rough diamonds" are worth a few words of description; but, to preserve a proper connection in my narrative, I must now relate a catastrophe which led to a sudden dismemberment of our colored family.

It was not long after we had discov-

ered, from the admiring exclamation of Lyddy, that education was written on the very brow of Mr. Cobble, when that lady suddenly presented herself before us one evening, as we were seated together in the library. She was smiling and smirking, and evidently laboring under some violent internal commotion. Her usually quiet eye was lit up by an unwonted gleam; her demure face was irradiated with a kind of oily glow, and her skinny fingers were playing nervously with the two corners of her apron. Sidling up to her mistress, she said in an uncertain tone, that was half speech and half giggle, "Missus, I'se gwine to be married."

"Married!" we both exclaimed, the mistress dropping her sewing, and I looking up from my book, straight at the decayed Venus, already a grandmother.

"Yas, missus," she said with a slight curtsy, and still fondling the corners of her apron. "Yous know dat I'se a widdy, and John's a widdy too—we'se both widdys—so, we'se 'cluded to git married."

"Why, Lyddy," said her mistress, "will you marry that good-for-nothing John?"

"Yas, missus," answered Lyddy, misunderstanding the question. "He am good—he's got religion, an' he's got edication—reads a heap ob books—reads 'em to me."

"And do you expect those quarters to go up again?" I asked, as a vision of that confounded shanty rose before me in all its ghastly ugliness.

"No, sar; we don't 'spec' dat. I'se comed to gib de missus warnin'. John wants to gwo off on de kears, an' he wants me to gwo, an' I'se neber rid on de kears."

The tone of anticipated delight in which this was uttered made me smile at the simplicity of the woman, and I said to her mistress, "It's January and June—Christmas and the fourth of July coming together."

"Yas, sar," said Lyddy. "We'se to git married Chris'mus. John's got de license. I lent him de fifty cents."

"And you'll lend him a good many more if you marry him."

"I means to, sar. I'se sabled up quite a heap; an' John mean to put it inter hosses an' a dray; an' I take in boarders, down ter Chatt'nooga. He say it'm a right smart place."

"Well, it is; but what does your son say to all this?"

"He doan't want me to gwo 'way, sar; but he say I must shute myself. You

see, sar, he'm a wife an' chillen, an' de book say dey'm 'fore fader or moder."

"I know; but how do you feel to leave him?"

"If I knows him well, an' doin' well, dat'll be 'nuff fur me. Yous know, sar, I'se a' gittin' old, an' I'se lonesome like; an' John hab edication, an' he kin read to me, an' so de time won't pass quite so heaby."

"Well, Lyddy," said her mistress, "it is your affair, and not ours. We hope it will turn out well; but if it should not, you can come back to your home here — you will be welcome."

The tears came into the woman's eyes as she said, "Bress you, missus," and left the apartment.

On Christmas day they were married in the negro church, and on the following day took the "kears" for Chattanooga. Our forebodings were not realized. They prospered in a worldly way, he as a drayman, she as mistress of a small hostel, whose sign gave warning to all comers that no ardent spirits were sold on the premises.

It was now midwinter, and, there being but little to do about the grounds, we could dispense with a successor to Mr. Cobble until the ensuing spring. But it was not so with a substitute for Lyddy. Eating being a physical necessity not admitting of postponement, we were obliged to look about at once for a competent person to officiate in our kitchen. Matrimony is to be encouraged on sound considerations of political economy; but it was the thing which, more than all else, interfered with our domestic comfort during our sojourn in the Southern country. Cook after cook, gardener after gardener, stableman after stableman, had no sooner got well into our ways before they had honored us with an invitation — usually printed on a card about six inches square — to a wedding ceremony. The mature age of Lyddy would, we had fondly thought, protect her from the allurements of any black Adonis. But we had not counted on the attractions of "edication" to the untutored intellect, nor imagined the yearnings of lonesome age for the cheerful companionship of youth — especially when that youth was a "shining light," like John, and able to quote Scripture by the yard. Some one has said, "We learn wisdom from experience;" and so, pondering this subject on the eve of the exodus of Lyddy, I startled the mistress by proposing that she should instal Emily Jane, the much-married daugh-

ter of Uncle Steve, as overseer of our culinary department.

"What!" she exclaimed, "that spit-fire! The wife of three living husbands!"

"That is her especial recommendation — even the customs of North Carolina won't allow her a fourth; so we shall be safe from her contracting matrimony."

Emily Jane was sent for. She was a handsome creature — tawny, but beautiful, erect as a flagstaff, supple as an eel, graceful as a leopard, and, in her apparel, gorgeous as an army with banners. Her straight raven hair was as glossy as silk, and her eyes were blazing coals, lit from some volcano within her. She was embodied restlessness, ever on the move, and taking no account of even five-barred impediments. I have known her to vault upon the back of a spirited sixteen-hand horse, and race him, without saddle or bridle, over the grounds in total disregard of fences and such-like obstructions. She was the very poetry of motion; but she slung things about the kitchen in a very unpoetical fashion. In less than a week it was what Uncle Steve called "de bery debil's workshop."

Going into that apartment one day soon after her advent, the lady of the house heard Emily Jane muttering to herself, "How can I be 'spected to cook, with no pots to cook with?"

"No pots?" said the mistress. "How is that, Emily Jane?"

And then the pantries and cupboards were ransacked, and a surprising leanness was discovered in the stock of crockery and kitchen utensils. Enough had disappeared to supply several small families. In reply to the wonderment of the mistress, Emily Jane remarked: "Don't know for sartin, missus, but Lyddy say you gabe her heaps o' things to sot her up to Chatt'nooga. Reckon she had nigh on to a kear-load — 'nuff to furnish a big board-ing-saloon."

And this was the demure lover of "Scriptur" and black "edication," whom we had mourned as a lost treasure — a black diamond, very cheap at twelve dollars a month!

But the superabundant energy of Emily Jane threatened to be scarcely less destructive to our stock of kitchen ware than the thievish propensities of her pious predecessor. Scarcely a day passed but she came to her mistress with a rueful face, and a broken utensil. "Dar, missus!" she would say, "it'm done broke, and I'se all tore up." We, therefore,

counted upon a quieter time among the crockery and ironware when we observed that Emily Jane was becoming serious-minded, and regularly attending a neighboring meeting-house. If she would only experience a change of heart she might adopt sedate ways and save us the necessity of entirely refurnishing the kitchen.

And the prospect for this was soon quite encouraging. One morning, after a long night at the "revival," she accosted her mistress with a sad countenance, saying, as she pressed her two hands upon her bosom, "I feels bery sickly like round yere, missus; don't dat show I'se gitting religion?" It was, no doubt, a premonitory symptom, for that evening, hearing a great hubbub in the kitchen, I looked into it, and there, amid a throng of sable brothers and sisters, sat Emily Jane, with upturned eyes, streaming hair, and arms revolving like a windmill. At sight of me the tumult suddenly ceased, and the tawny beauty, subsiding into a sort of ecstatic composure, exclaimed, "Bress de Lord, massa! Bress de Lord, I'se got it — I'se got religion!"

We were congratulating ourselves upon the results of Emily Jane's conversion, when one evening she came to her mistress asking the loan of a dress which had seen better days, but was not yet reduced to actual decrepitude.

"And pray, what do you want of my dress, Emily Jane?" asked her mistress.

"I talks ob gittin' married to Brother Zeb, missus, and I kinder kalkerlated you'd leff me hab dat dress to be married in."

"But I have understood you are married already."

"Well, I is, missus; but dey'm no 'count — trifling niggers. Tain't no sin to leff dem go for a good, pious man like Brother Zeb."

So Emily Jane went again the way of womankind; taking with her, however, only what was rightfully her own. We declined an invitation to the wedding reception, and thereby lost a spectacle conducted in the extreme of colored fashion — Emily Jane robed in her mistress's gown, and sitting in state for a whole week, amid a crowd of admirers, while her more sensible husband less gloriously propelled his push-cart about the railway station.

Soon the up-stairs Ida followed the way of Emily Jane; and then came the worst of our domestic experiences. Our domicile had long been a negro boarding-house, and fearing it might soon become a negro

marriage-mart, I put an often expressed resolve into execution, and replaced our blacks with an entire corps of white servants. But our last state was worse than our first; and we soon had but too good reason to regret the lazy, shiftless, thievish, but still docile, good-natured, and affectionate blacks.

From Time.

THE MODERN ENGLISH POST-OFFICE.

AMONGST the numerous blue-books and reports usually published towards the close of the Parliamentary session there is none, probably, that excels in interest the report annually issued by the postmaster general. Besides giving to the public an account from year to year of the progress — financially and otherwise — of a State department which, in its business, is more closely connected than any other, perhaps, with the daily life of the nation in its individuality, this document is also highly instructive as a fair and accurate illustration of the progress of civilization and education, and of the condition of trade and commerce in this country. The growth of the post-office but means, indeed, the spread of education, the development of trade and commerce, and the knitting more closely together of all classes of the community in the bonds of civilization. It is not surprising, then, that the annual post-office report is, without exception perhaps, the most popular of all kindred documents, and the report for 1885-6, only recently issued, is probably of even more than ordinary interest, since it deals with a period which, as the postmaster-general himself points out, "has been characterized by the completion of many changes and improvements, which have no doubt afforded very great facilities to the public." There can, indeed, be no doubt that the past few years will henceforth ever be regarded as one of the most important epochs in post-office history on account of the manifold useful changes and reforms which, during that period, have been wrought in the service. There have been the introduction and rapid extension of both postal orders and of the parcel post, the development of life insurance and of savings bank business, the introduction of six-penny telegrams, the acceleration of the mails in various directions, and a host of minor improvements which have all tended to bring the huge system into greater pop-

ularity with the public, and to make it the admiration of foreign nations. In proposing, therefore, to found upon the basis of the postmaster-general's recently published report, which is the thirty-second of its kind, a sketch of the modern English post-office, we feel sufficiently confident to believe that such a sketch will secure the interest and attention of every intelligent reader.

Dating from the year 1840, the development and extension of the postal system have been very remarkable, and, as a matter of fact, the whole of the collateral branches of the post office have been established since that date, with the single exception, perhaps, of the Money Order Office, which was incorporated in 1838. So great, indeed, has been the expansion of the service that its branches now spread throughout the length and breadth of the country like the numerous feelers of some great deep-sea monster; and scarcely a village or hamlet exists in the United Kingdom into which the post-office has not now penetrated, as may be judged by the fact that, up to the 31st of March last, the total number of receptacles of all sorts for the posting of correspondence was 34,280, of which 16,805 were post-offices; and the public appreciation of the accommodation thus afforded is perhaps best demonstrated by the marvellous quantity of correspondence which annually passes through these receptacles. Thus in the year 1885-6, the aggregate number of letters, etc., dealt with is estimated at 2,064,766,400, a total that is rendered all the more striking if we set it in contrast to the number of letters, etc., posted in the year preceding that which is now noted for the introduction of penny postage, viz., seventy-six million—a number that even falls far short of the increase in a single year at the present time, which last year amounted to over eighty million. The letter statistics of this country are now, indeed, but a record of the unqualified success resulting from Sir Rowland Hill's plan of postal reform, and viewing these results at this distant date, and enjoying, as we do, to the full the benefits conferred by penny postage, it is certainly difficult to credit the amount of opposition and resistance which were at first made to the proposition. Experience, however, teaches that in some natures it is inherent to regard all innovations and schemes for improvement with distrust and suspicion, so that, when Sir Rowland had to prove his opinions, to struggle for a trial of his plan, and to meet the host of objections

and obstacles placed in his path, he but passed through the ordeal which all reformers, before and since, have more or less had to undergo. For all these trials, however, the reformer was no doubt consoled in having been spared, as he was, to see his calculations and predictions realized so immensely, beyond even his own expectations.

Out of the total correspondence for the year 1885-6 the number of letters proper was 1,403,547,900, of post-cards 171,290,000, of book packets and circulars 342,207,400, and of newspapers 147,721,100, and the aggregate of these figures shows an average of over fifty-six letters, etc., per head of the population. That such a result would surely never have been attained but for the constantly increasing facilities offered for the interchange of communications can hardly be doubted, and as an instance of departmental enterprise in this respect it is worthy of mention that a novel kind of service has been established on the Clyde, by placing a post-office on board the Columba steam-vessel plying between Greenock and Ardrishaig, and conveying a large number of passengers. All ordinary postal work, excepting money-order business, is carried on in this vessel, the messages received for transmission by telegraph being despatched at each place where the vessel calls.

Amongst the various reforms inaugurated by the late Sir Rowland Hill during his administration of the post-office was the reduction of the fee for the registration of letters, which previously had been somewhat excessive. The subject has always been one of considerable importance, for it is essential that letters which contain coin or valuables passing through the post should, as far as possible, be insured against risk of loss or theft, while, on the other hand, it is equally desirable to remove, by the system pursued in dealing with registered letters, the temptation to evil into which the handling of such letters might lead those who have to deal with them. Prior to 1840 a wholesome practice seems to have existed of registering every letter supposed to contain articles of value; but the constantly increasing pressure arising from the rapid growth of letter business after the introduction of penny postage, gradually led to the abandonment of this precaution—a circumstance from which, however, numerous complaints of theft from the public and other difficulties speedily arose. The remedy, of course, was to revive the abandoned

practice; but this was not so easily to be done since it was now considered necessary, in view of the great increase of postal work, to charge for the trouble involved by the registration of letters, and the question arose as to what the fee should be, no such payment having previously been demanded. The post-office authorities of the day proposed one shilling for country letters and twopence for district-post letters; but Rowland Hill, who at that time held his treasury appointment, strongly objected to the proposition on the score of the former rate being too high, and also that no sufficient reason existed for the variety. He was very desirous of introducing a uniform sixpenny rate, but the objections raised by the post-office were so numerous, and his influence at that time so small, that he was obliged to give way as far as to agree to a uniform shilling rate. The whole question of the registration of letters is interesting, if only for the reason that the difference of opinion just alluded to was the indirect cause of Rowland Hill's subsequent dismissal from the Treasury in 1842, inasmuch as he had, it appears, crossed with his advice a strong wish of Lord Lowther's, the then postmaster-general, — a circumstance that was neither forgotten nor forgiven. On his recall to office, some few years later, Rowland Hill was not slow to introduce the sixpenny rate, — a boon that was greatly appreciated at the time. This rate was subsequently reduced to fourpence, and on the 1st January, 1878, to so low as twopence, a circumstance which, coupled with the facilities now offered to the public for sending registered letters by the sale of envelopes specially devised for the purpose, and the comparatively high scale of money-order commission, soon caused a huge increase in the number of registered letters. In the first year after the reduction of the fee to twopence considerably more than seven million such letters were transmitted through the post in the United Kingdom, being very nearly double the number posted in the previous year. In the following year the number again showed a marked increase, being more than eight million seven hundred thousand; and, although an increase has not been maintained in every year since on account of the popularity of the postal-order system as a means of remitting small sums of money, yet a very high number has nevertheless been maintained, the number for last year being over eleven million. These figures afford a certain amount of satisfaction, as showing that

the public are gradually becoming alive to the great importance of letter insurance when valuables are concerned; and thus, while securing comparative safety for their letters in transit, they also assist in removing a source of temptation that has already brought to ruin many a man who otherwise would doubtless still be a respectable member of society. There are, however, still some who, either for the sake of saving a few pence or of cheating the revenue, appear to be unable to divest themselves of the propensity of transmitting through the post, without the precaution of registration, articles which ought clearly to be registered; and it is curious to notice, notwithstanding the present cheap rate, what devices are frequently resorted to for this purpose. A Bank of England note for £20 found pinned to the page of a book addressed to the initials of a lady at a receiving house in the metropolitan district, and a halfpenny wrapper containing, besides a letter, a bill of sale and four Bank of England notes, are but two instances out of many annually observed by the post-office, without taking into account those that pass undetected. But every letter so detected is, we are glad to know, forwarded to its destination with a registration fee of 8d., to be paid on delivery, — a rule which, with the postmaster-general, we cordially hope may gradually lead to "the discontinuance of a practice which throws great temptation in the way of the post-office servants." A peculiar trait in the character of the public is also exhibited by the fact that the authorities are in constant receipt of applications for missing registered letters which, in most of the cases, on inquiries being made, are found either never to have been posted at all, or to have been mislaid and their delivery forgotten. In one case a number of Suez Canal shares, which were applied for as missing, were found in the addressee's waste-paper basket, where they had been thrown under the impression that they were circulars; and, in another instance, a letter containing bank-notes, said to have been registered, was discovered behind a desk in the sender's office. It is needless to remark, perhaps, that the rashness in jumping to conclusions in this respect by the public is apt to hamper and harass the post-office officials in their already onerous and numerous duties. It may further illustrate the want of care which the public are wont to display in regard to letters of all kinds, to state that nearly twenty-seven thousand letters passed last year through

the post *without address of any kind*, of which 1,620 actually contained cash, bank-notes, and valuables to the amount of nearly £4,000. The use of too fragile covers also occasioned the escape of many thousand articles; and although no doubt much disappointment was entailed thereby, it must in all fairness be admitted that in most cases the senders themselves have been to blame by failing to see that their letters were properly secured before despatch. Out of nearly thirteen million letters dealt with in the Returned Letter Office during last year about four hundred and forty-two thousand could not be delivered. It is recorded that one such letter contained a bank-note for £100, which is still unclaimed, and that attached to the seal of another was a sovereign, which was returned to the owner, who had omitted to remove it, and whose want of care most persons will surely think was hardly deserving of this good fortune. This latter incident speaks well and forcibly for the high moral rectitude of the sorters and letter-carriers as a class.

One of the most important developments of our postal system in modern times is undoubtedly the introduction of the parcel post on the 1st of August, 1883. The question of initiating such a system had long agitated many minds, and was broached, indeed, so far back as 1842. In that year Sir Rowland Hill, in connection with his penny-postage scheme, recommended the establishment of a parcel post, but, as he himself tells us, he was prevented from any immediate action by his dismissal from the Treasury. Even when he was reinstated, and had leisure to go into the matter, "the ill-judged opposition of the railway companies remained a constant obstacle," as it continued to be until Mr. Fawcett appeared upon the scene. The question was also taken up at frequent intervals after Rowland Hill's time. It was brought before the Society of Arts in 1858, and a special meeting was held on the subject, at which Earl Forrescue — then Lord Ebrington — took the chair. An able report was drawn up and adopted by the society, recommending that the post-office should convey parcels at moderate charges, irrespective of distance; but although carefully considered by the postal authorities, nothing practical resulted. Mr. Edwin Chadwick also took the subject in hand some years later, but with no better result than that which attended the Society of Arts. Chief among more recent advocates of the reform was the late Professor Jevons, whose great

authority in all financial matters, of course, lent great weight to the arguments he used in favor of the scheme. The difficulties which lay in the way of a State parcel post being established were apparently very great; and it was not until the late Mr. Fawcett took up the question that they were overcome. The characteristic activity and tenacity which Mr. Fawcett, as postmaster-general, displayed are matters of recent history, and must be so well known as to require no lengthened mention here. It is sufficient to say that by dint of his usual perseverance and dauntless energy he got the necessary act passed in 1882, and twelve months later the new service was in operation.

It is now more than three years since the parcel post was inaugurated, and the progress of the business, on the whole, appears to have been satisfactory. There were at first grave doubts entertained in many quarters as to the possibility of the system becoming financially successful; but it was hardly to be expected that there would not be many little defects and shortcomings at the commencement in a service which was so entirely new to the officials who were responsible for its introduction and maintenance. It only required a short experience to show where modification and reform were needed, and so much has already been done in this direction, that the postmaster-general, in his last report, is able to give some very satisfactory statistics relative to the business. Thus the total number of parcels posted during the year in the United Kingdom amounted to over twenty-six millions, showing over the previous year an increase of about three million five hundred thousand, and an increase in gross postage of £84,000. When the system was introduced, the scale of charges was as follows: 3d. for 1 lb. and under, 6d. from 1 lb. up to 3 lbs., 9d. from 3 lbs. up to 5 lbs., and 1s. from 5 lbs. up to 7 lbs.; but, as the reader is no doubt aware, a revision of the rates and weights of inland parcels came into operation on the 1st May last, by which the postage was fixed at a minimum of 3d., increasing by 1½d. per pound to a maximum of 1s. 6d., and the weight extended from a maximum of 7 lbs. to 11 lbs. It should also be mentioned that since the introduction of the parcel post here the system has been gradually extended to many foreign and colonial places, the first such despatch having taken place on the 1st July, 1885; while by the 1st of January in this year arrangements had been completed for the

interchange of parcels with twenty-seven different countries. The total number despatched up to the 31st March last was seventy-one thousand nine hundred, and the number received was forty thousand, eight hundred. The largest business, it is interesting to note, was transacted with Germany, with which country in six months forty-six thousand parcels were exchanged. India shows a business at the rate of thirty-six thousand parcels in six months, and the smallest business recorded is one parcel in three months for the Island of Tortola.

There can be no doubt that a considerable impetus was given to the inland parcel post by the introduction, on the 1st May last, of a system of insurance and of compensation for loss or damage, under which compensation not exceeding £1 is now given where no insurance fee is paid; and where an insurance fee of one penny or twopence is paid, compensation is given to the amount of £5 or £10. It need hardly be said that the plan was one which fully commended itself to the public, and in the first month seventeen thousand six hundred parcels were insured, producing £87, while the compensation amounted only to £6, — a circumstance which shows that the system, while proving a benefit to the public, is also not unprofitable to the State.

We now turn to the money order office, an important and useful branch of the post-office, the progress of which during the last forty years has been very marked. Considering that when this business was acquired by the post-office in the year 1838, it was commenced with only three clerks in a couple of rooms at the north end of the old General Post-office, one cannot but be impressed with the astonishing results which have since accrued. At the very outset, when the money-order service was a purely private undertaking, conducted by three enterprising individuals, who happened to be engaged in the post-office, the principle and utility of the system were at once seen and admitted, although the high rates of commission which, from various causes, it was necessary to charge, restricted the usefulness of the service, and to a great extent rendered it prohibitory. As soon, however, as the charges were reduced, on the system passing over to the government, the business immediately expanded, and a considerable increase at once took place in the number and the amount of the transactions, — an increase that was rapidly progressive year by year, and which,

with each successive reduction in the scale of commission, was further greatly augmented. In 1871, when the initial rate was reduced to one penny for orders of 10s. and under, and the whole scale based on the uniformity of the postage rates, rising by gradations of a penny to a shilling, the increase in the number and amount of money orders issued was something enormous, being, as regards the number, nearly three millions, and as regards the amount, more than £2,000,000 more than the relative figures for the preceding year. But, notwithstanding these facts, the last reduction proved somewhat unsuccessful, for, however growing the business, as far as actual transactions were concerned, appeared from that date, the revenue derived from this important branch of the post-office began very perceptibly to fall off. Nor is the explanation of this circumstance far to seek, since, as every money order issued and paid is estimated to cost the department on an average threepence, it followed that, on the introduction of the penny initial rate, those orders upon which the commission was a penny or twopence were creative of a positive loss, while the threepenny orders were devoid of profit. So serious, indeed, was this circumstance, that it soon became a source of much anxiety to the government, who, after full consideration of the subject, found it absolutely necessary to take precautionary steps, by raising the initial rate from a penny to twopence (as was done on the 1st January, 1878), with a view to avert a deficiency that had hitherto, it seems, only been avoided through the profits yielded by the foreign and colonial money-order business in conjunction with those derived from the larger inland orders. There is no disputing the wisdom of the course which was adopted, retrograde as it may have been, for it is undoubtedly the first duty of a government department to protect itself against loss of revenue, and it seems to us even a question whether it would not, indeed, have been as well to have reverted at once to the old threepenny rate, as was actually suggested by the late Mr. Chetwynd, C.B., of the post-office, whose forty years' direct and indirect experience of the money order office have constituted him the very best authority on the subject. As it was, the authorities had in view a scheme which, while it was to offer to the public a sort of *quid pro quo* for the loss of the old penny money-order rate, would in operation displace such orders as were profitless to the department. Al-

though the measure, which provided for a system of postal notes, ingeniously devised by Mr. Chetwynd, had been introduced into Parliament on more than one occasion, it was not until the year 1880 that it became duly legalized under the Post Office (Money Orders) Act of that year, considerable opposition having been encountered from the representatives of the banking interests, who entertained grave apprehensions as to the manner in which such a system would affect the currency question. Upon a better acquaintance with the proposals which the scheme set forth, and upon the assurances of those in charge of the bill that the introduction of a paper currency by means of this new system was furthest from the mind of the government, these fears were to a great extent allayed, and with some few modifications in the details, the measure was allowed to pass, and, as will be recollected, duly came into operation on the 1st January, 1881. Postal orders—the name “orders” having been substituted for the original term “notes” as being less objectionable, just as if a rose by any other name would not smell as sweet—are now issued for fourteen classes of fixed amounts, namely, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 4s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 10s. 6d., 15s., and 20s., at a commission of one halfpenny for each of the first two classes, a penny for each of the next ten, and three-halfpence for each of the remaining two classes. When first issued the postal order is payable to bearer at any money-order office in the United Kingdom, but the act requires that the purchaser shall insert the name of the payee and that the payee shall insert the name of the money-order office at which he desires to get it cashed; and the remitter may, if he choose, cross the order either generally or specifically, so as to invest it with the advantages and safeguards of a cheque similarly dealt with. The period of circulation for postal orders is restricted to three months, after which they are only renewable upon payment of a commission equal to the amount of the original poundage. The results of this new business have conclusively negatived the very unfavorable predictions which, prior to the passing of the measure, were so freely uttered; for postal orders are now being sold at the enormous rate of twenty-six million a year, to the value of about £11,000,000. From these astonishing figures it is plainly evident that the public appreciate the convenience thus provided, and that the anticipation of the benefits

which this new remittance system would confer were fully justified.

The money-order system still remains in operation, of course, as hitherto, and is probably not further affected by the issue of postal orders than by being relieved, as was desired and intended, of those orders for small amounts on which either a loss, or no profit, accrues. The result that the increase in the initial money-order rate, to which we have already referred, was designed to effect has been partially accomplished; but, as was only to be expected, the number and amount of transactions have in some measure diminished. The total number of money orders issued in 1885-6, was a little over ten million, and the amount for which they were issued was nearly £22,000,000,—these figures showing a marked decrease both in number and in amount as compared with the results of previous years. This decrease is due, however, as we already know, partly to the introduction of postal orders, and also partly to the reduction in the registered letter fee in 1878; but the diminution in the number and amount of money orders issued is amply compensated for by the number and amount of postal orders now annually issued; and if we but remember that the results of both methods of remittance combined now produce a total very considerably in excess of the amount formerly transmitted by money orders alone, there is really little of which to complain.

In turning to the savings-bank department, we approach one of the brightest chapters in post-office history; for, in viewing the results that have been accomplished in this popular department, it is seen how much has been done by the government to foster and encourage habits of thrift and providence amongst the poorer classes of this country. The subject has always been a generally interesting one, and the desirability of the government assuming the custodianship of the savings of the poor was foreseen and advocated long before the idea was reduced to any practical form. So early, indeed, as 1807, a bill to legislate on the subject was brought into Parliament by Mr. Whitbread, but was subsequently withdrawn owing to its impracticability. In 1860, the matter was again revived by Mr. Sykes, a bank manager in Huddersfield, who submitted a plan for the purpose of utilizing the existing money-order offices for savings-bank business, which, while the principle of it was seen to be useful, was, however, so crude, and possessed

such drawbacks, that it could not be acted upon. It was left for Mr. Chetwynd, already referred to, and who at that time was engaged in the money-order department, to develop the idea and to bring it to a practicable and successful issue. Discarding all other schemes then under discussion Mr. Chetwynd submitted to the postmaster-general, in November, 1860, a plan based upon the principle that savings-bank business might be done "through the various money-order offices in a much more economical manner than by the issue and payment of money orders," as had been suggested by Mr. Sykes, and proposed that it should be so comprehensive as to dispense with the pound restriction (also part of Mr. Sykes's proposal), which he rightly considered to be "so large as seriously to reduce the value of the benefit proposed to be conferred on the provident portion of the public." The whole proposal, from its completeness and clearness on every point of detail, at once commanded the favorable attention of the postmaster-general, and speedily fell into the hands of Mr. Gladstone — then chancellor of the exchequer — who with his characteristic energy and spirit lost no time in introducing a bill on the subject into the House of Commons; and on the 17th May, 1861, the measure became law. To say that the measure did not pass through its various stages without encountering a considerable amount of opposition, and that there were not wanting those who sanguinely predicted the speedy failure of the whole scheme, is but to substantiate what we have previously remarked concerning the inevitable ordeal which all schemes of reform and improvement have to undergo; but, in the present case, the groundless character of the objections that were raised was very soon conclusively exposed by the immediate success that attended the new system of government savings banks. The following testimony was borne by the *Times* in September, 1861, to this gratifying result: "The country," wrote the leading journal, "soon recognized the universal boon of a bank maintained at the public responsibility, with the whole empire for its capital, with a branch in every town, open at almost all hours, and, more than all, giving a fair amount of interest."

The development of the system since the date when it was commenced with a staff of twenty clerks in a moderate-sized room in the old General Post-office, has been marvellously rapid; and the business transacted during that period has

been productive of a net profit of considerably over a million pounds. The statistics on this subject recorded by the postmaster-general in his recent report are in the highest degree satisfactory. They show that there are at the present time more than eight thousand post-offices open throughout the country for the transaction of savings-bank business, being an increase of three hundred and fifty over the number in the year. The number of deposits made last year was 6,474,484 to the amount of £15,034,694, while the total number of withdrawals reached 2,280,062, amounting to £13,202,742. The total amount of deposits had, on the 31st of December last, reached £47,697,838, showing an increase of £2,924,065 over the amount recorded on the corresponding day of the preceding year. From the foregoing figures it will be seen that the deposits still continue to exceed the withdrawals, and this fact, together with the increase of over £2,000,000 sterling in the balance due to depositors, is to be regarded with the greater satisfaction if we take into consideration the dulness that during recent years has existed in trade.

The great success that has attended the establishment of post-office savings banks not unnaturally led to a demand of late years for an extension of the benefits conferred by them, and it was with a view partly to meet this demand that the Savings Bank Act, which came into force on the 22nd of November, 1880, was passed in the session of that year. The provisions of this act have already been so fully made public that it is not necessary to refer to them further than to recapitulate the main points thereof. The first part of the act provides for the expunction of the deficit incurred by the national-debt commissioners as regards trustee savings banks, by the creation of a terminable annuity for a certain number of years, not exceeding twenty-eight, of such an amount as will pay off the deficiency if the interest is calculated at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum, the annuity to be a charge on the consolidated fund; and it enacts that the interest payable to the trustees of trustee savings banks shall be reduced from $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 3 per cent., and the interest payable to depositors in such banks from 3 to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The second, and perhaps most important, part of the measure, gives power to depositors in trustee and post-office savings banks to invest any part of their deposits, being not less than £10 and not exceeding £300, in government stock through the agency of the post-office, at a trifling cost,

varying from 9d. to 2s. 3d., the dividends being collected free of further charge. The investment can be effected either by a transfer from a depositor's account, or by means specially deposited for immediate investments. The working of this act has proved satisfactory, and the government stock investments were, in 1885, 17,133 in number, the amount of stock purchased being £859,050. The sales numbered 7,443, and amounted to £326,445 stock. The total amount of stock held at the close of the year 1885 was £2,452,252, and was held by 30,597 persons. The machinery required to set the new act in motion throughout the country was of a complex character, and the fact that the measure was carried through without any failure certainly reflects the highest credit on those upon whom the duty devolved.

When the act, to which we have just been referring, was in committee, Colonel Harcourt, M.P., proposed an amendment with the object of reducing the present shilling limit for deposits in post-office savings banks, so as to admit of penny deposits; it having been frequently urged of late years in many quarters that the limit in question is not sufficiently low to reach the poorest classes. To any one at all acquainted with the working of the postal savings-bank system it was, of course, obvious that such a reduction was impracticable, especially in the view of the fact that the average cost of each transaction is estimated at eight pence. Mr. Fawcett, however, ever anxious to meet, as far as possible, popular requirements, while declining to accept the amendment, announced a plan he proposed to bring into operation, which would, without involving any actual relaxation of the shilling limit, have the effect of practically fulfilling the same ends as would be gained thereby. That the postage-stamp savings scheme — which was the plan alluded to, — has now been tried for nearly six years with the utmost success, is a fact that every reader must be well acquainted with, as so much has been both said and written about it since its introduction. It need, therefore, only be succinctly stated that the plan enables poor persons desirous of saving to collect by means of penny stamps a shilling for deposit in the postal savings banks. The stamps are to be affixed as collected to specially prepared slips which are supplied gratuitously at any post-office, and they must not, of course, be defaced or in any way damaged or mutilated. The extreme simplicity of

the scheme, which is another of the late Mr. Chetwynd's inventions, is its great beauty and recommendation; and although the objection was at first raised that it would afford an opening for the disposal of stamps dishonestly obtained, experience has shown that no serious risk in this respect need be feared. The results of the scheme up to the present time are most gratifying, both to the postal authorities as repaying their strenuous efforts to encourage providence by creating an opening for the saving of the smallest sums, and to the public in dispelling, in a great measure, a notion hitherto generally entertained, that the poorest classes of this country lack the faculty for saving, even if afforded the facilities for so doing. The whole subject of small savings has of recent years been a favorite theme, and particularly as regards the useful character of the scheme at present under notice, and it is gratifying to notice the determination which the post-office shows to shut out no opening which may serve to encourage the habit of saving, and the fresh facilities it is constantly offering for the convenience of depositors. Arrangements are now made, for instance, by which the personal attendance of children and others at a distant savings bank may be avoided and those who are desirous of promoting thrift are invited to communicate on the subject with the controller of the post-office savings bank. Navvies, too, employed on the construction of several public works, are now afforded at the place where they receive their wages, through the enterprise of the post-office, the opportunity of depositing money in the postal savings banks, as well as of procuring money orders, — an arrangement that proves of marked value to the class of men whose character for improvidence has ever been conspicuous.

The life-insurance and annuity business of the post-office is gradually expanding under the ingenious system suggested by Mr. Cardin, the present receiver and accountant general of the post-office, — a system which was introduced in 1884. The changes which were then made must be well known to every reader, and as the benefits which the new system confers become more appreciated by those for whose advantage they were designed, there is reason to hope that the business will increase as rapidly as was anticipated. Even at present the increase is not unmarked, the number of annuities in existence on the last day of 1885 having been 10,306, and the insurances 5,155.

We now turn to the last section of the post-office service we have to deal with in this paper, namely, the telegraphic system of the country, in which unusual public interest has centred since it was first acquired by the government on February 5th, 1870. Previous to the transfer the usefulness of the telegraphs, as a medium of general communication, was considerably restricted, owing to the high charges which were made; for although the telegraphic wires of the country were in the hands of various competing companies, there nevertheless appeared to exist a sort of tacit understanding amongst them that it was desirable to maintain as high a tariff as possible. In addition to this, no great spirit of enterprise was exhibited by the companies, who were apparently unwilling to enter into any measures which would develop the system. Under such circumstances it was no wonder that high expectations were entertained of the change of management in 1870, and the institution of a system of government telegraphs was hailed at the time as the inauguration of a new era in this mode of communication. The results achieved by the post-office, after more than sixteen years' experience of the system — a period sufficiently long to test the merits of any scheme — have amply proved that these expectations were by no means ill-founded. Telegraphic resources have undoubtedly been wonderfully developed by the post-office, and the extension of the system has certainly exceeded general anticipation. When the electric wires were taken over there were only 2,488 telegraph offices open throughout the country. That number has now been increased to over six thousand. The messages transmitted over the wires, which have also increased in a marvellous degree, by the companies in the year previous to the transfer were six million five hundred thousand. The number transmitted by the government in 1885-6 was 39,235,813.

The great attraction of the transfer was, of course, the introduction of a uniform tariff with a minimum charge of one shilling for twenty words; and this it is that is to be regarded as the primary cause of the rapid and marvellous increase of business. Unfortunately, however, the revenue of this department has not always exhibited such brilliant results; for, although the receipts have every year exceeded the expenditure, it is only within the last few years that the net profit derived from the service has proved sufficient to pay the full interest, three per

cent., on the debt of over £10,000,000 incurred since 1869 for the purchase of the electric wires of the country, and to leave a surplus towards the cancelling of the debt. For some time the results of the undertaking exhibited an annual deficiency, amounting in the aggregate to not less than £1,216,000, which had to be charged on the consolidated fund, and the fiscal difficulties long engaged the serious attention of the government; commissions of inquiry having from time to time minutely examined into and investigated the working of the system with the view of curtailing the expenditure in every practicable way. These efforts proved, on the whole, satisfactory, and the condition of the revenue earned in the last few years is no doubt due, in a great measure, to the results thereof.

The great event of the postal telegraph world during the year 1885 was the introduction of the reduced rate for inland telegraph messages decided on by Parliament. The desirability of a sixpenny rate for telegrams had frequently been urged on the post-office; and shortly after assuming office, Mr. Fawcett, who was ever anxious for the public welfare, suggested a word-rate, including addresses, of a halfpenny, with a minimum charge of sixpence, which he considered would be effected with only a small sacrifice of revenue, probably about £170,000 a year. Practically this is what has been adopted, and the result so far has been satisfactory.

The change commenced on the 1st of October, 1885, so that of the financial year 1885-6 six months of the telegraph business were at the old shilling rate, and six at the new sixpenny rate. To quote from the postmaster-general's last report:—

The number of inland messages in the first six months under the old rate was 11,314,423, and produced £604,436. The number in the last six months under the new rate was 16,787,540, and produced £564,203. The actual loss of revenue involved in the introduction of the reduced rate was only £22,019.

These figures indicate a very satisfactory result of the cheaper tariff for telegrams; and bearing in mind that the system has operated but little more than a year, there is good reason for anticipating that our telegraph will wholly recover itself from loss within a few years' time.

As regards the financial results of the post-office service generally, it may be stated that the gross revenue derived from postage on letters, etc., commission on money and postal orders, the value of unclaimed money orders, and from the tele-

graphs, was a little over £10,250,000 sterling, while the expenditure amounted to a little more than £7,500,000, thus leaving nearly £3,000,000 as the net revenue. So gratifying a result is the more satisfactory, perhaps, if we bear in mind that, excepting the telegraph service, the post-office has no capital account, and consequently provides out of its annual income for the expenses of all the extensions inseparable from so rapidly increasing a business.

It but remains to add that the stupendous results here briefly indicated are not, as may be imagined, attained without the assistance and co-operation of a large staff of officials. This staff now numbers, all told, more than ninety-six thousand persons. So large a force is indeed a matter for wonder; but remembering the gigantic operations of our modern post-office, and the multifarious character and enormous quantity of its work, the figures quoted need occasion no surprise. The duties, too, devolving upon this enormous staff, which are at all times onerous and arduous, have frequently to be discharged in the midst of great difficulties and impediments, often of a trying character; and it is, therefore, extremely satisfactory to notice how favorably the postmaster-general speaks of their conduct and of their efficiency. Without such efficiency and good conduct our present postal service could scarcely be what it really is — the finest and most perfect organization in the world.

ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.

From Temple Bar.

THE LATE MASTER OF TRINITY.

My first acquaintance with "the master of Trinity" was made — under very awful circumstances — in the month of June, 1844. (He was then known as the Rev. William Hepworth Thompson, fellow and assistant tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, having graduated as fourth classic and second chancellor's medalist in 1832 — a great year for Trinity, — Lushington, Shilleto, Dobson, Thompson, coming one after another, before any other college had anything to say.) He had been invited by Dr. Donaldson — then head-master of Bury School — to examine the fifth and sixth forms. The ordeal began with *vivâ voce* Thucydides, sixth form. There we boys sat, in nervous expectation, when the door was suddenly thrown open and the

great man entered. His appearance was always awe-inspiring — so much so, that a story is told of some Rugby boys, at Bletchley Junction, instinctively throwing away their cigars at the very sight of him. Terrible it was to *us*; terrible especially it was to *me*, who, as captain, would have to "go on" first. Well can I recall him to my memory as he stood before us that morning, when throwing open his coat he displayed his well-known double-breasted velvet waistcoat, and, placing his massive gold watch on the desk, for some moments regarded us — fixing his magnificent eyes on each boy successively all down the line. When he had finished, our courage was all gone, and, I well remember, I never translated so badly in my life.

In October that same year I went into residence at Trinity, Mr. J. W. Blakesley (afterwards Dean of Lincoln) being my tutor. Thompson and Blakesley were fast friends, and, I believe, were at that time almost the only habitual smokers amongst the dons.

Thompson, Blakesley, and Atkinson were the three tutors then. The future master was in every way an admirable tutor, making himself really *in loco parentis* to those who were fortunate enough to have been entered "on his side" — always ready to stand by them in trouble, provided they had done nothing to derogate from the character of gentlemen. His power of sarcasm was peculiarly effective with conceited young men; and it even operated as a check on the awful Whewell, whose manners were at that time at their very worst. Who that was at Cambridge then can forget Thompson's lectures on the "Republic" of Plato, which, I am thankful to say, it was my duty as well as my privilege to attend? Attended they were by men of "all years;" even graduates and men of other colleges (an unheard-of thing) obtained leave to be present. The room was completely crowded. Occasionally a man "keeping lecture" would come in late. Then would be shown Thompson's remarkable powers of sarcasm. Well do I remember this happening to my friend P——ll, at his entrance late one morning. The lecturer, in the middle of a magnificent paragraph, paused and regarded him for some moments. At last he spoke. "I'm afraid, sir, you have some difficulty in finding a seat. If these gentlemen will kindly excuse me for a few moments, I will go and look for my servant — who should be somewhere outside — and he will endeavor to procure one for you." The servant

duly appearing in course of time with a chair, Thompson proceeded to place it in the centre of the room in front of him, and said: "I think, sir, you will find this a good position for hearing." P——ll—the picture of misery—had nothing to do but to sit down. At the conclusion of the lecture, Thompson thus addressed him: "Mr. P——ll, for *the future*, sir, the lectures will commence *at eleven o'clock*."

At another lecture I remember he asked five or six men to "go on," and they all in succession—from sheer fright of him—said, "I'm not prepared, sir" (a liberty then, but not afterwards, allowed). Picking out the most panic-stricken of the lot, Thompson said: "Perhaps, sir, you and I together might manage to translate the passage."

At Trinity, in those days, it was the custom, in cases of violation of discipline, for the dean to send a man up to his tutor. To the tutor he went twice, and the third time to "the master."

Very uncomfortable indeed did a man feel when, in obedience to the summons under these circumstances, he knocked at Thompson's door; which, occasionally, with an excess of put-on civility, he would open himself, and say: "Good-morning, Mr. A. I hope, sir, you are quite well this morning. Which side of the fire do you like to sit? I think, sir, you will find this armchair a comfortable one; or, perhaps, you would prefer the sofa." But when the miserable man was seated, good heavens! how he gave it him!

On one of these occasions Mr. O., a very great friend of mine, and now highly distinguished in the diplomatic service, appeared before him for making a disturbance in the court during the night, or perhaps in the small hours of the morning. The fact was he had aggravated the poor old porter (whose name was Hardy) by going through the last scene in Nelson's life to him. "Hardy, I be's wounded." "Not mortally, I hopes, my lord?" "Mortally, I be's afraid. Kiss me, Hardy." This the man, of course not understanding, took as a personal insult, and reported F. O., who accordingly stood before his tutor: when the following dialogue took place:—

T.: "Mr. O., pray be seated, sir. I have merely sent for you to contradict a report I have received, that you were creating a disturbance in the New Court last night."

O.: "I'm very sorry indeed, sir; but some friends of mine had won the 'pair

oars,' and we had a supper-party and toasted the winners."

T. (after a long pause): "Mr. O., sir, I am astounded! A certain class of men come up to this University for the express purpose of spending a year or two in extravagance and riot—with *these* men we well know how to deal. But, sir, when 'honor-men' like yourself, who take high places in the college examinations, do this kind of thing, we find ourselves completely at a loss; authority is paralyzed, and society is shaken to its foundation. I have nothing to say, sir! You can go."

Another instance I must give, showing the great tutor's acuteness, kindness, and discretion; especially as this affair, had it come to be dealt with by most other dons, would have been fatal to myself.

Fireworks had on two or three occasions been foolishly let off in college, and the authorities were determined to put the thing down with a high hand. Accordingly an "affix" was posted on "the screens," to the effect that any undergraduate offending in this way would be forthwith rusticated or expelled, as the case might be. Well, it happened that a few days after this I was invited to dine with O. A., an Eton man. It was to be a quiet party of four for a rubber of whist. Two of us had arrived, and, with our host, we were waiting the arrival of the fourth. At last W. K. W. made his appearance, with a parcel in his hand, which he asked to be allowed to place in a drawer. This done, the dinner proceeded. Afterwards, at about ten or eleven P.M., W. went to the fatal drawer—took out his parcel—told us they were fireworks—and stated his intention of letting them off in the court. We tried to dissuade him, but in vain. He took off his shoes, crept stealthily down the stone stairs, placed them all over the round grass-plat, and after lighting a slow match, carefully slipped up-stairs again. We let him in gently, sported the door, and waited breathless, all peering through the chinks of the shutters. We had not long to wait. Bang! smash!—bang! smash!—fire, noise, and confusion! Every one tearing down-stairs into the court—Thompson (whose rooms were in the next staircase), dons, undergraduates—everybody. The court was crammed. It was very long before, one at a time, we ventured to leave O. A.'s rooms, and each creep away silently to our own. Every step that could suggest itself was tried by the dons to discover the offenders. A week and more elapsed, and we began to hope we were safe; but at last it occurred to Thompson

to go and see Hudson, the cook, and enquire if any one had a dinner-party that night in the New Court. Hudson referred to his books and said, "No one, sir, but Mr. O. A.; and he had only dinner for four." Thompson went to his rooms, sent for O. A., and on his appearance said: "Mr. A., I ask you, sir—on your honor as a gentleman—did any one from your rooms have anything to do with those fireworks which were let off in the New Court?"

A., of course, replied, "Yes, sir."

Thompson then said: "I must trouble you, sir, for the names of the gentlemen who dined with you." These were accordingly given, and we naturally thought it was all up with us. Mercifully, from that day to this, we heard no more of the matter. I can only ascribe it to Thompson's good sense and kindly forbearance; for I am persuaded that had he disclosed the matter to Dr. Whewell, Dr. Whewell would have expelled us. I think he must have been glad afterwards, for we all—or all but one—took double honors, and one was a good wrangler.

As senior dean, Thompson was wonderful to behold as he used to stand posed in chapel—apparently perfectly impassive and uninterested in the proceedings, his fine eyes (so admirably drawn by Laurence in 1841, whose portrait I have now before me) dreamingly fixed on the opposite wall, every one looking at his handsome person.

It so happened I was dining in hall on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 6, 1866, and sat next to Thompson. We were in conversation, when a gyp came up to him and announced that Dr. Whewell had just expired—the fall from his horse having terminated fatally. Thompson calmly unbuttoned his coat, took out the gold watch—the same I had regarded with such awe when at Bury School—and said to me: "A quarter to five o'clock. *Now* we forget all his faults."

If Laurence has been successful in depicting the tutor in his handsome prime, Herkomer has been no less successful in handing down the wonderful appearance of his latter life, as master of Trinity.

Of this picture, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1882, and now hanging in the college hall, the *Spectator* said: "The rigidity, the dull, immobile smile that Mr. Herkomer has fixed upon the canvas are wonderfully characteristic of Dr. Thompson; and though perhaps his friends might wish for a less stern reading of his character, it is vitally a true one. This might well be the man of whom the undergraduates tell the story that one Sun-

day, when preaching to five or six hundred of them in the college chapel, he looked round with a cold smile as he gave out his text on the parable of the talents, and began his sermon in the following words: 'Now all of *you* have one talent—a pause; some of you have *two* talents—a longer pause; and some of you perhaps *even three* talents.'

The master himself, when he was shown the portrait completed, said "H'm! He has made me very *donnish*; I had no idea I had such a supreme contempt for the whole human race."

With the exception of editing two of Plato's dialogues he never wrote a book; it used to be said that, having been so severe on others, he dreaded criticism on himself. It is well known, however, that Davies and Vaughan's "Republic of Plato" is in fact Thompson's "Republic of Plato."

No notice of him, however incomplete, can go forth without some of his caustic sayings. Here are some:—

Being asked whether it was true that he had corrected Dr. Whewell's "Plato for English Readers" for the press, Thompson said: "Well, I certainly did run my pen through some of the *grosser* blunders."

On a Johnian don asking him, one year, whether he had heard what a much smaller entry of freshmen they had than usual, he said: "Well, yes, *indirectly*; for I was aware that emigration had greatly increased amongst the lower orders."

I don't think he quite liked the lady students. One day he said to a friend of mine: "If you'll believe me, one of them has put down on the 'Agenda Paper' of the Philosophical Society a notice that she is going to read a paper on the generation of a newt!"

Of one of the tutors he said: "That little man! He devotes all the time he can spare from his personal adornment to the mismanagement of his pupils."

At the great dinner given by Trinity Hall in honor of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Thompson, observing how thoroughly he enjoyed himself and took everything that offered itself, said: "I'll never believe in retributive justice unless the lord chief justice is very ill indeed to-morrow morning."

On one of his visits to Malvern, Miss K., a blue-stocking, wishing to show herself off in conversation with Thompson, selected a moment when many people were within hearing, and said: "Dr. Thompson, what's your idea of faith?"

Thompson, after a silence, without look-

ing at her, said: "Faith, ma'am, is the substance of things hoped for — the evidence of things not seen."

On his return from Malvern, being asked how he liked the place, he replied in Pindar's words, —

"Ἀριστον μὲν ἔδωκε, ὁ δὲ χρονός" — the last word, with a shrug of the shoulder, expressing the expense of the visit.

Thompson did not disguise his estimate of Charles Kingsley as professor of modern history, and upon being asked why he resigned the chair, said: "I suppose he did not know any more."

On the appointment of Professor S — as his successor, Thompson, amongst others, attended the usual inaugural lecture; and on being asked his opinion of it, his reply was: "I could not have believed poor Kingsley would have been so soon missed."

Speaking of a well-known schoolmaster, Thompson said: "Dr. C. usually imparts to his boys that vulgar swagger he possesses in such a pre-eminent degree himself."

Soon after the publication of Howson and Connybeare's "Life and Letters of St. Paul," Dean Howson preached a sermon before the University of Cambridge. Thompson was present, and coming out of Great St. Mary's, said: "What a very clever man *Connybeare* must be!"

His well-known saying as to the Foulbourn Lunatic Asylum is one of his very best. When asked what he thought of the architecture of the building, he said: "I should have supposed that the *in-mates* had *secreted* it."

The following I had from Dr. Donaldson.

On the occasion of an election, there was a great gathering in hall, at which Donaldson and Thompson were seated next to each other, and Mr. W. G. Clark, the public orator, opposite. The latter told a very good story of a mission our government had recently despatched to King Dahomey of the Gold Coast, on which occasion our envoy had been entrusted with a present of crockery to be delivered to the monarch, in the hope of putting him in good humor, and which — as luck would have it — perfectly succeeded; so much so, that Dahomey, mistaking the use of one of the articles, placed it on his head for a helmet, grinning with delight.

"Well," said Thompson, "at all events, he was armed *Cap-à-pie*."

"Yes," said Donaldson, "and, no doubt, thought himself the greatest *Pot-en-tête* in the world."

On the execution of the valet Couvoisier for the murder of his master, Lord William Russell, Thompson said: "Well, there's a prophecy fulfilled — 'Every *valet* shall be exalted.'"

Apropos of Lord S.'s leaving Trinity and his *mesalliance*, he said: "The Earl of S. has left the university with a flourish of (s)trumpets."

"My dear G.," said Thompson to an old friend very recently, "will you believe it? I've a room in the lodge so damp, that not even my own sermons will keep it dry."

Last, and best, was his rebuke to some of the junior fellows (which, I believe, was quoted by Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey as "the saying of a modern sage"), —

"Gentlemen, let us remember we are none of us infallible — not even the *youngest* of us."

Having told how it was I *first* met Dr. Thompson, I will conclude by saying how it was I *last* saw him. It was on Tuesday, the 3rd of February, 1885. The day is marked indelibly on my memory; for it was also the last time I saw my dear friend H. A. J. Munro just before his journey to Rome, from which he never returned. At his suggestion, at about half past eleven, I went to see the master. Most kind was his reception of me; and after a long talk of old Trinity days, and Trinity men and manners, he showed me over the lodge, pointing out everything of interest — more especially the pictures.

"There's Bloody Mary," said he. "How ugly she is! She was, however, a great benefactress to the college. I never heard any other good of her; perhaps it saved her some years in purgatory."

So we parted.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

J. S. P.,

M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

From Chambers' Journal.

NAPOLEON IN TOR BAY.

It is all but impossible to realize the scene of excitement which the calm blue waters of Tor Bay, crested with the bright sunshine of the summer of 1815, presented, when the emperor Napoleon arrived on board the *Bellerophon*, soon to be transferred to the Northumberland, in which he was conveyed to St. Helena. After the world-earthquake Waterloo, when the allies entered Paris, and the

French army declared for Louis XVIII., Napoleon made his way to Rochefort, where he arrived on the 3d of July, and whence his attempts at escape were frustrated by the moonlight and the vigilance of the English cruisers. Two frigates had been placed at his disposal to facilitate his flight to America, and arrangements likewise made with a Danish smack which was to await him out at sea; but to reach her under the circumstances was deemed an attempt too hazardous. At last, on the 14th of July, Count Las Cases and General Allemand came on board the *Bellerophon*, then lying in the Basque Roads, with a proposal to Captain Maitland that he should receive Napoleon, who desired to proceed to England for the purpose of throwing himself upon the generosity of the prince regent. Captain Maitland clearly explained that it was out of his power to grant terms of any sort, and that his instructions only permitted him to convey Napoleon and his attendants to England; on which understanding, the ex-emperor, with his baggage, embarked the following morning on board a French brig, which conveyed them to the *Bellerophon*, where he was received with the honors due to a crowned head. On gaining the quarter-deck, the emperor said in French to the captain: "I am come, sir, to claim the protection of your prince and of your laws." In appearance he is described as about five and a half feet in height, strongly made, decidedly stout, with a sallow complexion, and dark-brown hair, as yet untouched with gray. He wore a green uniform coat with epaulets and a red collar, a broad red sash, star on the left breast, white waistcoat, boots and pantaloons, and a large cocked hat with the tri-colored cockade.

The passage, by reason of adverse winds, was slow, so that it was the 24th ere the *Bellerophon* arrived in Tor Bay, when Captain Maitland was signalled to stand out three leagues from shore, and there await further orders from the Admiralty. It is said that on first beholding the Devonshire coast, Napoleon could not conceal his admiration, exclaiming: "At length here is this beautiful country. How much it resembles Porto Ferrajo, in Elba!"

No sooner was it known that the disturber of the peace of Europe, against whom they had so long and so sternly striven, was actually on board ship at anchor in Tor Bay, than from Dartmouth, Paignton, Dawlish, Teignmouth, and by-and-by from ports more distant still, the

country-folk thronged in boats of every size and shape, struggling to approach the *Bellerophon* to catch a glimpse of the fallen emperor. So inconvenient and dangerous was the crowding of these innumerable craft with their cargoes of sightseers, that it became necessary to order the *Bellerophon's* boats to row round the ship to keep them at a respectful distance. No fewer than a thousand boats daily put off from the shore; and Napoleon exhibited no little pleasure and amusement at the interest excited by his presence. From London and all parts of the country, people flocked down to Tor Bay during the time necessarily occupied in determining Napoleon's final destination, well pleased if they succeeded in catching an occasional glimpse of him as he walked backwards and forwards in the stern gallery with his hands behind him, or surveyed through an opera glass the varied texture of the crowd in the vessels below. As he paced the quarter-deck in conversation with one or other of his followers, he would frequently approach the ship's side and acknowledge the salutations of his visitors. Two or three French ladies, wives of members of the suite, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, were frequently seated on deck, with whom, as he paused in his walk and stooped to look through the ports at the vessels alongside, Napoleon would now and again exchange a word. At six o'clock the dinner-bell rang, when the emperor with his attendants went below, the sailors with great good-humor putting out a board on which was chalked, "He's gone to dine." He usually remained about half an hour, when another board announced his reappearance on deck. It was about the 1st of August when his ultimate destination became known to him through the newspapers, and he was shortly afterwards observed at the cabin window tearing up papers, which he threw into the sea. Fragments of some of these, being seized upon as relics, turned out to be translations of speeches in the last session of Parliament, and a letter addressed to the empress Maria Louisa immediately after his abdication.

But of all the incidents which occurred while Napoleon was in Tor Bay, the most remarkable was a farewell visit paid him by a lady of foreign appearance and surpassing loveliness. Cloaked and veiled, to escape observation, she carried with her a bouquet of choicest flowers, peculiarly arranged in rows, which, when her boat arrived at a convenient distance from

the *Bellerophon*, was despatched in charge of her servant. As the token of unchanged affection reached the quarter-deck, the lady was observed to raise her veil, disclosing features of exceeding beauty. At first, the bouquet seemed to awaken no memories in Napoleon's breast, but after a moment he hastily approached the ship's side, and steadfastly gazing awhile on the fair form disclosed to view, he waved a last farewell.

On Wednesday the 2d of August, the *Bellerophon* and *Tonnant* sailed for Plymouth, where it had been intended that the transfer to the Northumberland should be carried out. But in consequence of the loss of life which occurred from the vast concourse of boats in the Sound, as well as to avoid a writ of habeas corpus, under which it was desired to obtain the evidence of Napoleon in a case at the time pending in the Queen's Bench, it was deemed advisable to return to Tor Bay, where, on Sunday the 6th of August, the three vessels (the Northumberland having meantime come round from Portsmouth) cast anchor. No sooner were the ships brought up, than Sir Henry Bunbury, accompanied by Mr. Bathurst, proceeded on board the *Bellerophon*, and announced to the ex-emperor the resolution of the Cabinet, that he should be transported to St. Helena, accompanied by four of his friends and twelve servants. The information was received without surprise; but in a speech of three-quarters of an hour's duration, delivered in a manner the most impressive, Napoleon protested against the determination which had been arrived at.

The same afternoon, Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn proceeded in the admiral's yacht to the *Bellerophon*. Napoleon was on deck to receive them. After the usual salutations, Lord Keith addressed himself to Bonaparte, and acquainted him with his intended transfer to the Northumberland for passage to St. Helena. After much expostulation, Napoleon finally refused to go; but upon Lord Keith expressing the hope that no coercion would be necessary to carry out the orders of government, he replied: "O no, no! you command, I must obey. Only, recollect, I do not go of my own freewill." He then formally handed to Lord Keith a written protest against his transportation to St. Helena, in which it was contended, that having come voluntarily on board the *Bellerophon*, he was the guest and not the prisoner of England. "I appeal," he concluded, "to history,

whether an enemy who comes deliberately in his misfortunes to seek an asylum under the protection of English law, can give a more convincing proof of his esteem and confidence. But how have the English answered such confidence and magnanimity? They pretended to extend a friendly hand to this enemy; and when he relied on their good faith, they sacrificed him."

It was afterwards arranged that the transfer should take place the following morning (Monday) about eleven o'clock. Early next day, Sir George Cockburn superintended the inspection of the baggage, consisting of services and toilet sets of plate, several articles in gold, books, beds, etc., which were sent on board the Northumberland, four thousand gold napoleons being sealed up and detained. The baggage having been removed, the parting scene commenced, Napoleon handing to several of his officers a certificate of fidelity and good service. About eleven o'clock, the barge of the *Tonnant* proceeded to the *Bellerophon* to receive the fallen emperor and those who were to be the partakers of his exile: General and Madame Bertrand with their children, Count and Countess Montholon and child, Count Las Cases, General Gourgaud, nine men and three women servants. At the last moment, Napoleon's surgeon refused to accompany him, whereupon the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, Mr. O'Meara, consented to supply his place. Shortly afterwards O'Meara was offered a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, but this he rejected, with the remark that the pay of his king was sufficient to satisfy him.

Before entering the barge which was to convey him to the Northumberland, Bonaparte addressed himself to Captain Maitland and the officers of the *Bellerophon*, not forgetting to take off his hat to them again after descending the ladder into the barge. It was about noon on the 7th of August when the barge of the *Tonnant* approached the starboard side of the Northumberland. Bertrand was the first to go over the side, and standing with his hat off, upright as a sentinel, announced his master. Napoleon instantly followed, and, taking off his hat, remarked to Sir George Cockburn, who received him: "Monsieur, je suis à vos ordres." At once moving forward on the quarter-deck, he desired to be introduced to Captain Ross, who commanded the ship, a ceremony which was immediately performed, the guard of marines, drawn up on the port side, receiving the ex-emperor with

the compliment due to his rank as a general officer. To Lord Lowther and Mr. Lyttleton, who stood near the admiral, Napoleon bowed and spoke a few words, remarking also to an artillery officer who was by, that he himself had originally served in that arm. The introduction to the eight lieutenants of the ship, not one of whom could speak a single word of French, was sufficiently ridiculous; they were drawn up in line on one side of the cabin; and after gazing and smiling for a moment on Napoleon, who, in his turn, gazed and smiled at them, they bowed and defiled before him out of the cabin door. The after-cabin on board the Northumberland was not, as on the Bellerophon, the private room wherein Napoleon was not to be intruded upon by any unbidden guest, but was shared equally by the admiral and his friends; a small cabin being besides appropriated for the sole accommodation of the ex-emperor, and elegantly furnished, the toilet being of silver, and the bed-linen of exquisite fineness. The party were also permitted to supply themselves from shore with any articles they might desire wherewith to add to their comfort and amusement, a permission of which they availed themselves by purchasing a billiard-table, an immense supply of playing-cards, chessmen, etc., besides a number of the best books in the English language.

After waiting for the Weymouth store-ship and some other vessels destined to complete the miniature squadron, the whole finally sailed out of Tor Bay on Friday the 11th of August; and Napoleon passed away from the shores of Europe to end his days in exile on a solitary rock in the Atlantic.

From St. James's Gazette.
DOMESDAY.

It is just eight hundred years since Domesday Book was compiled; and we shall soon be hearing a good deal about it. For one thing, its eighth centenary is to be celebrated by a series of meetings of the Royal Historical Society at which papers will be read on the contents of Domesday, and a publication of a volume of studies upon it will follow. There will also be an exhibition of Domesday Book itself and other records of a kindred nature preserved at the Record Office and at the British Museum. The subjects to be dealt with at the meetings will be the

history of the survey; and the purpose, occasion, and object of its compilation, its geographical limits, the omission of certain districts from it, the much disputed subject of tenures mentioned in it, and the social standing of the communities described. About all these things we shall before the end of the month hear much that is new; as each of these subjects will be dealt with in the light of the vast mass of extraneous evidence which antiquarian students have in recent years made available.

The name of Domesday calls to mind one of the many efforts which William the Conqueror is represented as having made to squeeze the last penny out of our unfortunate Saxon forefathers. But let us for a moment consider how the survey was taken, and then judge of its probable object and of the results it effected. Special commissioners were appointed, called the *legati regis*. They were to inquire—upon the oaths of the sheriffs of the counties, the lords or owners of manors, the reeves of the hundreds, and the bailiffs and six of the *villani* of each village—into the name of every place; who held it in Edward the Confessor's time, and who was then the possessor; the area of the place and its population; the social standing and condition of the inhabitants; the nature of the land, and how it was divided. The value of all this was to be estimated under three different heads: firstly, as it was in the Confessor's time; secondly, as it was when bestowed by the Conqueror; and, lastly, as it stood at the time of the survey. If these questions were properly answered, a very valuable description of the country would be produced; and there is plenty of evidence to show that it was compiled quite as much for the benefit of the people as for the benefit of the sovereign. There are frequent entries in the book to show that its compilation led to the restitution of property held by some wrongful title to its rightful owner. This being so, there was little need for the author of the Saxon Chronicle to criticise the minuteness of detail required by writing: "So very narrowly" did the king cause it "to be traced out, that there was not a single hide, nor one virgate of land, nor even, shame to tell (though it seemed to him no shame to do it), an ox, a cow, or a swine, that was not set down." As a matter of fact, however, the information given was often more extensive than that required by the king's precept. In very few cases did the owners of land refuse to make their

own returns; and when they did there was certainly no injustice in the valuation of their property, for in such cases it was ascertained on the most equitable basis possible.

There is not very much about forests in Domesday; they were not an object of assessment, and were of private and especial jurisdiction; four only, besides the New Forest, are mentioned. These four are: Windsor, Graveling in Wiltshire, Wimborne in Dorsetshire, and Whichwood in Oxfordshire. Of course the allusions to the New Forest are especially interesting. All the chroniclers agree in their reproach of Duke William for his action in laying out this hunting-ground, and there is nothing in Domesday to suggest that their condemnation is unwarrantable. The survey of that part of Hampshire paints a vivid picture of the work of afforestation which had been carried out in the twenty years of his reign, and also bears witness to the alleged destruction of churches and ecclesiastical property. Only two churches are mentioned as then existing in that portion of the county, while in the remainder of it we find one hundred and fifteen. Of course it must be borne in mind that the survey does not profess to take note of churches at all; still, taken in connection with the allegation that William swept away every ecclesiastical building which hindered the making of the forest, it is a notable fact that of the one hundred and seventeen churches in Hampshire only two occur in the afforested part of the county. Domesday affords a clear insight into the state of cultivation of the land, and brings to mind an almost forgotten branch of husbandry in England. The culture of the vine for wine production is noticed at Bistesham in Berkshire, at Wilcote in Wiltshire, Hantun in Worcestershire, and in various parts of Essex. Those who have been bustling about Holborn to-day will find it hard to picture the site of that thoroughfare in the time of Domesday, when William the Chamberlain made a special render to the king's sheriff for land in "Holeburne, in Middlesex," where grew his "vineyard." The "village of Westminster," too, could boast of its vineries. Throughout the survey we find frequent allusion to salt-works; those mentioned in seaboard counties being ponds, or *panns*, for producing sea salt by evaporation; those in the inland counties being brine or salt springs. Rock salt was not yet known in England. Oddly enough, the first pits of fossil salt

were found in Cheshire in 1670, on the very spot where Domesday mentions brine-springs. There are few allusions to the mineral productions of the country. Not a word is said about tin in Cornwall. Iron is mentioned in several counties, and lead-works are referred to in the king's demesnes in Derbyshire. Fisheries formed an important source of rent; they were mostly of eels or herrings. Salmon fisheries are noticed in the possessions of Juhdel de Totenais — one at Lodeswille and another at Corneorde; each yielded a rent of thirty salmon a year. The Church of St. Peter of Gloucester received sixteen salmon by way of rent from its own burgesses. The fishery of Etone in Cheshire yielded annually one thousand salmon. An important fishery (though it is not clear what fish was principally taken there) also existed at Mortlake in Surrey. Mentions of "stews" and fish-ponds occur frequently throughout the survey. Most of these belonged to religious houses; and there are some allusions to the "pitched" or "choll" nets described by the appropriate word *heimaris*, or sea hedge.

The mention of money in Domesday is worthy of some note. There is the *libra*, the mark, the *ora*, the shilling, the penny, the halfpenny, the farthing, and the "*minuta*." The halfpenny and farthing were literally fractions of the penny, being broken parts of it. The *minuta* occurs only once in the survey — in Cheshire; and Sir Henry Ellis, in his general introduction to Domesday, suggests that it was a small Northumbrian copper coin called the *styca*. A mint was one of the usual appendages of a burgh. Domesday mentions payments for the privilege of coining being made from Pevensey, Lewes, Malmesbury, Bath, Thornton, and Thetford. Mint-masters are referred to at Wallingford, Dorchester, Bridport, Wareham, Shaftesbury, Oxford, Worcester, Hereford, Huntingdon, Lincoln, Colchester, Norwich, Sudbury, and Ipswich; there were also moneyers at Hereford, Shrewsbury, Chester, and Norwich.

It is, of course, from the tenures and services set out in the survey that we gain that full insight of the inner life of Englishmen in the eleventh century which renders Domesday so valuable a study of our social history. The services performed by towns and burghs are numerous, one of the most frequent being so many days' or nights' entertainment to the sovereign; a very useful service in days when he spent nearly his whole time in going from one place to another. The

"entertainment" cannot have been on a mean scale, as in the case of Oxford the whole county rendered £150 in lieu of three nights' entertainment. The services rendered to the king or to the chief lords by the meaner tenants were mostly so many days' work at the plough, or in sowing or reaping, or in attendance to do some personal office, or in carrying, feeding dogs, or keeping the chase. All illustrate the servile condition of the performers. But the servility was not of Norman introduction; these services and duties had been rendered from a time then described as "immemorial;" and it is strange to note how numerous are the instances of a money render being made in lieu of the service which, in the Confessor's time, had been actually performed. Domesday also throws light upon the existing laws and their application. Among the most frequent crimes for which fines or punishment were inflicted by territorial holders were murder, highway robbery, and personal assault, with or without shedding blood; we also find mention of "hangewitha," the amercement, paid for hanging a thief without judgment or for letting him escape from custody. The entries in Domesday give us a good general view of the wealth of Church property; one of the richest churches in its landed possessions was probably Posham, in Sussex. In the Confessor's days it had owned one hundred and twelve hides of lands, and at the date of the survey it owned seventy-five. Wellingrove in Lincolnshire, and Berchinyas in Suffolk, were also rich in landed estates; but the generality of Church endowments were infinitely smaller, a hide or half-hide being a fair-sized holding.

Some historical events are incidentally mentioned in Domesday — mostly, of course, of contemporary date. References to reigns earlier than that of Edward the Confessor are scarcely worth noticing. A stray mention occurs here and there of something happening *tempore regis Chnut*; and Queen Emma is noticed as a benefactor to Winchester. The Confessor's memory is treated with reverence whenever referred to; once he is termed *gloriosus Rex Edwardus*. In Huntingdonshire we find land in Broctone described as having been given by him to the Abbey of St. Benedict of Ramsey on account of the services which Abbot Alwin did to the king whilst in Saxony. The frequent incursions made by "gallant little Wales" into the bordering counties are also alluded to. Throughout the sur-

vey Earl Harold is constantly spoken of as the "usurper" of the realm, who "invasit" the country; whilst of the Conqueror we find it said "postquam venit in Angliam" — only once is the expression "after he conquered England" used in reference to him. There is, too, a curious allusion to a trial at law held in Kent in 1072; at this Archbishop Lanfranc recovered twenty-five manors in various counties, of which the Conqueror's energetic soldier-bishop Odo of Baieux had dis seized him. We find also a curious personal allusion to the Conqueror, which describes his purchase of a ship by a carucate of land: "In the fields of Lincoln," says the survey, "are twelve and a half carucates of land," of which the king gave one to a certain Ulchel "for a ship which he bought of him; but he who sold the ship is dead, so no one has the land unless the king made a grant of it."

References to Domesday have been constantly made in legal disputes from the time of Henry I., more frequently of course in early times than later; still it cannot be said that its use as evidence is now obsolete. Extracts from it are used in almost every case in the present day where ancient record evidence is appealed to; and in the recent disputes about Mitcham and Banstead Commons the survey played an important part. The history of its whereabouts immediately after compilation is somewhat obscure, and it seems likely that the extant copy **once had a duplicate**. It describes **itself as the "Liber de Wintonia."** A writer of contemporary date quotes passages from what he calls the "*Libro de Domusdei*" at Winchester *and* Westminster. What has become of the Winchester **copy** — if there ever was a distinct one — **no one knows**. A writer in 1634 describes the "Domesday vault" in Winchester Cathedral, "where the evidence of this kingdom was kept of old."* But it is certain that from a time very little subsequent to its compilation the extant copy was kept with the great seal in the exchequer at Westminster, under treble lock and key. From the exchequer it was, in 1696, removed to the Chapter House, where it remained till taken to its present home at the Public Record Office. Here the Royal Historical Society and their friends intend to go and see it on the eight-hundredth anniversary of its birth-day.

* It should be mentioned that the Domesday at the Public Record Office is in two parts or volumes; the second or smaller volume containing the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex only.

EPITAPH. — I think the subjoined inscription, which I copy minutely from a tombstone in Edwinstowe Churchyard, in what is popularly called the "Dukeries," is unique, and worthy to find a place in *Notes and Queries*: —

Attend

This awful Monitor to Man's Security
 RICHARD NEIL
 Who after baving brav'd
 The boisterous Billows of the Biscan Shore,
 The gaping Terrors of the rude Atlantic,
 And fulminating Wrath of haughty France,
 In Fights victorious
 At 39 in Vital Plenitude,
 And the meridian of well earn'd Friendships,
 By some disastrous unforeseen Event
 Yielded his Social Life
 To the Minutia of his element
 in *Thoresby* Lake,
 As did the Partner of his fleeting Breath
 JOHN BIRDSALL
 Of youthful 28, but just immers'd
 in Joys hymenial
 Anxious to meet his lov'd expecting Bride,
 Was too arrested by the liquid Wave.
 Alike deserving and alike below'd
 Fell two lamented Youths
 Together, in one unpropitious Night
 The 29th Jan'y 1800.
 And this Earth
 Their mortal Parts retain [*sic*].

Of course, grammatically the concluding lines must mean "Their mortal parts retain this earth;" but probably the Johnsonian author meant that the earth retains their mortal parts.

Notes and Queries.

HOURS OF LABOR IN GERMANY. — The reports of the German Inspectors of Factories for 1886, which have just been issued, afford interesting information upon a number of industrial questions, and, amongst others, on that of hours of labor. Classifying the returns, it is found that most manufactories work ten or eleven hours daily (there being at least six full days in the week), those working ten hours forming a large majority. Overtime is not reckoned in this time. With overtime, workmen are employed in the Düsseldorf district at times 36 and 48 hours, though they are supposed to be at liberty to leave after 24 hours' work. The reports give the following as the usual hours of work in the districts named: Düsseldorf, 11 to 12 hours: boiler-men, 12 to 13, and "not seldom" 24 hours; Magdeburg, a third of the industrial establishments 11.5 to 12 hours, and another third more than 12 hours; Hanover, 10 hours; Schleswig-Holstein, 11 hours; Hesse-Nassau, 11 hours in the country, and 10 hours in the towns; Arnsberg, 11 hours; Minden-Münster,

11 hours; Cologne-Coblenz, 12 hours; Bavaria, 11 to 12 hours; Planen, 12 hours. Of cotton-spinning works, those in the Potsdam and Frankfort-on-Oder district work 12 hours in winter, and 14 in summer (or 72 and 84 hours respectively in the week), while at Düsseldorf 13 and 14 hours are the usual thing, and at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the cloth branch, 11 and 12 hours. It is shown that small branches of industry have, as a rule, longer hours than the large ones. Thus corn-mills and bakeries have from 12 to 17 hours a day, and from 74 to 77 hours per week seems the general thing. In Hesse-Nassau, the hours of work number 14 and 16. In the Düsseldorf iron and steel ware trade, even apprentices are often employed 15 and 16 hours daily. The Fürth glass-polishers "are six days in the week at the works without interruption, and only on Sundays get a proper sleep." The rule is, to rest a couple of hours in the afternoon, for which purpose "a bench or a dirty straw sack in a corner of the workshop is used." The nailmakers and wire-drawers of the Feldberg villages, the potters of the Westerwald, etc., begin work in summer "as soon as it is light" — that is, at four or five — and in winter at six, and continue till eight at night.

Economist.

JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN BUTCHERS. — The scene of the agitation against the Jewish mode of slaughtering cattle has for the moment been removed from Switzerland to Germany. In the Helvetic republic spasmodic efforts have been made in a few cantons to put down the Shechita, but in Germany the opposition has made its way into the Imperial Parliament itself. The Society for the Protection of Animals having memorialized the Reichsrath to declare the Jewish system illegal, the memorial was referred to the Committee of Petitions, which in its turn has forwarded the document to Prince Bismarck with the recommendation that it should be favorably considered by him. The opinions of the committee are shared to a considerable extent by the members of the Reichsrath, but the views of the chancellor upon this subject are not known. It is feared, however, in Jewish quarters that he, too, may be inclined to throw his immense weight on the side of the anti-Shechita party. An ironical comment on this opposition to the Shechita is furnished by an item of news respecting a sanatorium in one of the German health-restoring spas. The medical head of this establishment has ordered that the patients should be supplied with meat killed according to the Jewish mode. The result of this order is that nearly all the Christian butchers now announce the sale of "kosher meat." This circumstance should not be lost sight of in the present agitation.

Jewish Chronicle.

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CONTENTS.

I. DOMESDAY SURVIVALS, ...	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	 131
II. NANCY DEDMAN, ...	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	 138
III. FRED. ARCHER, ...	<i>Time,</i>	 141
IV. THE BOSS OF BARANGAROO, ...	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	 146
V. LIFE AT THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES, ...	<i>National Review,</i>	 151
VI. LOYALTY OF THE INDIAN MOHAMMEDANS, ...	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	 156
VII. MADAME GEOFFRIN, ...	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	 165
VIII. DANTE; DEAN PLUMPTRE'S TRANSLATION, ...	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	 171
IX. MARIE ANTOINETTE AT TRIANON, ...	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	 178
X. JUST BEFORE WINTER, ...	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	 182
XI. THE HUMORS OF CORK, ...	<i>Spectator,</i>	 186
XII. THE PALISSY OF CALICO-PRINTING, ...	<i>Nature,</i>	 189

POETRY.

THE LINGERING LOOK OF LOVE, ... 130	LATET ANGUIS, ... 130
RONDEAU, ... 130	SONNET, ... 130
AUTUMN, ... 130	AFTER HORACE, ... 130

MISCELLANY, ...	 192
-----------------------	---------------

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THE LINGERING LOOK OF LOVE.

(On seeing Leonardo da Vinci's great painting, "The Face of the Christ," in Antwerp Cathedral.)

HADST thou a vision, like the favored one
Of the Apocalypse, to see that face
Enshrined in human, sympathetic grace,
And yet so awe-inspiring, as if shone
God's perfect splendor in its every line?
Mercy her warm home must have ever kept
In those sweet eyes that for the world have
wept

Tears that were hallow'd through a love
divine.

Like Heaven's own light upon a darkened
sea,

There falls upon us, in that gaze serene,
New life from the despised, meek Nazarene,
Dear as his words of rest, "Abide in me."

Thou hast been led through all the heavenly
plains,

And thy great hand has limn'd for us thy
gains!

Sunday Magazine. ALEXANDER LAMONT.

RONDEAU.

WHEN Summer dies the leaves are falling fast
In fitful eddies on the chilly blast;
And fields lie blank upon the bare hillside
Where erst the poppy flaunted in its pride,
And woodbine on the breeze its fragrance cast.

And where the hawthorn scattered far and
wide

Its creamy petals in the sweet springtide,
Red berries hang, for birds a glad repast
When Summer dies.

Gone are the cowslips and the daisies pied,
The swallow to a warmer clime hath hied;
The beech has shed its store of bitter mast,
And days are drear, and skies are overcast;
But love will warm our hearts whate'er betide
When Summer dies.

Time. ARTHUR G. WRIGHT.

AUTUMN.

SHUT to the lattice; make it fast;
The wind has turned austere and cold;
And, borne upon the funeral blast,
The first dead leaf's poor corpse behold.

Last month the land was gemmed with sheaves,
And clothed in multitudinous green;
Now, shivering under waning leaves,
The furrows gape, the forests lean.

The year's warm soul, the honest sun,
Is swooning; more and more we see
The silent landscape's skeleton,
The woodland's grim anatomy.

H. G. KEENE.

LATET ANGUIS.

AH! full of purest influence
On human mind and mood,
Of holiest joy to human sense,
Are river, field, and wood;
And better must all childhood be
That knows a garden and a tree.

For where can one diviner gleam
On leagues of houses lie?
And what of Heaven can childhood dream
That scarcely knows the sky? —
Yet sin and sorrow's pedigree
Spring from a garden and a tree.
Spectator. F. W. B.

SONNET.

[The author of these lines — a girl of twenty-five — was drowned in a Welsh river last August. The night before her death she was heard to say: "If I do not die soon, I think I shall make something of poetry."]

If this poor name of mine, now writ in sand
On Life's grey shore, which Time forever
laves

— A hungry ocean of unresting waves —
Might but be graven on rock, and so withstand
A little while the weather and the tide,
Great joy were mine. Alas! I cannot guide
My chisel right to carve the stubborn stone
Of Fame; and so the numbness of despair
Invades me; for the sounding names are there
Of all Earth's great ones; and methinks mine
own

Fades in their music; yet before the light
Has vanished from the sky, and unblest night,
In which no man can work, shall stain the air,
I stand and weep on the grey shore — alone.

Macmillan's Magazine.

AFTER HORACE.

In spring the zephyr breathes again,
And keels are carried to the main;
The river bursts his frosty coat,
On swelling waves the cygnets float;
No more the north wind moans on high,
But sheep on meadows softly lie,
And Luna sheds a kindly light
Where Nymph and Dryad dance at night.
O comrade, now, while life is thine,
To Bacchus pour the festive wine,
And on thy rustic altar now
To Faunus pay the duteous vow,
And crown with vernal wreaths thy head:
There is no joy among the dead.
Death visits with an equal lot
The splendid house and straw-built cot.
For thee the shadowy threshold waits,
The Stygian flood, and Pluto's gates:
Where thou, in darkness lapt, away
Shalt mourn the loss of upper day.

National Review. HAROLD A. PERRY.

From The Contemporary Review.
DOMESDAY SURVIVALS.

DOMESDAY BOOK implies, if it does not expressly record, social and economical conditions widely different from any which now prevail. But the transformation has been so gradual that in many counties innumerable survivals of those bygone conditions may be detected. The present is so intimately interwoven with the past, that there are few country parishes in which the Domesday record fails to throw some flashes of light on the meaning of common matters of rural observation. The facts recorded with pen and ink on the venerable pages of the Domesday Book are for the most part still legible, scored deeply on the surface of the soil by the Domesday plough, and others survive in customary tenures, in the names of fields and farms, the forms and dimensions of enclosures, and the directions followed by hedges, roads, and rights of way.

To understand these survivals we must picture to ourselves the aspect of an ordinary country parish at the time of the survey.

England is now a land of small enclosures; the numerous hedges and the hedgerow timber give it much of its rich beauty. At the time of the Conquest enclosures were few. Here and there were great forest tracts, thinly peopled, and fed by swine. Elsewhere there were vast treeless districts, almost wholly unfenced, resembling the great stretches of tilled land now existing in many parts of France and Germany, the dwellings not dotted about by the wayside, but collected in scattered hamlets, consisting of a few houses or cots, often not more than five or six. Close to the little hamlet would be some few acres, a score or so, of enclosed meadow, mowed for hay, but the rest would be open arable, protected only by temporary fences of dead thorns, while beyond the arable were great stretches of rough moorland pasture.

In most of the larger hamlets stood the lord's "hall," built of stone or timber, brick being almost unknown. Round the hall clustered the houses of the villans or boors — who were small farmers holding

their lands as tenants of the manor by fixed services — with mud walls, earthen floors, and thatched roofs, each standing in its "toft," with a little narrow acre strip of "croft" behind it, and the still ruder huts of the cottiers, and of the serfs who were sold with the land. The land, to a great extent, was held in common by the village community, and tilled by co-operative labor. The best land lay in great open arable fields, which were divided into narrow strips, acres and half-acres, each strip about a furlong in length, and a perch or two perches in breadth. These little strips were separated by turf balks, and the holding of each villan was as a rule either a bovate or a virgate,* made up of a score or two of these strips scattered about the open arable fields, and usually amounting to from ten to thirty acres in all. He did not hold the same strips year by year, but every second or third year one division of the arable land was thrown into fallow, over which the cattle of the village had common rights of pasturage. Beyond the village and the arable fields were extensive wastes, rough pastures of coarse grass, overgrown with thin wood or brushwood, forming the summer pasturage of the sheep and cattle — upland pastures of wold, or down, for the sheep, and lowland pastures of undrained moors, locally called carrs or ings, for the cattle. One or two instances will show how vast were these common pastures, how widely separated were the hamlets, and how scanty was the population.

The parish of Pickering now contains thirty-two thousand seven hundred acres, which agrees roughly with the Domesday measurement of the manor. In the time of Edward the Confessor the enclosures were less than four hundred acres, and about seven thousand acres were tilled in open fields, leaving some twenty-six thousand acres as moorland pasture. At the time of the Domesday survey about twelve hundred acres were in tillage, and

* A bovate or oxgang represented the tillage performed by one ox. A virgate, held by the owner of a yoke of oxen, was two bovates. Eight bovates made a carucate or ploughland, which was the tillage of an eight-ox plough.

there were twenty villans, with six ploughs between them, the lord having one plough. The population of this vast tract, twenty miles by six, cannot have been much more than one hundred. It is now one of the most sparsely peopled parts of Yorkshire, yet the population is over five thousand.

The parish of Holme on Spalding Moor contains eleven thousand five hundred and fourteen acres. In the time of King Edward there were less than fifteen hundred acres under plough, leaving ten thousand acres in moor and carr. At the time of the survey about six hundred acres only were tilled; there were eight villans and twelve cottagers (*bordarii*), with three ploughs, and the lord had half a plough. The population was about one hundred, and there were a church and a priest. The present population is over two thousand.

These are extreme instances, where the soil was poor, and the wastes unusually extensive. As average cases we may take Heslerton, with seven thousand one hundred and twenty acres, of which about half was tilled in the time of King Edward, and about a fourth at the time of the survey. In the adjacent township of Knapton there are two thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine acres. In King Edward's time twenty acres were enclosed, and one thousand and eighty acres were tilled. In King William's time all was desolate; apparently there was not a single inhabitant.

The arable was divided between the lord and the tenants of the manor, who held in villanage. The land was tilled by huge ploughs, normally drawn by eight oxen, yoked four abreast. When the soil was light the teams were somewhat smaller, consisting of as few as four oxen, yoked two and two. This was called a half-plough. But where the land was heavy, as many as ten or even twelve oxen were yoked to each plough. A villan usually possessed one yoke of oxen, each plough being drawn by the associated teams of four villans. Land was plentiful, and it was rather the possession of oxen for tillage than of land itself which constituted wealth. Hence we understand why the system of taxation recorded in Domes-

day is based on the number of ploughs rather than on the number of acres.

We must dismiss the notion of the modern English system of letting farms at fixed annual rents. There were no farms or farmers in our sense of the word, a farmer being originally a tenant who was bound to supply *feorm*—food and entertainment—to the lord when he visited the manor. The occupation of a messuage, which descended from father to son on payment of a fine or heriot, carried with it a customary right to pasturage for a certain number of oxen, sheep, and swine, and to the produce of a certain number of "acres" in the arable fields. Rents were paid mainly in kind and by services. Manors were granted by the king in fee to his tenants *in capite*, chiefly the greater barons, who rendered military service in return. These barons sub-let their lands to their knights, who kept a portion in their own hands *in demesne*—as it is called—and let out the rest to the villans—the men of the vill, or township—in fee; that is, on certain fixed conditions of tenure, usually that the lord should have a fixed share of the produce—so many chalders of oats, so much malt and meal, the milk of so many cows, so much honey, so many hens and eggs, and so much cornage, a commutation for beeves and sheep; but the rents were chiefly paid in services; the tenants had to work so many days a week, generally two or three, with their oxen and ploughs, in tilling the lord's land, ploughing, harrowing, reaping, mowing, or leading stores, without payment. The villans could not be dispossessed so long as they rendered the customary dues, the rent could not be raised; their rights and obligations passed, when it changed hands, with the land, of which they were, in fact, joint owners with the lord.

As time went on, these services were more and more commuted into fixed money payments, but we still see survivals of these tenures—not only in copyholds, which mainly grew out of holdings in villanage, but in the existing tenures of

* The glebe strips are interesting as fixing the size and position of some of the Domesday carucates.

the north of England, where, in addition to the money rent, the tenant is usually bound to furnish so many loads of straw, and so many days' service in carting for the landlord with horses, wagons, and men. My own glebe, by immemorial usage, is let on these terms, the rent being paid partly in money, partly in kind, and partly in services. At the time of the Conquest, the actual money rents — or scatpennies as they were called — do not seem to have exceeded 1*d.* or 2*d.* an acre.

We gather from the Boldon Book of Durham and the Liber Niger of Peterborough, that even the village artificers, such as the carpenter who made the woodwork of the ploughs and harrows, the smith who made and repaired the ironwork, the marshal who shod the horses, the lorimer who made the bits and stirrups, as well as the bailiff, the mason, the pounder, the shepherd, the neatherd, the hogwarden, and the beekeeper, were paid for the services they rendered to the lord or to the community, not in money, but by the produce of a certain number of strips of arable in the open fields, usually amounting to eight, twelve, or fifteen acres, which they held rent-free, and which were tilled for them by the ploughs of the villans, in addition to which they often had a right to their thraves, a certain number of sheaves of corn from each plough.

The villans had to grind their corn at the lord's mill, and the miller had his mulcture; he retained a certain proportion of the meal as his fee, and rendered a fixed payment in money or kind to the lord for the privilege. North-country mills still grind on these terms; the miller keeps the bran, and makes no charge for grinding.

When certain special services, called *precations* or *boon services*, were performed, as in haytime or harvest, the villans were entitled to an allowance of food called a *corrody*. The *corrody* was no very luxurious repast, if we may judge from the modern etymological descendant of the word, the Northumbrian "crowdy," which denotes a sort of stirabout, consisting of oatmeal over which boiling water has been poured.

The priest was paid for his services,

like the other village officials, by a share in the produce of the land. We may thus obtain some light on the disputed origin of tithes, and even of glebe. He had his thraves, consisting of every tenth sheaf, but in some instances it would seem that the produce of every tenth or twelfth acre (a tenth either by the small or large hundred) was allotted to him. Thus the laws of Ethelred and of Egbert ordain that every Christian man shall pay his tithe justly, "as the plough traverses the tenth acre." Apparently the whole arable field was tilled by the villans, and the produce of every tenth acre-strip belonged to the priest. Ultimately, when the land came to be held in severalty, instead of in community, these tenth strips became the parson's freehold, and he had to till them with his own oxen.

There are several townships in the East Riding, in which the ancient glebe can be actually shown to have consisted, not only of an exact tenth of the whole Domesday arable, but of every tenth strip in the open fields, appropriated as ordained in the laws of Ethelred, the Church taking the produce of every tenth acre as the plough traversed the land.

The map of the township of Burton Agnes indicates that the old glebe consisted of eighteen strips in the three fields, say twelve in the two fields which were in tillage at the same time. According to Domesday Book there were twelve carucates of arable,* and therefore the parson had one strip out of each carucate; his tenth acre as the plough traversed it, according to the laws of Ethelred. But the glebe strips are somewhat narrower than the others, because the others are eighths, each representing one oxgang, the work of one ox in the eight-ox plough, while the parson had not an eighth but a tenth in each ploughland. The actual measure of the arable is 999*a.* or 18*p.*, of which one-tenth would be 99*a.* 3*r.* 20*p.*, whereas the eighteen strips of glebe only amount to 98*a.* 2*r.* 20*p.*, falling short of the theoretical tenth by one and a quarter acres. This is accounted for by encroachments which are visible on the map. Some of the parson's neighbors do not seem to have ploughed quite fairly, thus gradually shav-

ing off a part of some of the parson's strips.

The map of the adjacent township of Haisthorpe gives a similar result. In the three arable fields there seem to have been nine strips of glebe, and a bit over, averaging six strips in the two fields tilled in any one year. Domesday assigns six carucates to Haisthorpe. Thus, as in Burton Agnes, the parson had one strip out of each carucate, or one-tenth of the whole arable.

In other parishes, where the numeration was by the great hundred of six score, the priest had one-twelfth of the arable. At Foxholes he had half a carucate out of six, and at Kirby Underdale four oxgangs out of forty-eight.

The churches were few and far between. In the East Riding only forty-eight are mentioned in Domesday, and these were chiefly on the lands of spiritual lords, the bishops, and the great monasteries.

The way in which the ministrations of the Church were frequently supplied is shown by the names of several hundreds and wapentakes, such as Staincross (Stone Cross), Ewcross (Yew Cross), Buckrose (Beech Cross), and Osgodcross, which were originally preaching crosses where the people came together at the great Church festivals, afterwards becoming trysting-places for assemblage in arms when invasion threatened, and moots for the hundred-courts of civil jurisdiction.

The social and economical conditions pictured in the foregoing pages have now completely passed away, but they have left behind not a few traces of their former existence — curious anomalies, manifest to all who have eyes to see them, which testify to the scheme of village life recorded, or tacitly assumed, in the Domesday survey. I will take from my own neighborhood, the East Riding of Yorkshire, a few examples of such survivals.

Down almost to our own days a large portion of the East Riding was unenclosed, presenting a living picture of its aspect at the time of the Norman Conquest. Only the tofts and crofts around the houses, and a few garths and deals of meadow land were fenced, the wolds, the moors, and the arable still lying unenclosed.

The village had its "outgang," as it is still called, where the cattle of those who possessed rights of grazing were collected in the morning, ready to be driven out into the moor under charge of the neat-herd. We have still, in my own parish of

Settrington, the public cowherd, who takes the village cows into the lanes, and who is paid ratably by the owners. The arable land was tilled in common, alternate strips being held by different owners, and separated by turf balks. The position and extent of the open arable fields can frequently be determined by the old names which cling to them, such as East Field and West Field, High Field and Low Field, Far Field and Town-End Field. These "fields," each containing several hundred acres, are commonly either two or three in number; when there are two fields the Domesday entry usually indicates that the township was tilled on a two-year shift, but when there are three fields a three-year shift was adopted. When we learn from Domesday that there were two manors in a township, one cultivated on a two-year and the other on a three-year shift, we may expect to find traces of five arable fields.

Rowlston in Holderness is a good example of a two-field manor, and the present acreage, compared with the Domesday survey, shows that upwards of three hundred acres have been lost, the sea having encroached more than half a mile during the last eight hundred years. Burton Agnes shows a not unfrequent arrangement of a three-field manor. We see the messuages of the villans and cottiers, each standing in its toft, with a narrow acre or half-acre croft behind it. South of the main road was the moor, formerly open pasture for the cattle of the community, but long since apportioned in "deals" or shares among the holders of oxgangs in the arable field,* one oxgate of moor, the pasture for one ox, going with each oxgang of arable, which represented the labor of the ox. North of the road is the "terra," or common arable, divided into three fields, East Field, Middle Field, and West Field, which were tilled in rotation; one field being ploughed in winter, another in Lent, while the third was left in fallow. The strips of tillage are divided by turf balks. They do not, as in many parishes, consist of acre strips, but are half-oxgangs of about seven and a half acres, two strips, one in each of the two fields tilled in any one year, constituting an oxgang. Some of the strips have been consolidated, probably by exchange. The hall of the lord stands where it stood

* In some parishes the pasture "deals" were annually redistributed by lot. Each had a distinctive mark cut in the turf. After harvest corresponding marks were made on apples, which were thrown into a tub of water. Each farmer dived for one, thus determining his deal of pasture for the succeeding year.

before the Conquest; but he seems to have enclosed his demesne land out of the common fields, whose ancient limits, however, are indicated by surviving rights of way.

There are many townships which lay in open fields within the memory of persons now alive. The last of them, Tottenrhoe, near Dunstable, is being enclosed this year. The death-blow to the system of open arable fields was given by the introduction of turnips, which made fallows needless, and introduced a more varied and profitable course of tillage. The consolidation of the scattered strips was mostly effected by the enclosure acts passed in the reign of George III., under the pressure of the high prices due to the great war. Hence, in the East Riding, the enclosures in the great majority of cases have been too recent to have effaced the names of the ancient open fields, which remain in the every-day parlance of the villagers to designate large tracts of country. A portion of my own parish, containing about one thousand acres, still goes by the name of West Field, though it is now divided into four farms, and contains scores of enclosures which might be called "fields" in the modern acceptance of the word.

Even where the land has been long enclosed, and divided into separate holdings, it is instructive to ride across the country, and observe how indelibly impressed on the soil by the ancient plough are the marks of those very divisions of the land which were recorded in the Domesday survey. Frequently the exact boundaries of the Domesday carucates and bovates can be traced. The ancient arable, consisting as a rule of the best land, because land was plentiful, has commonly gone back to valuable pasture, inferior soils, which were formerly unreclaimed, being now taken into tillage. Hence the land still lies visibly in "run-rig," the great rigs, lands, or selions, usually a furlong in length, and either a perch or two perches in breadth, remaining as they were left by the Domesday co-operative ploughs, often higher by two feet or more in the ridge than in the furrow, while here and there, at regular intervals, may be discerned the traces of the flat, unploughed balks, two furrows broad, left in turf to separate and give access to the strips held by the several tenants of the manor. Even when the old arable still remains in tillage it is not impossible, as harvest time approaches, to detect by the varying colors of the ripening corn the lines of the sel-

ions of the Domesday plough, now levelled by cross ploughing, but still traceable, owing to the fact of the corn growing more luxuriantly, and ripening more slowly in the deeper and richer soil which has filled the depressions between the ancient selions.

Here we can behold the visible concrete acres and roods, and measure the actual furlongs, not, as in the tables of our arithmetic books, abstract quantities of so many square yards or so many linear feet, but strips of land of definite shape as well as of definite size. The shots or furlongs are forty perches or one-eighth of a mile in length — a furrow-long as the name implies — and the acres are of the same length, and four perches broad, the shape and the extent of each acre being determined, not arbitrarily, but by natural conditions — the precise length by the length of the longest furrow that could be conveniently ploughed before the oxen had to stop and rest, the longest furrow possible, because the turning of the plough constituted the severest part of the ploughman's labor, while the breadth of the acre depended on the number of furrows which formed the daily task of the villan and his oxen. Thus the acre represents one day's ploughing under the most convenient conditions as to size and shape, for which reason its length is ten times its breadth. Such acres are seen in the sketch of the run-rig at Rowleston.

And as we gaze on these actual acres, roods, and furlongs, we notice that they are seldom straight, such as are derved by the modern two-horse plough, but, as is shown by the hedges which scrupulously follow the lines of the turf balks which separated the oxgangs of different owners, they lie in great sweeping curves, shaped usually like a capital J or a capital S reversed, the long, narrow fields of the present farms thus perpetuating the graceful curves of the acres — curves which can only be due to the twist of the great eight-ox plough as the leading oxen were pulled round, in preparation for the turn as they approached the end of the furlong, by the villan at the near side of the leading ox. I have examined thousands of these S-shaped rigs, and I find that they invariably swerve towards the left or near side, which seems to be explained by the fact that the driver, who walked backwards, would most conveniently have directed the oxen by pulling them round by their head-gear with his right hand instead of with his left. Thus the acre strips, which were originally straight, were bent round

in the course of centuries of continuous ploughing, the curvature being increased every year by an inch or two of further deviation, till at length the extremities of the furlong became shifted several feet from their original position. This is curiously shown at Rowleston, where the rigs originally terminated at a small water-course. A road ran parallel to this beck at a distance of a few feet. The ends of the rigs could not be ploughed, and hence kept their original positions. At the time of the enclosure it was found that the owner of each rig possessed a few square yards of ground between the road and the beck, not opposite to the end of his rig, but four yards to the right of it, these little patches fixing the original position of the acres. In other townships, rigs, which must have been originally continuous, belonged to different shots or furlongs, and have become discontinuous, the ends of the rigs swerving to the right on one side of the headland, and to the left at the other, the acres thus gradually receding from each other in the course of years of continuous ploughing.

When the land is nearly level the rigs are S-shaped, with a curve at each end, but when the land is on a slope the rigs are often J-shaped, with the curve at the bottom of the hill. If the hill was steep, the plough went horizontally round it, forming those curious terraces on the hill-sides which were locally called "lincs" or "reeans." These are very conspicuous when the land has gone back to grass, but when it has remained in tillage, the modern cross-ploughing has so nearly effaced them that they can only be seen in a favorable light, when the sun is low, and casts them into partial shadow. These terraces were formed, as Mr. Seebohm has shown, by the sod being turned downwards, the plough returning idle.

The formation of the lincs, the curvature of the acres, and the height attained by the rigs and headlands, impress the mind most forcibly with the great antiquity of the run-rig. Much of the land in run-rig went back to pasture at a very remote date, not improbably at the time of the black death, when many parishes were almost depopulated. The remoteness of the date is shown by the alterations in the beds of streams. In my own parish a beck must have changed its course and cut through the rigs at a time when it flowed at a height of four feet above its present level. It has cut off the headlands from the rigs to which they belong, and since no new headlands have been

formed the stream must have changed its course at a time after the land had gone out of tillage.

By noting the existence or absence of rigs and lincs it is easy to determine the limits of the ancient tillage. This is also indicated by the curvature of the hedges, which constantly follow the divisions of the oxgangs, mostly running along the balks which separated the ploughed strips of different owners. This is only the case with old closes; in recent enclosures the hedges are straight, cutting across the curved rigs at various angles. In my own parish I can distinguish with certainty by the straightness or curvature of the hedges the fields which were enclosed before or after our local enclosure act, which was passed in 1797.

The direction of the country lanes is commonly determined by the position and extent of the Domesday tillage. They usually follow the lines of the balks and headlands which separated and gave access to the furlongs or shots in the open arable fields, while the highways usually skirt the division between the moorland and the ancient arable. Hence the roads meander hither and thither, taking curious rectangular turns as if round the squares of a chessboard, their directions being survivals of the boundaries of the several cultures in the open fields. That this is the true explanation of these twists is shown by the fact that the direction of the run-rig on one side of the lane is often at right angles to the direction on the other.

There are also queer rights of way, leading no whither, and now scarcely used except for exercising horses. Their origin is indicated by the fact that they commonly run at right angles to the rigs, along great mounds of turf, considerably higher than the adjacent land, proving that these rights of way are survivals of the headlands, which before the land was enclosed served to give access to the intermixed strips of arable in the open fields. Very striking are these conspicuous headlands, long, irregular mounds, where the great plough, with its team of eight oxen, rested and turned — the mysterious mounds, two or even three feet in height, being the accumulations formed during successive ages by the scrapings from the coulter of the plough at the spots where the oxen were accustomed to rest and pant after having traced a furlong in the acre which constituted the day's toil, — the *journey*, as in some counties it is still called, in Norman French, a phrase which corresponds to the *Morgen*, or morning's

work, which is the name given to the acre by a German peasant.

Thus we see how the features of the Domesday agriculture have been impressed upon the soil by the Domesday plough. We can still see and count the individual acres, and can detect the boundaries of the primitive oxgangs, while the strips of glebe, one in each carucate, show the acreage, and in some cases the actual position of the carucates recorded by the Domesday commissioners.*

If we ascend a hill, the Domesday map of the country lies spread before the eye. We see the divisions of the oxgangs tilled by the villans; here was the Domesday *pratium*, there was the *pastura*; this was the infield, yonder was the outfield. We look down upon the village, and see the mill, and the hall, and the church, and the messuages of the villagers, each with a long, narrow strip of croft behind it, and the cots of the bordarii, with their acre or half-acre tofts, the buildings retaining the same sites and the crofts preserving the same boundaries as they had eight hundred years ago—a truly marvellous illustration of the immobile conservatism of English village life.

On my own glebe I have garths and closes representing the very oxgangs which before the Conquest must have been held by my predecessors. The rigs are about two rods broad and a furlong in length, being thus half-acres. A neighboring rector retains as his glebe the half-carucate of four oxgangs with which his church was originally endowed, and he also holds the four oxgates of pasture which maintained the four oxen which tilled his four oxgangs in the common arable fields. He also possesses an acre allotted to him in lieu of the right of tethering two horses on the balks and "mar-stalls" of the common field, one horse, as an Elizabethan document recites, to each two oxgangs. In the next parish the enclosure took place by mutual consent of the freeholders and copyholders more than three hundred years ago, and the names of the common fields, East Field, Middle Field, and West Field, preserved in ancient documents, are now forgotten, but a right of way, called the East Balk, still remains. It was the East Balk of the West Field, a long ridge of turf, representing the headlands dividing the West Field from the Middle Field, as is shown

by the fact that the rigs on one side run north and south, and on the other run east and west.

In my own parish there are several field names of historic interest. A paddock called Mill Garth preserves the memory of one of the two Domesday mills, and a garden which goes by the name of the Chapel Garth, shows the site of a pre-Reformation chantry. A meadow which bears the name of Kirk Hill marks the position of the church mentioned in Domesday, and though this church was pulled down more than seven centuries ago, the name still holds in its tenacious grasp the memory of the ancient site. The cruciform trench which marks the position of the nave and transepts shows it was only a tiny edifice, though amply sufficient for the needs of the lord, the two millers, the nine sokemen, the twelve villans, and the nine cottiers, whom it served.

Another field, called Gallows Hill, formerly a part of the open wold, marks the conspicuous spot, visible to all the country round, where malefactors met their doom, and I still pay year by year the sum of 5s. 8d. to the legal representatives of the provost of St. John of Beverley for his services in correcting the villans of the parish. Close to Kirk Hill, where stood the Domesday church, is a farmhouse called Belmanoir, which marks the spot where the Norman lord had his hall, removed, not long after the Conquest, together with the church, to a more sheltered site. Belmanoir Farm is part of a tract of several hundred acres, now divided into numerous enclosures, which goes by the name of the Hall Field. It represents the demesne land of the lord, tilled by his four ploughs and the oxen of his villans. It may be noted that one mill belonged to the lord, and the other collectively to the sokemen, who were thus free from paying multure to the lord.

The township consisted of two Domesday manors, Buckton and Settrington. The name of the first is only preserved by a meadow called Buckton Holms, near the site of the old church and hall. Before the Conquest, both manors were held by Thorbrand, a man of Scandinavian race, as his name, "the sword of Thor," plainly indicates. Doubtless he fell fighting for his home at Stamford Bridge—*ad pontem belli*—and his twelve broad manors had passed, when Domesday was compiled, to another full-blooded Northman, Berengar de Todení (Thosney on the Seine), a descendant of Rolf Gangr,

* In Burton Agnes the carucates average sixty acres in each field, which conforms to the theoretical size of the carucate, as stated by Fleta, who wrote in the reign of Edward I.

and a nephew of Ralph de Todeni, the hereditary standard-bearer of Normandy, who presumably bore the two leopards at Senlac. Berengar's lands afterwards passed away to a younger branch of the Bygods, Earls of Norfolk, whose descendant, five centuries later, a zealot for the faith of his forefathers, planned the Pilgrimage of Grace, and perished on the scaffold.

I have tried to draw a picture of old English life, more especially with reference to the Domesday survivals, in a single Yorkshire parish and its neighborhood. I hope I may induce others to attempt the same task for their own parishes. The work of tracing out the details of the Domesday record on the spot will be found to add a world of interest to every country walk, while independent investigations by persons possessed of local knowledge can hardly fail to throw fresh light on a book which forms one of our most precious national possessions, a unique treasure, the like of which no other land can show.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
NANCY DEDMAN.

"It was an ugly bit of travelling, I can tell you, over Hinde Head in my young days; as lonesome a place as any in the country round. And it weren't for nothing as they given the place to the Devil neither; there's the Devil's Jumps over to Frensham, and his Punchbowl at your feet; and over to the Downs you sees his very marks! his claws as where he grabbed as he fell. And the deeds done round about were his own and no mistake.

"I'm thinking now of a tale as is not so known as it should be. That stone before ye tells of the poor sailor chap as was murdered here, for his money no doubt — coming from Portsmouth he were; but no stone nor no book, so far as I know, has spoke for Nancy Dedman.

"Hers was a death indeed. I can't speak to the partiklars, for I had it as it were handed down through ninety years and more; but I won't tell you a lie if I can help it; and for all I haven't it chapter and verse, it's wonderful lifesome, too.

"The Dedmans lived, when they was to home, in a bit of a place in the Combe there. You might pass within a yard of it and not see it, so grandfather said. They was of a smuggling crew. There was a

chain of them smugglers, from Portsmouth all the way, and a wild set they was. They had the country on their side though; and the coastguardses was thought no better of than they deserved. There was two brothers, Dick and Joe Dedman, and their father; and Nancy was the one girl. She was a beauty by all accounts — very wild too, and as rare a one at smuggling as any of them; and she would ride bareback on any horse, and be out all night and all day; and many's the time when she's kept the coastguardses at bay, and done many a bit of business as wanted a woman's wit and a man's strength.

"She must have been still a lass when there was news of a rare lot of spirits and baccy (it was the war time), and the word was passed along the line from Portsmouth to Hinde Head, and beyond too, in course. And the king's men got wind on it, and they made ready for a fray — they thought as how they would break the neck of this smuggling business; more fools they! as if poor men was to be put down and denied their rights so easy! Well, it seems as they'd planned to put so many at each of the smuggling-posts, all ready — and they said they would settle all, and easy too, excepting the Dedman lot, on account of Dick Dedman; he was a wonderful power of a man! They'd had a warrant agin him ever so long, but never could lay hand on him, nor find out where he put up. So one of the king's men (a sharp young fellow, whose father were a farmer but lately come over to this side of Godalming), he took the job. And he dropped down one day on Nancy Dedman in the Combe, and made out as he were a sailor on his way to Lunnon; and he asked for a bite and a drink. And she looked him up and down, and her decidement were that he meant no harm, so she asked him in and gave it he. And he talked from one to t'other of foreign parts and the wars; and Nancy, she were terrible took up with it all; and he had, they said, a way with him, and he were an honest young chap, too, but for his trade. Well, without so much as her finding out, she gets to tell he that she is alone till the night, till the old man come, and that he and the lads was away; Joe to Guildford and Dick to the mill over by Haslemere; he was but lately come back and keeping quiet; giving his work, and every one was on his side, and would not betray he to any of the king's men — she, who was that sharp they called her Hawk-eyed Nance, she were drawn on and on, and he wound up with more of his tales, and

went on his way, leaving her a-thinking on the Indes, and wishing she might see the sailor again.

"But he, he went back to his mates, and they followed Dick up, and sure enough they nailed him at the mill, and he were warranted and throw'd into jail. Well, the fray come off, and the coastguards beat the smugglers all along the line, and Joe Dedman was killed in the fray, and the old man swore as he would track the traitor who told on Dick, and take his life for his son Joe; for had Dick been there he would have made one too many for the devils of king's men. Nancy hadn't a thought as how it were she; no, not when at the Haslemere Fairing she met the sailor, who said as how he'd settled down with his father, old Farmer Kemp, to Godalming—which was truth, for he'd giv'd up the coastguarding.

"One way and another they was always meeting, and young Kemp he lost his heart to she, and they say as he told his father as he must have Nancy Dedman or he would be off to the war. The old farmer shook'd his head, but he could never give his son any denial, and when once he brought Nancy to see the old man, he said he were bound to confess that Nancy had the ways of a lady, for all she were so brown, and was of the Dedman lot. It made a deal of talk, but old Dedman, he took no heed, till one day—it were soon after Dick come home; I never heard who gotten him out, but it were soon after. Well, one day Nancy spoke up that she was going to get married and to young Farmer Kemp. There *was* a kick-up! the old man and Dick had set their minds to give Nancy to one of their crew to Portsmouth; to keep her in the trade, and to keep theirselves fair with the head crew there. And the whole crew was mad after Nancy Dedman. Nancy stood to it that she'd marry young Kemp; and they gave her a time of it! a reg'lar persecution as ever you find in Fox's Martyrs, short of the stake, we'll say. But Nancy were none of their kittle sort; she stood to her say, and one day when they was out of the house but not far off—for they never left she alone—Jim Kemp crawled in from among the bracken (she'd advertised he of the danger) and tells her as his father was just dead, and he must have an end of this, and will she fix the day? He said as how he'd come and take her away by force if need be, he and some of his old mates; and as she was puzzling how he could get a lot of sailors all of a sudden (you see

she know'd nought of the coastguards business), Dick looked in at the door! and his face was the devil's own as it flashed to he that there stood the man as had nailed him in the mill and had him to prison. And Nancy saw him; and Jim saw him, and turned milk-white; Dick's look was enough to curdle your very blood. 'Traitor! Nance!' said he; 'so you were a-carrying on and we never know'd it! and it was *you* as told on your own flesh and blood, and your father's curse and mine too——' 'Hold there,' cried young Jim, hitting Dick on the mouth to stop his curses (they was afraid of curses then) 'hold there! She never knew'—and he poured it all out as how it happened, and as how he was always thinking on Nancy, and so giv'd up the coastguarding, part on her account and part on his father's. But afore he had ended Dick were gone, and Nancy was all on a heap with nought to say—but her look cut up young Jim and no mistake. I won't say but that he deserved it, for he'd been double with her—through love on her no doubt, but it's allays best to be straight, and so he felt too late; and that had he spoke truth when he told his love he could but ha' lost her once, and now he had lost her twice; and the losing on her respect were worse nor the losing she.

"She were a wonderful power of a woman for all as was in her, and she'd had little love except from Joe, and he were dead. So she said to Jim she forgave him, but it were all to an end between they; she'd love he all the days, but she couldn't wed her brother's murderer. That were all.

"Well, the next on it was that when they found as she'd given he up, they believed she had nought to say to it, and was kind to her agin; as kind as they ever was, and that warn't much; but she was unaisy, and knew them too well to think as they 'ud let Jim Kemp be. Whyever Dick hadn't killed him there and then she could not tell. But one night she were to bed, and she heard some un come in to the room next: her room were but a lean-to, and they slept in the big room. And she heard a deal of whispering, and then they took to drinking and their voices gets louder, and she hears Kemp's name, and 'the night after next' named, and 'back from Weyhill Fair,' and 'a-nigh his gate,' and 'ten on us,' and 'the rest will be there to-morrow, we four and they six, that's ten.' And then they gets noisier, and Dick, who always kept his head, hushed some one on 'em up, and turned him out

into the shed, and all was still. Nancy knew now what was brewing. But how to get at Jim? how to advertise he? He would be off to Weyhill long afore she could get to he, and she couldn't get out without going through the room with Dick in it, or through the window into the shed with the stranger there. Not that they was strangers, for she know'd their voices; they was of the Portsmouth crew.

"What should she do? how should she save her lover? for he was her lover, and she know'd it. She know'd that though she could never wed with he, she could never love another. Mayhap there was som'at strange in her manners, for all she made as though she was cheerful like, or maybe it were from his own knowing what was coming; anyhow Dick looked sharply after Nance all next day, and the day after too. It were a hot, dry summer, and the days were long, and there was a full moon that night, and no doubt that was the more convenient; not but what the Dedmans could make their way blindfold anywhere over the country round, and all their crew.

"Dick went off somewhere to seven, and said, careless like, as Nancy had best not wait, for he and the old man had business away, and would not be back till very late mayhap, mayhap earlier. Nance waited till he was gone, then she took her flint and steel and fastened the door, and went to the shed and took the nag (they had only left the old mare); she didna' wait to bridle she, but off she went as fast as the wind for Holder Hill, over to the sou'-west from here. And she rode and rode and went up the hill, up to the Beacon Point, and there was the bonfire all laid ready,* as dry as tinder, and she struck and struck and the third time she got a flame, and soon the beacon was blazing and no mistake; and she rode and she rode toward Blackdown, until the poor beast could go no longer, so she got off and let her go. And Nance walked and walked, until all on a sudden the light sprung up on Blackdown, and she knew as sure as if she saw him that her trap had taken, that Jim had seen the fire on Holder, and instead of going home had turned off to light up Blackdown.

"It was the war time, you see, and he were keen for the cause, and was the first once before to help light up the signal. And she hurried on and came up to he, and he turned round and cried, 'Why, Nancy, love! is it you? There's been

some victory, you may depend!' And she, she were out of breath and could scarce speak; but she knew as sure as fate her brother and his crew would come after their prey. You see they had worked so long together, these Dedmans, one seemed to guess the other's thoughts like; and she knew as when the time went by, and Jim did not come home, and they saw the light on Holder Hill and sudden the light on Blackdown, they would guess as how it were Nancy; or maybe only think Jim was there instead of coming home. However it be, she felt they would follow up there, so she cried, 'Fly, Jim! fly! as quick as you can, down that way. No! not home! Be off, be off! away as far as you can go. Take your horse and go! They're after ye to murder ye, and / lit the fire on Holder to turn you from going home. They be waiting for you, and now maybe they'll be following you up here. Give me your coat and hat, Jim—see, I've none. I'm cold. And go, Jim—go; I can't go with you, Jim. Good-bye, lad! Oh, lad, I love you, lad!' And the stupid, thick-headed fellow as he was, he took off his long riding-coat and his slouch hat and puts them on her, and takes her in his arms, and she gives him one kiss and sends him off. He steals down as quiet as a mouse, untethers his nag, and off he goes London way. And Nance? She stood with her arms folded, her face to the fire and her back to the path, so as her figure is seen up against the flames in an uncertain kind of way. She was as tall as young Kemp; and she waited there to gain time for he—a decoy, we'll say. She were half dazed with what she'd gone through, and a strange sort of awaiting feeling as kep her very still. At last she hears them coming, and she never stirs. And Dick, from behind, without waiting a minute, or taking so much as a step for'arder, fires straight at her back and she falls forward, and he fires again, and then they walked away, satisfied it were Jim Kemp, for they seed the coat and they never thought of Nancy.

"Well, morning came, and as they went back and found the house empty they thought she'd given them the slip, and they laughed as how they had served her right; they little knew *how* they had served her. They wasn't long a-laughing; the fires had made a bestirment, and there they'd found Nancy Dedman—dead, shot twice through the back. And when they brought her in, the old man fell down in a fit, but Dick he said nought, only when they said, 'Had Jim Kemp done this foul

* Signalling was done with beacon fires at night, and with semaphores by day.

deed?' for his papers was in his pockets, Dick said, 'How should he know? He had allays told Nance to have nought to do with that devil Kemp.'

"There was an inquiry, but nought came of it. Old Dedman had another fit and died, and Dick went over the seas, they said. Farmer Kemp, young Jim as was, never came back to settle. He sold up, and nobody would have know'd a word about it only he come once, when he was getting in years, to look at Nancy's grave to Haslemere.

"He told all as he know'd to the sexton, Mr. Keeling; and years after, Dick came as a stranger, and asked for the grave of one Nancy Dedman, as he had a fancy to see. Though he was an old, gray man much beshaken, and with nought about he to speak of murder, Mr. Keeling, as was always one with two pair of eyes, determined on seeing justice done, and he tracks the man to the inn, and brings the parson, who was magistrate into the bargain. But the parson found a broken-down old man, and he would not make any bestir; it were too long ago, he said. And afore Dick Dedman died he and the parson were the best of friends, and from Dick parson had it all. After Dick died, he telled Mr. Keeling, who fitted in his part, and so it was told and told again, and the tale was well known when I was a boy, though nobody speaks of it now."

From Time.

FRED. ARCHER.

ENGLISHMEN have a deeply rooted love of sport, which may be traced back to those remote days when the early Briton had to depend upon his skill in the chase for furnishing his larder. Modern civilization and the repressive tendencies of a somewhat grandmotherly legislation have tended materially to modify this spirit, but those potent influences combined have been powerless to crush it. Direct evidence of this was given a few days ago when the death of "Fred. Archer" was announced in a swift and unexpected fashion. The measure of the popularity of the premier jockey of the age could then be gauged to a nicety; and it is not trespassing beyond the bounds of strict truth to say that the sudden demise of a prominent statesman or general would not have caused greater consternation, or have given rise to more widespread regret. It is not sufficient to say that Archer was

merely a jockey, and that as a jockey he was simply an excellent servant, who had done good both for his employers and himself, chiefly the latter. In his brief and essentially meteoric career the deceased horseman had managed, certainly, to amass a princely fortune, which many successful merchants might look upon with envy, but he had gone beyond that. He had raised the standard of his calling, profession, trade, or whatever it may be termed, in the estimation of the world, and had proved that it was possible to be both a jockey and a gentleman, a professional rider and an honest man. Archer always rode to win. To get first past "the post" was his hobby, and in pursuit of that hobby he amassed a fortune and lost his life. If he lost a race upon which he had set his mind he fretted like a spoiled child, and many a thoroughbred has felt the painful inconvenience of his unswerving energy. Genius has been described as the capacity for taking infinite pains. Viewed in this light, Archer was a genius, for he never threw a chance away. His life was a continuous round of self-denial—a war against the flesh, and a bitter struggle with nature. In this combat the great dame, as she always does in the long run, conquered. Wasted and weak in body, the man's mind gave way, and in the throes of delirium he put an end to his life with a bullet.

Brief as was his career, it was full of stirring incident; in fact, a complete history of his life would be a history of the British turf for the last twenty years. Fred. Archer was born on the 11th of January, 1857, at Prestbury, near Cheltenham. It may be said that he imbibed a love of racing with his mother's milk. His father was a well-known steeplechase rider, and while young Fred. was still "puling in his nurse's lap," the elder Archer won a most sensational victory on the back of Little Charley, in the Liverpool Cup. The parent still lives, and though able to journey to Newmarket on the occasion of his son's tragic death, he was too ill and overcame to attend the funeral ceremonies. All good horsemen, like good athletes, learn their first lessons early, when the limbs are supple and the mind ready to receive instruction. It is said that he won a pony race when but six years old, and that he was never happy out of the saddle. As his father took a delight in his son's equine proclivities, this tendency was never checked, and the boy was allowed to amuse himself to the full of his bent. He thus learned to sit a

horse so well that, when in the saddle, he seemed to be part of the animal, or, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has it, to be merely an extension of the muscles of the steed. He frequently followed the hounds over the Cotswold Hills, and was particularly clever with the dry stone walls in the neighborhood of the "Seven Springs," the source of the Thames. When he was only eleven years of age — namely, in the early part of 1868 — he was apprenticed to Mr. Matthew Dawson, the well-known Newmarket trainer. His indentures, viewed in the light of his subsequent performances, form very entertaining reading. He was apprenticed by the advice of Mr. La Terriere, of Cheltenham, himself a well-known gentleman rider, and the pupil very soon gave evidence that the advice was sound. The *regimen* in Mr. Dawson's model establishment was a very severe one, and well calculated to ground a boy in his work, and to bring to the front any good qualities he might have in him. The moral education of the boys, too, was well looked after, and to the motherly care of Mrs. Dawson, Archer, doubtless, owed much of the strict integrity which characterized him in after life. During the period of his apprenticeship Archer had to join with the other boys in the religious services, which were presided over by a paid chaplain. The deceased jockey often spoke in late years of the happy hours he spent during his period of probation, and he treasured his indentures so much that he had them framed and hung them up in a place of honor in his house.

Genius generally develops itself at an early age, and young Archer soon came to the front amongst the great company of aspiring horsemen serving their time with him. Of a naturally ready and cheerful disposition, his employer always found him willing to undertake any task. The lad was fond of work, and the greatest trouble to him seemed to be idleness. Added to this he was bold and daring, and his pluck became a byword amongst his comrades. No horse was too vicious or intractable for him to mount, and when once seated he could never be shaken off. This naturally pleased his master, who soon picked him out as a boy to be pushed forward. Encouraged by the preference shown him, the young Cheltonian lost no opportunity of showing his eagerness to deserve the good opinions manifested towards him.

His first winning mount of note was over the old-fashioned and somewhat rustic racecourse at Chesterfield, where, in

1870, he rode Athol Daisy to victory, going to the scale at 6st. 5lb. He had, however, previously "sporting silk" (to use a common phrase), in a handicap plate at the Newmarket Second October meeting of 1869, when he rode Honaria, the property of his master. He did not, however, win on this occasion. In 1872 he rode Mr. Naylor's Marmora in the Newmarket Handicap, and though he was beaten by a neck, the eyes of racing men began to be opened to his qualifications as a rising jockey. His first notable triumph, when he fairly won his spurs as a light-weight jockey, occurred in the autumn of the same year. A three-year-old colt, named Salvanos, belonging to Mr. J. Radcliffe, who has since passed away, was entered in the Cesarewitch with a very light weight, as he had never done anything to place him in the category of either a useful or dangerous horse. Archer was chosen to ride in the place of another jockey, and right well he justified the trust reposed in him, for he soon steered his horse out of the ruck, and, amidst a scene of the greatest excitement, he rode home a very easy winner. Archer's grand chance came in 1873, when poor Tom French died. This well-known rider was at that time head jockey to Lord Falmouth, and when he died from the effects of consumption, brought on by over-wasting, he was buried in Newmarket Cemetery, and a stone placed over his grave commemorates the fact that a memorial was erected to him by his fellow-jockeys. At this time such horsemen as Fordham, Chaloner, Custance, Cannon, and the two Osbornes were riding, and it was no small thing for a man to come to the front in such company. That he did come through the crowd, however, is now a matter of history. In the spring of 1874 Archer won the Lincoln Handicap upon the back of Tomahawk, over a course on which he has many a time since distinguished himself in minor races. It was in that year, when the subject of this sketch was seventeen years old, that he commenced his long career of turf triumphs in the service of Lord Falmouth, beginning by steering Atlantic to victory in the Two Thousand Guineas, and beating such horses as Ecossais and Reverberation. This achievement confirmed Lord Falmouth in the opinion he had formed, that Archer was the legitimate and fitting successor of Tom French. His noble owner never swerved in the good opinion he had formed of young Archer, and the favorite jockey did yeoman service for that es-

teemed nobleman, who has been fittingly described as the greatest ornament the turf has ever seen. In the red cap and "magpie" jacket of Lord Falmouth Fred. Archer's chief achievements were gained, and though, after the retirement of his noble patron, he rode many distinguished horses to victory in the black-and-yellow of the Duke of Westminster, he always seemed most closely associated with the black-and-white.

To attempt to describe Archer's mounts from his seventeen-year-old performances to his last melancholy ride on Tommy Tittlemouse at Lewes this autumn, would mean the reproduction of a racing guide, for his name simply bristles on the pages of "Ruff's" annual volume wherever one opens it. His name was gradually noised abroad until it became a household word. He was called the "Tinman," the "Wonder," and other pet names by his admirers, whose name was legion. Enthusiastic musicians wrote waltzes, mazurkas, gallops, and quadrilles in honor of his name; and amateur poets invoked the muse to give him praise in swinging rhyme, or halting blank verse. Stable boys and young men of "horsey" proclivities copied his style of dress, and hatters and hosiers pandered to the demand by producing Archer hats, or Archer ties, and even Archer socks. In course of time people outside regular turf circles began to recognize the fact that it would be remunerative to follow the chances of the rising and apparently invincible young horseman, and each time Archer rode the public money flowed in to the book-makers literally in streams to back his mounts. This had the effect of making him frequently such a warm favorite that the "market price" was restricted to very short odds indeed. As a consequence, the stable connections often found it necessary to resort to "innocent" tricks of the childlike nature attributed to the "heathen Chinee," in order to get a chance of backing their candidate at a reasonable figure before the public rush came. It did not matter what sort of a horse Archer rode, his admirers followed the mount, and occasionally got their fingers severely bitten. Of late years the rage for following the "Tinman" considerably abated; but to the last there were people who would stake their money upon him or not bet at all. This year any one who had invested £10 upon each mount of the favorite jockey would have lost a considerable sum of money. The following short table will give some idea

of the way in which Archer must have worked. He rode

Year.	Mounts.	Wins.
1870 . .	15 . .	2
1871 . .	40 . .	3
1872 . .	180 . .	27
1873 . .	422 . .	107
1874 . .	530 . .	147
1875 . .	605 . .	172
1876 . .	662 . .	207
1877 . .	602 . .	218
1878 . .	619 . .	229
1879 . .	568 . .	199
1880 . .	362 . .	121
1881 . .	532 . .	219
1882 . .	560 . .	210
1883 . .	631 . .	232
1884 . .	577 . .	241
1885 . .	667 . .	246
1886 . .	512 . .	170

Thus, in the sixteen years he was before the public as a rider, he had no fewer than 8,064 mounts, out of which he won 2,760 times. His busiest year was the season of 1885, when he rode 667 times for 246 wins, the nearest approach to those figures being in 1876, when he rode 662 times with 207 wins. In 1880 there is a great falling off in the numbers, and this is to be accounted for by the fact that he was severely bitten in the arm — savaged, in fact — by a bad-tempered brute named Muley Edris, who has long since gone the way of all (horse) flesh. The injuries to the arm were so severe that it was a long time before Archer recovered.

What a splendid record Archer's is! No man has ever come within a measurable distance of it. His performances in the saddle include five Derby victories — Silvio, Bend Or, Iroquois, Melton, and latterly Ormonde (Bend Or's son). His victory on Bend Or will never be forgotten by those who saw it. He seemed literally to lift the horse past Robert the Devil, who was winning easily, just as they got to the winning-post. Four victories stand to his name in the record of the Oaks and six in the St. Leger, the latter list being headed by the ever-green name of Silvio. He came in first four times for the Two Thousand, twice for the One Thousand. In the two-year-old list he was even more successful, for his name figures seven times in the Champagne Stakes, three in succession, eight in the Clearwell Stakes, and six each in the Richmond and Woodcote Stakes. Such a record as this would of itself stamp the man as being at the head of his profession. In the greater field of handicaps, however, he has been equally as successful. His victories here embrace five in the City and Suburban,

which is run for over the same course as the Derby; Archer, in fact, was well-nigh invincible over this classic turf. Though he has scored twice in the Cesarewitch — once on the famous "double event" Rosebery — he never caught the eye of the judge in the Cambridgeshire, the sister race. This was always a sore point with him, and the keen disappointment he experienced last month, when he was just beaten by a head by Sailor Prince, a rank outsider, was, in the opinion of many persons, conducive to the depression which finally led him to take his own life. He had wasted and trained himself to ride St. Mirin in this race as he had never wasted before, and to be beaten by a head when victory seemed well within his grasp was very galling. He never rode the winner of the Chester Cup, nor could he score at any time in the Goodwood Stakes or Cup. The time-honored Northumberland Plate fell to his lot but once, and that was on Barcalaine in 1883 after the glories of the "Pitman's Derby" had passed away. With the few exceptions named, however, Archer's name will be found enrolled in the history of every chief race annually decided in this country. He was unquestionably the greatest jockey ever known. He was a perfect horseman, and at the same time a good judge of the value of a racehorse. It was said that he could tell exactly what a horse could do directly he placed his legs over it. One thing is certain. He knew how to get every ounce out of a thoroughbred when he wanted it, and this faculty of using up his steed gave him the reputation of being cruel. He was not so hard or persevering a rider in his later days as in the earlier part of his career, when his mania for winning was simply insatiable. In his more matured years, if he saw he had little chance of getting well in front, he would not punish a horse by driving it into second or third place, and so calling the attention of handicappers to its merits.

Fred. Archer was one of those men so rare to find who could do what the horse-loving Yorkshire folks call "carry corn." Success, to pursue the simile, did not make him kick over the traces. He was not spoilt by success. Gentlemanly and courteous, and quiet in his attire, he fulfilled none of the conditions supposed to be requisite in the racing man of the stage, and he might have passed anywhere as a bank clerk, or well-to-do stockbroker. He was tall and slender, painfully pinched in the waist, and slightly bent in the back. His complexion was pale, his hair dark

and arranged with neatness, and his eyes always looked you straight in the face. His mouth was somewhat peculiar in shape, and his upper teeth rather prominent, a feature early seized upon by caricaturists when they wished to delineate the "great jockey." The deceased horseman was a man of consummate skill, fertility of resource, and wonderful nerve. Danger or possible danger never troubled him. He saw only the winning-post. His finest achievements were effected under circumstances of the greatest difficulty, and many are the stories told of his tricky fashion of getting through a ruck of horses when he was shut in apparently in hopeless fashion. He was particularly fond of getting round corners smartly, and in this he probably had no living equal, especially at Tattenham Corner, and over the awkward Manchester course. He occasionally gave the starter a great deal of trouble, but was too clever to trespass too far over the line. In the end, however, he always had his own way, and secured the position he coveted. In hugging the rails on the inside turn he has over and over again held his life in his hands.

In his early days of riding he was so slightly built that he often had to carry as much as two and three stone of dead weight, but as age crept upon him his daily study was to keep below his normal bodily weight of ten stone. To effect this, he had to go through shocking privations; in the way of sweating, starving, and physicking. For the first-named purpose he had special Turkish baths built at his private residence, while the chief piece of furniture in his library was a pair of very sensitive scales. He would exist for a whole day upon a bunch of grapes, or a single piece of dry toast and a glass of champagne. Of this treacherous wine he was particularly fond, but he would touch none but the very best brands. He declared that it kept him alive without in any way interfering with his weight. It must not, however, be inferred that his table was niggardly. On the contrary, it was always supplied in bountiful fashion, for he was a grand host. His self-denial was marvellous, for when he must have been simply ravenous with hunger, he would preside at his table surrounded by the most tempting viands, and yet merely munch a dry biscuit or his hard-burnt toast. When the pangs of hunger got almost past the power of man to resist the temptation to eat, he would adjourn to his library, test his weight on his trusty scales, shake his head at the last obsti-

nate pound which refused to "come off," and then retire to bed to be out of the way of the savory smell from the kitchen. Nature, however, rebelled against this treatment, and the punishment came swiftly and suddenly. The last straw that broke the camel's back was his attempt to get down to 8st. 6lb., to ride St. Mirin in the Cambridgeshire. He felt it was his last chance to win that event, and he had made up his mind to do it, at whatever cost. He rode, but did not win. On the contrary, he was a wreck, nerveless, dispirited, and utterly without stamina. In this condition he went to Brighton and Lewes, and suffered exposure on the bleak Downs, in a thin shirt and silk jacket, with a pair of hunting breeches. The inevitable chill followed, and the fever demon seized upon a frame ill prepared to withstand its ravages. The rest of the story is too fresh in the mind to need repetition.

Archer's income was naturally large. His earnings were enormous; while the presents of his pleased patrons were princely. He was always a careful, saving man, with few vices, and a small share of extravagances. Charity, however, was by no means lacking in his composition, and many a brother jockey has to thank him for timely help of which the outside world knows nothing. Without ostentation and in no grudging spirit he subscribed liberally to local institutions, and he never forgot a favor rendered. This is one pleasing trait in his record which, as poor little Jo in "Bleak House" demanded of Snagsby, should be "writ werry large," for Archer, like all successful men, had numerous detractors. In his turf career he was like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. His desire to win was so keen that even had he been naturally disposed to run crooked, that feeling would have kept him straight. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of his employers, and was equally trusted by the public.

The greatest event in Fred. Archer's life was his marriage in 1883 to Miss Nellie Dawson, daughter of John Dawson, the famous trainer. This event took place at All Saints' Church, Newmarket, and the day was celebrated as a general holiday. Lord Hastings contributed an ox, which was roasted whole, and with a thousand loaves, and a thousand pints of beer, contributed by the bridegroom, distributed to the poor, who held high holiday.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LVII. 2922

Unfortunately his married life was destined to be brief. A son was born in January of the following year, but this little blossom withered in the bud. On the 7th of November the famous jockey rode the Duchess of Montrose's Thebais and won the Liverpool Autumn Cup, and when he returned to scales, a telegram was placed in his hands, informing him that he was the father of a little daughter. This new life, however, was dearly bought, for it caused the sacrifice of that of the mother. Heart-stricken with grief Archer was nearly beside himself, but a faithful friend induced him to pay a visit to America. In the rich and ever-changing scenery of that wonderful country he forgot many of his troubles, and returned to England restored in health, bodily and mental. His little daughter, who is now two years old, inherits the greater portion of his vast wealth. The father's suicide—if that painful name can be applied to the ravings of fever—took place almost on the anniversary of his wife's death. The scene at his funeral will not readily be forgotten, if only for the wealth of floral tributes sent from every part of the country, even from Sandringham. Several of the wreaths came from France, where the subject of this brief sketch was exceedingly popular. He had frequently visited Paris, and while there had ridden the winners of many of the chief French races.

The house Archer had built for himself at Newmarket was fit for the residence of a nobleman, and was furnished like the mansion of a prince. It stood, however, in a bleak and cheerless situation, and the owner never really liked it after the decease of his wife. Internally it was rich in presents and equine portraits, for the deceased was passionately fond of horses. Portraits of every winner of note he had ridden found a place on his walls.

His death will be a loss to the turf, for his integrity was a model for other jockeys. Had he, however, taken the advice of his friends, and retired at the end of last season from the active work of riding at low weights, or have taken to cross-country work, he might have still been alive. If the lesson of his death, however, be taken to heart by our chief turf authorities, and the pernicious system of feather-weight handicapping abolished, the painful sacrifice of his life will not have been in vain.

ALFRED ALLISON.

From Temple Bar.
THE BOSS OF BARANGAROO.

"It *can't* be — no, it *couldn't* be — for him to die!"

He was all alone in the hut. He sat on a packing-case, staring into the fire, his elbows on his knees, and his head on his hands, talking to himself, as solitary men will. There was a gloomy, helpless perplexity in his look, as he thrust the burning brands together with the toe of his boot, and muttered, over and over again, "Boss a-dyin'! — no, no!"

A stray stock-rider had passed by that afternoon, on his way to a distant station, and brought the news from Barangaroo.

It was Murdoch of Barangaroo — Lennox Murdoch, who lay dying — slowly dying in torture — helplessly crushed and mangled by a falling tree, as he was overseeing some timber-cutting in the bush. The man whose gay fearlessness was the wonder of the colony — who had ridden unharmed time after time through the very jaws of death — the reckless, wayward, fantastic soul, to whom mortal danger was as a familiar friend — whom every one loved and laughed at — so full of life, and joy in life. Why, the very thought of his dying was impossible and incongruous, — at least it seemed as if the only fitting close to such a career would be a swift, sudden stroke — to be snatched away in a moment, with the laughing light still in his eyes, and the last snatch of a song still lingering on his lip. It seemed unnatural, horrible, for Lennox Murdoch, of all men, to be lying on his back in the darkened room, with closed eyes, and drawn, white lips. So thought his overseer, who had carried him up-stairs in his arms, and laid him tenderly down on the bed he would never leave again — feeling all the time, grave, quiet Scotsman as he was, as if his own heart would break. So thought — though they could not perhaps have put it into words — the men who hung gloomily about the doors, or listlessly went through with their work — silently, or speaking in hushed voices to each other. There might have been better men — there certainly were many far more judicious, and with better regulated minds — whereas the censorious might have said that Lennox Murdoch's mind was not regulated at all; but there was not a shepherd, or hut-keeper, or hand of any sort on the station that would not have given anything to "have Murdoch round again in a good tearin' temper," as one of them said. No, they would never

hear his wrathful harangues or his reckless "chaff" again.

And this man who now sat over the fire, this great, black-bearded, half-savage, heathen Englishman, had heard the news with stolid apathy, and scarcely said a word. Perhaps the idea took a long time to reach that slow-moving brain of his. After the stranger had gone he slung the billy and set the tea to boil, and got all things ready as usual for his mates when they should return; and then he settled down to his brooding watch over the fire, muttering broken words to himself.

He was not a man of many ideas — that was apparent at the first glance. Probably he had not started in life with an excessive amount, and his experience as an ordinary seaman on board various small merchant vessels, and later as a convict in Sydney, had not tended to increase or elevate his stock. But once he had acquired a notion of any sort, he clung to it, or it to him, with the tenacity of the limpet on the rock.

I do not think he remembered himself what offence he had been transported for. Perhaps many years of solitary bush-life had affected his memory, and its dull uniformity deadened the past into one blurred haze. Like that of the savage, his mind did not look after, nor very far before; yet utterly inactive it was not. He did think and reason, in his slow, dogged fashion. He was not cunning, nor naturally cruel, though his ship and prison life had generated in him a dull, brooding ferocity that sometimes came to light in outbreaks of fury.

And the highest idea his mind was capable of conceiving was embodied in the words, Murdoch of Barangaroo.

This is how it came.

He had gradually become possessed of a vague belief that it was the destiny and normal condition of man to be sworn at, cuffed, kicked, and generally considered a nuisance, unless it were his happy lot to be able to swear at others in his turn; and acquiesced therein in his dull, passive way. And so, when his time was out, and he set forth on his aimless wanderings, he drifted out to Barangaroo Station, with convict written on every line of his slouching figure and sullen face. And it came to pass, one hot December morning, that he stopped listlessly by the door of Murdoch's shearing-shed, and saw a man ride by at a tearing gallop, on a magnificent black horse — a man in a scarlet shirt, with a curly head and a twinkling eye,

who suddenly reined up, stopped short, and shouted,—

"Hallo, old cock! have you any particular engagement?" And while Bill Adamson was slowly trying to evolve an answer, he was surprised by another question:—

"Can you shear a sheep without cutting him all to pieces?"

Adamson fixed his eyes on the frank, kindly face that looked down on him, and gradually finding his voice, said,—

"I don't know; but I'll try."

"Come on, then!" said Murdoch, as he sprang down, and hitched his horse to a post. But before he had gone three steps he turned and leaned against the wall, with his hand against his side, shaking with laughter.

"You're a rum customer, you are! You've never asked me what you're to get!"

The man dropped his head, and kicked nervously at a stone on the ground. Then he muttered without looking at Murdoch,—

"*You* never asked me—where I come from."

And Murdoch understood. There was a curious twist of perversity in his nature—or some of his friends so called it. Civilized and respectable citizens he would treat with the sublimest audacity of disdain; it was a common saying about him, that he feared nothing and respected nobody. But for outcasts and disreputable characters of any sort he had a quick, instinctive sympathy. It did not take much penetration to guess the history of the man before him, and following the impulse of the moment, he did the very thing to bind that man to him for life.

"All right, then. Is it a bargain? Shake hands on it!"

So they shook hands, and Bill Adamson was installed among the shearers; and afterwards, when that nomad tribe scattered away east and west to pastures new, he remained on as one of the Barangaroo shepherds—a queer, silent, solitary man, who worked for three, seldom spoke, and never smiled, except when Murdoch spoke to him. He liked the lonely life at the hut on Stringy Bark Hill, where few men were willing to stay; among the other hands on the station he was moody, sullen, and "difficult;" but the two men who shared the hut with him found him "well enough to get on with, if you let him alone." The months went on, one day exactly like another, till they added up into years, and it seemed to him that he

had lived there all his life. Murdoch came up sometimes—he always when he could went out to the huts himself with the rations, instead of sending the overseer; or now and then he would pass by casually when out shooting, and sit over a pipe before Adamson's fire, talking to him in that frank, trustful, kindly way of his, which won the hearts of black and white alike. It was at such times as these that he got all Bill's history from him, bit by bit, and deepened into a dumb, doglike worship the man's first vague admiration. I do not know whether Bill Adamson had ever loved any one or anything in his life before—I do know that he loved Lennox Murdoch.

And now Gibson had brought the news that Lennox Murdoch lay dying at Barangaroo. I cannot try to follow and analyze the wild, formless thoughts that worked in that dark brain of his. A superstitious sailor to begin with, brooding for weeks together over his own thoughts in the bush, it is in truth scarcely to be wondered at if his ideas of the unseen were not much higher than those of the bronze-colored savages who would come and eat themselves stupid on Murdoch's mutton and damper round their camp fires near his hut. He believed in the existence of a higher power, whose name he sometimes used in oaths, and to whom, when more reverently inclined, he vaguely referred—but this rarely happened—as *they*; and, in a sort of way, in the efficacy of prayer, though his views on the subject were peculiar. Only I know that there came to him then, in some dim and inarticulate shape, the old, old, ever-recurring idea of "a life for a life," and the demon god whose cruel will can only be satisfied with blood.

They came in as usual, and settled down to their supper and their customary monosyllabic talk. Just at last, before they turned in for the night, one of them happened to ask him whether he had seen any one that day. He answered in his slow drawl, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe against his knee,—

"Gibson from Murray's was here this afternoon. Came past Barangaroo. Says the boss is real bad. Got hurt with a tree falling on him."

There was a dead silence. Then the two interchanged comments and questions in a low voice, and finally, after having tried in vain to get more lucid information from him, they turned away and wrapped themselves in their blankets, leaving him still smoking by the fire. Thereupon he

looked up, and said: "One o' you stay here to-morrow — I want'er go down and see how he is;" to which they answered "All right," and were asleep in a few minutes.

He sat still, watching the dying embers for some time longer; then he rose slowly, put in his pocket the flint and steel and tinder-box he always carried, stuck his knife in his belt, felt for and found the tin pannikin which served him for a drinking-cup, and opening the door softly, went out.

There was no moon, but it was bright starlight, and he had lived so many years in the bush, that he knew his way about it like a sleuth-hound. He struck right into the scrub, pushing and twisting his way through it like a black fellow; then he crossed an open grassy tract, dotted with gum-trees here and there; then, after a long climb up a steep, quartz-strewn hillside, and an abrupt descent into a gully beyond, he came to a spot that perhaps no white man's foot had ever trodden before. It was a level, grassy space, with thickly wooded slopes rising on three sides of it like an amphitheatre. Tall gum-trees grew about it here and there, but not so closely as to shut out the starry sky. In the middle was a grass-grown mound, where tradition said that a native chief was buried; there was a cairn of stones piled on the top, and here and there white objects, that might have been bones, glinted in the faint light. It was an uncanny place, avoided by the blacks themselves for the most part, though they came there to hold nightly corroboree now and then. All was perfectly still, except for the rushing of the creek down below, and the low, solemn stirring of the wind in the tree-tops. He heaped a pile of dry sticks on the mound, going to work slowly and methodically in his every-day fashion; set fire to it with his flint and steel, and stood watching it patiently till it leaped into a blaze; then he turned away, and clearing away the grass and leaves, drew with the point of his knife a circle round the grave.

He stripped off his shirt, and laid it aside; then he knelt down in the circle before the fire, with his knife and pannikin beside him, and clasped his hands before his face, and prayed.

He had never done such a thing in his life before — at any rate not since he was a child at his mother's knee. Perhaps the words he said may shock you if written down — so grotesquely blasphemous, so pathetically horrible were they. Yet

maybe there are people whose inarticulate creed, if put into plain English, would not amount to much better.

"Lord A'mighty," he said, "I don't know much about this yer business, — I'm only a lag, an' maybe 'tain't the thing for me to speak. But if you want to kill any one, do kill me. Maybe it's all the same to you, — and, you see, nobody would miss me. I don't know how to say it all right, but I reckon you'll know what I mean. Strike me dead now, or any time you please, an' let him get better. Amen.

Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Bless the bed that I lies on!

It was the only thing of the sort he remembered out of his far-off childhood — perhaps the only prayer he had ever learnt. It may be that he thought it of service as a kind of devotional incantation.

He took his hands from his face, and held them clasped straight before him, looking with vague, expectant eyes up to the stars, and waiting for the stroke to fall. He really had some expectation that it would.

There was a sudden hoarse scream, and a far-off flapping of wings in the stillness above his head. It was an eagle-hawk, disturbed from his nest in the highest of the stringy-barks.

"Maybe he's gone to fetch the thunder-bolt," he thought, as a fragment of wild, dim nature-myth darted through his mind. "*Woldja, woldja!*" And he murmured some words in the native language — most likely a charm.

But all was still — the fire leapt and flickered, and the eagle-hawk did not come back.

He took up his knife from the ground, and drew the sharp point quickly down his breast; then made another cut across it, and held up the cup to catch the starting drops.

"You thought I didn't mean it; but I do! See, this is the first — and the rest's to come after!"

He slowly lifted the pannikin, and poured its contents into the fire. As it hissed and crackled in the flame, he went on speaking, —

"I'm goin' down in the morning, to see him once more. If you do your part, and let him get better, I'll come here to-morrow night and end it. I swear solemnly I will. You hear me? Will that do?"

He knelt with uplifted, blood-stained

hands, looking up to the peaceful sky. As he looked, a falling star drew a line of light across the space of sky between the tops of the stringy-barks and vanished.

"It's done! it's done!" he cried, and flung himself forward on his face. He lay there for some time without moving; while the fire flickered down and died — leaping up now and then, and casting weird, vague lights and shadows over the grave-mound and the prostrate figure.

The slow hours of the afternoon dragged out their cruel length; Macdonald, the overseer, sat by Murdoch's side. Murdoch lay still, with closed eyes — not asleep — Macdonald knew that by the occasional twitching of the white lips in a spasm of pain, and the tightening grasp of the hand he held in his. He had done all he could to relieve the long last agony; it was not much — there was no surgical aid within reach, and he knew enough to feel sure that even had there been, no skill or care could save him. They would never quarrel again, these two; they had done so regularly about once a week; and no one would have suspected from Macdonald's dry reserved ways and caustic severity of speech that he loved this "feckless," reckless Murdoch like his own brother.

He was beginning to hope that sleep — denied all night long — might come at last, when Murdoch turned his head wearily, and opened his eyes.

"I'm *that* tired, Mac! I shall be glad when it's over."

It was the first word of complaint he had uttered. Macdonald had not broken down before, but he felt near it now. He felt the sob rising in his throat, as he murmured something incoherent about the impossibility of getting a doctor.

"Don't worry about that, Mac. Why, bless you, he'd only bother me, and not be able to do any good. If I am to get better, I shall get on all right alone; if not, what's the good of being pulled about? Thank you, old fellow."

Macdonald had risen and changed his pillows, and was bathing his forehead, looking with a vague trouble into the sunken dark eyes.

"All right, Mac; I know that I'm done for — I've no hopes of being patched up again. Only don't you fret. What is it?"

One of the stockmen had come to the half-open door, and was beckoning to Macdonald, who went out softly, closing it behind him.

"Well?"

"It's Black Bill — that there queer cove from the bush. Reckon he's gone crazy-like. He's been sitting there in the doorway the last three hours, and won't go away. Came down this morning — wanted to know how the boss was — says we're to tell him as soon as he's any better."

Macdonald went down and found him seated there, sullen, slouching, defiant, in outward seeming — knees crossed, and arms folded — no life about him save in the dull gleam of his black eyes under their lowering brows. He rose slowly and touched his hat.

"Ain't he no better yet?"

"Don't you know," said Macdonald, irritable with the impatience of suppressed pain, "that he'll never be any better in this world?"

A troubled look came into the man's wild eyes.

"I thought it would be afore sundown," he muttered. "Don't you believe it, sir; *he* ain't a-goin' to die — no, no — not he!"

He sat down again, settling back into his old look of dogged patience. Macdonald, finding it useless to say anything to him, went quietly back, and took up his post again beside Murdoch.

"What was it, Mac? Any one wanting you?"

"It was Bill Adamson, from the huts beyond the creek. He was wanting to know how you were."

"Black Bill? Poor old chap! You didn't send him away, did you? I'd like to see him again."

"Can you bear it, Murdoch?"

"Why not? Do let him come up!"

Macdonald went down again, and found him still motionless in the same position. He touched him on the shoulder.

"Adamson, will you come up? He wants to see you."

The man's whole face lighted up.

"The boss? May I?"

He rose at once to follow — then he suddenly stopped and carefully drew off his heavy boots.

"Did he *say* he wanted to see me?"

"Yes."

He spoke not another word, but went into the room with Macdonald, and stood awkwardly at the foot of the bed, scarcely daring to lift his eyes to the changed white face with the hollow temples and drawn lips.

"Well, old fellow? I'm awfully glad to see you. Just leave us a little, will you, Mac?"

And Macdonald left them together.

He looked up, twisted his fingers helplessly, scraped the floor with his foot, and jerked out the words with a kind of defiance, —

"You won't die, boss! I know you won't. I've made it all right!"

"What do you mean? Come here!"

And he went nearer, and Lennox Murdoch lifted his unwounded left arm and laid it round his neck.

"Why, don't you know, boss? They said they'd take me instead of you — and they won't go back on their word."

"I don't understand. Tell me all about it."

He raised himself — it must have cost him fearful pain — with his old, winning, mischievous smile, as if he were mightily amused at himself and the whole situation, and laid his head down on Bill's shoulder. The great bushman wound his rough arms tenderly round the slight figure, and asked, instead of answering, —

"Does it hurt you now?"

"No, not much account. Tell me what you mean, dear old lad."

So he told him — slowly, in broken, awkward words, having to be helped out by questions now and then — of the black-fellows' burial-place, and the midnight incantation, and how "they" had promised by the sign of the falling star. And before he had ended, the dying man was sobbing as if his heart would break.

"Don't, sir; oh, don't! You'll hurt yourself, you will!"

"Bill — dear, dear old fellow — how *could* you think of such a thing? O God! God!"

"My life for yours — mine ain't worth much — and what would we ever do without you?"

"Oh, but you mustn't — you mustn't think of God in that way! You — oh! what shall I say to you? You'll break my heart!"

"Don't take on — don't. I didn't think it would have vexed ye so — I wouldn't have told!"

"Listen to me, now, and remember what I say. Will you?" Bill nodded, but did not speak. "You mustn't think it's bad for me to die. See — if I went away to Sydney, you wouldn't be wanting to leave the sheep and run off after me, would you? You'd just wait till I came back."

Something like a sob shook the man's rugged chest, and the slow, hard tears gathered in his eyes.

"But you'll never come back!"

"No; but you can come to me. Look

here — you believe I care for you, don't you?"

"Ay, that I do, boss!"

"God made you, and he cares for you far more than ever I can. Can't you believe he loves you? If I didn't think he did me, I shouldn't know what to do now. You mustn't think he does not love me because I'm dying like this. I'm going to him, and so will you, if you wait patiently and try to do right. Remember, you won't see me again if you do what you said."

"But I promised."

"He don't want you to keep that promise. You didn't know rightly what he was when you made it. I — I wish I could help you — tell you clearly what I mean. Ask him to help you — just as you'd talk to me. Promise me you'll not kill yourself."

"I won't then, if you don't want."

"Shake hands on it, then. All right; you won't hurt me" — for he saw Bill looking hesitatingly at the slender, bandaged right wrist. "You'll remember, now?"

"I will."

"I'll be looking out for you, old man. Seems to me I shan't get on without you. But I shall always think of your coming. So don't you go back on me. My poor, dear old chap!"

Macdonald came and laid his hand on Adamson's shoulder, and asked him to go away; but Murdoch looked up and said, "Let him stay, please!" So Bill stayed.

He never closed an eye during the two days and nights that followed. It was in his arms that Lennox Murdoch died, worn out with the torture of fever and sleeplessness, but patient and gentle to the last while he had his senses about him. Once, during the last night, he called Macdonald to him, and told him Bill's secret, and prayed him, if he loved him, to be kind to that poor, wild, blundering soul. And Macdonald promised, with dry eyes and dry throat.

Macdonald kept his promise. He stayed on at the run under the new squatter, and so did Bill, who went about his daily work much as usual, only more "queer" and silent than before. He seemed to look about him in a bewildered way, as if the world were out of joint, though he knew not how. Macdonald was almost the only one whom he ever spoke to if he could help it, though often when he was alone he would talk to himself, or maybe to

some imagined interlocutor. He would listen attentively to the overseer's grave, kindly words, and perhaps show unexpectedly, at some later time, that he had taken in more of their spirit than one might have thought.

The winter passed away, and the spring and another summer—and then he seemed gradually to fail. He grew listless and dreamy, his strength forsook him, his moods were stranger than ever, though the old fierce outbursts of temper were never heard now, and there was a new gentleness in all his words and ways. And in this state—little likely to offer resistance to any disease—a creeping chill struck him, and he took to his bed with malaria fever, and never got up again.

Macdonald rode up as soon as he heard of it, and arrived only just in time to see him before he died. He was unconscious of all around, but kept murmuring to himself, "I'm coming—yes, I'm coming!" and once or twice they caught the name "Murdoch!"

A. WERNER.

From The National Review.

LIFE AT THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

THE word university has a very different meaning in Scotland from that which it bears in England. At Oxford and at Cambridge learning has her favorite seats, chosen for her long ago. She is there richly endowed, she gathers her sons about her in homes of her own, she is the ruling spirit of the towns which she has made famous. In Glasgow and Edinburgh, on the other hand, she stands on one side, overshadowed; her voice can scarcely be heard in the din of commerce, of manufacture, of civic life, which goes on around her. But this is not all. The Scottish universities fulfil an ideal and perform functions totally different from those of their richer and more highly favored sisters south of the Tweed. In England the idea is, in the first place, to afford to young men of the upper and of the upper-middle classes the best possible education, both intellectual and moral; and, in the second place, to endow learning and research with a secure and congenial home. In Scotland the idea is to afford to all comers of the male sex, rich or poor, young or old, the means of improving themselves intellectually, and of fitting themselves for the learned professions. The very wideness of the scope of this intention, in respect of the persons for whose benefit

the Scotch universities are supposed to exist, narrows the sphere of operations in regard to each student. The endowment of research is, at the Scottish universities, almost entirely, the moral training of the students is totally, neglected. This is, indeed, almost a matter of necessity. The endowments are hardly large enough to provide adequate teaching power for the fifteen or sixteen hundred lads and young men who crowd the class-rooms at Edinburgh or Glasgow, and leave nothing to spare for learned leisure; while it would take a whole battalion of proctors to look after the behavior of so many undergraduates, living, not in halls, but in separate lodgings. It would be impossible to imagine a system of college discipline, of board and lodging, which would suit both the son of the wealthy merchant and the son of the small shopkeeper who can live comfortably on fifteen shillings a week. The theory of the English universities is to take lads of nineteen or twenty, and, for a reasonable sum, give them a liberal education, and turn them out, in three years' time, well-mannered young men, accustomed to the society of their equals, and (to use a convenient phrase) "free from vice." The theory of the Scotch universities is to give the opportunity of acquiring knowledge, as much or as little as may be desired, during six months out of the twelve, for eight or ten guineas a year.

The obvious danger of the Scottish system is that the universities may degenerate into large, middle-class day schools; and this fate has, to a considerable degree, overtaken them. For many years Scotland has been living upon her old reputation in educational matters—a reputation earned in the days when she was the only one of the three kingdoms in which primary schools were established by law in every parish. Until lately, at least, a larger proportion of her population was able to read and write than was the case in England or Ireland. But this state of things is fast passing away; and in the point of secondary education, the truth is, Scotland has always been (but for her universities) lamentably deficient. In a few of the larger towns, besides Edinburgh and Glasgow, there are high schools, which correspond to the grammar schools of England; but they are only available for the boys who live within walking distance of them. Schools in which the pupils reside, or at which the masters keep boarding-houses for the boys, have been until lately almost unknown in Scotland,

and they are still by no means common. One reason of this has been that the boarding-school system of education is necessarily an expensive one, and the Scotch were, until recent times, a poor, and are even now a frugal people. But another reason lay in the Puritanical principles which have taken so deep a hold of the Scottish character. A Scotch parent lays down a tolerably narrow path, and determines that his son shall walk in it up to the age of fifteen or sixteen. If with such a training he shall afterwards wander into the broad way, his blood be upon his own head. Home life, home influences, count for everything to the average Scotchman, so far as the education of morals is concerned. The due performance of religious observances is a matter of prime necessity; and Scotch parents are always unwilling to confide the task of seeing that their boys learn the Shorter Catechism and forbear all amusement on Sundays to any schoolmaster, however zealous. The effect of the dislike of boarding-schools, and the absence of good secondary day schools has been to turn the universities into grammar schools of a rather inefficient type, so far as a considerable portion of the students is concerned.

The one redeeming feature of the system has been the superior character (in very many instances) of the old parish schools. Many of the masters of these schools had passed through the curriculum at Edinburgh or Aberdeen, and were well able to drill boys in Latin, Euclid, and the rudiments of Greek. At almost all parish schools a little Latin, at least, could be learned; and as soon as a boy could struggle through a page of Virgil, and had stowed away a fair number of Euclid's propositions, he was considered ripe for the university. The universities were, of course, compelled, by the very theory of their existence, to adapt themselves to this state of things. Boys presented themselves in scores for matriculation, who could not pass the simplest examinations; and Glasgow, at least, met the difficulty by providing classes which might be profitably attended by those who had not yet climbed over the *pons asinorum*, or mastered the Greek alphabet. These classes are now attended in large numbers, not by boys only, but by men who, somewhat late in life, have caught the sacred flame, and have determined to begin a university career at the age of thirty. The system is a bad one in every respect. One might almost as well begin to learn Greek without a master, as in a class of

one hundred and twenty students for one hour a day. It was an odd sight to see at Glasgow some years ago him who was justly described as

bearing all that weight
Of learning lightly, as a flower,

helping some horny-handed son of the soil to battle with the mysteries of *τίμα*. If the same professor received elegiacs from some of his students in which even his fastidious ear could scarcely detect a blemish, the result could hardly be ascribed by any one to the excellence of the system.

Each of the Scottish universities comprises four "faculties"—arts, medicine, divinity, and law. Edinburgh still maintains her old reputation as one of the best medical schools in the United Kingdom; and the law lectures are believed to be also exceptionally good at Edinburgh. Only those students who are intended for the ministry of the Church of Scotland attend the divinity classes at any of the four universities, the dissenting Presbyterian bodies having divinity halls of their own. Divinity students always attend four years at the "arts" classes, unless they pass a preliminary examination, and so escape the first year. Medical and law students, as a rule, spend only two years at Latin, Greek, and logic, before they proceed to their special studies. It must be understood that "a year" means, at a Scotch university, a "session" of barely six months, from the beginning of November till the end of April. There are, it is true, short "summer sessions;" but these exist only for medical students. This arrangement of the year is necessary on account of the poverty of a large number of the students. And an incidental benefit of considerable importance arises from what seems at first sight a very bad arrangement of the academical year. The work of a Scotch university professor is, while it lasts, exceedingly arduous; and while some of the chairs at Edinburgh and Glasgow are supposed to be worth two or three thousand a year, many of them are but poorly endowed. To be absolutely master of one's own time for six months of the year is a great boon; and constitutes an attraction which helps the northern universities to fill their chairs with exceptionally able men.

As might have been expected from the absence of good secondary schools in many parts of Scotland, lads begin their university studies at a very early age. Sixteen is a very common age for matric-

ulation even now; and this is an improvement upon the state of things which existed some years ago. Assuming that a lad of sixteen goes to a Scotch university with a fair elementary knowledge of Latin, Greek, and mathematics, he will generally finish his "arts" course in four years; that is, four sessions of six months each, extending over four years. For the first session he will probably "take" junior Latin, junior Greek, and junior mathematics, spending two hours a day in the Latin class-room, and one in each of the other two. If he chooses to be lazy, and declare himself "not prepared," too often in the course of the session, the professor may refuse to sign his "class ticket," and thus compel him to go over the ground again, if he wishes to take a degree. The second year he will take senior Greek, and senior Latin, exchanging, in Greek, Homer and Xenophon for Euripides and Demosthenes; and, in Latin, Virgil and Cicero for Horace and Tacitus. For one hour each day in each class he is expected to be prepared to translate when called upon; for the second hour he may have merely to listen to the "prelections" of the professor, who reads for his benefit a play of Aristophanes or one of Juvenal's Satires, as the case may be. His third session he spends upon logic, moral philosophy, and, perhaps, English literature; his fourth is devoted to natural philosophy; that is, a taste of statics, dynamics, and science generally, and (if his talents lie in that direction), senior mathematics. But it is well understood that every student is at liberty to arrange his studies as he sees fit, and to present himself for examination for his degree in arts in each of the three departments of classics, mental philosophy, and natural philosophy, if and when he has a mind to do so, and not otherwise. In all these classes prizes are given, as at schools; the names of the prize-winners being decided (in accordance with long-established custom) by the votes of the students of the class. As a rule, the plan works remarkably well.

Lectures begin every day at eight o'clock, and are generally over by one or two in the afternoon. Of course there are no "chapels," in the English university sense of the term. There is a university chapel at Glasgow; but it is used only for fashionable sermons on Sunday afternoon; education at the Scotch universities (apart from the divinity faculty, which is quite an affair by itself) is purely unsectarian. When lectures are over, the students either go back to an

early dinner at their lodgings, or betake themselves to the reading-room of the library, or to football, or the gymnasium. There is no boating, and but little cricket, at any of the northern seats of learning. Most of the students spend their evenings in preparing for the next morning's lectures; for, as a rule, the Scottish youth goes to college to work, not to play. Evening amusements he has none. In the first place he cannot afford them; and in the second place, theatres and cards are alike forbidden by the stern law of Scotch Puritanism. His only recreations are football, and a long walk on Saturday afternoon.

This is a fair sketch of the daily round of an average Scotch student, so far as one can take an average of so miscellaneous a body as the students of a northern university. It will be seen that the life is a singularly narrow one, and that it affords very few opportunities of social intercourse. There is, in fact, no student life in Scotland; there is not a trace (except at St. Andrew's) of the collegiate life which is the great charm of Oxford and of Cambridge. Scotch students are not a body of young men associated together for any object, but a number of isolated youths, each leading his own life in his own way, scattered up and down over a great city, and brought together for two or three hours a day for purposes of instruction. They do not "keep terms," they "attend classes." They form into little groups, each group composed of two or three youths of similar tastes; and life-friendships are often the result of these early acquaintances; but the fact that they have nothing in common, except their studies, from the day the session opens to the day it closes, prevents anything like fellowship on a wide scale, or anything resembling university life in the proper sense of the word. There are debating and other societies, as a matter of course; but they are generally in a languishing condition. Many of the students harbor the idea that in spending time with their fellow-students they are neglecting their work and giving somebody else an advantage in the race. There is, indeed, one period when there is abundance of student life at the Scotch universities, though it lasts for only a week or ten days every third year. It is the proud privilege of the undergraduates to elect the lord rector, who is an important personage, practically as well as theoretically, in university matters. Of late years rectors have been chosen more for the popu-

larity of their political principles than for their literary or scientific eminence; and the great body of the students range themselves for the time under the rival flags of the Liberal and Conservative Associations. Very often, however, there is a third body, the Independents, who profess to be superior to political considerations and to recognize only academical or literary distinctions in their choice, and who do useful service by adding to the uncertainty of the final issue, and thereby increasing the excitement. The rival associations hold meetings on alternate evenings in the class-rooms — meetings in which peas generally take the place of arguments, and which are often enlivened by free fights of a harmless character. Nobody is supposed to do any work while the election is going on. The “courts” (as quadrangles are called in the north) are kept alive with electioneering hand-bills, parodies, and squibs of all descriptions — with songs, badinage, and cheering at anything or nothing. At length the eventful day dawns, the election takes place, the last volley of peas is delivered, and next day everybody settles down to work for the ensuing six months.

The education given at the Scottish universities is carried on solely by means of the lectures delivered by the various professors, supplemented by exercises and oral and written examinations upon the subjects of those lectures. Even the assistants whom the professors engage to help them in the work of their classes are appointed and paid by the professors themselves. Many of the students who aspire to a degree in arts avail themselves of the services of private “coaches,” but these tutors have no official position, and are not able to command more than a very moderate remuneration for their labors. The entire absence of tutors is, of course, another result of the poverty of the establishments themselves, and of the majority of their pupils; but although the want is a great one, it is not an absolutely unmixed evil. It is true that Scottish students are deprived of what must ever be one of the most important means of education — the companionship of a superior mind, and the guidance, the encouragement, the stimulus which only a tutor who knows his students personally can possibly supply. It is true that an education which neglects this method must always turn out men whose mental faculties are wanting in polish, who have wasted time over antiquated books, or in struggling through mazes which a few clear words

might have made plain to them. *Rawness*, crudeness of thought, and a certain intellectual egotism are characteristic of the self-educated man; and he who adds to the teaching of books only the instruction he can derive from the lectures and criticisms addressed to two hundred men as well as to himself, is seldom free from these mental weaknesses. But, on the other hand, the necessity which is laid upon the Scottish student of planning out (in great part) his own work, of selecting his own authorities, of struggling unaided with his own difficulties, tends to make him self-reliant. He who climbs the hill of knowledge with his hand clasped by that of an experienced guide attains a higher eminence, and is able to command at less cost a wider survey; he is prevented from wasting his strength in needless enterprises, and is taught to avail himself of all the steps which have been cut by his predecessors. He is able to look down with a smile at his fellow-climber, who, struggling along by himself, reaches, panting and bewildered, and overflushed, perhaps, by his success, a summit which he himself has easily surmounted some time before. Yet it may be that the very difficulties (needlessly encountered though they may have been) of the less fortunate traveller, have had the effect of hardening his muscles, and stimulating his keenness of vision, of increasing his self-dependence and his power of resource.

A similar effect follows, or, at least, generally follows, from the mixture of classes in both the schools and the colleges of Scotland. To be educated with one's equals produces certain results — perhaps, on the whole, the best attainable. But to be educated with one's social inferiors and superiors, or even with one's inferiors only, produces other results which may rival in importance those obtained by the opposite method. The aristocratic system (as the former plan may be called for the sake of convenience) is indubitably the best for those who are intended to live and work entirely among men of their own class, and who regard an intimate knowledge of the classes immediately beneath their own, of the ways of life, of the habits of thought and feeling of the men who compose these classes, as a thing of little or of no importance. To throw a youth of gentle nurture into the mixed company he must meet with at a Scottish university would probably result in some deterioration of his manners for the time being, unless he chose to live in

an unhealthy isolation, or unless he had opportunities for mixing in better society than the great majority of his fellow-students could afford him. But, on the other hand, under the aristocratic system of education, a youth is brought up to know but one class of his fellow-men, and unless he is fortunate enough to be country-bred, and to retain some of the associates of his boyhood, he is very unlikely to gain the knowledge of any other class later in life. To know men, it is not sufficient to meet them merely as ministrators, whether in a humbler or in a less inferior position, to our wants or our pleasures. To know men we must consort with them under circumstances which place us, at least for the time being, or in some respects, upon an equal footing with them—we must share with them conditions, interests, hopes, and fears. An undergraduate of a Scottish university has the opportunity, at least, of becoming acquainted with many sorts and conditions of men. The richer country gentlemen in Scotland generally prefer to send their sons to Harrow and Oxford; but youths from every other section of the community are to be found in the class-rooms of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The son of the mill-owner sits on the same bench with the son of the small shopkeeper; the merchant, the country minister, the laird, the "tenant body," send their boys to undergo the same educational treatment. This democratic system may have its weak side, but it must result, and it does result, in widened sympathies, and in welding together the various classes of the country. Among the lads and young men who form the great majority of the students, there are always a few of maturer years—men who, somewhat late in life, have determined to cultivate classic fields, or to exchange the desk or the counter for the pulpit. These men are naturally shy, reserved, and uncomfortable, given to associate with each other, and to avoid the boyish fun of their fellow-students.

Every one has heard of the terrible struggle with poverty which some Scotch students undergo. It might be difficult to match to-day the stories which are told of the difficulties which have been surmounted in past days; but there are at this hour a considerable number of students, especially at Glasgow and Aberdeen, who not only support themselves by working at a trade during the summer months, but save enough in that time to live upon during the other half of the year at college. How they accomplish this,

with no other help than, perhaps, a ten-pound note from a bursary, or a sympathizing relative, is, and must remain, a profound mystery to all who are unacquainted with the virtues of oatmeal as an article of diet, and with the blessing of a healthy appetite. Even with these advantages the struggle is often painful in the extreme. It is true that many men have come safely through the ordeal, and have afterwards not only done good and useful work but have attained distinction in the professions; and it is impossible not to admire the pluck and resolution of these raw-boned, hungry youths, who can sacrifice to their ambition not only their share of the amusements natural to their age, but many of what are commonly called the necessities of life. But the system as a whole cannot be defended. It is very doubtful whether it is for the advantage of the community that the professions should be crowded by competitors from the classes below; the result must inevitably be to lower, in some respects, the standards of the professions themselves. And it is quite as doubtful whether it is good to encourage any considerable number of lads or young men to struggle into a class above that in which they were born, and to which their parents and friends belong. That a boy of talent and resolution should be able so to raise himself is one of the conditions of healthy national life; but that the attempt should be too often made is hardly less than a national misfortune. The system does not result, as at first sight it appears to do, in turning the best youth of the country to the best advantage. One consideration sometimes forgotten is that the shopkeeping, trading, and farming classes are deprived of a large number of their most intelligent and energetic members. "Who devote themselves to more important labors," it may be replied. But the question is rather whether these more important labors might not have been as well or better performed by those who were, in a manner, born to them. And there is another side to the picture. Of all the young men who maintain this gallant and unequal struggle with poverty—an enemy thin, and pale, and strong as death himself—at the northern universities, some fall back disheartened, if not permanently soured by disappointment; some succeed, and of these most become tolerable, a few become distinguished; ministers or doctors; but a very large proportion never emerge from the struggle at all. There is not a churchyard on Scottish soil which is not the

resting-place of some bright-eyed youth who has paid for his ambition with his life, who has been vanquished in the fight, and has crept wearily home to die. The success of the few is noticed and admired; the sad failure of the many is forgotten. Even of those who "win through," a large number are permanently weakened in health. They are not overworked, as many Oxford and Cambridge men overwork themselves; they are starved into disease. We may admire, from many points of view, a democratic system of education. We may congratulate ourselves upon the spread of knowledge among all ranks of the people, and upon the facilities which that system affords for the exercise of legitimate ambition. But an institution which takes for its aim the instruction of many hundreds of young men belonging to all ranks of life cannot possibly afford the best means of education, since it cannot bring teacher and pupil into anything like close intercourse with each other; and the very facilities afforded for enabling young men to rise in the world, are a source of weakness, by lowering (in some cases) the standard required of professional men, and by tempting to a contest with fate which is often barren and not seldom fatal. The system of the Scottish universities has, undeniably, its merits; but it has also its disadvantages and its victims. J. LEYS.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

LOYALTY OF THE INDIAN MOHAMMEDANS.

THE facility for travelling in comfort through India owing to the spread of railways has induced a swarm of tourists to visit that country, too many of whom consider it necessary to put into print useless descriptions of places and structures of which it would be difficult to write anything novel or amusing. The Taj at Agra, and Futtehpore Sikri, and the Ghauts of Benares, are as well known as Westminster Abbey, Windsor Castle, and the landing-steps at Greenwich; and we talk of the shop of Manik Chund at Delhi as readily as of that of Liberty in Regent Street.

For a book to be of value something more than denunciations of the abominable hotels at Bombay and Calcutta, or stories of "bowling over tigers," or details of railway journeys and misdemeanors of Hindoo servants, is required. An account

of one week's intimate intercourse with the ryots of a district would be far more valuable. But it may be truly said a traveller cannot enter into any intimate intercourse with the ryots; it is hard enough for the oldest resident to do so. Yet one does meet with men who have had constant, familiar, and friendly intercourse with the cultivators, having gained their confidence by kindly words and kindly acts, and by a thorough knowledge of the dialect of the district. Such men I have met, more of them outside the civil service proper than within its pale; men engaged in commerce, in the purchase of agricultural produce, others in engineering works and in forestry, and in those many occupations which give them opportunities of sitting under a tree and of hearing that which the Indian peasant desires or complains of. The exalted position of the civil servant and the awe he inspires are obstacles in the way of unrestrained intercourse, and the higher he rises and the greater his experience, the greater is the awe and the wider the gulf between him and those he governs.

Although the traveller cannot penetrate below the surface of Indian life, still from conversation with English officials, and with natives official and unofficial, specially in the independent states, and from the articles in the native press, one who has been a previous visitor to India can see how rapid and how high has been the advance of the tide of public opinion within a comparatively short period. It was my good fortune to have been at Calcutta in 1875 during the visit of the Prince of Wales, and to have become acquainted with almost all the natives of high position who were present on that occasion. Many of them spoke to me, apparently with great frankness, on the social and political questions of the day. I should rather say on the political, for as to the social questions they had generally no strongly defined opinions, nor had they thought much on the subject. Even as regards political questions there seemed to be much timidity and no definite aims. During the last ten years, however, the progress of thought has been enormous; social questions are eagerly and profitably discussed, and what were formerly but floating ideas of political objects have now assumed definite shape, and have become, if I may use a vulgarism, the planks of an Indian platform. This is to be ascribed to the general increase of education, and to the diffusion of intercourse between men of all parts of the

Indian continent, owing to the facilities for travelling by the construction of railways, and their remarkably low scale of fares.

The opinion of the English governing class on this progress of thought in India varies. Some denounce it, looking back with regret to the stagnation of old times; some regard it as inevitable, and accept it as such; and others, I must say the minority, welcome it as tending to raise our Indian fellow-subjects to higher and nobler ideas, to the practice of self-government, and thus to the level of European civilization. Accepting this as a sound object of policy, they disregard the scurrilous and malignant outpourings of many of the Indian newspapers, and laugh at the inflated ridiculous harangues of young Bengal, knowing that in the background there are natives of moderation, good sense, and forethought, and that the conservative and somewhat timid nature of the Indian mind forbids the application of wild speculative theories to the political questions which affect the course of daily life. It has been my good fortune to meet such natives, and I am not without belief that every day their number is being increased, and that by degrees, with caution and discrimination, many of the demands now advanced may with safety be conceded. Among the most prominent of these demands are self-government, reform of the constitution of the Indian Council, and the raising of the age for admission to the Civil Service. This is not the occasion to discuss at any length these demands. Suffice it to say, that the raising of the age of candidates has hardly an opponent in India. It finds favor, I believe, with the natives and the ruling powers alike, and would undoubtedly improve the class of English officials by enabling men who had taken degrees at the universities of the United Kingdom to compete, and who would come out matured in judgment and experience by the attrition of English life. As to reform in the Indian Council, no one can contend that, with the changes material and intellectual extending throughout India at the present rate, it is not necessary to have the advisers of the India Office in touch with the progress of the country, and for that reason I am quite ready to admit that members of the Indian Council should hold their seats for a limited period, not exceeding five years, and that they should be appointed within a defined short time after retirement from service in India. As to the demand for self-government, that too can be main-

tained as a proper and righteous aspiration, but it cannot spring up like a mushroom in a night. It must be conceded tentatively and by degrees, as individuals fit themselves for it, and there must be great reservations. But this does not suit the ardent spirits of young Bengal. Everything must be done at once; no delay can be admitted between the admission of a principle and its being pushed to its extreme limits. Expediency must be blotted out of the political dictionary, and logical conclusions alone recognized. The Indian Council must be swept away because it is supposed that certain of its members are averse to change, and it is gravely contested that the secretary of state for India will be better able to come to right conclusions about intricate questions with the aid of the permanent officials of his department, and without being hampered by the interference of men of the highest character and position who have passed much of their lives in India, and who have acquired knowledge of every department in every province of that country. So also as regards self-government—there must be no halting, no limitation. I asked the question of one of the delegates who attended the meeting of Indian reformers at Bombay last December, as to what was meant by self-government. "Does it mean gradual admission to many offices now practically closed against natives, or that elected members without any *ex-officio* leavening should constitute the municipal councils, or that local boards should be established composed of natives, who should have the supervision of districts?" "It would undoubtedly mean all this, with perhaps the exception of local boards, about which we have come to no conclusions," was the reply; "but it means a great deal more. It means that the administration of the country is to be in the hands of the people of the country, in other words India is to be for the Indians." "That, I presume, implies the retirement of the English," I said, "as unquestionably we could not remain and be responsible for whatever misgovernment might ensue under your administration; and how long do you suppose that the timid, unwarlike Bengalis and sleek Brahmins of Poona would hold their own against the fighting races of the north, or even against the Mohammedans of Hyderabad?" "Not at all," answered my friend; "of course we do not contemplate the retirement of the English. You have conquered our country, and overthrown and broken up the ancient dynas-

ties. It is now your duty to stand by and to maintain order, but India must be governed according to Indian ideas and by natives of India." "I am afraid," said I in conclusion, "that if your views are carried out, our views as to our duty by you will be very different from yours."

This gentleman no doubt pushed his theories to their extreme limit; but that many agree with him, though not in so many words, we have the testimony of reported speeches at recent meetings and of articles in the native press. It is said that these windy wordy speeches do not penetrate the masses of the people, but only reach a very small educated minority. This is so far true that newspaper reading is certainly not rife among the ryots, but I have heard that these speeches do reach the villages, and are read out to an astonished audience of an evening — astonished because the native cannot understand how any one can presume to censure or withstand the government unless he be stronger than the government. The worst of it all is that this violence and clatter is encouraged by many Europeans who proclaim themselves to be the native's special friends. No one can blame our countrymen for asserting the rights, and for endeavoring to elevate the condition, of their Indian fellow-subjects, and to bring them into more general social intercourse with us; but we can and do blame those who travel over India, proclaiming aloud by words and by writings that everything which is, is wrong — that we are governing India solely for our selfish purposes, that the welfare of the governed is but as dust in the balance compared with the gratification of our own greed and pride, and that nothing less than the complete overthrow of the present system and the transfer of the balance of power into Indian hands can or ought to satisfy Indian aspirations. There are plenty of such persons, far too many, and their action and their incautious words, which would be harmless at home, are far from harmless in India, and likely to promote very mischievous results. There is one matter for congratulation, and that is the signal defeat of those natives of India whose ambition fired them with the desire of entering the English Parliament. The time may come when India and our colonies may send representatives to England with mutual advantage, but how that is to be effected is still in the uncertain future. We do not require Indians to throw themselves into our political struggles, and to pronounce

their opinion either on home questions or our foreign policy, neither is it advisable that Indian affairs should be made the football as it were of party conflict. When recently at Hyderabad I was spoken to by a Mohammedan gentleman on this subject, who said he and his friends were much surprised at the public meetings held in India to discuss various questions, and at the language employed by the speakers, European and native, and he wished to know if it were true that there was any disposition at home to hand over the administration of the country to Baboos and Brahmins. He supposed we should retire were that the case. I replied I saw no signs of any such tendency, and that probably such a determination would be the preliminary step to our final retirement from India. "Well," said he, in a low emphatic tone, "when that happens we shall have some old scores to settle with the Brahmins of Poona and the young gentlemen of Bengal, and one day, mind, one day, when we get in among them, will do our business." I was not careful to inquire what was the business, or what were the old scores to which he referred, but it is as well that those ardent young native spirits whose ambition prompts them to attain objects which if attained would have the effect of leaving them to protect themselves, should remember that there are still warlike Sikhs in the Punjaub, and still warlike Mohammedans in the Deccan.

I do not myself attach any importance to these speeches and meetings, and should certainly not think of suppressing them. We may hear a good deal that is practicable and useful; and even if a little seditious nonsense is now and then delivered, it will not do much mischief.

Amid all this speechifying and strong writing in a portion of the native press, there is one remarkable feature which must strike every one whose attention is directed to what is going on in India, namely the abstention of the Mohammedans from these meetings, and the general tone of their press, which is very friendly to the English raj. This is strange enough. Few years have elapsed since the attention of Indian authorities was mainly directed to Mohammedan movements, which were watched with ceaseless vigilance, and deservedly, for no doubt before the mutiny intentions to revolt were rife among them, and aspirations aroused for a return of the good old times. Although the principal figures at the time of the mutiny, Koer Singh, Tantia Topee, the

rance of Jhansi and the Gwalior contingent, and the majority of the mutineers, were Hindoos, yet the backbone of the insurrection was Mohammedan. The native army had come to the conclusion it was irresistible, and visions of governments and high military commands filled the imaginations of the more ambitious portion of the soldiery. These were the Mohammedans. I believe the cartridges had the effect of precipitating both them and the Hindoos into mutiny, but the ground had been well prepared, and mutiny there would have been whether cartridges were greased or not. The Mohammedans remembered their former great position as courtiers, generals, governors of provinces; and though the Nana aspired to be Peishwa, they would soon have made short work of him and of the Poona Mahrattas, who had lost all martial ardor and had settled down into sleek but still seething discontent. Had the mutineers repulsed us and held Delhi, some puppet emperor would have been set up, and the Mohammedans of Hyderabad would soon have held out the hand to their co-religionists. Scindia and Holkar would have been formidable opponents had they been united; still the proud, warlike Mohammedans thought the game was in their hands, at all events they were prepared to play it.

The utter destruction of the mutineers and the terrible retribution which followed completely crushed these aspirations, for I take no account of the petty conspiracies of a few knots of fanatics at Patnah and elsewhere. From that period they have been rapidly falling in the social scale. I am bound to say they have taken the overthrow of their hopes like men; they feel and acknowledge that their future entirely depends on English good-will, and that good-will they are doing their best to secure. This is one of the reasons why they take no part in the gatherings I have referred to, although probably a stronger one may be cited, namely, their preference of English to Hindoo administration; and that they have good reason for this opinion will presently be shown. This is the reason why the Mohammedan newspapers (it is true they are not numerous) take a different tone from that of the Hindoo press, and undoubtedly as a general rule a feeling of loyalty to us manifests itself in their columns. The same feeling is evident in Hyderabad. In that city, formerly so dangerous for a European to traverse, you are received wherever you go with more than civility, with kind looks and kind words, and an Englishman may

walk through the streets at all hours in perfect safety. The same good-will prevails at Aurungabad; and the Mussulman nobles and officials associate with our officers, hunt, shoot, race, dine, and gossip with them like comrades. I was so astonished at this state of things that I asked a Mohammedan official how it all came about. The answer was, "Here we are your equals, and you treat us as such." But there is also an impression at Hyderabad that there is a desire manifesting itself among our people to treat the Mohammedans with confidence and favor. Formerly, there was a dislike on the part of Indian civilians to them. They are a sturdy, proud class, and their pride prevented them from adopting the cringing pliancy and submissiveness of the low-caste Hindoo. He had no objection to creep and crawl, and he crept and crawled into all the good berths. But things have since changed. Our officials have discovered that crawling things can sting and wound. *Qui peut lécher peut mordre.* The Hindoo papers are reeking with constant, gross, and violent attacks on private persons as well as officials. Many of these attacks notoriously emanate from domestic correspondents and informers, and Englishmen begin to think that the Mohammedan, if he be less pliant, less accommodating, less clever, is at all events far more staunch and safe than the Hindoo, and so, undoubtedly, the current of good-will is flowing in his favor. Now the feeling of the Mohammedan in regard to the Hindoo, that is to say, to the Bengali Hindoo, is that of contempt, dislike, and fear. He despises him as timorous, he fears him because he sees him gradually advancing to high position while he himself is gradually falling into penury and want of consideration, and he foresees the time coming when the once Hindoo helot will have his foot on the neck of the Mussulman Spartan.

It would be the height of unwisdom on our part not to recognize what is going on, not to take advantage of this favorable disposition of the leaders of Mohammedan opinion, and not to adapt our policy to meet it. There are no doubt great difficulties in the matter. The Hindoo is carrying all before him by his quickness, assiduity, and superior education. There seems to be among the Hindoos a kind of instinctive power of acquiring knowledge. The young men live among well-educated persons; the necessity of education and the practical result of it in the shape of lucrative appointments is constantly be-

fore them, and they easily outstrip the Mohammedans, whose instinct is certainly not to clutch the pen but the sword. Undoubtedly there is but little tradition of the successful results of education in his family, and he has very slight tendency towards that class of book-learning which makes men head clerks and tehsildars. But besides these disadvantages, other obstacles await him. He starts heavily handicapped in the race of life with his Hindoo competitor. The latter begins with the study of the vernacular language and then of English, the former with the study of Arabic and Persian, the language of religion and the language of the court. No wonder the Hindoo youth runs away from him. I have spoken on this subject to many Mohammedans; they acknowledge that Arabic is taught too much parrot-wise, but the Koran must be learned in the inspired language, and Persian is the language indispensable to a gentleman, and must be learned also. Such is the contention. It is difficult to argue adversely to the study of Arabic, on account of the profound veneration for the sacred book which affects every transaction of their life, and the reply when I hinted that Persian was unnecessary was, "You would not consider the learning of French by your children unnecessary." Of course in the days when every young Mohammedan might look forward to high and courtly positions this courtly language was indispensable, and it is now difficult to shake the belief of any respectable Mohammedan as to the necessity of the acquisition of Persian by his sons. What, then, can be done to give the Mohammedans a chance? It is clear they are not getting their share of State education, but it is their own fault, and herein lies the difficulty of the government of India, which recognizes as fully as I do the expediency of maintaining the social position of the Mohammedans. Lord Mayo, I know, strongly entertained the policy of advancing Mohammedan education by even special advantages; but the home government, though they did not overrule him, did not give him the encouragement which he ought to have received.

I was presented with a paper by a Mohammedan gentleman of high position, from which I transcribe a few extracts. He wrote it at Roi Bareilly in 1882. He says:—

With a few exceptions I concur in the opinion of the memorial of the National Mohammedan Association of Calcutta, that the Mohammedans of India are daily decaying and becoming

impoverished. There is a proof of it here in this very town, where the Mohammedan population amounts to 15,524 persons. Few are in government employ, and those only drawing a very moderate salary. Poverty and mendicity are yearly increasing among them. I have found here some descendants of the great Nawab Jehan Khan, now merged into bearers and khansamas. The chief cause of this decay is the dislike this people have to innovation, to English, and to learning the Western sciences. The justice and generosity of the Government is beyond all question, and it is undoubtedly the false pride and prejudice of the Mohammedans which has deprived them of the education so liberally offered by the Government. Now it is too late for this to be rectified, as all the posts, or most of them, in which a knowledge of English is necessary, are closed to them. The following statistics will prove this. In the North-West Provinces and Oudh, where there is a population of 9,430,285 Mohammedans, there are, besides Christians, sixty-nine Hindoos gazetted officers in the Medical Department, but no Mohammedan. In the Public Works Department there are seven Hindoo engineers and no Mohammedan. In the higher circle of the Irrigation Department there are four Hindoos and no Mohammedan. In the Upper Subordinate there are seven Hindoos and only two Mohammedans. Among the officers of the Educational Department there are seven Hindoos and only one Mohammedan. In the Postal Department of the North-Western Provinces there are thirty-two Hindoos and only two Mohammedans, and in that of Oudh fifteen Hindoos and one Mohammedan. The only employments open to them are some low posts where a knowledge of English is not required. It must be borne in mind [continues the writer] that 50 per cent. of the Mohammedans in India earn their livelihood by service, while 90 per cent. of the Hindoos are agriculturists.

One would naturally suppose under these circumstances that the bulk of official appointments would be in Mohammedan hands, and yet they are only an insignificant minority. Government appointments are vigorously sought in this country, but in the East they are everything—means of livelihood, position, consideration. We may therefore estimate how bitter must be the feeling of exclusion to the descendants of those who revelled in the enjoyment of high emolument and rank. It should also be mentioned that a large number of openings were lost to the Mohammedans by the introduction of the Penal Code throughout India and the establishment of text-books dealing with questions of Mohammedan law. This reform did away with the necessity of having many officials of that religion connected with our courts, and caused the

abolition of a number of highly considered appointments requiring an advanced standard of Mussulman education.

Of course the reply will be, your Mohammedan friend himself fully accounts for this state of things, and does not hesitate to attribute it to the prejudice and pride of his own co-religionists. No doubt that is so, but statesmen must ever be ready to make allowances for prejudices, especially when these prejudices are chiefly noxious to those who indulge in them. We want the good-will of Mohammedans. Their ill-will was, in our memory, dangerous to our supremacy. It rests with ourselves that it shall not be so again. In ruling so vast a country as India, the old maxim of *Divide et impera* should not be lost sight of. It should not be applied in the odious sense of exciting sectional animosities, but as inculcating the expediency of not placing the keys of every branch of the public service in the pockets of one particular portion of the community, although it may be the most numerous, the most versatile, quick-witted, and highly educated. Mr. Bright during the American war pleaded for something more than neutrality between the contending parties; he asked for "benevolent neutrality." For some time to come I plead for the same disposition towards the Mohammedans. It will be strange should our able Indian officials, if urged from headquarters, not be able to lessen this disproportion of appointments between Hindoos and Mohammedans. The same benevolent influence may be exerted to encourage and arouse the Mohammedans now sunk in despondency. The central government has shown its good-will in this direction. In July, 1885, resolutions were drawn up at Simla of a very friendly description to the Mussulmans, offering them the most sympathetic treatment. How far these have become generally known I am not aware, but I have heard them spoken of with approbation and gratitude, and that they were likely not to become a dead letter is evident from the storm of abuse they encountered in the Hindoo papers. No man, while anxious to encourage Hindoo talent and good conduct, can be more on the alert to win the confidence and regard of the Mohammedans than Lord Dufferin. He cannot of course change the whole system of education, but he has done much to encourage them. In Madras University special recognition has been given to Arabic and Persian, and the latter language is taught in any high school when

there is a demand for it. In the medical department there is actually reserved for that portion of the community a certain number of stipendiary appointments. In Bombay University, Persian is placed on the list of languages which may be taken up for a degree, and in Bengal, where the Mohammedans are specially depressed, liberal provisions of a similar kind have been made to help them on.

Important as is the reintroduction, if I may so call it, of Mohammedans into the civil service, and the prevention of their being virtually expelled from it by Hindoos, no less important would be the elevation of their position in the army. Such a policy would go right home to the hearts of their young and ardent spirits. It would open to them the career of arms, high pay, high position, and honors. I firmly believe we can implicitly rely on their fidelity; as to their bravery and power of command there is no doubt. I spoke to several military men of high position and of great experience in India, and they were all disposed to repose trust in Mohammedan officers and to advance them. One general in command recommends that they should rise to the rank of brevet colonel, stopping short of the command of the regiment. Sir Frederick Roberts, the commander-in-chief, is anxious to bring young Mohammedans of family, with their adherents, into our native regiments, especially cavalry, offering them an increase in present rank. I did not meet one officer who was not favorable to this course, and I have reason to believe that overtures have been already made from India to the authorities at home in this direction. Let us hope they may not be put aside by those who know not the changed circumstances of that country, and who are still influenced by the fear which prevailed a quarter of a century ago of Mohammedan ambition.

Another step has recently been taken by the government of India which will not only be most gratifying to the Mohammedans of that continent, but which will convey to the very heart of Islam the conviction that we, who rule a far greater number of Mohammedans than any other country in the world, are earnestly desirous of doing what we can to meet their wishes and provide for their safety and comfort in the performance of that pilgrimage to Mecca which is the duty and pride of every member of that religion. From eight to ten thousand pilgrims pass through Indian ports every year, a large proportion being from central Asia and

Afghanistan, and of the poorest classes, for next to undertaking the pilgrimage himself, one of the most religious works a Mohammedan can perform is to assist his brethren whose means are small in securing their salvation by the accomplishment of the same pious act. I have heard that the Nizam annually defrays the expenses of eight hundred pilgrims. It would be difficult to give an adequate description of the hardships, misery, disease, extortion, which used to beset these unfortunate travellers. Things are certainly much better of late years, but are still so unsatisfactory that communications have been passing since 1881 between the government of India and the well-known firm of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son upon this subject. Nothing was finally settled till 1885, when Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Dufferin, in conjunction with Sir H. Drummond Wolf, took up the matter in good earnest. Mr. John Cook, the representative of the firm, a gentleman of remarkable ability and power of organization, came over himself to hold personal communication with the Indian authorities. One cannot commend too highly the readiness and despatch with which his proposals were met. I quote one extract from the proceedings of the government of India, under date June 4, 1886.

The Governor-General in Council, after careful consideration, and personal communication with Mr. Cook, is of opinion that the conditions (proposed by Mr. Cook) are such as may be accepted. The conditions contemplate the appointment of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son to be pilgrim agents for the whole of India, local officers and officers in charge of Treasuries being instructed to assist that firm in making known the terms of conveyance to Jeddah and back, and in disposing of through tickets. The Bombay Government will be requested to make over to the representatives of the firm the issue of passports in Bombay, and to instruct the Protector of Pilgrims (an officer appointed in 1882) to work in harmony with the firm and to render it every possible assistance.

The year 1887 will witness the introduction of this great boon. Mr. Cook's agencies will be distributed through India. Tickets to Jeddah and back will be issued. Agents at Jeddah will endeavor to put a stop to the irregularities and extortions practised at that port, as has already been effected by Mr. Cook at Jaffa and the other Turkish ports. Mr. Cook thus concludes his account of this humane and politic transaction.

In due course I was favored with an assur-

ance that the steps I was taking met with the hearty approval of the Government of India; but before leaving Bombay I had a considerable number of interviews, including one with Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay, several wealthy Mohammedans, and a considerable number of shippers, who had at various times conveyed the pilgrims between Bombay and Jeddah. Lord Reay and the members of the Bombay Government assured me that they would render every possible assistance. The Commissioner of Police placed his staff and their books at my disposal, the shippers all expressed their gratification that at last the arrangements for the pilgrimages were to be controlled by some responsible firm, and a number of the agents of wealthy and well-known Companies assured me that they would be prepared to advise their directors to place certain steamers in the pilgrimage business to supersede the unsatisfactory vessels that have been constantly employed in it. Mohammedan gentlemen authorized me to express their thanks to the Government of India for the arrangement made, and assured me that they would undertake to make the arrangement known to all the Mohammedan societies through the various Mohammedan publications in the different languages necessary, and, as stated in my report to the Government, one of the wealthy Mohammedans authorized me to inform the Government that he would at his own expense build a rest-house to accommodate 2,000 pilgrims, and so do away with the necessity of their having to resort to lodging-houses in objectionable quarters of the city.

I propose sending my eldest son, Mr. F. H. Cook, to India in October next, armed with all the necessary instructions from myself, and he will be accompanied by a well-known ex-Anglo-Indian official and a well-known Mohammedan. Their first work will be to travel to the Afghan frontier and to all the important centres of Mohammedanism, to explain to the chief Mohammedans and sheiks of the Mosques that the object of the Government in appointing Thomas Cook and Son to this business is to ensure the safety, comfort, and economy of the pilgrimage, and that the Government are paying all the expenses incurred, and that the arrangement is not for the profit of any firm or private individuals. After they have visited all these gentlemen and the Government officials in every district, they will then be preparing and putting into operation the details ready for the booking of the passengers for the pilgrimage of 1887. This will necessitate a journey of at least 20,000 miles, and negotiations and arrangements not only with railway administrations, steamship companies, and others actually in the business, but also explanations to a large number of Government officials, who are authorized by the resolution of the Government of India to do everything they possibly can to assist us in ensuring the success of the arrangements.

I have dwelt strongly on the necessity

from a political point of view of straining a point to restore the Mohammadan element in the native portion of Indian administration. I have shown that the Mohammedans deeply feel the loss and degradation of falling back in the race of life, and encouragement will do much to give them a fresh start. We have a terrible example of the fate of their co-religionists in Kashmir, where they have been forcibly placed under the domination of Brahmins, whose execrable tyranny has been maintained by our strong hand. It should be remembered that in 1846, after the overthrow of the Sikhs at Ferozeshah and Sobraon, the Sikh government, being unable to pay the amount at which they were amerced, handed over to the English Kashmir as an equivalent, and we sold it to Gholab Singh for a million sterling; a transaction described by Cunningham as "scarcely worthy of the British name and greatness," while Colonel Malleon writes of it deservedly as

a blunder politically and morally; politically, because England thus gave away the opportunity of strengthening her frontier, and of gaining a position which in the event of an invasion would be of incalculable value; morally, because the Governor-General had no right to sell a hardworking and industrious people to a man alien in race and religion, and harsh and oppressive in nature. But Gholab Singh could not have made himself master of the new province without the co-operation of the English. His army was disastrously beaten by the Kashmiris under Imamuddin, who declined to yield up the valley until warned that he would in the event of further resistance be treated as an enemy of the British Government. Thus it came to pass that a country chiefly inhabited by Mohammedans was handed over to a foreign and Hindoo prince.

These words are written by the officer sent on special duty to Kashmir, and who reported to the government of India on the frightful condition of that unhappy country during the famine which prevailed in 1877-78-79-80. It is a terrible document, written by a civil servant of high reputation, of sober judgment, and at present occupying a responsible position. He says:—

The population of Kashmir was reckoned before the famine at about half a million, of whom all but 75,000 Pandits were of the Mohammedan creed. Some idea of the depopulation of the country may be formed from the following authoritative description.

"No European who carefully examined the city this summer (1879), with a view to guessing its population, ever put the people at over 60,000 souls, but nothing can be exactly

known. A number of the chief valleys to the north were completely deserted, whole villages lay in ruins; some suburbs of the city were tenantless; the graveyards were filled to overflowing, the river had been full of corpses thrown into it. It is not likely that more than two-fifths of the people of the valley now survive."

Monsieur Bigex, a French shawl-merchant, has informed the writer of this note that whereas in former times there were from 30,000 to 40,000 weavers in Srinagar, now only 4,000 remain, and that orders from France for shawls cannot be executed for want of hands. The Pandits are all of the Brahmin caste. They are a cunning and avaricious tribe. They fill almost every civil office of state, from the Governor of Srinagar down to the clerks in attendance on the collectors of revenue. Their pride and cowardice unfit them for military employ. Pampered by the Hindoo ruler, they play a tyrannical part in the administration of the valley, and they reap the fruits of their religious superiority in freedom from the pangs of famine, for it is a noteworthy fact that while thousands of Mohammedans have died and are still dying of hunger, no Pandit is to be met with who shows signs of starvation or even of pressing want. If attempts be made to control the Pandits, check their speculations and introduce some equality between them and the Mohammedans, they repair to the Governor, and with threats of cutting their throats before him, or abandoning the country with their gods, they bring him to their feet with submission, for they are holy Brahmins, and he is a devout Hindoo.

The writer speaks of the remains of prosperity which attest the time when the Kashmir nation had a name and fame.

But [says he] now within the valley the eye meets with tracts of unreclaimed swamps, fields thrown out of cultivation, and wretched hamlets in which half the houses are empty, and many more roofless and ruined. The appearance of the peasants is pitiable in the extreme. In the fields are women and children digging for edible weeds and roots. In Srinagar, the capital, there are vestiges of populousness, but the bazaars are sadly thinned, the suburbs are like cities of the dead, trade is either decaying or gone, and large numbers of the lower classes of people are so impoverished that they have no money to buy food, even when food is procurable. During the height of distress, if the inquirer asked for relief works he was shown a few laborers collected on roads near the English quarter, but these would loudly complain to him that they got no wages. If he asked for Government poorhouses he was conducted to enclosures where handfuls of boiled rice, insufficient to keep a dog alive, were given out to hundreds of people in the most awful state that can be imagined from hunger and disease. Sometimes the supply of rice was not sufficient to

go round the throng, and then an indescribable scene of confusion ensued, in which men, women, and children were beheld fighting and tearing one another for the scrapings of the pans of rice, while soldiers armed with sticks laid about them on every side; but in vain, and the sleek Pandits, not one of whom had felt the pangs of hunger, sat enveloped in their cosy blankets, unconcerned witnesses of the agony of their Mohammedan fellow-subjects. These are not the inventions of a disordered fancy, but statements of facts as noted by an eyewitness whose painful duty it has been to observe them without power or opportunity to interfere.

It may, however, be alleged that the mortality during the last famine in Madras was greater than that of Kashmir, and that if the maharajah is to be blamed, we are more culpable. But the difference is this, that every effort was made by us, both by public and by private exertion, to meet the calamity; that there was no wholesale official malversation in the feeding of the sufferers, no notorious and unpunished misappropriation of grain, no cruelty in the treatment of those who were perishing and who tried to migrate, no religious distinction in which one class was allowed to die without compunction, while another class was maintained in plenty.

The writer then proceeds to give an account of the frightful misgovernment of this unhappy country; the peculation, rapine, and extortion which run apace without let or hindrance; and concludes one of the most instructive and at the same time harrowing documents I have ever read with these words:—

Here is a question of the fate of a whole people who are being gradually destroyed, and whom sad experience has taught to hope nothing from their ruler. The British public can feel sympathy for the sufferings of the Christian Rayahs in Turkey. Have they no blessing left for the unhappy Mussulmans of Kashmir, whose lot they could ameliorate by a word or by a hint?

Can we suppose that the other Indian Mohammedans are ignorant of this oppression, and of the actual destruction of their brethren by Brahmin rule, and that they do not dread and detest it? It is no use saying to them, as I have said, such a state of things cannot occur under the English raj. They reply that it is a question solely of degree. It is true they are not plundered and openly starved by their Hindoo fellow-subjects, but they are pushed from their seats by them; from place, emolument, dignity; and the vista of their future is penury. My object in

writing this article is to direct public opinion in England towards strengthening the hands of the authorities in India, who would, I am confident, gladly endeavor to offer a brighter future to the empress queen's Mohammedan subjects.

If I appear in this paper to have spoken adversely or disrespectfully of Hindoos in general, it has been far from my intention. I have no feeling in regard to them except one of sympathy and regard. I rejoice to have witnessed their remarkable progress. I welcome them without one grudging thought in their advance to full and common citizenship. It is idle to shut our eyes and not to recognize that advance, or to sit upon the safety-valve, and not foresee the consequence. It is Brahminism, that incarnation of spiritual domination, ignorance, superstition, rapacity, and lust, which is seeking to regain its supremacy, that I denounce, together with the follies, conceits, and windy declamations of young Bengal. These were the classes who were encouraged to come to the front, and to assume the spokesmanship for the rest of India, during the late viceroyalty. Our government of India is essentially a government of prestige, of a belief in our enormous resources, of our unswerving justice, and of our capacity to rule, and if that belief be shaken, the hand of power becomes at once palsied. All the great material improvements which are immensely increasing the resources of India have tended to reduce rather than increase that prestige. The number of European railway officials, engineers, station-masters, guards, many of whom are rough and uneducated, many also violent and dissolute, has done much to lower the respect which the white face commanded. I have myself witnessed scenes in the streets of Ajmere which fully account for the difference of the reception an ordinary Englishman meets with there, and that which he experiences in other parts of Rajpootana, where such excesses are unknown. All this should make us doubly cautious to avoid unseemly differences in high places, which naturally encourage the native classes to whom I have referred to impute weakness to us, and to imagine that discord reigns in our councils. I have but little fear of any internal overthrow of our rule, either from military mutiny or the uprising of the masses, nor, if proper precautions be observed, which are sure to be, am I alarmed at the prospect of Russian invasion. What I do dread are the writings and speeches of theoretic Englishmen, absolutely ignorant of the con

dition of men and things in India, the stereotyped conservatism of the lower classes, their placid ignorance, the confusion and failure which must follow the forcing on them precipitately institutions for which they are not prepared. It is no question of retrogression or of even standing still, but of caution and preparation. If the administrative functions in India once get out of gear and in incompetent hands, results are sure to follow which will create a feeling of disgust and despair at home, and a desire to be rid of a burden, not only intolerable, but accompanied with shame. And yet this mighty possession, apart from the actual advantages we derive from it, is worth, for the sake of humanity, almost any sacrifice to retain. As one travels through India one naturally reads the records of the famous cities one visits; they are all, one after another, written in blood. Begin your reading in the Decan, with the annals of the Mohammedan dynasties of Bijapore, Gulburgah, Golconda: all tell the same tale. The sultan of Bijapore quarrels with the rajah of Vizanagram on account of some musicians, and vows to erect a pyramid of one hundred thousand Hindoo heads; the rajah in his turn vows to erect a similar monument of two hundred thousand heads of the subjects of the sultan. Each was as good as his word. As you advance northwards, you proceed through lands laid desolate, not at long intervals but almost continuously, till nothing remained to attract the Mahratta and Pindarree spoiler. Go still further north, and though during the time of the great emperors comparative peace was maintained by their sword, yet when it fell from the grasp of their inert descendants, insurrection followed insurrection, invasion followed invasion. In fact the history of India, from the earliest authentic accounts of it until the time of the supremacy of the English, is one dreadful dreary record of treachery, outbreak, robbery, spoliation, murder, massacre, and of all the miseries that can beset the human race. What greater or more noble sight can a traveller see, than the profound quiet, the absolute security, the *pax Romana* which prevails from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin? Surely this is essentially God's work. Surely it is our duty to continue it. We may rely on it that we can do much to lighten our task, great though it be, by gaining the affections and trust of the Mohammedan portion of the population, once, but no longer, hostile, and it rests with ourselves to do so.

W. H. GREGORY.

From Temple Bar.

MADAME GEOFFRIN.

IN these days, when the paths of learning lie open to girls, when training-colleges are built for their instruction, and university honors await them, it may surprise people to know that there once lived an old French woman who held that education (as we understand the term) was not needful for her sex. She recommended rather the cultivation of common sense, and such powers of observation as nature had bestowed. She put her theory in practice in the case of Marie Rodet, her orphan granddaughter, who in infancy was left to her care. The child grew up a dunce; grammars and dictionaries were unknown to her, and she continued all her life unable to spell. That she became one of the most remarkable women of her day was due to her own original cast of mind, and in some degree, perhaps, to her grandmother's influence. Mademoiselle Rodet was of middle-class origin and without fortune. She had good looks though, and this was the cause of her marrying, at fifteen, a certain M. Geoffrin, one of the founders of the first glass manufactory established in France. M. Geoffrin was four times her age. He was rich, but very plain in appearance, it is said, and stupid too. He spent much time in making a sorrowful noise on an instrument called the *trompette marine*. He once undertook to read a book, the pages of which were printed in double columns. He read right across the page, proceeding from the first line of the first column to the first line of the second. After a bit he flung the work aside, asserting that it was doubtless instructive, but that the author wrote in too confused a style for him. His wife's reputation was near at its height, and her *salon* established, when he disappeared from the scene, leaving her in affluence. It is said that one of her acquaintances, returning to Paris after a long absence, questioned her regarding the guests he remembered meeting formerly at her house. "Tell me, though," said he, "what has become of that odd old fellow, who used to sit at the foot of the table and never spoke a word?" The reply came promptly and calmly: "Oh! I know whom you mean. Yes. That was my husband. He's dead."

Early in her married life, Madame Geoffrin had begun the formation of her salon by gathering around her a society of clever people. Her manner of going to work was peculiar to herself. An act of kindness here, a little flattering attention

there, some gentle coercion when necessary, quickly brought her the fish she wanted. Struggling authors and artists were not the people to forego a useful friendship; but once beneath her roof, they had to submit to her rule, which was mild on the whole, but absolute. It was her custom to give two dinner-parties in the week. On Mondays she entertained artists; on Wednesdays literary folk, with the Encyclopædists at their head. She had a taste for art in all forms, and was a fair judge of painting and sculpture; the society of artists, therefore, was that in which she felt most at home. With her Wednesday guests she had some difficulty in keeping pace, especially when such turbulent spirits as Diderot held forth. But even Diderot yielded to her control. She liked and encouraged the discussion of all topics in moderation. When wordy contention ran too high, or the bounds of propriety seemed about to be overstepped, her quiet mandate, "Come, now, that's settled," would show that it was time to change the subject. She did not attempt to lead the conversation, but maintained it by supplying apt remarks and anecdotes — aiming now and then a little causticity to check presumption. It was in reference to the part she thus played that she used to say: "I want nobody to preach my sermons, tell my stories, nor meddle with my nippers." But besides artists and authors, she entertained ambassadors, nobles, and great ladies. Few foreigners of position arrived in Paris without an introduction to her. Hume, Gibbon, and Horace Walpole were among the eminent Englishmen who enjoyed her hospitality. Gibbon, in his autobiography, just mentions her and no more; but in a letter of Walpole's to Lady Hervey, written from Paris in October, 1765, she appears as large as life: —

I have had [he writes] a relapse of gout in both feet and kept my bed six days; but the fit seems to be going off. Madame Geoffrin came and sat two hours last night by my bedside: I could have sworn it had been my Lady Hervey, she was so good to me. It was with so much sense, information, instruction, and correction. The manner of the latter charms me. I never saw anybody in my days that catches one's faults, vanities, and impositions so quick; that explains them to one so clearly and convinces one so easily. I never liked to be set right before? You cannot imagine how I taste it! I make her both my confessor and director, and begin to think I shall be a reasonable creature at last, which I had never intended to be. The next time I see her, I believe I shall say, "Oh! Common Sense, sit

down: I have been thinking so and so; is it not absurd?" — for t'other sense and wisdom, I never liked them; I shall now hate them for her sake. If it was worth her while, I assure your ladyship she might govern me like a child.

A peep into Madame Geoffrin's house is afforded us in a letter written by Count Costa de Beauregard, a boy of fourteen, who came to Paris to study painting, bringing with him some completed pictures from his own brush. Among others, he had a letter of introduction to Madame Geoffrin; and on the day he first visited her, he was rather ruffled by her addressing him as "my young sir," or "my little fellow." She asked him to dine next day, and told him to bring his pictures with him, for unless he did, she could not receive him: —

I found her [he tells his parents in distant Savoy] in company with the painter Vernet, and a certain M. Mariette who possesses a valuable collection of engravings. They were occupied in criticising a new picture by Vien representing a young girl, life-size, feeding some sparrows that are issuing from a flower-pot suspended at her window. They were all admiring it; for my part, I thought the head out of drawing, the coloring dirty, and the touch coarse and careless. There were at dinner M. de Marigny, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, Marmontel, Cochin the celebrated engraver, and several others whose names I did not catch. Everybody had brought something: Vernet a picture lately come from Italy, attributed to Correggio; M. de la Rochefoucauld a small picture in imitation of cameo, painted on marble; M. Mariette a portfolio full of his finest engravings; M. Cochin some pen-and-ink sketches, and I my pictures. I was much surprised at every one appearing to be familiar with my name. Madame Geoffrin, when presenting me, said, —

"The Comte de Costa, of whom you have doubtless heard."

"What," said they, "is it he?"

"Yes, really and truly," she replied.

I managed not to drop from confusion, and the mistress of the house was good enough to cease treating me like a child. Considering she is only the daughter of a former valet of Madame la Dauphine, she seemed to be wonderfully at her ease in the midst of her fine and witty friends. Poor Marmontel cut a sorry figure; his "Belisarius" * was bitterly attacked.†

To a casual observer like young Costa, Madame Geoffrin was only a stout, middle-aged woman with an air of authority, and a certain bluntness of speech. She dressed a little in advance of her age. A

* A political romance which had just appeared.

† Un Homme d'autrefois. Paris, 1877.

black silk hood drawn over a white cap, a gown of soft gray stuff with wide sleeves, "linen the finest and smoothest in the world, and perfect cleanliness everywhere." Such was her usual attire, according to Diderot. Yet this very simplicity was as much the result of art as was the literary style of La Fontaine. Everything about her seemed homely; yet nobody, however anxious to imitate her, could exactly reach her level. She had no poetry, and very little sentiment, in her nature. The comparisons and illustrations, which abounded in her conversation, were all drawn from every-day sources. Mrs. Poyser herself was not better provided with proverbs and maxims. Her favorite ones, and those by which her own life seems to have been guided, she had engraved on her card-counters for all the world to read — such as "Economy is the mother of independence and liberality." Again, "You must never allow the grass to grow on friendship's path." She used to say of herself that she had a "giving disposition." She liked making presents, but disliked receiving them. When the empress Catherine II. sent her a costly set of furs, and the empress Maria Theresa a china tea-service, she was rather pained than pleased. She never took advice from any one, preferring to trust to her own judgment. In giving advice to others, however, she delighted, and nothing displeased her more than her advice, when given, being disregarded. She undertook to correct the faults of all her friends, scolding them freely; those, indeed, who had known her for any time and never been scolded, might be sure that their hold on her favor was but slight. A striking instance of this is afforded by her early relations with Madame Necker. The latter, a young Swiss, inexperienced in the ways of the world, but bright and eager for sympathy, was anxious to stand well with so influential a lady, and wrote to her once in a strain of sincere though exceeding adulation. Among other polite expressions, she likened her to an angel. Now the cup of flattery is sweet, and Madame Geoffrin was not always above sipping it; but on this occasion she preferred to check the gushing enthusiasm of her new disciple.

You are incorrigible [she wrote]; the same old proneness to infatuation — never looking at things calmly and coolly! Are you aware, my pretty one, that the unmeasured praise you bestow on me, instead of touching or flattering me, simply puts me out of countenance? I am always in fear lest your intoxi-

cation should subside; for then you would see in me a being so different from what you had imagined, that you would punish me for your illusion by rejecting me altogether. I have some good qualities — virtues, perhaps — balanced, indeed, by many faults of which I am conscious, and in endeavoring to correct them I am daily occupied. I entreat you, therefore, my dear friend, to relax somewhat your prejudice in my favor: remember that you are humiliating me, and such, I feel sure, is not your intention. The angels set small value on me, nor do I trouble my head about them, being indifferent to their praise or blame. I do not seek their society; but what I really wish is that you should continue to like me, in taking me only for what I am.*

Though she shone as a hostess, Madame Geoffrin was a poor guest. In entering another's house, she seemed to lose all consequence and authority; it became her then to drop the reins, and the whip as well, and this she didn't like. She would sometimes steal out to enjoy a chat with an intimate friend like Madame Necker, but her own particular chair was always sent on before her. From this chair some of her most important dicta had been uttered, and there was no saying what might befall the oracle if otherwise enthroned. The story goes that little Germaine Necker (the future Madame de Staël), aged four, was seized with a desire to possess the chair, and when its owner declined to budge, gave her as sound a beating as a small pair of fists could inflict.

The hours between dinner and supper were set apart by our methodical lady for seeing people by appointment, and it caused her no little annoyance when anything occurred to upset this arrangement. She once asked to dinner an Englishman — a certain General Clerk, who had brought her a letter of introduction from Lord Shelburne. As he outstayed all the other guests, and still showed no intention of departing, she ventured to drop him a hint.

"You are, I suppose, going to the play, sir," she began. "They are giving a new piece, and when that is the case, it is well to be at the theatre in good time."

"No, ma'am, I don't care for French plays."

"Ah, I dare say you prefer taking a walk; and in weather so fine as this, the garden of the Tuileries is sure to be crowded."

"No, ma'am, I don't care for walking."

"I fear then, sir, you will spend but a dreary evening."

"Not at all. It is my habit, after dinner, to remain where I am and talk."

And remain he did, glued to the floor, till

* *Salon de Madame Necker.*

nightfall, invited himself to supper, and was the last of the company to leave—though he never came back, I can tell you, for her door was closed to him ever after.*

Madame Geoffrin had attained the mature age of fifty-four, when she formed a friendship that imparted a new color, a fresh interest, to her tranquil existence. There arrived in Paris in 1773 a Polish noble of high degree, Count Poniatowski, on a mission to the court of Louis XV. He was accompanied by his fourth son, Stanislas, who, he intended, should remain some time in France, and mix in French society. Before leaving, he recommended his son to the protection of Madame Geoffrin, and she readily took the youth in hand with a view to his *perfectionnement*. She gave him much sage advice, and plied him well with maxims, which he swallowed with due humility. A sincere affection thus sprang up between them, she calling him her "son," and he addressing her as his "mamma." Stanislas was now twenty years of age, intelligent, refined, amiable, and handsome, but without much strength of character. No foreigner was ever better received in the world of fashion; during the five months he spent in Paris, he was the hero of several gallant adventures, and got so deeply into debt, that if his "mamma" had not come forward with the necessary funds, his experiences might have been varied by a sojourn in the Bastille. When he returned home, a correspondence commenced between them which lasted (with intermissions) till her death.† At twenty-five he was appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he became the accepted lover of the hereditary grand duchess, afterwards Catherine II. Poor man! little did he think that the favor he was enjoying would prove the cause of all his after misfortunes. His imperial mistress made him once the following tender declaration: "I feel what an empire any one I love may obtain over me. May Heaven spare you to me for long! I shall be the better for it." But all the time she was taking his measure. His vanity, credulity, and generosity would make him, she saw, a useful instrument in furthering her own ambitious schemes. She is said even then to have decided on bringing about his election to the Polish throne, in order to crush that unhappy country. A few years later (she meantime having assumed her murdered husband's crown) the opportu-

nity occurred. The death of Augustus III. in 1763 rendered a fresh election necessary. Among the candidates Stanislas Poniatowski ranked first, owing to his personal popularity and powerful family connections. The intrigues of Russia and Prussia did the rest. As the time of election approached, the empress sent an army of ten thousand men to Warsaw to make sure of things going as she wished, while Frederick the Great backed her up by massing his troops threateningly on the frontier. Under these humiliating conditions the ceremony passed off pretty peacefully, and Stanislas was the chosen man. He lost no time in apprising Madame Geoffrin of his success.

Never [he tells her] had there been such a tranquil, such a unanimous election. The principal ladies of the kingdom were presented to me on the Electoral Field in the midst of a host of nobles, and I had the satisfaction of being proclaimed by the mouths of all the women as well as by the mouths of all the men present. Why were you not there? You would have voted for your son!

That Madame Geoffrin should have felt elated by her friend's good luck (as it seemed to her) was quite natural; but, remembering how she cautioned Madame Necker against infatuation, one is startled at reading the congratulation she sent him.

My dear son [cried she], my dear King, my dear Stanislas Augustus! to me you are three persons in one: you are my Trinity! Imagine, if you can, my transport of joy on receiving your divine letter. I could only think of you as our good Henry IV., and of myself as Sully. In truth I think I am worthy to bear, my life through, the sweet and precious name of your manima. I shed many tender tears on reading the account of your election. Alas—yes! if I had been there, I should have exclaimed aloud, "My son, my son!" and then I should have dropped dead with joy! I can see Poland rising anew from her own ashes; I can see her glistening in splendor like the New Jerusalem. Oh, my dear son! my adorable King! what bliss I shall feel in seeing you the admiration of Europe!

Her vision was not verified by time. Stanislas found his kingdom torn by internal dissensions too numerous and complicated for discussion here. His heart was good, his intentions excellent; but his efforts at reform were thwarted by his powerful neighbors, who profited by the continuance of disorder in his dominions. Madame Geoffrin hardly realized the difficulties of his situation. At first, all she thought of was the additional importance

* *Souvenirs du Baron von Gleichen.*

† This correspondence, with introduction and notes by M. Charles de Mouy, was published in 1875.

she derived from his elevation. Her house became the headquarters of Polish news and politics, and often she entertained her assembled guests with a letter from Warsaw, in which Stanislas asked her advice as deferentially as of old. But he did not always write upon affairs of state. His mind was much occupied with the adornment of his palace; the painting of his own portrait and engraving of the same; the purchase of pictures, statues, and gems.* He gave orders for the construction in Paris of two carriages, a chariot and a coach—one for town, the other for country use. The coach was to be a marvel of workmanship and convenience; it was to carry luggage, and to be furnished inside with drawers, pockets, and reading-lamps; the panels, painted in gay colors and finely varnished, were to bear his coat-of-arms; the lining was to be of pale yellow velvet, and gilding throughout was to be used with moderation. In all these matters Madame Geoffrin acted as his agent, which gave her much work, and enabled her to exercise considerable patronage. She sent him an architect named Louis, and a painter named Bacciarelli, to carry out his behests. The painter was given enough employment to last a lifetime; but the architect, after furnishing designs for more edifices than his patron had money to build, returned to France in swaggering mood. He boasted of his influence with the new king, whose full confidence, he affirmed, was now withdrawn from Madame Geoffrin and transferred to himself. Hearing all this, his indignant benefactress refused to admit him to her house, whereupon he said she was jealous of his success. He spread a false story that, because she had an interest in the glass manufactory, she had commissioned him to persuade Stanislas to have his palace furnished with countless mirrors. She could strike out at those who offended her, and in writing to the king, she called the ungrateful architect a rascal. She also called him a toad. For a time she felt sore with her "son" himself; but his repeated and affectionate reassurances at length appeased her.

* He commissioned Mr. Noël Desenfans, a well-known dealer of the day, to form a choice collection of pictures for him, and to this we owe the existence of the admirable Dulwich Gallery. His downfall prevented his taking over the pictures; and they remained in the hands of the collector, who bequeathed them to his friend Sir Francis Bourgeois, R.A. Sir Francis, who died in 1811, left them to Dulwich College, with a sum of £10,000 for building a gallery for their reception. In a mausoleum adjoining the gallery are deposited the remains of Bourgeois, and of Mr. and Mrs. Desenfans.

Stanislas was anxious that she should visit him at Warsaw, and after weighing the matter carefully for eighteen months, she resolved to do so. "I will go," she tells him, "like the queen of Sheba, to admire your wisdom. Since my son is a king, I may surely be allowed to compare myself to a queen." Such a journey was no mean enterprise for a person of her age who had never stirred from home. There was something even heroic in the idea. To the Parisian mind Poland lay far beyond the confines of civilization, and many of her friends strove to dissuade her from going so far. But to them her reply was, "*Il n'y a rien d'impossible.*" Some prudent doubts she had as to whether her advent would be agreeable—not to the king himself, but to those about him. These, however, were soon set at rest. At last, one fine evening in June, 1766, she set out in a roomy *berline de voyage*, accompanied by two waiting women, her male attendants following in another carriage. She travelled by way of Vienna, where her reception was a real triumph. A highly entertaining letter addressed to a friend in Paris,* gives a minute account of her doings there. She says:—

I was hardly visible on the morning after my arrival, when my sitting-room was filled with valets and pages bringing me compliments, inquiries after my health, and invitations to dinner. At eleven o'clock, ambassadors of different Courts, and many men of rank, whom I had entertained in past years, but had almost forgotten, came to see me with such assurances, such expressions of regret, as fairly to abash me.

Prince Kaunitz, the Austrian prime minister, called her his *bonne amie*. Prince Galitzin offered her rooms at his house; but as she declined his hospitality, he sent her her *café à la crème* every morning. Driving with Princess Kinsky in the Prater, she encountered the emperor, who pulled up, leaped from his *calèche*, and made her some fine speeches. A still more gratifying incident was her interview with Maria Theresa at Schönbrunn. The empress queen introduced to the visitor her numerous family— young archdukes and archduchesses— naming them in turn. One of the latter, then eleven years old, was called Marie Antoinette; and Madame Geoffrin, struck by her beauty, said she would like to carry her off. "Do so, by all means; you have my full permission," replied the empress

* M. Boutin, Receveur Général des Finances.

laughingly; "but be sure, when you are writing to France, to say that you have seen her and that you think her pretty." She had, in fact, already set her heart on marrying her daughter to the dauphin. Ah! could Madame Geoffrin have looked on ahead, and seen the storm in which that young life was to close — the Temple, the Conciergerie, and the scaffold — she might have held aloft the finger of warning. But the book of fate is closed. Were we allowed to peer between the leaves, how often we should start back appalled!

A special envoy was sent to escort the traveller from Vienna to Warsaw, bringing him furniture, a service of silver plate, and even kitchen utensils, to supply the deficiencies of Polish inns. Her progress was none the smoothest, for all that. The roads were almost impassable, and twice she spent the night in a stable from which cattle had just been ejected. But on reaching Warsaw, all hardships were forgotten. She was lodged in the palace, where, as a surprise, rooms had been prepared for her as like as possible to her own in the Rue Saint Honoré. The meeting between the king and his old friend was most cordial, and their relations at first were as affectionate as ever. But a cloud came over the picture, at the cause of which we can only guess. Her illusion as to her "son's" prosperity was soon dispelled. She now realized the fact that he was only a monarch in name. He had no authority over his own troops, no freedom of action. His principal advisers were two Czartoriski princes, his uncles. It is supposed that Madame Geoffrin, undertaking to impart some lessons in kingcraft, managed to fall foul of these gentlemen, and that they, resenting her interference, sowed dissension between her and their nephew. Whatever the cause, it is certain that misunderstandings were soon afoot between Stanislas and his Egeria; at times they kept sullenly to their apartments, and communicated only by letter.*

Madame Geoffrin spent a little over two months at Warsaw. Before one had elapsed, she felt doubts as to whether she had done well in coming. Voltaire had assured her that her journey ought to be "a great epoch for all thinking Frenchmen." It may have seemed so to herself once; but the epoch had its trials. Back again in Paris, she recommenced her cor-

respondence with the king, but her manner was changed. She addressed him as "Your Majesty," and ceased, for a time, to kiss his "beautiful hands," as she did with tiresome frequency when in different humor. On one occasion she sent him back all his letters, and the bond between them seemed severed forever. Yet her heart was softened when she heard of his increasing troubles — the bullying he underwent from Russia and Prussia — the disputes between his Catholic and non-Catholic subjects, in which he vainly endeavored to arbitrate — the dastardly attempt on his life, from which he escaped with wounds and bruises. The first partition of his kingdom was at hand. Anxiety was whitening his locks, and causing him neuralgic pains. "Accursed be the day," he wrote, "which led me to the place I now occupy, but cannot well abandon." Madame Geoffrin was filled with pity for him, but hardly knew what comfort to administer. She recommended his abdicating, and then either settling in England or going to Rome, entering the priesthood, and becoming a cardinal. "There is no condition or situation," said she, "that I would not prefer to yours — even poverty." Formerly it was her pride to talk of Poland and Polish affairs; but now if people questioned her on the subject (and some malicious questioners there were), she would gladly have "had her head in a sack."

Madame Geoffrin had an only child, the Marquise de la Ferté-Imbault, who like herself had been left a widow in early life. They were unlike in every way, and, though living in the same house, had different pursuits and different friends. The daughter, who was devout, could not endure the philosophers surrounding her mother; and when Madame Geoffrin, at the age of seventy-eight, was stricken with paralysis, she shut her doors on the whole tribe. The sick woman was told how mortified some of them were at this treatment, to which she replied with a smile and a gleam of her former wit: "What would you have? My daughter, after all, is only acting like Godfrey of Bouillon in defending my tomb against the infidels!"

It is impossible to say how far she was a believer in divine truths; but to judge by her conduct, she did not take the Encyclopædists for guides. She was regular in her attendance at church, and showed anxiety about the spiritual welfare of the friends whose last moments she attended. She retired yearly into a convent to reflect on serious subjects. In connection with this last practice, Baron von Gleichen, in

* Their differences must have been serious, for Stanislas alludes to them as *orages*, in letters written subsequently.

“Souvenirs,” mentions a fact not rhaps unworthy of notice. She had a story that she could tell the characters people by looking at their backs, and is inspired an artist of her acquaintance with the notion of painting her with her back to the spectator. In his picture she is represented advancing down an avenue, at the end of which was seen the event where she was to perform her feat. Figure and pose were alike eloquent. There was no mistaking the black hood, the stiff white collar, and the gray gown. Those who knew the subject herself half expected to hear the sound of the of her familiar maxims echoing from the cloister she was approaching.

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DANTE.

DEAN PLUMPTRE'S TRANSLATION.

It was the complaint of Alfieri that in our day there were scarcely a hundred students of Dante in Italy. Had Alfieri lived to-day, he would have been satisfied; the students of Dante are everywhere. France and Germany, England and America, have contributed the skill and industry of their foremost sons to spread the knowledge of the great Italian poem. Lectureships have been founded, societies have been formed, to promote the study of the Divine Comedy. One of the leading members of the Oxford Dante Society comes to London to lecture on the text of Dante, as Barlow lecturer at University College. In America the Concord School of Philosophy devotes some of its sittings to the study of Dante, and its proceedings are deemed of sufficient popular interest to be reported in the papers; and we learn how Dr. Barthold contributed a paper on the tropes of Dante, and how Professor Harris, in the course of a paper on the philosophy of Dante and its relation to moral ideas, declares Dante's great work to be the religious poem of the world.

As the students, so also the translators of Dante have increased. Within the last hundred years there have appeared at least eighteen whole or partial English translations of the Divine Comedy. The times are changed since a translator of Dante was looked upon as a benevolent personage who had taken a great deal of trouble to make the work of an eminent foreign author accessible to the English reader, and whose work must be accepted,

without overmuch criticism, as a well-intentioned offering to his fellow-countrymen. Now the translator sends forth his work knowing that it will be keenly scanned by many who are students of Dante, and who, if they have not published, have probably in secret tried their hands upon the translation of some portion of the poem; he knows, too, that such men will be jealous, with the love of deep and long attachment, for the honor of the poet, and will be quick to mark the blemish of a cold or inadequate rendering, or the failure to do justice to some passage which is a special favorite with themselves. But if, on the one hand, the translator of Dante runs the gauntlet of this keen and jealous criticism, he has an advantage also; for these students and lovers of Dante are the very men who will most fully appreciate the difficulty of the translator's task, and who will be foremost to welcome any work which shows fidelity and devotion to the poet of their affections.

At the outset I may express my own conviction that Dean Plumptre, in the work the first volume of which is in our hands, is entitled to the gratitude of all Dante students. Whatever may be the merits or defects of his translation (and of these I propose to speak later on), he has given us notes on the Divine Comedy which are full of sympathy and knowledge — neither wearisome through length, nor obscure through brevity — and which often by some happy hint or allusion throw a new light upon the poet's meaning; and to these he has prefixed a biography of Dante which is cultured and graceful, which he has (as he says) avoided making “an ideal biography,” but in which he has traced out, with that happy instinct which is his peculiar gift, by combining scattered hints here and there, lines of thought which give vividness and reality to the story of the poet's life. He has treated many of the problems with which Dante scholars are acquainted, with judgment and with impartiality. He has written as one who desires that the story of the poet shall be indeed the story of the man's life. And in doing this he has put into the hands of the mere English reader one key, and perhaps the best, to the understanding of the poem. The commentators on Dante who have read their own thoughts into his poem have been far too many. Theological prejudices or political feelings have been successful in constructing not only unreal but even unnatural portraits of the poet. The truth is, that Dante was a

greater man, and a greater poet also, than many of his biographers had the faculty of imagining. He does not seem to me to have been a man in servitude to any partisan idea. It is perfectly true that he spoke at times with a fierceness and a force which sound to our ears as an utterance possible to none but a strong partisan. But he is only a partisan when he is able to secure something which is greater than the spirit of partisanship can imagine. Like most of the great ones of the earth, he is obliged at times to act with a party while his own soul is too great for party bondage. His devotion to Florence is the devotion of his whole soul, second only, if second, to his devotion to the memory of Beatrice. But his devotion is the devotion of one who cares not whether it be Guelph or Ghibelline, black or white, that he uses as the instrument in his hand, so long as he can secure the two things which he so longs for—the greatness of Florence and his nearness to her. And it is for want of understanding this breadth and intensity of Dante's character that many of his commentators have gone astray. Ozanam would fain have us believe that he is an ardent theologian; Aroux would have us think of him as a socialist and republican in advance of his age; the elder Rossetti would picture him as a reformer before the Reformation. But in truth Dante was none of these; he was neither a blind partisan of the papacy nor yet an eager revolutionist against ecclesiastical power. He was too much a man of his own time not to see the great advantages which might be wielded by the papal power; he was too much a lover of freedom and of conscience not to see the blots which darkened the Church of his day, or the unreality of the religion which was fostered by some of its adherents. The magnificent courage with which he is not afraid in his great poem to reverse the sentence of excommunication passed by papal lips, or to send down to his fitting hell the scoundrel whom the pope had pronounced forgiven, reveal to us a man who, whatever his reverence—and doubtless it was great—for Church authority, was not likely to make his judgment blind. In the pages of his interesting biography Dean Plumptre has quite sustained this conception of the poet's character.

On another point—the Gentucca controversy—in which the name of Dante has been mentioned with bated breath and half-averted face, I think Dean Plumptre is right when he concludes that there is no reason for thinking evil. Doubtless

there are words and phrases which may be interpreted in a compromising sense of his relations with Gentucca; but I think that most lovers of Dante will agree with Dean Plumptre when he says that, if he were a young barrister, nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be entrusted with the case for the defence. We might plead that the charity which thinketh no evil, and which ought to be exercised in judging of all men, should most of all be exercised in judging of one whose memory and whose fair fame are left in our hands while he himself is silenced in the silence of death; but there seems a *prima facie* improbability of wrong; it is surely unlikely that the poet, worn with premature old age, wearied with his many wanderings, tired in frame and sick at heart, to whose soul the bitter and terrible past had brought such deep remorse and such terrible heart experience, would fall once more under the dominion of low or base desire. The explanation of his relationship with Gentucca is far easier and more natural; he was, as we all know, one who could be stern towards men, and who cherished an indignant scorn of the manhood which, possessed of intellect and the opportunities of intellectual study, yet allowed itself to sink to the level of the mere roysterer, pleased with his hawk and his hounds. From the society of the boorish nobles on whom he was partially dependent, but many of whom he could scarcely refrain from despising, Dante found a refuge in the society of gentle and intelligent women. Their sympathy to the exile was warmer and more generous, and their hearts more readily responded to his aspirations and more quickly interpreted the aims of the poet's life. When, then, he came across a well-educated lady of gentle birth and cultured manners and kindly heart, it is hardly to be wondered at that the poor exile should find real and innocent solace in her society. I am infinitely glad therefore that Dean Plumptre has reminded us that it is more just and more noble to hope the good than to imagine the evil.

I am glad also to find that Dean Plumptre is more tender to the memorable letter of Fra Ilario than some other critics and commentators have been. I quite agree with him, that while it is quite impossible for us to affirm its genuineness, yet it is difficult, on reading it, to reconcile our minds to the idea that it is a pure fiction. The circumstances of Dante's travels are, as Dean Plumptre points out, at least favorable to the belief that the letter is

not wholly a forgery, and it is pleasing to find that Dean Plumptre does not quite discard the letter which describes so vividly such a touching and suggestive incident.

But it is time to turn to the translation. Every one acquainted with Dean Plumptre and his writings knew that he possessed qualifications which eminently fitted him for a translator of and commentator on Dante. He recognizes himself that his previous studies have been unintentional helps towards this work: "I learned that in writing comments on Isaiah and Jeremiah I had been training myself to enter more fully into the heart and mind of Dante; that the study of the eschatology of the early and mediæval Church was not a bad preparation for that of Dante's vision behind the veil."* But the author of that interesting book, "The Spirits in Prison," had qualifications which no amount of study could bestow. Besides those studies which he regards himself in the light of unintentional preparation for his book on Dante, his own poems were enough to prove that he possessed the poetic feeling needful to translate the poet; his critical works showed that he had that aptitude for verbal niceties which is indispensable; while the happy faculty of his well-trained imagination was an assurance that Dean Plumptre would never become a mere dry, verbal critic. His mastery over other tongues and his powers as a writer of English complete the qualifications which justified the expectation that any translation from his hand could not fail to be scholarly, sympathetic, and eloquent.

To the translator of Dante four paths are open. He may attempt to translate the poem employing the rigid form of metre—the *terza rima* of the Divine Comedy; or he may, as Ichabod Wright has done, use as the form of his translation a kind of clever imitation of the original rhyme; or he may, like Cary, adopt blank verse; or, again, as Dr. Carlyle, he may abandon all attempt to translate in verse, and fall back upon the medium of prose. There will no doubt be found advocates of each of these methods. For myself, I quite think with the Dean of Wells, that a prose translation of any poem will scarcely ever read, however well it may have been translated, as if it were a poem. Most readers of such prose translations of Dante will, I believe, agree with Dean Plumptre when he says that

"the result of a poem translated in prose is at the best like looking on the many forms of a complicated dance without hearing the music which guides and regulates them. Read a chorus of Sophocles or an ode of Pindar in a crib, and see what you think of it." It is quite true that the reader demands, not only the sense of the poet, but some idea of the poet's melody. When we turn to the foremost blank-verse translator, we are ready to confess that his translation is entitled to be called eminently successful. Yet, notwithstanding Lord Macaulay's praise of Cary, the general effect upon my mind has always been that it is not a true rendering of Dante's poem, but rather a great Miltonic poem conceived on the lines of the Divine Comedy. Blank verse will never really express, I venture to believe, the true heart or the real raiment of Dante's poem. On the other hand, when a translation, like that of Dean Plumptre or Mr. Minchin, is made with the attempt, not only to render the sense, but also to render it in the triple rhyme of the original, we feel as we read it that too often the spirit of the poem is lost in the slavery of the metre; the bondage of the form is too great, and in numberless cases in order to maintain the rhyme a word is used which scarcely carries the true meaning of the original, or a word is added for which there is no original equivalent, and the use of which weakens the thought expressed. Dante's mastery over his own tongue and metre was like the mastery of a musician over a difficult instrument; while he keeps his music true, while he moves within the strict bounds which he himself has chosen, he remains as completely free and untrammelled by conventionalism as is Walt Whitman or Robert Browning. But when the translator attempts to follow in another tongue the footsteps of the great master, we feel the difference. He may play the tune, but it is the touch of an apprentice hand which strikes the chords. The proof of this is to be seen in the fact, that even with one so skilled and so real a master of English as Dean Plumptre, there are frequent examples of the faults which I have mentioned. Frequently because of the exigencies of the metre he is forced to add a word which is unrepresented in the poem, or to employ a weaker word than he would otherwise have done, and so diminish the force of some pregnant sentence. Those who know Dante will remember cases in which his sentences, compact, strong, and abrupt, smite upon the ear and upon the

* Preface, p. xi.

mind as the single and the sudden blow of a well-wielded hammer; but when we read the same sentences in the translation they sound to us like a doubtful and faltering blow, which, because of sheer weakness, reduplicates itself; the blow of the master is followed by the blow of a feeble and ungoverned hand. A few examples will illustrate best what I mean.

If we turn to the *Inferno*, canto iii., line 69, we find an instance of what I may call a weak addition to the original text. Dean Plumptre's translation is as follows:

And streams of blood down-trickled on each
face,
And mingled with their tears, beneath their
feet,
Were licked by worms that *wriggled, foul*
and *base*.

I have italicized the words "wriggled," "foul," and "base." They are represented, as the reader of Dante knows, by one word in the original. The worms of which Dante speaks he describes as *fustidiosi*, which hardly carries with it the suggestion of base, still less of wriggling. The idea of the loathsomeness of the worms, and the idea of the wearisome way in which they incessantly harassed the doomed, are there; but the only word in Dean Plumptre's translation which seems fairly to represent either of these ideas is the word "foul." But a glance at his pages will show that it is the exigency of the rhyme which has compelled him to adopt the words that he has used. Still, I am bound to say that Dean Plumptre's translation of the passage is superior to Mr. Minchin's, who has described the scene, and closes his description with the words, —

Feasted on by dainty worms galore,

where we might well wonder at the word "galore," if we did not remember that Mr. Minchin, like Dean Plumptre, was walking by rule. Again, in the fifth canto the same stern necessity for maintaining the rhyme compels Professor Plumptre to translate *dottore*, "teacher famed" — again, as it seems to me, introducing an additional word which gives a feeling of weakness to the verse. To pass from examples of words which have been added to the cases of words which seem to introduce a more or less faulty idea, I may mention that in the third canto of the *Inferno*, line 33, where the souls of the weaklings, whose timid selfishness prevented their enlisting with courage either on the side of God or evil, is described,

Dean Plumptre puts the words of Dante's inquiry into the following form: —

Master! what is this that now I hear?
And who that race whom torment so doth
tame?

The word here rendered tame is *vinta*, and Alfieri's note in Biagioli's Dante will explain the reason of its use. He says that out of the resistance which the strong character gives to the sensations of pain a kind of warfare is developed: when the sufferer gives way to cries and complaints he is conquered; when he is silent, and, like Capaneus, refuses to give sign of suffering, then he is not beaten by the pain. But these sufferers, says Dante, were beaten by their pain; and when we remember that these sufferers were the weaklings who only cared for themselves, and were just those self-saving creatures who were likely to collapse when touched by hardship or suffering, then we can understand how Dante regarded their clamors and their cries as the unheroic outcries of those who were indeed "conquered" by their suffering. "Tamed" they were not, but conquered they were. These souls, scorned alike by heaven and by hell, would remain forever the same feeble, hysterical, undeveloped characters to the end. They were outside the range of the taming influence of any power in heaven or hell. The same kind of criticism applies to Mr. Minchin's translation of the passage. He renders it: —

O my master! what is this I hear?
And who are these whom grief doth so im-
mure?

Whatever else these sufferers are, they are not immured in their grief, for the very feature which strikes the thought most is that the air is made vocal with the cries of those beings who are entirely destitute of the virtue of self-control. But here again the weakness of the translation is due, as the reader will see in both cases, to the stern exigencies of the triple rhyme. To turn to another example, I notice that in the Francesca incident, *Inferno*, v. 93, Dean Plumptre translates the words *del nostro mal perverso* by the English words, "our doom perverse;" while Mr. Minchin is obliged to drop the word "perverse" altogether, and gives us, "since to our evil thou dost pity bring." In this example, though Mr. Minchin's version is weak by the omission of a pregnant word, it seems to me preferable to Dean Plumptre's, which conveys, as I venture to think, a very doubtful idea. The English

reader will imagine that Francesca and her lover were complaining that the doom of heaven was a perverse one, whereas their allusion is not to the doom which the justice of heaven has meted, but rather to their own sensations of suffering. It is the perverse evil which they complain of, but they, like all souls in the "Inferno," recognize the justice of their doom. Once more: in that magnificent scene where Dante is passing amidst the blazing tombs of the city of Dis, and holds his conversation with Farinata and Cavalcanti, Dean Plumptre translates the passage in which Dante described the feeling of Guido towards the poetry of Virgil by the words:—

Maybe, your Guido to his worth was blind.

But the word is stronger than "blind," and Mr. Minchin has kept the notion of scorn which Guido had for ancient poetry more clearly before the reader's mind when he renders the verse:—

Perchance your Guido held him in disdain.

Another example of what we may call weakness in the exchange of words is to be found in that scene which vies in pathetic power with the Francesca or Ugolino incident—the scene in which Dante meets his old master, Brunetto Latini. As Virgil and Dante are passing along the little raised causeway which leads across the fiery desert, he is arrested by Brunetto Latini, who reaches out his hand and touches his robe. But Dean Plumptre describes it in these words:—

And I, when he his arm towards me shook,
From bringing him to recognition clear,
I was not hindered by his scorched look,
But thought my mind a knowledge gained full clear,
And bending down my hand toward his face,
I asked, "What, Ser Brunetto, art thou here?"

Now, in the first place, Brunetto did not shake his arm towards Dante at all. The word in the original is *distesi*, and the gesture is infinitely pathetic, and is in perfect keeping with the timid and sad hesitation which Brunetto displays all through the interview. It is the meeting of the young pupil, who has succeeded, with his old master, who has dropped out of sight and out of fame. Age is ever timid towards youth, and fallen age is still more so towards prosperous youth. "Will the young lad who has now grown into manhood care to recognise me? Will he care to recognize me in my fallen estate?" The outstretched arm is the gesture of

pleading and deprecation, which half entreats and yet half fears to entreat the attention of one who, though once known so well, now walks on a higher level than the suppliant. The whole interview teems with subtle indications of this pathetic timidity. Brunetto doubts whether Dante may not be displeased at his attempting to walk part of the way with him; and Dante himself feels, with that exquisite sensitiveness which belongs to noble natures, the unutterable shame and pain which his master must suffer in appearing the disfigured and disgraced thing that he is; and therefore, not to wound the feelings of one for whom he still retains the reverence of pupil towards his master, he drops his face and eyes, and will not look into his master's countenance, lest his glance should remind him keenly of how much he is fallen. But here again the word which Dean Plumptre has used is only used, I imagine, because of the necessity of finding a rhyme. Under the same necessity Mr. Minchin translates the passage:—

He towards me his hand had raught:

a justifiable but not pleasing rendering of the passage. Before quitting this canto, the reader will be struck by the weak rhymes in verse 17 and onwards, where "one" and "shown" and "frown" make up the triple rhyme of the passage.

It seems perhaps ungracious to point out these small defects in a translation which is so uniformly good, and which has mastered some of the most difficult passages, and rendered them with skill and smoothness; but I do not refer to them as points of criticism of Dean Plumptre's work, but rather in illustration of the position which I have taken—namely, that in the most skilful hands it is impossible to maintain the triple rhyme without sacrificing the spirit to the form; and it must always be a question which is the greater evil,—that the spirit should be lost in an attempt to reach perfection of form, or that the spirit should be maintained in an inadequate or imperfect form. On the whole, I am somewhat led to the conclusion that the best method of translating Dante will be, not by abandoning the form, nor yet by loyally and scrupulously endeavoring to carry out the triple rhyme, but by the invention of a new metre which will be sufficiently easy of handling to prevent any considerable loss of the spirit or sense of the poem, but which will be sufficiently melodious in form to carry to the ear of the English reader some—even if an imperfect—notation of the music of

the original. Ichabod Wright attempted something of this sort, and though, indeed, his translation is open to criticism, yet I hardly think that Dean Plumptre does justice to the very great merits and force of Mr. Wright's translation. But neither from those who have adopted the triple rhyme, nor from any previous translator choosing his own rhyme, have we ever received a true photograph, so to speak, of the original. That remains for the future. There is one man in England who (as some believe) would be capable of giving, with really deep and strong force, the spirit of Dante's poem; who, himself a poet, with a robust and intense insight, a noble heedlessness of mere prettiness of form, possesses qualities which eminently fit him for the task — I mean Mr. Robert Browning. Before, however, I pass from these points of verbal criticism, I think that English readers and Dante scholars will be glad to see that Dean Plumptre has had the courage to restore to use the old word "perse." It carries with it a meaning now sufficiently plain, through Mr. Ruskin's interpreting skill, for which there is no good equivalent in use amongst us. Like Polonius we may say, "Perse is good."

Of Professor Plumptre's success in rendering both faithfully and graphically the text of the poet we could give many examples; but I cannot forbear citing the following translation of that well-known passage in the "Inferno" declared by some to be the finest passage in any poem in any language. I refer, of course, to the famous Ugolino passage. Dean Plumptre's rendering of this seems to me to combine all the qualities needed in a translation — faithfulness to the original, smoothness, music, and graphic force: —

When I awoke, ere yet the night had fled,
Still in their sleep I heard my children wail,
Who there were with me, crying out for bread.
Full hard art thou, if grief shall not prevail
To touch thee, thinking what my heart did cry;
When canst thou weep if now to weep thou fail?
Already they had waked; the hour drew nigh
Till which they had been wont for food to wait,
And each one's dream brought sore perplexity.
I heard the locking of the lower gate
Of that dread tower, and then awhile I stared
In my sons' faces, speechless, desolate.
I wept not; all within as stone grew hard.
They wept, and then my Anselmuccio said,

"What ails thee, father? Why this fix'd regard?"
And still I shed no tear, nor answer made
All that long day, nor yet the following night,
Till the next sun was o'er the world displayed;
And when there came a little ray of light
Into the dolorous prison, and I knew
My own face by four faces' piteous plight;
Then both my hands in anguish I gnawed through.
And they, who deemed that hunger did constrain
To eat, rose up with one accord to sue,
And said, "O father, less will be our pain
If thou eat us; thou didst these frames array
With this poor flesh, now strip it off again."
I calmed me then their anguish to allay;
That day, and then the next, we all were dumb:
Hard earth, why opened not thy depths that day?
And when unto the fourth day we had come,
Gaddo lay stretched before my feet, and cried,
"Why, father, help'st thou not?" and there, in sum,
He died; and as thou seest me, so I eyed
The three fall down, and perish one by one,
The fifth day and the sixth, and then I tried,
Already blind, to grope o'er them alone,
And three days called them after they were dead;
Then even grief by hunger was outdone.

There is only one point in this whole passage which seems to me to demand any criticism, and this is in line 73, where the full pathos of the original is a little obscured. Dean Plumptre emphasizes, by the use of the word "alone," the solitude of Ugolino as he gropes amongst his dead sons, but it was not so much the solitude which was in Dante's mind as the tenderness of the father's love for every one of his dead children, for he represents Ugolino as groping over *each*, as though he wished to assure himself that, even in death, all of them were near him still.

This is an illustration of what I have before spoken of, the almost unavoidable tendency to sacrifice accuracy of thought to the exigencies of the *tersa rima*; but, with this single exception, the passage seems to me one of the most remarkable examples of true and vivid rendering.

Another successful piece is the following, and I take it from a passage in which I have ventured to criticise the one word tame: —

Speech many-tongued and cries of dire lament,
Words full of wrath and accents of despair,
Deep voices hoarse and hands where woe
found vent, —

these made a tumult whirling in the air,
 Forevermore, in timeless gloom the same,
 As whirls the sand storm-driven here and
 there.

And again in the same canto, where the
 om of the timeserver is described, Dean
 Plumptre seems to me to have been most
 happy:—

Full briefly I the cause will tell.
 hope have these that they shall ever die,
 And this blind life of theirs so base is shown,
 All other doom they view with envious eye.
 Their fame the world above leaves all un-
 known;
 Mercy and Justice look on them with scorn.
 Talk not of them; one glance, and then pass
 on.

In the description, too, of the island
 the first canto of the Purgatory, the
 loothness and the naturalness of the fol-
 lowing passage is worthy of great praise:

is little island all around, below,
 There, where the billows beat upon the
 shore,
 On the soft ooze, bids reeds and rushes
 grow;
 No other plant that leaves and branches bore,
 Or hardened grew, could there its life sus-
 tain,
 For they yield not as each stroke passeth
 o'er.
 Then by this way return ye not again:
 The sun, now rising, will direct you well,
 The mountain's height with easier climb to
 gain.

We can thank Dean Plumptre for his
 work. Every fresh translation is a gain
 to the English reader, for it gives a new
 aspect of the poem. The English reader
 will take the trouble to read the prose
 and the verse translations will gradually
 form an idea of the poem more just and
 more accurate than can be possibly gained
 by confining himself to one translation
 alone. Each translation may be likened
 to a photograph, which presents only one
 aspect of the poet; and just as a sculptor
 gives a photograph of the full-face, side-
 e, half-profile, and even of the back of
 the head of the person he wishes to deline-
 ate, and thereby becomes master of a com-
 plete idea of the person, so the reader
 of Dante can compare the renderings of
 the poem which have been given in the
 various English translations. But none
 can give the real force of the original;
 the wine that has been decanted, some-
 thing of the aroma and flavor is lost.

True students of Dante will feel this;
 the study of Dante—to those who un-
 take it sincerely—is not merely an
 IIVING AGE. VOL. LVII. 2924

interesting recreation: it is a passion; it
 absorbs; like the words of Gotama, it
 "arouses, incites, gladdens."

It is easy to understand this, for Dante,
 though possessing his own marked and
 unique characteristics, is wide in range,
 and appeals to many tastes. The lover
 of nature will delight in the pages of one
 who is keenly observant of nature in her
 features and moods. Every object is dear
 to him; he loves the strength of the lion,
 and the grace and swiftness of the grey-
 hound; the dove and the starling, the
 hawk, the stork, and the eagle, are noted
 by him; the whale and the dolphin in the
 sea, the frogs in the marsh, and the fire-
 flies in the vale, are not forgotten. He
 loves to watch the flowers, closed by the
 hand of night, opening at the kiss of the
 rising sun; he marks the ivy that clings
 to the tree, the dark hues of the forest
 foliage, the lizard that crosses the path
 like a lightning flash. He rejoices in men,
 and he keenly notes their features—the
 piercing eye, the long and massive nose,
 the brown beard and slender loins; he
 delights in their occupations and games
 —the marksman, the runner, the wrestler,
 the man with his sling, the tailor with his
 needle, the sailor lowering the anchor or
 the sail. He is alive to the influences of
 times and seasons—the chill and sadness
 which the evening brings, the hope and
 freshness of the dawn.

Then, again, his pages teem with his-
 tory; the great events out of which mod-
 ern history has been evolved; the tragic
 tale which stirs the heart; the quarrels of
 love and jealousy; the stories of perfidy
 and chivalry, the half-hinted dramas in the
 lives of the men and women of his day.

Added to these there are subtle disqui-
 sitions on the deep questions of philoso-
 phy and theology; the mental curiosity is
 stirred and the reason is braced up to the
 study of hard matters and problems which
 touch eternal things. Nature, history,
 and philosophy are opened up in the
 Divine Comedy, and waken thought and
 cast their fascinations round the reader's
 mind.

But it is not in these, which are mere
 details, that the spell of the poet's en-
 chantment is to be found. The permanent
 interest which the poem evokes lies, if I
 mistake not, deeper still; eternal elements
 are there which lay hold of the heart and
 soul, and these belong not to the imagery
 of nature, to the family tragedies of six
 hundred years ago, or to the subtle dis-
 quisitions of the schoolmen; they spring
 rather from the fact that Dante's poem is

more than a poem about men and things. It is a poem of man. What he himself was and felt and knew, that he sung. It was no figure of speech to say he had been in hell; in his own life there had been a hell; he had walked that dark under-world, and he had seen evil stripped of its seductive garb, and revealed in its own unspeakable horror. He had learned how hard a thing it is to retrace the steps of wrong, and what a complete revolution must take place in a man's life before he can begin to climb with hope the hill on whose summit shines the blessed light of God. It is the story of a soul; it is the "Pilgrim's Progress" of the Middle Ages; it is a tale which will never die as long as man is capable of the lower and the higher, and believes that there is a hell to which he may sink, and a heaven to which he may climb.

And there is something which, if I may allow my imagination to run on for a while, brings the great poem very close to the heart life of to-day. The poem is the middle path between two glories; the glory of a past which is dead, and of a future which only can be reached through pain. The age is like the poet: humanity to-day looks back upon the brightness of visions and hopes which it believes have passed away,—the sweet vision of its youth, when it looked into the eyes of heavenly wisdom and believed, is gone; the political hopes which more than a generation ago rose so high, when the dream of plenty and peace belonged to Europe, and when all things in political and social affairs seemed possible to the new-found vigor of emancipated communities, are gone; the door of the City of Flowers is closed upon society; distress, depression, doubt, is the portion of the age, exiled from its hope and its dream. Society, like the poet, has tried to climb the hill where perpetual sunlight falls, but the triple foes of luxury, ambition, and greed have proved too strong for its aspirations and endeavors. The path of bitter experience and of discomfited pride must be trodden; society, like Dante, must learn in the way of suffering and experience that the paradise of nations as well as of individuals can only be reached by the people who are ready to practise self-denial, and to embrace the cross of suffering for another's good.

But the poem is the midway between two glories; the early glory—the glory of pure love, and of pure patriotism, the glory of Beatrice and of Florence, dear to his heart, belongs to the exile no more.

His pathway lies now across fiery plains blood-red streams, among cries and groans and deep-voiced laments, and over frozen seas where the chilliest winds are blowing, till he reaches at last the glory that excelleth. The life which is lost is saved. Manifold more is given him than anything which he has forsaken; instead of the Donna della Fenestra, Lucia and Matilda; instead of Beatrice, the divine wisdom; instead of Florence, the city of the saints; instead of the wandering lights and false images of good, the beatific vision of God and the ineffable glory.

Will the age be able to read the vision, and have courage to climb the hill?

W. B. RIPON.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
MARIE ANTOINETTE AT TRIANON.

UNTIL 1774, occasional visits to Fontainebleau excepted, Marly had continued to be the exclusive summer residence of the French court. It was almost a second Versailles; the mode of life and the strict observance of etiquette having undergone no change since the time of Louis the Fourteenth, every traditional regulation in force during whose reign had been scrupulously maintained. One day resembled another, the ceremonious routine never varied, nor even to the monarch himself was the slightest deviation from established usage permissible. To no one was this eternal round of solemn frivolity more intolerably wearisome than to the young queen, whose lively temperament demanded a more congenial occupation than interminable state banquets and long evenings passed in the spacious saloon, where high play, her especial abhorrence, was the invariable rule; and it was with a feeling of intense relief that, as soon as the Petit Trianon was ready for her reception, she migrated thither with her little court, and joyously inaugurated the happiest period of her life.

There perfect liberty and freedom from etiquette awaited her; the trappings of royalty were exchanged for the elegant simplicity of a gracious and amiable *châtelaine*, surrounded by a circle of her chosen inmates, and participating in their amusements with the delightful consciousness of entire immunity from constraint. It was tacitly understood that, beyond the usual deference paid to a hostess, ceremony was to be altogether dispensed with; so that, when the queen entered a

room where any of her guests were assembled, the ladies continued their music or embroidery, and the gentlemen their billiards or *tric-trac*, without interruption. When the king honored Trianon with a visit, he came on foot and unattended; while those invited from the palace arrived at two o'clock for dinner, and returned to Versailles at midnight.

The change from the tedious formalities of Marly to the coquettish rusticity of this new Arcadia was complete. Marie Antoinette, in the simplest of white dresses, a gauze handkerchief tied loosely round her neck, and wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat trimmed with sky-blue ribbons, flitted gaily about her little domain, now presiding over the milking of her cows, now improvising a breakfast of fresh eggs from her farm on the green sward, or fishing in the tiny lake, as the fancy took her. In this charming retreat all the cares and exigencies of court life were forgotten; there the statesman laid aside his gravity — *dulce est desipere in loco* — and listened smilingly to the babble of emancipated ladies in waiting; and even the sedate monarch himself, beguiled from his favorite seat in a secluded arbor, exchanged merry sallies with the sportive, Watteau-like shepherdesses reclining on the mossy banks of this modern realization of Boccaccio's garden.

Let us enter this miniature palace embosomed in verdure. On pressing a spring the door opens, disclosing a stone staircase conducting through an ante-chamber to the dining-room, ornamented with wood-carvings representing crowns of roses interlaced with garlands of flowers. Adjoining it is the small drawing-room, the walls of which are covered with emblems of the vintage season mingled with the attributes of comedy, bunches of grapes surmounted by masks, and baskets of fruit alternating with castanets and guitars. From the ceiling of the grand salon, each corner of which is adorned with groups of flying cupids, hangs a chandelier supported by intertwined chaplets of roses; and beyond it is the queen's bedchamber, draped in blue silk, and decorated with admirably executed carvings of poppies and other field flowers. A broad flight of steps leads from the house to the French garden, planted in 1750, and separated by a palisade from the Grand Trianon; and on the opposite side is Marie Antoinette's favorite resort, designed after her own plan, the English garden, filled with the rarest plants and shrubs, and intersected by winding alleys and quaint suspension

bridges. On a rising ground, in the midst of a profusion of roses, jessamines, and myrtles, stands a pavilion, the queen's ordinary breakfast-room, from the summit of which the entire domain is visible; grottos, waterfalls, lake, and — the especial pride of its creatress — the hamlet, with its group of cottages, its farm, and its mill, where Louis the Sixteenth suffered himself to be disguised as a miller, and his brother, the morose Count de Provence, condescended to personate a village schoolmaster.

The privilege of admission to the Petit Trianon, as may be imagined, was eagerly sought after, but, except on particular occasions when special invitations were issued, was accorded only to a favored few. Among these were the duke, the count, and the Chevalier de Coislin, the latter one of the handsomest men of his time and a professed lady-killer, familiarly called "Mimi;" the Prince d'Hénin, an old admirer of Sophie Arnould, and a curious mixture of courtier and philanthropist; the Duke de Guines, an excellent flute-player and recognized authority in the matter of court gossip; the Count de Polastron, equally renowned as a violinist; the Duke de Polignac and the Count d'Andlau, an insignificant personage commonly spoken of as "the husband of Madame d'Andlau." The foreign contingent included the Prince d'Esterhazy, the Prince de Ligne, and the Count de Fersen, the courageous and devoted Swede who subsequently played so prominent a part in the flight to Varennes.

Three of the male guests, however, deserve a more detailed mention, each of them having exercised an undoubted influence over the society of Trianon; namely, the Baron de Besenval, the Count de Vaudreuil, and the Count d'Adhémar. Pierre Victor de Besenval, a Frenchman born in Switzerland and a soldier of fortune, had distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War, and earned a well-merited reputation for bravery and contempt of danger. On one occasion, after sustaining with great gallantry a charge of the enemy, in which the division commanded by him, terribly outnumbered, had been almost annihilated, he was ordered to return to the camp, but soon found himself again in the thick of the fray. "Why are you still here, baron?" inquired one of those near him; "surely you have done enough to-day!" "I thought so a little while ago," said Besenval, "but you see, I feel exactly as I do at a masked ball of the opera; as long as the music

goes on playing I can't tear myself away from it."

This characteristic reply was so often repeated that on his arrival at Versailles it had already preceded him, and, together with a prepossessing exterior, and a certain independent brusquerie of manner, soon made him a favorite at the court of Louis the Fifteenth. Until the death of that monarch he devoted himself exclusively to pleasure, but subsequently profited by the patronage of the Count d'Artois to obtain admission to the private circle of Marie Antoinette; and ere long, without any apparent effort on his part, became so indispensable both to her and the king that the grade of lieutenant-general and the title of commander of St. Louis were conferred on him. "Do not imagine," he wrote to a friend, "that I owe my fortune to any intrigue of my own; chance has willed it so, for personally I had nothing whatever to do with it." Rich, unmarried, satiated with military glory, and loaded with favors, M. de Besenval enjoyed life after his own fashion, was a liberal protector of the arts, and spared no expense in the gratification of his tastes; like the Prince de Ligne, he was an enthusiastic lover of floriculture, superintended the embellishments of Trianon, and undertook the construction of hothouses copied from those of the imperial palace at Schönbrunn. An accomplished courtier without flattery or servility, he allowed himself a freedom of speech which would have been tolerated in no one else; and while inveighing against the rules of etiquette, took especial care never actually to transgress them.

Count de Vaudreuil, son of a governor of St. Domingo, who had amassed a large fortune in that colony, and nephew of a lieutenant-general of the royal guards, arrived at court with all the prestige of unimpeachable nobility, wealth, and a handsome person, of which latter advantage a severe attack of small-pox ultimately deprived him. Gifted with a natural capacity sufficient to insure his success in any career he might have chosen, he was—a rarity at that period—entirely without ambition, and never aspired to any office or dignity beyond the honorary title of grand falconer. He was a judicious patron of the arts and an enlightened connoisseur; his collection of pictures contained some of the finest specimens of the French school; men of letters found in him a generous protector, capable of discerning merit, and ever ready to encourage it. Every week he

assembled at his table the most illustrious of his literary and artistic contemporaries, listening attentively to their conversation, and especially delighting in the sallies of Chamfort, whose caustic piquancy entirely sympathized with his own. He spoke seldom, but always to the point; and although gifted with a rare facility of repartee, used it discreetly, and never, except when prompted by his instinctive antipathy to pretentious mediocrity, at the expense of others. A thorough sceptic, and apt to boast that he had outlived all his illusions, he was nevertheless a warm and devoted friend, reliable and loyal, and—a singular phenomenon at court—perfectly disinterested. No man was more popular with the fair sex, or exhibited a more respectful deference in addressing them. "I have only met with two men," said the Princess d'Hénin, "who knew how to speak to women: the actor Lekain and Monsieur de Vaudreuil."

The last of the trio, Count d'Adhémar, like M. de Besenval, owed his fortune to chance. Originally a poor and friendless captain in a hussar regiment, his sole patrimony being the name of Montfalcon, he discovered at Nismes some old title-deeds entitling him to assume that of D'Adhémar, and immediately repaired to Paris, where his claim was duly examined and confirmed. Marshal de Ségur, under whom he had formerly served, took a fancy to him, and solicited for him the command of a regiment from the minister Choiseul, besides introducing him to Madame de Valbelle, a rich widow whom he afterwards married, and profited by her intimacy with Madame de Polignac to obtain admission to the circle of the queen, and, as a natural consequence, to Trianon. There he was generally charged with the task of catering for the amusement of the society, an office for which his versatile talent peculiarly fitted him; he was rather more than an amateur, rather less than an artist, had an agreeable voice, and sang, acted, or accompanied his own songs on the piano excellently well. No one would ever have suspected him of ambition, nor imagined that so complaisant and apparently frivolous a personage had but one object in view, namely, that of being gazetted as ambassador; he kept his own secret, strove to render himself indispensable to all who might hereafter be of use to him, in short, courted everybody, and offended none.

The ladies of Trianon included the queen's sister-in-law and favorite companion, Madame Elisabeth, the Countess of

Andlau, the pale and melancholy Countess de Polastron, the witty and accomplished Madame de Coigny, the Duchess de Polignac and her no less beautiful daughter the Duchess de Guiche, and the plain-featured but irresistibly attractive Countess Diane de Polignac. She had neither good looks nor grace of form, nor was her attire strictly modelled after the latest requirements of fashion; but all these defects were more than atoned for by a frank and contagious gaiety, and an exuberance of animal spirits that rendered her a precious auxiliary in the daily routine of the little community.

The one prominent figure, however, effacing all that surrounded her, was Marie Antoinette herself, rivaling the fairest in beauty, and exercising over every one who approached her the seductive influence of a subtle and indefinable charm. She had the happy gift of pleasing instinctively and without effort; there was no resisting the winning fascination of her manner and the caressing intonation of her voice. When, at the instigation of M. de Vaudreuil, she solicited and obtained a pension for Chamfort, the announcement was couched in terms so delicately flattering that the recipient declared it was equally impossible for him either to repeat or to forget them. Contrary to the usual habit of princesses of the court of France, who rarely vouchsafed more than a stiff salutation to those presented to them, she spoke graciously to all; and, with the innate tact that invariably distinguished her, won the hearts of old and young by some well-chosen compliment or allusion personally gratifying to each. No wonder, then, that at Trianon, released from the burden of etiquette, and at liberty to indulge without restraint her natural vivacity and keen sense of humor, she not only vied with the most brilliantly gifted of her circle in epigrammatic repartee, but reigned supreme over all by that rare combination of feminine grace and piquancy of which she alone had the secret.

Court gossip, however, and the "scandalous chronicle" of the hour had little attraction for the queen, and in no wise interfered with pursuits more congenial to her taste. She was well acquainted with the literature of the day, and her criticisms on contemporary writers, one of which has reached posterity, displayed considerable acumen: "When I read Florian," she said, "I fancy I am eating milk porridge." Men of letters found in her a liberal and enlightened protectress; she

warmly encouraged the first poetic flights of the Abbé Delille, and on Voltaire's return to Paris tried hard, although unsuccessfully, to induce the king to receive him at court. Her love of music was continually manifested by her liberal patronage of the art, and by the predilection shown by her for the society of its leading professors; one of her especial favorites was Grétry, whom she constantly received at Trianon, besides volunteering to stand sponsor to his daughter Antoinette. But of all composers, Glück profited most by her advocacy and support; from his first arrival in France she had declared herself an ardent admirer of his works, and espoused his cause in the protracted struggle for supremacy between him and his rival Piccini. By her express command "*Alceste*" and "*Armide*" were more than once transplanted from the Paris opera to the theatre at Versailles, the entire court being present at each representation as a matter of course; he was also frequently invited to Trianon in company with his talented interpreter Madame St. Huberty, and the no less renowned Garat, and from the time of his taking his seat at the *clavécin* to the moment of his rising from it not a word was allowed to be spoken.

Shortly after Marie Antoinette's installation in her sylvan retreat, she determined to carry into effect a long-cherished project of utilizing for amateur performances the pretty theatre built on the side of the French garden, which had been rarely opened since the death of Louis the Fifteenth. She had always manifested a lively interest in the novelties produced on the Parisian stage, and nothing pleased her better than to listen to the reading of a new piece before it was submitted to the verdict of the public. Amateur acting was then an amusement greatly in vogue, as well in the capital as in the provincial châteaux, where the male performers were chiefly recruited from officers quartered in the neighboring towns, who carried their histrionic propensities so far as to incur a severe reprimand for neglect of duty from the minister of war. It is not, therefore, surprising that Marie Antoinette, whose dramatic capabilities, if not of the highest order, were certainly above the usual non-professional average, should have followed so wide-spread an example, and eagerly profited by the opportunity of securing a fresh attraction for the little society of Trianon.

Under the immediate superintendence of the queen, the interior of this miniature

temple of Thespis had been entirely renovated; the decorations were white and gold, the seats covered with blue velvet, and the ceiling, artistically designed by Lagrenée, represented an apotheosis of clouds and emblematic figures. After considerable discussion it was settled that, with the single exception of the Count d'Artois, no one under a certain age, so far as the male contingent were concerned, was to be admitted into the company; and that the audience should consist exclusively of the king, the Count de Provence, and the princesses not engaged in the performance. Subsequently, the ladies in waiting and their families were allowed to be present, and a similar permission was ultimately accorded to the officers of the royal guards, the equerries of the king and his brothers, and a few favored officials of the court. The celebrated Caillot was engaged as vocal instructor, and the rehearsals of pieces selected from the repertory of the Comédie Française were superintended by Fleury and Dazincourt, assisted by M. de Vaudreuil, generally admitted to be the best amateur actor of his day. Madame Elisabeth, although singularly deficient in histrionic ability, good-naturedly consented to take part in the performances; the Countess de Provence, however, indignantly refused, saying that she regarded such exhibitions as derogatory, and that her husband had strictly forbidden her to have anything to do with them.

"Surely," remarked Marie Antoinette, "if I, the queen of France, set the example, you can have no scruple in following it."

"Madame," retorted the haughty princess of Savoy, "if I am not a queen, I belong to a race from which they spring;" and there the matter ended.

All other difficulties having been satisfactorily arranged, the opening night was at length announced, the pieces chosen for the occasion being Sedaine's "Le Roi et le Fermier," and "La Gageure imprévue," interpreted by the queen, the Duchess de Guiche, Madame Diane de Polignac, the Count d'Artois, M. de Vaudreuil, and Count d'Adhémar. These were succeeded by "On ne s'avise jamais de tout," "Blaise et Babet," and "Les deux Chasseurs et la Laitière," in which latter operetta, according to Fleury, Marie Antoinette sustained the character of Perette with infinite vivacity and grace. Indeed, setting aside M. de Vaudreuil, she seems to have completely outshone all the other members of the company, and to have particularly excelled in the heroines

of comic opera, where the charm of her voice and the piquancy of her acting were alike irresistible. Her most ambitious, and according to contemporary accounts least successful, personation was Rosine in the "Barbier de Séville," the first and only performance of which comedy took place April 19, 1787, and brought to a close the series of dramatic representations at Trianon.

In the pursuit of this her favorite hobby the queen was indefatigable; every item of expenditure was submitted to and examined by her, not even the most trifling detail escaping her personal supervision. Nothing was done without her sanction and approval; the pieces best suited to the capabilities of the company were selected by her, and such perfect taste was displayed under her direction in the important accessories of scenery and costume, that the Prince de Ligne, who had seen all the principal theatres in Europe, unhesitatingly declared that Watteau himself had never imagined so exquisite a picture. In this little corner of her kingdom Marie Antoinette's will was law. When the Duke de Fronsac, who as "first gentleman of the chamber" had absolute control over all the Paris theatres, demanded that Trianon should be placed under his jurisdiction, he received the following curt reply: "There can be no question of *premier gentilhomme* when we are the actors; besides, I have already signified my wishes as regards Trianon. I hold no court here, but live as a private person, and am to be respected accordingly."

CHARLES HERVEY.

From Chambers' Journal.
JUST BEFORE WINTER.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES,

AUTHOR OF "THE GAMEKEEPER AT HOME," ETC.

A RICH tint of russet deepened on the forest-top and seemed to sink day by day deeper into the foliage like a stain; riper and riper it grew, as an apple colors. Broad acres these of the last crop, the crop of leaves; a thousand, thousand quarters, the broad earth will be their barn. A warm red lies on the hillside above the woods, as if the red dawn stayed there through the day; it is the heath and heather seeds; and higher still, a pale yellow fills the larches. The whole of the great hill glows with color under the short hours of the October sun; and overhead, where the pine-cones hang, the sky

is of the deepest azure. The conflagration of the woods burning luminously crowds into those short hours a brilliance the slow summer does not know.

The frosts and mists and battering rains that follow in quick succession after the equinox, the chill winds that creep about the fields, have ceased a little while, and there is a pleasant sound in the fir-trees. Everything is not gone yet. In the lanes that lead down to the "shaws" in the dells, the "gills," as these wooded depths are called, buckler ferns, green, fresh, and elegantly fashioned, remain under the shelter of the hazel-lined banks. From the tops of the ash-wands, where the linnets so lately sang, coming up from the stubble, the darkened leaves have been blown, and their much-divided branches stand bare like outstretched fingers. Black-spotted sycamore leaves are down, but the moss grows thick and deeply green; and the trumpets of the lichen seem to be larger now they are moist, than when they were dry under the summer heat. Here is herb-Robert in flower—its leaves are scarlet; a leaf of St. John's wort, too, has become scarlet; the bramble leaves are many shades of crimson; one plant of tormentil has turned yellow. Furze-bushes, grown taller since the spring, bear a second bloom, but not perhaps so golden as the first. It is the true furze, and not the lesser gorse; it is covered with half-opened buds; and it is clear, if the short hours of sun would but lengthen, the whole gorse hedge would become aglow again. Our trees, too, that roll up their buds so tightly, like a dragon's cloak, would open them again at Christmas; and the sticky horse-chestnut would send forth its long ears of leaves for New Year's day. They would all come out in leaf again if we had but a little more sun; *they* are quite ready for a second summer.

Brown lie the acorns, yellow where they were fixed in their cups; two of these cups seem almost as large as the great acorns from abroad. A red dead nettle, a mauve thistle, white and pink bramble flowers, a white strawberry, a little yellow tormentil, a broad yellow dandelion, narrow hawkweeds, and blue scabious, are all in flower in the lane. Others are scattered on the mounds and in the meads adjoining, where may be collected some heath still in bloom, prunella, hypericum, white yarrow, some heads of red clover, some beautiful buttercups, three bits of blue veronica, wild chamomile, tall yellow weed, pink centaury, succory dock cress,

daisies, fleabane, knapweed, and delicate blue harebells. Two York roses flower on the hedge; altogether, twenty-six flowers, a large bouquet for the 19th of October, gathered, too, in a hilly country.

Besides these, note the broad hedge parsley leaves, tunnelled by leaf-miners; bright masses of haws gleaming in the sun; scarlet hips; great brown cones fallen from the spruce-firs; black heart-shaped bindweed leaves here, and buff bryony leaves yonder; green and scarlet berries of white bryony hanging thickly on bines from which the leaves have withered; and bunches of grass, half yellow and half green, along the mound. Now that the leaves have been brushed from the beech saplings, you may see how the leading stem rises in a curious wavy line; some of the leaves lie at the foot, washed in white dew, that stays in the shade all day; the wetness of the dew makes the brownish red of the leaf show clear and bright. One leaf falls in the stillness of the air slowly, as if let down by a cord of gossamer gently, and not as a stone falls—fate delayed to the last. A moth adheres to a bough, his wings half open, like a short brown cloak flung over his shoulders. Pointed leaves, some drooping, some horizontal, some fluttering slightly, still stay on the tall willow-wands, like bannerets on the knights' lances, much torn in the late battle of the winds. There is a shower from a clear sky under the trees in the forest,—brown acorns rattling as they fall, and rich-colored Spanish chestnuts thumping the sward, and sometimes striking you as you pass under; they lie on the ground in pocketfuls. Specks of brilliant scarlet dot the grass like some bright berries blown from the bushes; but on stooping to pick them, they are found to be the heads of a fungus. Near by lies a black magpie's feather, spotted with round dots of white.

At the edge of the trees stands an old timbered farmstead, whose gables and dark lines of wood have not been painted in the memory of man, dull and weather-beaten, but very homely; and by it rises the delicate cone of a new oasthouse, the tiles on which are of the brightest red. Lines of bluish smoke ascend from among the bracken of the wild open ground, where a tribe of gypsies have pitched their camp. Three of the vans are time-stained and travel-worn, with dull-red roofs; the fourth is brightly picked out with fresh yellow paint, and stands a marked object at the side. Orange-red beeches rise beyond them on the slope; two hoop-tents, or kibit-

kas, just large enough to creep into, are near the fires, where the women are cooking the gypsy's *bouillon*, that savory stew of all things good; vegetables, meat, and scraps, and savories, collected as it were in the stockpot from twenty miles round. Hodge, the stay-at-home, sturdy carter, eats bread and cheese and poor bacon sometimes; he looks with true British scorn on all scraps and soups, and stockpots and *bouillons* — not for him, not he; he would rather munch dry bread and cheese for every meal all the year round, though he could get bits as easy as the other and without begging. The gypsy is a cook. The man with a gold ring in his ear; the woman with a silver ring on her finger, coarse, black, snaky hair like a horse's mane; the boy with naked olive feet; dark eyes all of them, and an Oriental, sidelong look, and a strange inflection of tone that turns our common English words into a foreign language — there they camp in the fern, in the sun, their Eastern donkeys of Syria scattered round them, their children rolling about like foals in the grass, a bit out of the distant Orient under our Western oaks.

It is the nature of the oak to be still, it is the nature of the hawk to roam with the wind. The Anglo-Saxon laborer remains in his cottage generation after generation, ploughing the same fields; the express train may rush by, but he feels no wish to rush with it; he scarcely turns to look at it; all the note he takes is that it marks the time to "knock off" and ride the horses home. And if hard want at last forces him away, and he emigrates, he would as soon jog to the port in a wagon, a week on the road, as go by steam; as soon voyage in a sailing-ship as by the swift Cunarder. The swart gypsy, like the hawk, forever travels on, but, like the hawk, that seems to have no road, and yet returns to the same trees, so he, winding in circles of which we civilized people do not understand the map, comes, in his own times and seasons, home to the same waste spot, and cooks his savory *bouillon* by the same beech. They have camped here for so many years, that it is impossible to trace when they did not; it is wild still, like themselves. Nor has their nature changed any more than the nature of the trees.

The gypsy loves the crescent moon, the evening star, the clatter of the fern-owl, the beetle's hum. He was born on the earth in the tent, and he has lived like a species of human wild animal ever since.

Of his own free-will he will have nothing to do with rites or litanies; he may perhaps be married in a place of worship, to make it legal, that is all. At the end, were it not for the law, he would for choice be buried beneath the "fireplace" of their children's children. He will not dance to the pipe ecclesiastic, sound it who may — churchman, dissenter, priest, or laic. Like the trees, he is simply indifferent. All the great wave of teaching and texts and tracts and missions and the produce of the printing-press has made no impression upon his race any more than upon the red deer that roam in the forest behind his camp. The negroes have their fetich, every nation its idols; the gypsy alone has none — not even a superstitious observance; they have no idolatry of the past, neither have they the exalted thought of the present. It is very strange that it should be so at this the height of our civilization, and you might go many thousand miles and search from Africa to Australia before you would find another people without a Deity. That can only be seen under an English sky, under English oaks and beeches.

Are they the oldest race on earth? and have they worn out all the gods? Have they worn out all the hopes and fears of the human heart in tens of thousands of years, and do they merely live, acquiescent to fate? For some have thought to trace in the older races an apathy as with the Chinese, a religion of moral maxims and some few joss-house superstitions, which they themselves full well know to be naught, worshipping their ancestors, but with no vital living force, like that which drove Mohammed's bands to zealous fury, like that which sent our own Puritans over the sea in the Mayflower. No living faith. So old, so very, very old, older than the Chinese, older than the Copts of Egypt, older than the Aztecs; back to those dim Sanskrit times that seem like the clouds on the far horizon of human experience, where space and chaos begin to take shape, though but of vapor. So old, they went through civilization ten thousand years since; they have worn it all out, even hope in the future; they merely live acquiescent to fate, like the red deer. The crescent moon, the evening star, the clatter of the fern-owl, the red embers of the wood fire, the pungent smoke blown round about by the occasional puffs of wind, the shadowy trees, the sound of the horses cropping the grass, the night that steals on till the stubbles

alone are light among the fields—the gypsy sleeps in his tent on mother earth; it is, you see, primeval man with primeval nature. One thing he gains at least—an iron health, an untiring foot, women whose haunches bear any burden, children whose naked feet are not afraid of the dew.

By sharp contrast, the Anglo-Saxon laborer who lives in the cottage close by and works at the old timbered farmstead, is profoundly religious.

The gypsies return from their rambling soon after the end of hop-picking, and hold a kind of informal fair on the village green with cockshies, swings, and all the clumsy games that extract money from clumsy hands. It is almost the only time of the year when the laboring people have any cash; their weekly wages are mortgaged beforehand; the hop-picking money comes in a lump, and they have something to spend. Hundreds of pounds are paid to meet the tally or account kept by the pickers, the old word tally still surviving, and this has to be charmed out of their pockets. Besides the gypsies' fair, the little shopkeepers in the villages send out circulars to the most outlying cottage announcing the annual sale at an immense sacrifice; anything to get the hop-pickers' cash; and the packmen come round, too, with jewelry and lace and finery. The village by the forest has been haunted by the gypsies for a century; its population in the last thirty years has much increased, and it is very curious to observe how the gypsy element has impregnated the place. Not only are the names gypsy; the faces are gypsy; the black coarse hair, high cheek-bones, and peculiar forehead, linger; many even of the shopkeepers have a distinct trace, and others that do not show it so much, are known to be nevertheless related.

Until land became so valuable—it is now again declining—these forest grounds of heath and bracken were free to all comers, and great numbers of squatters built huts and inclosed pieces of land. They cleared away the gorse and heath and grubbed the fir-tree stumps, and found, after a while, that the apparently barren sand could grow a good sward. No one would think anything could flourish on such an arid sand, exposed at a great height on the open hill to the cutting winds. Contrary, however, to appearances, fair crops, and sometimes two crops, of hay are yielded, and there is always a good bite for cattle. These squatters consequently came to keep cows, some-

times one and sometimes two—anticipating the three acres and a cow—and it is very odd to hear the women at the hop-picking telling each other they are going to churn to-night. They have, in fact, little dairies. Such are the better class of squatters. But others there are who have shown no industry, half gypsies, who do anything but work—tramp, beg, or poach; sturdy fellows, stalking round with toy brooms for sale, with all the blackguardism of both races. They keep just within the law; they do not steal or commit burglary; but decency, order, and society they set utterly at defiance. For instance, a gentleman, pleased with the splendid view, built a large mansion in one spot, never noticing that the entrance was opposite a row of cottages, or rather thinking no evil of it. The result was that neither his wife nor visitors could go in or out without being grossly insulted, without rhyme or reason, merely for the sake of blackguardism. Now, the pure gypsy in his tent or the Anglo-Saxon laborer would not do this; it was the half-breed. The original owner was driven from his premises; and they are said to have changed hands several times since from the same cause. All over the parish this half-breed element shows its presence by the extraordinary and unusual coarseness of manner. The true English rustic is always civil, however rough, and will not offend you with anything unspeakable, so that at first it is quite bewildering to meet with such behavior in the midst of green lanes. This is the explanation—the gypsy taint. Instead of the growing population obliterating the gypsy, the gypsy has saturated the English folk.

When people saw the red man driven from the prairies and backwoods of America, and whole States as large as Germany without a single Indian left, much was written on the extermination of the aborigines by the stronger Saxon. As the generations lengthen, the facts appear to wear another aspect. From the intermarriage of the lower orders with the Indian squaws, the Indian blood has got into the Saxon veins, and now the cry is that the red man is exterminating the Saxon, so greatly has he leavened the population. The typical Yankee face, as drawn in *Punch*, is indeed the red-Indian profile with a white skin and a chimney-pot hat. Upon a small scale, the same thing has happened in this village by the forest; the gypsy half-breed has stained the native blood. Perhaps races like the Jew and

gypsy, so often quoted as instances of the permanency of type, really owe that apparent fixidity to their power of mingling with other nations. They are kept alive as races by mixing; otherwise, one of two things would happen — the Jew and the gypsy must have died out, or else have supplanted all the races of the globe. Had the Jews been so fixed a type, by this time their offspring would have been more numerous than the Chinese. The reverse, however, is the case; and therefore, we may suppose they must have become extinct, had it not been for fresh supplies of Saxon, Teuton, Spanish, and Italian blood. It is in fact the intermarriages that have kept the falsely so-called pure races of these human parasites alive. The mixing is continually going on. The gypsies who still stay in their tents, however, look askance upon those who desert them for the roof. Two gypsy women thoroughbred, came into a village shop and bought a variety of groceries, ending with a pound of biscuits and a Guy Fawkes' mask for a boy. They were clad in dirty jackets and hats, draggie-tails, unkempt and unwashed, with orange and red kerchiefs round their necks (the gypsy colors). Happening to look out of window, they saw a young servant-girl with a perambulator on the opposite side of the street; she was tidy and decently dressed, looking after her mistress's children in civilized fashion; but they recognized her as a deserter from the tribe, and blazed with contempt. "Don't *she* look a figure!" exclaimed these dirty creatures.

The short hours shorten, and the leaf crop is gathered to the great barn of the earth; the oaks alone, more tenacious, retain their leaves, that have now become a color like new leather. It is too brown for buff—it is more like fresh harness. The berries are red on the holly-bushes and holly-trees that grow, whole copses of them, on the forest slopes — "the Great Rough" — the half-wild sheep have polished the stems of these holly-trees till they shine, by rubbing their fleeces against them. The farmers have been drying their damp wheat in the oasthouses over charcoal fires, and wages are lowered, and men discharged. Vast loads of brambles and thorns, dead firs, useless hop-poles and hopbines and gorse are drawn together for the great bonfire on the green. The 5th of November bonfires are still vital institutions, and from the top of the hill you may see them burning in all directions, as if an enemy had set fire to the hamlets.

From The Spectator.

THE HUMORS OF CORK.

IN a recent article in this journal, the "humors of Kerry" were treated in a very amusing and interesting way; and it has occurred to the writer of this paper that the humors of Cork are well worthy of similar record. A Cork brogue is not, perhaps, quite so rich and musical as a Kerry one. Still, it has its own very distinctive features and cadences; and Cork wit has likewise its own individualities. The following specimens are, with one exception, genuine growths of the soil, collected either by the writer or his friends.

The expression "giving the grass," is used in Cork to denote the case of a person who is dead and buried, — *e. g.*, I have heard an old woman say, "How could I stand still and hear my husband mellified [vilified?], and he giving the grass above in the churchyard?" Descriptive names are very frequently given in Cork County by the people to each other, such as "Jack the Ram," "Dan the Post," "Jim the Monkey." An old mower, who had contracted a stoop by his work, was called "Bill the Rainbow." Poor Bill's legs gradually failed him, and he often said to me pathetically before his death, "I'm losing me walk, I'm losing me walk, your Reverence!" I was once attending a country gentleman, who was believed to be *in extremis*. The doctor, by way of consoling the family, said, "Well, it's a fine thing for a man to be allowed to die in his bed these times!"

The following story was told to a clerical friend in the west of this county by a countryman named Dinny Cooley: "Good-morrow, Dinny; where did you get the horse?" "Well, I'll tell your Reverence. Some time ago I went to the fair of Ross, not with this horse, but another horse. Well, sorra a wan said to me, 'Dinny, do you come from the aist, or do you come from the wesht?' and when I left the fair there wasn't wan to say, 'Dinny, are you going to the aist, or are you going to the wesht?' Well, your Reverence, I rode home, and was near Kilnagross, when I met a man riding along the road forinst me. 'Good-evening, friend,' said he. 'Good-evening, friend,' said I. 'Were you at the fair of Ross?' says he. 'I was,' sez I. 'Did you sell?' says he. 'No,' sez I. 'Would you sell?' sez he. 'Would you buy?' says I. 'Would you make a clane swop?' sez he; 'horse, bridle, and saddle, and all?' sez he. 'Done!' says I. Well, your Reverence, I got

down off av me horse, not this horse, but the other horse, and the man got down off av his horse, that's this horse, not the other horse, and we swopped and rode away. But when he had gone about twenty yards, he turned round and called after me. 'There niver was a man from Ross,' sez he, 'but could put his finger in the eye av a man from Kilnagross,' sez he; 'and that horse,' sez he, 'that I swopped with you,' sez he, 'is blind av an eye,' sez he. Well then, your Reverence, I turned upon *him*, and I called out to him: 'There niver was a man from Kilnagross,' sez I, 'but could put his two fingers in both the eyes av a man from Ross,' sez I; 'and that horse that I swopped with you,' sez I, 'is blind av both his eyes,' sez I."

A laborer having asked his employer for a glass of whiskey, it was given to him; but the master said, "Remember, every glass you take is a nail in your coffin, Corney." "Well your honor," said Corney, "maybe as ye have the hammer in yer hand, you would drive another." This, however, is not a piece of Cork wit. Curious uses of English words are made by the Cork peasantry, *e.g.*, one told me that another was the most "insipid" drunkard in the parish, probably meaning incessant. An old woman, who lately joined the League of the Cross, told me that "since she tuck the Crass she never touched a tint av tassicated licker." When a corpse is being conveyed to the churchyard for burial, it is a very common expression, "Well that his journey may thrive with him." If you give a small coin in charity to a pair of old crones who hunt in couples, and tell them to divide it, the senior will say, "I will, me darlint. May God divide the heavens wid ye." I once met a man greatly agitated coming away from a farmhouse, and asked him what was the matter. He emptied his colloquial pack at great length, detailing various wrongs he had received from the owner of the house; but, he said, concluding with great emphasis, "God is good, and the devil isn't bad, either." Mere words quite fail to convey the full effect of this story; for the speaker looked unutterable things. An old woman who quite lately called at our house, said "she wanted something from the misthress to put to her skin,"—translated into everyday English, this was a request for some underclothing. A certain man in the district is known by the name of "Mickey, the melted rogue." This implies that he

is the essence of roguery; but how thoroughly original the expression is! Poor, dear old Ireland, with all its wrongs and woes, it is a wonderfully interesting and attractive country; and we truly say of ourselves, "Though we are poor, we are pleasant."

Borrowing money is a very favorite practice with the Irish farmer; and until a recent period, the banks made the gratification of this taste extremely easy. A Cork car-driver lately said to his fare, "Why, sir, a while ago a farmer need only put on a clane shirt, and go to the bank, and he'd get what he wanted." The expectations, however, of some of the borrowers were too great, as the following incident, which really occurred, very amusingly shows. A certain small farmer, whom we shall call Tim, for convenience, some years ago called upon the manager of the National Bank, in a town in the north-east of the County Cork. The following dialogue ensued: "Good-morning, yer honor, I called about a little business, and though there are other banks in the town, I thought I'd give yer honor the compliment." "Well, Tim, and what is the business?" "Well, yer honor, the interest in Kitty Keffe's farm is selling off, and I want to rise £800 to buy it." "Nonsense, Tim! the interest in her farm isn't worth anything like that; but suppose I was fool enough to lend you this money, how would you ever pay it back?" "Is it pay it agin, yer honor? nothin' aiser in life. Sure, the young fellow would get it in a fortune when he marries." "And may I ask, Tim, what age is the young fellow?" "He's three year ould, yer honor." It need hardly be said that the manager did not see it; and that Tim, in spite of his wish to "give him the compliment," was refused the loan of the £800. Perhaps Tim's shirt was not "clane" enough on the occasion. The author of this view of the readiest way to obtain a loan once described to the writer his sensations from what must have been an elongated uvula. "It was a something," he said, "which went ticking over and hither in his throat like the pindulum av a clock." Irish car-drivers, as a rule, are very amusing and talkative, and greatly enjoy a conversation with a "gentleman." No subject comes amiss to them; politics, agriculture, emigration, temperance, are all alike,—

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter.

Of course, the listener cannot expect to have all this entertainment combined with too strict an adherence to truth. Pat's imagination must have some scope for its exercise. Car-drivers are, as a rule, greatly tempted to drink too much; their hours are irregular, and they are often exposed to wet and cold. A driver who was conveying the writer some time ago, observed of another whip whom we passed on the road, evidently under the influence, "That's Collins, an' he's half an it." The said Collins greatly bewailed the death of a local country gentleman, who, with some of his guests, held Collins's arms, until about half-a-dozen glasses of raw whiskey were poured down his throat. "God be wid him, wherever he is," piously observed the subject of this drenching, as he dwelt upon that festive occasion. Another toper in the same neighborhood declared that he shunned the practice of total abstinence, lest his carcass might grow a crop of rushes, after the fashion of marshy land suffering from excessive moisture.

Irish beggars are still eminently eloquent and complimentary; the gift of the gab is their principal stock in trade. Probably it is their natural idleness which makes them pray that your charity may be rewarded by a *bed* in Heaven. There is no wish so frequently expressed by the Irish mendicant as this; that it may be "a candle to light yer sowl to glory," is much more rarely heard. But the vocabulary of compliment seems at the command of these gentry. They address you as "a walking saint," remind you that your mother "reared an angel" in your case, that your face is enough to take you into Heaven, — "wan little sixpence" is all their desire. On market-days, blind beggars are regularly stationed at the different entrances to the market towns, each holding an old caubeen or a tin saucer for the reception of alms. They also frequent holy wells on the patron's day, and the missions of the Redemptorist Fathers. And they speak of the results of such missions from their own experience of financial success or the contrary. If the alms were abundant, it was "an illigant mission intirely;" but if the contrary, they never knew a worse. These professionals are called "buccauchs;" though this is only a phonetic spelling of the name. They have the same horror of cold water that is generally attributed to

ascetics who do not bathe, and their odor of sanctity is overpowering.

A professional of this class, being asked if he continued to visit the rectory in a certain parish, of which during one occupancy it might have been said, —

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain,

replied briefly, with a disgusted look and a shake of his head, referring to a new incumbent, "He's no value." Some of these professionals make long circuits, traversing their own province once or twice in the course of the year. A most assuming vagrant of this type is Michael L——, whose witty sayings, which rise incessantly and spontaneously to his lips, would fill a volume. He greatly affects the Protestant clergy, though a devout Roman Catholic himself. When asked if he had called at the Deanery, the residence of the Roman Catholic dignitary, his reply was generally after this fashion: "Is it the dane yer talking about? Oh! the divlle a dane I'll go near; sure I niver saw a threepenny-bit betune meself and daylight from him yet. The dane, indeed!" Michael once addressed himself to a young Scotch lady of great personal attractions, to whom he was being exhibited as a specimen, as follows, after she had spoken to him. "I see, yer honor, mam, that yer manners is aigual to yer appearance." Poor Michael! It is to be feared that the attachment to the national beverage is proving too strong for him, and that, to quote one of his own favorite expressions, he's "booked for the down-train." He has a great admiration for the modern clerical hat (the *petasus*), and a second-hand one, when he clapped it on his head, made him "a gintleman intirely!" It was a brother-in-alms of his who used to say, when requesting a change of linen, "Me shirt is aiting me, yer Reverence." The following is Michael's latest. When asked if he would join the League of the Cross (a well-known temperance society), he replied, "The Lord knows, yer Reverence, I have crasses enough already without that!" "Did Mr. So-and-So give you anything, Michael?" "Is it him, yer Reverence? he wouldn't give tuppence to God Almighty, if it was to put him into paradise, and that's the last parish coming out of hell."

From Nature.

THE PALISSY OF CALICO-PRINTING.*

THE subject of this memoir was one of the most remarkable men of his time. A son of the soil, and almost wholly self-taught, he effected what was practically a revolution in one of our staple industries by his discoveries in technical chemistry and by his application of chemical principles to the dyer's art. With no laboratory training other than that which he gave himself, he by his skill and sagacity as an experimentalist added enormously to the resources of a great industry; owing nothing to academies, and uninfluenced by schools of learning, he made himself master of the chemical philosophy of his time, and by the acuteness and originality of his speculations he has permanently influenced the development of theoretical chemistry. In Lancashire, the scene of his work, the name of John Mercer is held in hardly less esteem than that of John Dalton; and probably to many people in Cottonopolis the director of the Oakenshaw Print-Works was a far more important personage than the old Quaker in George Street, who gave lessons in the "New System of Chemical Philosophy" at the rate of half-a-crown an hour. The atomic theory has doubtless contributed much to the intellectual greatness of Manchester, and Manchester men are not ungrateful; they have named one of their streets after its illustrious author. Still calicoes and calico-printing are what they have to live by, and although they have not yet, so far as we know, named a street after John Mercer, they have shown, by the wide-spread adoption of his processes, a very practical appreciation of the value of his labors.

John Mercer is the Palissy of calico-printing. Not that there was anything in the least degree tragic in the life of the Lancashire dyer; his career was one of almost uninterrupted success, and his domestic peace was unclouded. But he had the great potter's indomitable will and fixity of purpose; his unwearied patience and unremitting industry. Both men had the same high ideal of their art and the same contempt for false work. Each began his life at the bottom rung of the social ladder, and each found his life's work in a direction other than that in which he set out. Both were men of strong

religious feeling, and both left the faith of their forefathers in compliance with the dictates of principle, but with this difference, that whilst the Huguenot artist found the Bastille and death, John Mercer could build his Sunday schools in peace and quietness, and find contentment in a standard of doctrine which Mr. Matthew Arnold has characterized as the product of a mind of the third order.

John Mercer was born on February 21, 1791, at Dean, near Blackburn. His father was originally a hand loom weaver, but the development of the factory system had led him to take to agriculture. He died when the son was barely nine years old, and John was set to work as a "bobbin-winder." A pattern-designer belonging to the Oakenshaw Print-Works, in which Mercer was destined to play so considerable a part, gave him his first lessons in reading and writing; and the excise surveyor at the same works (it was in the days when each square yard of printed calico paid an excise duty of threepence) taught him the elements of arithmetic. He soon became noted for his aptitude at figures, and later on for his skill in music; and for a time he found a congenial exercise for his artistic faculty in the band of a militia corps. Music remained a passion with him throughout his life, and although, we are told, a man of great self-possession, he was sometimes entirely overcome by it. Mercer was sixteen years of age, and had settled down apparently to the work of a hand-loom weaver, when a very slight incident—as slight as that which made Palissy a potter—gave an entirely new direction to his thoughts. His mother, it appears, had married again. Visiting her one day, John was so much struck with the orange color of the dress of his little step-brother on her knee, that, to use his own words, he "was all on fire to learn dyeing." He had no means of obtaining instruction; he had no book on the subject, nor could he procure any receipts. He found, however, that the dyers of Blackburn, some five miles distant, obtained their materials from a certain druggist in that town. Mercer repaired to him, and requested to be supplied with materials for dyeing. "What do you want?" inquired the shopman. "I can't tell you," replied John; "will you tell me the names of all the different materials you sell the dyers here?" "Oh, I sell them peach-wood, Brazil wood, logwood, quercitron, alum, copperas, and others," mentioning their names. Mercer reckoned his

* *The Life and Letters of John Mercer, F.R.S.*
By Edward A. Parnell. London: Longmans and Co.
1886.

money, and found he could afford three-pence for each dye-stuff. Armed with these articles he returned home, "full," as he says, "of dyeing and dyeing materials." He seems to have been fortunate in obtaining the use of a convenient place for his experiments, where he had all the necessary apparatus for small trials. Here he commenced entirely by "rule of thumb;" but by industry and close observation he acquired considerable knowledge of the properties of dye-stuffs, and ascertained the methods of dyeing in most of the colors then in vogue.

To become a dyer was now the dominant idea of Mercer's life. Everything comes to him who waits, and fortunately for Mercer, as it seemed at the time, he had not to wait long. The Messrs. Fort, the proprietors of the Oakenshaw Print-Works, heard of the success of his dyeing experiments, and offered him an apprenticeship in the color-shop of their factory. It was one thing to get inside a color-shop and quite another to get any information there. No workmen are more jealous of their *arcana* than the foremen of color-shops; their knowledge even to-day is almost entirely empirical, and their secrets are invested with a degree of mystery which is frequently ludicrously disproportionate to their value. After ten months' irksome labor Mercer's indentures were cancelled. The Continental disturbances of 1810 reacted disastrously upon all industries connected with the cotton manufacture, and the "Berlin decree," which led to the destruction of all printed calicoes and other goods of English manufacture then in bond in certain European States, was severely felt by the Lancashire printing establishments. Mercer was forced for a time to abandon the calling of a color-mixer, and to return to his work at the hand-loom. But his brains were still among his color-pots. It was characteristic of the man that, being in Blackburn to procure a marriage license, he should be led to a second-hand book-stall in the market-place to search for printed matter relating to his favorite art. At a time when Mary Wolstenholme might properly consider him as more anxious about the *res angusta domi*, he was engaged in negotiating the purchase of "The Chemical Pocket-Book; or, Memoranda Chemica, arranged in a Compendium of Chemistry, by James Parkinson, of Hoxton." This book, together with "The Tables of New Nomenclature, proposed by Messrs. De Morveau, Lavoisier,

Berthollet, and De Fourcroy, in 1787," opened out a new world to him. He had, at the very outset of his trials, convinced himself that it was only by a thorough knowledge of the properties of dyeing materials, and of their behavior under varying conditions, that the operations of the dyer can be intelligently carried on; he now saw that all this knowledge must primarily depend upon chemical science, and that it was on chemistry that the extension of his art must ultimately rest. This view of the relations of science to practice strengthened with Mercer's experience. Years afterwards, when he had attained to fame, he was called upon to express his opinion concerning the necessity of technical education in this country. "I entirely concur with you," he wrote to a friend, "that for the preservation and benefit of the British arts and manufactures, the masters, managers, and skilled artisans ought to be better instructed in the *rationale* and scientific principles involved in their operations. Chaptal remarked that 'practice is better than science' (*i. e.*, abstract principles), 'but when it is necessary to solve a problem, to explain some phenomenon, or to discover some error in the complicated details of an operation, the mere artisan is at the end of his knowledge, he is totally at a loss, and would derive the greatest assistance from men of science.' Probably no person would, from his own experience, confirm the above remark, as regards the art of calico-printing, more heartily than myself." He observed that, "as regards good practical men, no district could excel Lancashire; but in all the processes, from the grey piece to the finished print, embracing thirty to forty operations, both the science and practical experience of the cleverest are requisite to keep all things straight and to detect the cause of, and rectify, mishaps. . . . An amusing volume might be written about ludicrous mistakes, and equally ridiculous attempts to rectify them."

Mercer's first important invention in calico-printing was made in 1817, and curiously enough it was in the application of a color akin to that which had fired his ambition to become a dyer. He found in the alkaline sulphantimonates an excellent medium for procuring a bright orange color on cotton fabrics. Heretofore no good orange suitable for the use of the calico-printer was known. The best orange was made from a mixture of quercitron yellow and madder red, but it was diffi-

ult to adapt it to other colors in the styles then in demand. Mercer's antimony range supplied the want; it was not only fine color in itself, but was capable of being combined and interspersed in a great variety of styles. This discovery led to his re-engagement at the Oakenshaw Works; after a seven years' service he was admitted as a partner, having as a co-partner, for a while, Richard Cobden; and he remained connected with the firm until its dissolution in 1848, when he retired from business with a moderate fortune.

It would be difficult in the space at our disposal to do full justice to the many discoveries and improvements which Mercer introduced into the art of dyeing and printing. His skill and energy led not only to the invention of new styles and new colors, but to the development even of new branches of chemical industry. His application, for example, of chromium compounds practically created the manufacture of bichrome; when Mercer first began experimenting with this substance its cost was half-a-guinea an ounce; it is now produced by the hundreds of tons, and may be bought retail at less than sixpence per pound. Some of his processes are, of course, obsolete, but many are still in use; the manganese bronze, for example, which he introduced in 1823, seems to re-appear about every ten years, and was in large demand some three or four years since. Mercer was an indefatigable experimenter; nothing is more extraordinary than his skill and inventiveness in the application of his new colors to the creation of fresh styles or novel combinations; his genius in this respect was almost kaleidoscopic.

One of the greatest improvements made by Mercer in the operations of the dyer was his introduction of the alkaline arseniates in what is called the "dunging" operation, the object of which is to remove that portion of the mordant which has not become insoluble and firmly attached to the fabric by the process of "ageing." The loosely attached mordant, unless previously removed, would dissolve in the dye-bath, to the injury of the whites and the deterioration of the dyeing liquor. Of scarcely less importance was his method of preparing mixed cotton and woollen fabrics so as to enable the mixed fibres to acquire coloring-matter with equal readiness. His observation of the extraordinary facility with which certain "lakes," or compounds of alumina with organic

coloring-matters, are dissolved by oxalate of ammonia led to the introduction of a method of using aluminous color-precipitates in steam color-work, which was extensively employed in the East Lancashire print-works. And lastly, his method of preparing stannate of soda was not only of service to the calico-printer by greatly cheapening an indispensable agent, but was of considerable pecuniary benefit to himself.

Mercer's skill and knowledge were ungrudgingly given to the fellow-workers in his art, and he was constantly appealed to by the calico-printers and chemical manufacturers of Lancashire for assistance and advice. His acquaintance with the literature of the abstract chemistry of his time was very remarkable. He had indeed all the essential qualities and instincts of the scientific mind; there was a certain comprehensiveness about the man, a certain vigorous grasp of general principles, and a largeness of view which made his influence felt at once among men of science. There is no question that had Mercer devoted himself to pure science he would have attained hardly less distinction than he has secured as a technologist. His method of work was essentially scientific. Thus no sooner did he become acquainted with the doctrine of chemical equivalents than he had the strengths of his chemicals and reagents adjusted to a simple relation of their equivalents. Mercer indeed was one of the earliest workers in volumetric analysis; in 1827 he devised a method of valuing bleaching-powder and bichrome by means of standard solutions. His speculations on the nature of white indigo, on the constitution of bleaching-powder, and on the ferrocyanides and nitro-prussides were much in advance of his day. His theory of catalysis, which he illustrated by many striking and original examples, was extended by Playfair, and has been subsequently worked out by Kekulé as the only satisfactory explanation yet given of a very remarkable and interesting group of phenomena. Graham's early experiments on the heat of chemical combination and the nature of solution induced Mercer to test the practicability of effecting the partial separation of different hydrates by some process of fractional filtration. These experiments, made from a purely scientific standpoint, resulted in the discovery of the mode of action of the caustic alkalis on cellulose, and led to the process which has come to be known as "mercerizing," in which

cotton fabrics are "fulled" by their contraction on treatment with caustic soda. Mercer appears to have been the first to notice the remarkable solvent action of an ammoniacal copper solution on cotton, which could be reprecipitated as almost pure cellulose by the addition of an acid. His habit of searching for first principles led him, as far back as 1854, to speculate on the relations among the atomic weights of the chemical elements, and the constitution of chemical compounds; he brought his views before the Leeds meeting of the

British Association in 1858. He was an early worker on photography, and devised several modifications of the cyanotype process adapted to printing on cambric and similar fabrics.

Mercer was one of the original fellows of the Chemical Society, and he was a juror of the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. In 1852 he was elected into the Royal Society. He died, ripe in years and rich in the contentment afforded by the retrospect of a well-spent life, on November 30, 1866.

T. E. THORPE.

HOW LIGHTNING IS KINDLED.—The observations of meteorologists show that the vapor which ascends in an invisible state from the ground carries with it, in calm and fine weather, into the higher regions of the air, a very considerable supply of positive electricity. Each minute vapor-particle that goes up bears its own portion of the load. When, however, the invisible vapor has thus mounted into very high regions of the air, it loses its invisibility, and is condensed into visible mist, as has already been explained in detail. Numerous particles of the aqueous substance are drawn together, and grouped into the form of little vesicles or globules. Each one of these is then a reservoir or receptacle of electric force, and as more and more watery vesicles are condensed more and more electricity is collected in the gathering mist; but each of the water-globules is still enveloped by a space of clear air. In a drifting cloud the mist-specks can be discerned floating along with transparent intervals between. The clear air which lies around the globules of vapor then acts as an insulating investment; it imprisons its own part of the acquired electrical force in each separate globule. The cloud is thus not charged as a whole, like a continuous mass of metal, with its electricity spread upon its outer surface. It is interpenetrated everywhere with the force. It is composed of a myriad of electrified specks, each having its own particular share of the electric force, and each acting as a centre of electrical energy on its own account. The electricity which at any one instant resides in the outer surface of a cloud is, therefore, but a comparatively small portion of that which is present in the entire vaporous mass. That such is the way in which electricity is stored in the clouds has been proved by direct observation. When a gold-leaf electrometer is placed in the midst of a cloud driven along by the wind, it is seen that the strips of gold-leaf continually diverge

and collapse as the mass of the cloud passes along. There is an electrical charge acting in all parts, but the charge varies in intensity from place to place accordingly as there is a greater or less condensation of the particles of vapor in each particular spot. But the influence externally exerted by the cloud is nevertheless capable of being raised to a very intense degree, because it is, so to speak, the sum total or outcome of the force contained in the innumerable internal centres of energy. It is no uncommon thing for the electrical force emanating from a cloud to make itself felt in attractions and repulsions many miles away. Clouds resting upon the remote horizon thus frequently produce perceptible effects at distances from which the clouds themselves cannot be seen. An electrical cloud hanging a mile above the ground acts inductively upon that ground with considerable power. When in summer time the temperature of the earth's surface is very high, the ground moist, the air calm, and the sky clear, very copious supplies of vapor are steamed up from the ground under the hot sunshine. Clouds, however, begin at length to gather in elevated regions of the air out of the abundance of the supply. The free electricity which has been carried up with the vapor is at first pretty evenly spread through the clouds; but after a time, as the electrical charge becomes more and more intense, a powerful repulsive force is in the end established between the spherules of the mist, and a very high degree of tension is at last produced at the outer surface of the cloud, where it is enveloped by insulating air, until in the end the expansive energy there becomes strong enough to occasion an outburst from the cloud. The escape of the redundant charge then appears to an observer's eye as a flash of lightning issuing from the cloud. Such, in its simplest form, is the way in which lightning is kindled in the storm-cloud.

Science for All.

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CONTENTS.

THE AURORA BOREALIS, ...	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i>	195
A SECRET INHERITANCE. By B. L. Far- jeon. Part IV., ...	<i>English Illustrated Magazine,</i>	211
LADY DUFF GORDON, ...	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	224
THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB, ...	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	236
IRISH CHARACTERISTICS, ...	<i>Spectator,</i>	246
SOUTH-ITALIAN COURTSHIP, ...	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	249
INCIDENTS OF RENT-COLLECTION IN IRE- LAND, ...	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	251
THE CARAVANSERAI IN PERSIA, ...	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	253
FOREIGN MINISTERS AND FOREIGN LAN- GUAGES, ...	<i>London Times,</i>	254

POETRY.

OVER'S REASONING, ...	194	"WERE I A KING, I MIGHT COM- MAND CONTENT,"	194
I THOU MUST HOME TO SHADES OF UNDERGROUND,"	194		
READING "SIR PERCIVAL,"	194		
VO SEAS, ...	194		
ANY, ...		"THE LOVE OF CHANGE HATH CHANGED THE WORLD THROUGH- OUT,"	194

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THE LOVER'S REASONING.

TELL why I love her? Tell me why,
Turning from murky town and pushing men,
You love the woodland path, the placid sky.
I'll answer then.

Why do I love her? Analyze
Where in the violet's breath the perfume is,
Where in the music's strain the tears arise.
Can you do this?

Tell why I love her? Yes, when you
Reveal the secrets which in snowdrops lie,
Or strain the beauty from the drops of dew.
Then I tell why.

Why do I love her? First make clear
Whence steals through minster aisles the
restful spell
That fills with mystic sense the atmosphere.
I then will tell.

Yes, love, to thee I turn from glare and crowd,
Tender as dales in spring, as summer's cloud,
Soothing as gentlest song, soft as perfume,
Purer than beads of dew, than snowdrop's
bloom.

I in thy presence rest, where tumults cease,
The minster gate is closed, within is peace.

Temple Bar.

WHEN thou must home to shades of under-
ground,
And there arrived a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hills
can move.

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth
did make,
Of tourneys and great challengings of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty sake.
When thou hast told these honors done to
thee,
Then tell, oh! tell, how thou didst murder
me.

Elizabethan Songs.

CAMPION.

AFTER READING "SIR PERCIVAL."

WHEN tears, when heavy tears of Heaven-
sent sorrow
Bathe the lone pillow of the mourner's bed,
Who holds no hope of an immortal morrow
With his beloved dead;

If he but pray for faith—the fervent prayer
Shall like a vapor mount the inviolate blue,
To fall transfigured back on his despair
In drops of blessed dew,

Nor fail him ever, but a cloud unceasing
Of incense from his soul's hushed altar
start,
And still return to rise with rich increasing,
A fountain from his heart,—

Pure fount of peace that freshly overflowing
Through other lives with radiant love runs
on,
Till they too reap in joy who wept in sowing,
Long after he is gone.

Spectator.

THE TWO SEAS.

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with
thee."

EACH night we are launched on a sea of sleep;
No doubts disturb us, no fears annoy.
Though we plough the waves of the darkened
deep,

We know we are safe in the Master's keep,
And the morning brings us joy.

What dread, then, should daunt us, what
doubt distress,

When on Death's dark sea we are launched
alone?

In that deeper sleep, should we trust him less?
Shall we limit to earth his power to bless?
Will the Father forsake his own?

He made us his children; he bears us to bed;
And whether our sleep be the first or last,
What matters it where our souls are led,
If our trust in the God of the living and dead
Should only hold us fast?

Chambers' Journal.

J. B. S.

WERE I a king, I might command content,
Were I obscure, unknown should be my
cares,

And were I dead, no thought should me tor-
ment,

Nor words, nor wrongs, nor loves, nor
hopes, nor fears.

A doubtful choice, of three things one to
crave,

A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave.

Elizabethan Songs.

EDWARD VERR.

THE love of change hath changed the world
throughout,

And what is counted good but that is
strange?

New things wax old, old new, all turns about,
And all things change except the love of
change:

Yet find I not that love of change in me,
But as I am so will I alway be.

Elizabethan Songs.

R. CARLTON.

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE AURORA BOREALIS.*

OUR earth, there is no doubt, is to some extent a self-luminous body. It is not wholly dependent for its light-supplies upon sunshine, direct or reflected. Thin emanants, possibly of an ancient clothing of fire, still partially kindle round it. Moreover, these terrestrial flame processes vary both in intensity and distribution. Nor altogether without method. They wax and wane in accordance with a highly complex law of periodicity, the intertanglement of which from apparently boundless confusion, and its reference to wider cosmical changes, are amongst the most characteristic discoveries of our time.

Under the designation "Aurora Borealis," Cassendi included, in 1621, the luminous appearances vaguely and variously ascribed by ancient and mediæval writers: *chasmata, trabes, faces, capra saltans, raco volans*, etc. The bestowal of the name was in itself no slight help towards better understanding of the phenomenon. No longer a mere portent, it assumed henceforward the character of a scientific problem. Curiosity on the subject largely perseded fear. Above all, some degree of distinctness was introduced into ideas about it, and accounts of its apparitions grew less bewildered; the older records began leaving it profoundly uncertain whether they refer to auroral arches and streamers, to comets, brilliant meteors, or even to conspicuous manifestations of the diurnal light.

In general, however, we are safe in giving an auroral interpretation to the chronic spectral battles, when

these fiery warriors fought upon the clouds, in ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,

1. *Aurora: their Characters and Spectra.* By RAND CAPRON, F.R.A.S. London: 1879.
2. *Das Polarlicht.* Von HERMANN FRITZ. Leipzig: 1881.

3. *Verzeichniss beobachteter Polarlichter.* Zusammengestellt von HERMANN FRITZ. Wien: 1873.

4. *Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis.* By THOMAS THOMHOLT. Edited by CARL SIEWERS. London: 1885.

5. *Observations of International Polar Expeditions: Fort Rae.* By Captain HENRY P. DAWSON. Published by the Royal Society. London: 1886.

such as were widely seen during the disastrous Cimbrian campaign of 113 B.C.; again at Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell;

and such as Josephus describes among the presages of the destruction of Jerusalem.

Celestial conflagrations, too, may be unhesitatingly set down to the same cause. In 450 A.D., just before the irruption of Attila into Italy, the sky (Isidore of Seville narrates) "turned red, as if with fire or blood;" and a "blazing of the heavens" was quite a common sight in the following century, when St. Gregory of Tours wrote his "Historia Francorum." The illusion, indeed, has sometimes been complete. Thus, in the reign of Tiberius, the cohorts hastened to the relief of Ostia, believed to be a prey to actual flames from the lurid glow hanging over it;* bodies of firemen were called out under similar circumstances in Paris, September 28, 1827; and in the rural parts of England, the crimson aurora of October 24, 1870, was explained as the reflection of a vast Prussian bonfire fed by the beleaguered French capital.

In Ireland, such fires turn to streams of blood. The slain at Balaklava were supposed, by the inhabitants of Berehaven, in the county of Cork, to have provided a show of northern lights visible in the autumn of 1854; and French blood flowed similarly, it was thought, in 1870.† So that there is some reason for holding a red aurora to be commemorated in the shower of blood (lasting, according to one authority, three days and three nights) which celebrated the battle of 690 A.D., between the septs of Leinster and Ossory.‡ The omen was emphasized by the sanguine hue assumed by butter, and by the human utterances of a wolf.

Not all antique "showers of blood" can, it is true, be identified as auroræ. Abnormal rains were, in those days, too frequent and too fantastically various for profitable enquiry as to the grain of fact they conceal. Meteoric falls, luminous appearances, with aqueous showers tinged

* Seneca., Quæst. Nat., lib. i., cap. xv.

† Kinahan, *Nature*, vol. iii., p. 105.

‡ Annals of the Four Masters, p. 295.

red by the presence of a microscopic alga (*Palmella prodigiosa*), have each a share which it would usually be mere waste of time to attempt to apportion. The bloody dews, however, by which Zeus celebrated the death of Sarpedon and the combat of Heracles with the robber Cynus, may probably be referred to the last class of phenomena; * nor is there to be found in any of the poems attributed to Homer and Hesiod a genuine vestige of an auroral reminiscence.

The first mention of an aurora borealis in England is by Matthew of Westminster, who states that in the year 555 A.D. "an appearance as if of lances was seen in the air," extending from the north as far as the west.† Similar entries recur with tolerable frequency in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and the *Chronicum Scotorum*. A wider survey of such records shows them to be distributed with curious inequality over the centuries they embrace. No caprices of ignorance or unobservance will account for such wide intervals of scarcity as Professor Hermann Fritz's great catalogue of auroræ discloses. Fluctuations are obvious in the phenomenon itself, by which, during certain periods, it died down almost to extinction in central Europe; then by its sudden revival astounded an unaccustomed generation. One of the longest and best-authenticated of these pauses occurred in the seventeenth century. It is a remarkable fact that during its course not a single aurora was witnessed in any part of England, notwithstanding the keen watch kept by the Baconian philosophers of the Royal Society. The intermission (with one trifling exception in 1709) lasted, indeed, one hundred and forty-two years. On the night of October 7, 1574, "burning spears" appeared above London; and on November 14 and 15 following, Stow relates that "divers strange impressions of fire and smoke were seen in the air," and that the heavens from all parts did seem to "burn marvellous ragingly."‡ The ensuing prolonged silence as to such phenomena was at last broken by the clamor of mingled

wonder, awe, and admiration which greeted the resumption of auroral activity on March 17, 1716. Halley, afterwards astronomer royal, communicated to the Royal Society a detailed account of this fine display, an extract from which we here, with slight abbreviation, insert.

On Tuesday, March 6 (o. s.), in the current year 1716, about the time it began to grow dark—that is, much about seven of the clock—not only in London, but in all parts of England where the beginning of this wonderful sight was seen, out of what seemed a dusky cloud, in the north-east parts of the heaven, and scarcely 10° high, the edges whereof were tinged with a reddish-yellow like as if the moon had been hid behind it, there arose very long luminous rays or streaks perpendicular to the horizon, some of which seemed nearly to ascend to the zenith. Presently after, that reddish cloud was swiftly propagated along the northern horizon into the north-west, and still further westerly; and immediately sent forth its rays after the same manner from all parts, now here, now there, they observing no rule or order in their rising. Many of these rays seeming to concur near the zenith, formed there a corona, or image, which drew the attention of all spectators, who, according to their several conceptions, made very differing resemblances thereof: but by which compared together those that saw it not may well comprehend after what manner it appeared. Some likened it to those radiating stars where-with the breasts of the most noble Knights of the Garter are adorned. Many compared it to the concave of the great cupola of St. Paul's church, distinguished with streaks alternately light and obscure, and having in the midst a space less bright than the rest, resembling the lantern: and some there were that thought it liker to that tremulous light which is cast against a ceiling by the beams of the sun, reflected from the surface of water in a basin that's a little shaken; whose reciprocal vibrating motion it very much imitated. But all agree that this spectrum lasted only a few minutes, and showed itself variously tinged with colors, yellow, red, and a dusky green. Nor did it keep in the same place; for when first it began to appear, it was seen a little to the northwards of the zenith, but declining towards the south, the long striæ of light, which arose from all parts of the northern semicircle of the horizon, seemed to meet together not much above the head of Castor, or the northern Twin, and there soon disappeared.

* Paley's Hesiod, "Shield," 384-5.

† *Annals of Philosophy*, vol. ix., p. 250.

‡ *Annales of England*, p. 678.

After the first impetus of this ascending vapor was over, the corona we have been describing appeared no more; but still, without any order as to time, or place, or size, luminous radii like the former appeared to rise perpendicularly, now oftener, and again seldom, now here, now there, now longer, now shorter. Nor did they proceed as at first out of a cloud, but oftener would emerge at once out of the pure sky, which was at that time more than ordinary serene and still. Nor were they all of the same form. Most of them seemed to end in a point upwards, like erect cones; others, like truncate cones or cylinders, so much resembled the long tails of comets, that at first sight they might well be taken for such. Again, some of these rays would continue visible for several minutes; when others, and those much the greater part, just showed themselves and died away. Some seemed to have little motion, and to stand, as it were, fixed among the stars, whilst others, with a very perceptible translation, moved from east to west, under the pole, contrary to the motion of the heavens; by which means they would sometimes seem to run together, and at other times to fly one another; affording thereby a surprising spectacle to the beholders.*

In a time of civil disturbance, the sensation created by these uncommon appearances inevitably took a party tinge, and Whigs and Tories divided over the aurora as they had wrangled over Dr. Sacheverell and the peace of Utrecht. The Jacobites muttered that such portents boded no good to the new dynasty. They talked of giants with flaming swords, fiery dragons, embattled armies; the more imaginative, or the more rebellious, averring that they had heard the report of firearms, and smelt the powder burnt by the spectral combatants. The cue of the Hanoverians, on the other hand, was to make light of the whole affair as a mere natural phenomenon. The *Flying Post*, remarking that "the disaffected party have worked this up to a prodigy, and interpret it to favor their cause," proceeded to write it down to the level of sulphurous exhalations, kindled vapors, and will-o'-the-wisp coruscations from the fens.†

It proved, however, to be no transient appearance, this "Great Amazing Light in the North" (as the almanacs called it).

Its frequency is vouched for by a tract published in 1741 with the title: "An O-Yes, from the Court of Heaven to the Northern Nations, by the Streaming Lights that have appeared of late years in the Air; or Mathematical Reasons, showing that the said Lights are no less than Supernatural." In the Lowlands of Scotland the name they long went by, of "Lord Derwentwater's Lights," served at the same time to mark their previous unfamiliarity and to recall their occurrence on the eve of the execution of the rebel lords Derwentwater and Kenmure, February 23, 1716.

On the Continent, during the seventeenth century, displays of the kind were scarce, but not unknown. That witnessed by Gassendi, September 12, 1621, extended as far south as Aleppo; "whole armies," according to Cromerus, traversed the sky, December 16, 1629; Cassini observed auroræ several times in Paris early in July, 1687; and Horrebow, about the same period, saw one at Copenhagen. Yet it is significant of the rarity of the phenomenon that he saw it then for the first time; and Descartes, although he lived twenty years (1629-49) in Holland, and paid special attention to all meteoric appearances, never saw it at all.

Towards the close of the century polar lights almost disappeared from all parts of the world accessible to scientific enquiries. They still glimmered here and there in the far north, but their old intensity was gone. Even in Iceland they grew by scarcity to be prodigious. On their brilliant apparition at Copenhagen in 1709,* the guard turned out under arms in readiness for some imminent catastrophe; their revival was greeted in St. Petersburg with stupefaction; at Bologna, they were supposed to have been unknown until 1723. Auroræ seen in China in 1718, 1719, and 1722, excited so much amazement, that engravings of them were struck off in thousands and were secretly (portents being contraband inside the Great Wall) diffused throughout the empire.†

* Two arcs, observed by Römer in 1707, were probably inconspicuous.

† De Mairan, *Traité de l'Aurore Boréale* (2nd ed.), p. 465.

* Phil. Trans., vol. xxix., p. 407.

† R. G., in *Nature*, vol. iii., p. 46.

The next prolonged period of scarcity began in 1794, and lasted a third of a century. Since 1827, auroræ have been frequent and splendid in these latitudes, with occasional extensions to tropical, and sympathetic responses from austral regions. Northern streamers were seen in 1848 at Rome, Odessa, and Smyrna; in 1870 at Bagdad and in the Canary Islands; the great outbreaks of August and September, 1859, wrapped the whole globe, with the exception of an equatorial belt forty degrees across, in lambent flames; those of February, 1872, and of November, 1882, emulated their vividness and extent.

The luminosity of our planet, then, is of a markedly variable character; and its variability, we now know, is not inherent, but induced. Its law is imposed by overruling external influences.

Auroræ are subject to at least four distinct periods, each one of which owns a solar dependence. The discovery in 1852 of the marvellous agreement between the more or less spotted condition of the sun and the greater or less amplitude of the daily excursions of the magnetic needle, could not but suggest the probability of synchronous fluctuations in polar lights. For by that time their magnetic relations were perfectly well established. Halley's explanation of them by "magnetical effluvia," which "by a kind of circulation surround a magnet on all sides, as with an atmosphere, to the distance of some diameters of the body," and might "now and then, by the concurrence of several causes very rarely coincident, and to us as yet unknown, be capable of producing a small degree of light,"* was (in his own phrase) a "conceit." Not a single fact was or could then be adduced in its favor. It was a shot fired, it might be said, in the dark; yet it was well on the target, and came curiously near hitting the bull's-eye.

Celsius and Hiorter noticed at Upsala in 1741, that the darting of northern streamers was attended by spasmodic movements of the magnetic needle. Subsequent observations have amply borne out the coincidence, which, in these latitudes, is well-nigh invariable. Magnetic disturbances sometimes, indeed, occur without visible aurora, but auroræ most rarely without magnetic disturbances. Nearer the pole, however, the tie is somewhat loosened. There a tranquil arch of light may rest above the horizon for hours without perceptible effect upon the magnetic

instruments. They usually grow restless only when the arch shifts its position, or streamers begin to play.

But evidence of sympathetic agitation does not alone testify to the existence of a close bond uniting auroræ with the terrestrial magnetic system. There is, besides, a fundamental analogy of structure.

Auroræ of the active kind are, in aspect, amongst the most capricious of natural phenomena. They are full of individualities and vagaries. No two are alike; no single one is often like itself during many successive minutes. Nevertheless, there are certain broad lines of construction to which all more or less conform. And these broad lines are laid down with obvious and invariable reference to the position of the earth's magnetic pole. This leading fact was partially indicated by Wilcke in 1787, and by Üssher in 1788; but was fully and independently brought out by John Dalton, then (in 1792) a poor schoolmaster in Kendal, but famous later as the discoverer of the atomic theory.

The first symptom of an aurora borealis is commonly a low arch of greenish light placed astride of the magnetic meridian. That is to say, it is symmetrical (not always strictly so) with regard to the direction of the compass needle, its middle point bearing, in this country, some eighteen degrees west of north. The radiated structure observed in certain arches is a symptom of more than ordinary intensity; most are composed of quiet, homogeneous light. The space they enclose is called the "dark segment." It presents a peculiar appearance of blackness; yet it is no ordinary cloud, since stars shine brightly through it. Nor is it a simple effect of contrast. It has been seen to form in twilight, and its appearance has been known to precede that of the subsequent bordering radiance, which is, moreover, quite capable of leaving it behind, as it independently climbs the sky.

Multiple arches are common in high latitudes. As many as nine were visible together to the members of the French Scientific Commission at Bossekop in 1838-9; and Weyprecht describes seven in slow simultaneous movement during a display above the ice-tracts round Franz Josef's Land. Energetic auroræ invariably travel, movement affording them, as it were, the opportunity for the development of their characteristic spectacular effects.

A large share in these belongs to the streamers. No auroral exhibition can be called complete without them, and in their

* Phil. Trans., vol. xxix., p. 423.

fitful and flickering play auroral folklore has mainly originated. Their beams were the paths along which the old Norsemen saw the Valkyries return to Valhalla; they are still the elfish "merry dancers" of the Shetland islanders; Eskimos, Indians, Tunguses, view in them the ghostly gambols of their dead; they are the coursers preferred by spirits of whatever nationality who fancy "riding the northern light."

To the glitter of rapid movement they add, in many cases, the charm of vivid coloring. All the hues of the rainbow—crimson and gold, emerald-green, tender rose-tints—blend and flash in iridescent interchange above a silvery or deep violet background. Sometimes the dazzling effect is heightened by the admixture of beams of intense blackness rolling upwards from the horizon like masses of dense smoke. These are evidently a part of the unexplained phenomenon of the dusky segment. The motions of the streamers are of bewildering variety and inestimable velocity. The eye absolutely refuses to follow them, and is often at a loss to determine their direction. It gazes helpless, yet delighted, at the emulous race of prismatic shafts of which the heavens are the arena. The goal of the race is the magnetic zenith. For, with all their seeming waywardness, these flashing coruscations are in reality under the rigid control of a fixed law. They conform with scrupulous fidelity to the line of force indicated by the swing of the dipping needle.

A magnetized needle, freely poised, takes up a position, here in London, differing by only twenty-two degrees from the vertical. Its south pole is directed eighteen degrees west of true north; its north pole aims upwards towards a point in the sky twenty-two degrees from the zenith, and eighteen degrees east of south. This is the "magnetic zenith;" here is the rendezvous of auroral streamers, and here the corona forms when polar lights develop in full perfection.

Then the fluctuating torrents of light which inundate the sky seem to meet for some brief culminating moments under a canopy of milder and steadier radiance. Seem to meet only. Their apparent convergence is an effect of perspective on parallel beams. Hence a corona can never form unless the direction of the streamers coincides with the spectator's line of vision. It is accordingly a *sine quâ non* that the central plane of the display should cross the zenith. No sooner, however, is

this condition fulfilled, than the streamers rush together from all quarters to form the crowning decorative glory of an aurora borealis.

This enchanting spectacle was first described by St. Gregory of Tours in the year 585.* He compared the effect to that of a radiant pavilion of light draping the sky. But such a consummation of brilliancy is rarely witnessed south of Paris. Only exceptionally intense auroræ travel so far from their arctic home as to be actually overhead at forty-five degrees from the pole.

Another variety of the phenomenon is confined almost exclusively to high latitudes. This is the peculiarly beautiful kind known as the "draped aurora." A modification of the arc or band, it is composed of closely planted ranges of nearly vertical rays—rays, that is, set in the line of the magnetic inclination—and seems to hang, in folded and festooned sheets of waving, luminous drapery, close above the heads of the beholders. It is brilliantly colored with red and green, the red, according to Weyprecht, being always below.

We can now see how inevitable it was that the close magnetic relations of the aurora should be drawn closer by a coincidence of period. Anticipated in various quarters immediately on the discovery of sunspot periodicity, the concurrence was established by Fritz in 1862, and confirmed, from American sources of information, by Loomis in 1870 and 1872. But it is obvious that an eleven-yearly minimum will not explain the long intermissions of activity certified by auroral records. There must be besides a huge ground-swell of frequency and decline, upon the back of which the eleven-year cycle is borne as a lesser wave of change. A secular period of sixty-five years was accordingly announced by Olmstead in 1856,† without any reference to solar conditions, which were, however, a little later found to conform to a similar law. There can, indeed, be little doubt that auroræ, sunspots, and, we may safely add, magnetic disturbances, obey a common period of many decades, as well as one of about eleven years, although the precise number of those decades be still somewhat uncertain. The Zürich astronomers (R. Wolf and Fritz) hold to fifty-five and a half years. Their authority is considerable, and may provisionally be deferred to. Yet

* Hist. Francorum, lib. viii., cap. 16.

† Smithsonian Contributions, vol. viii.

it is probable that further complications exist, demanding perhaps centuries for their thorough unravelment.

To this double periodicity depending upon the state of the sun, corresponds a double periodicity depending upon his position. It is difficult to consult any detailed register of auroral appearances without being struck with their predominance at certain seasons of the year. This was noticed by De Mairan in 1745, and it has been confirmed by the closest enquiry that auroral maxima occur near both equinoxes, and auroral minima about the solstices. The phenomenon is besides found to be more common over the entire globe while the earth is passing through the perihelion side of its orbit—that is, during the six months which include our winter season—than while it traverses the further section; whence it appears that its development is promoted by nearness to the sun. When we add that auroræ have a daily maximum between 9 and 10 P.M. markedly retarded as the magnetic pole is approached, we have completed the sketch of their better known fluctuations.

It remains, if possible, to explain them, and in this direction, too, something has been done.

The proper habitat of the aurora borealis is in a zone about twelve degrees of latitude in width, encircling at a considerable distance both the magnetic and astronomical poles of the earth. Within its borders the phenomenon is of almost nightly occurrence, and appears indifferently either to the north or to the south of the spectator; beyond them, on the southern side, it shows, as a rule, in the north, on the northern side in the south, growing progressively scarcer in both directions. At the magnetic centre, auroral arcs are mostly, in sea-going phrase, “hull down,” and polar lights vanish at the pole.

This theory of auroral distribution is essentially that proposed by Hansteen in 1825.* It has since been corroborated by the experience of arctic voyagers, and by the enquiries of Professors Fritz and Loomis. The system of “isochasms,” or lines of equal auroral frequency, constructed by the former in 1868, and reproduced in his valuable little work on auroræ, named at the head of this article, portrays to the eye with very approximate accuracy the geographical relations of the phenomenon. As slightly irregular ovals these lines surround the auroral pole, a

point intermediate between the astronomical and magnetic poles, lying north of Baffin's Bay, in latitude 80° north, longitude 81° west.* So that curves to which it is central descend much lower on the American than on the Asiatic continent. Hence the great rarity of such displays in central Asia, the same parallel of latitude being there very much farther from the auroral pole than on the other side of the world. The isochasm, for instance, marked 0·1 on the chart—the line, that is to say, where one aurora on an average is visible every ten years—crosses Mexico and Cuba, touches Cadiz, ascends to the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, and reaches the Pacific, leaving Japan on the south, by the Kurile Islands. Thus, at Pekin, not even the far-spreading auroræ of 1870 and 1872 were noticed; and similar displays are as commonly seen in Florida as on Lake Baikal. The maximum belt runs from Point Barrow over the Great Bear Lake to Hudson's Bay, passes south of Cape Farewell, between Iceland and the Farøe Islands, almost meets the North Cape, and just grazes Novaya Zembla on the north, Wrangel Land on the south. On the pole-ward side of this line there is a rapid falling off; and arches appear, if at all, above the southern horizon.

During his winter sojourn at Behring's Straits in 1878–9, Baron Nordenskiöld was forcibly struck with the unfailing presence and invariable aspect of an arc, the feeble luminosity of which served to mitigate the darkness wrapping the isolated watchers from the Vega. The conclusion at last forced itself upon him that what he saw was but a portion of a complete and permanent ring of light, some two thousand kilometres in diameter, centred upon the auroral pole. The lateness of its recognition was accounted for by its inconspicuousness or invisibility save from some of the least accessible regions of the globe.

Observations of a wider range have shown that the nimbus imagined by the Swedish explorer does not indeed exist in the form which he attributed to it, but that it has a close representative in the auroral maximum zone described above. Here the conditions of luminosity are most fully developed, though they are not always, or everywhere, called into activity. Instead of a tranquil halo, unchangeably decorating the summit of our globe, we have a

* Edin. Phil. Journal, vol. xii., p. 83.

* According to Nordenskiöld. Fritz places it some ten degrees further east.

band fitfully lit up, in sections, by flashing fragments, at capricious intervals of time and space.

Now the position of this band is not fixed. It moves to and fro, alternately north and south, after a singular and complicated fashion. The discovery of these movements was originated by the late Lieutenant Weyprecht as the result of his voyage in the *Tegethoff* in 1872-4, and has been confirmed and extended by M. Tromholt. It is a very remarkable one.

For it is to them that the periodicity of auroral appearances is immediately due. As the main zone of their development travels south they become abundant in temperate climates, as it retreats north they grow scanty or disappear. But these conditions are exactly reversed in the vicinity of the pole. There, when the auroral zone is in a comparatively low latitude, auroræ are few and feeble; they regain intensity and frequency when it swings back so as to be more nearly overhead. Hence an arctic maximum corresponds to a temperate minimum, and an arctic minimum to a temperate maximum. All the facts so far collected go to support this hypothesis of oscillation. M. Tromholt's study of the phenomenon during fifteen years (1865-1880) at Godthaab in north Greenland,* compelled the conclusion that the relation between sunspots and auroræ established by observations in middle latitudes, is there precisely inverted. At Godthaab a sunspot maximum is attended by an auroral scarcity, just because the auroral zone is then at the southern extremity of its eleven-yearly swing.

The annual period is similarly reversed. Our winter-solstice minimum is converted into a polar maximum; our spring and autumn maxima into minima. Near the summer solstice, it is scarcely necessary to remark, such observations are, within the arctic circle, rendered impossible by unbroken daylight.

Even the diurnal fluctuations of auroræ show the effects of this oscillatory behavior. The hour of culminating intensity grows later with increasing magnetic latitude. At Prague, it is 8h. 45m. P.M.; at Oxford, 9h. 15m.; at Kendal, 9h. 45m.; at Christiania, 10h.; at Fort Simpson (in 62° N. lat.) 12h.; at Point Barrow (in 71° N. lat.) 1h. 12m. A.M. The auroral zone, in fact, *moves northward during the night*. That this is no mere hypothesis, but an

actual fact, is proved by M. Tromholt's observation, that in the morning hours auroræ occur at Godthaab predominantly in the zenith, but in the evening show chiefly towards the south.*

Thus, each variation in time is attended and explained by a shifting in space, with a resulting series of movements of a highly intricate character. The motive power evidently resides in the sun. But, no less evidently, the entire solar influence is not expended in producing this zonal displacement. Changes of intensity as well as of position progress concurrently with the vicissitudes of the spot cycle. The great universal auroræ, which enfold both hemispheres in simultaneous flames, and are accompanied by violent electrical and magnetic disturbances, never, so far as is yet known, occur save when the sun's activity is at a high pitch; they are indeed often visibly associated with conspicuous solar convulsions. Scarlet auroræ, too, belong more particularly to times of spot maximum; while, with the decline of solar energy, displays tend to become localized, and even in polar regions the quiet arch probably prevails over the auroræ of rushing streamers and brilliant draperies.

Nevertheless, the *geometrical* rationale of auroral periodicity offered by M. Tromholt is true so far as it goes, and constitutes a very important addition to knowledge, especially when brought into connection with the only satisfactory theory of the nature of polar lights yet advanced. This was published by Professor Edlund of Stockholm eight years ago.† We believe that it needs only to be understood to be generally accepted.

A magnet surrounded by a rotating cylinder of some conducting substance produces a disturbance of its electrical equilibrium, giving rise, if wires be suitably connected, to a current, the direction of which depends upon that of the rotation. If the magnet rotate with the cylinder, the effect will be the same. This phenomenon of "unipolar induction" was discovered in 1841 by the great German electrician, the friend of Gauss, Wilhelm Weber. We are not here concerned to explain it, nor would it be easy, in the absence of any certain knowledge as to what actually constitutes an electric current; but the fact is a well-ascertained one.

Now the rotating earth may be regarded

* The practical part of the enquiry was conducted by Mr. S. Kleinschmidt.

* Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis, vol. i., p. 273.

† *Phil. Mag.*, vol. vi. (6th series).

as a magnet wrapped in the conducting strata of its crust; while the upper layers of the atmosphere complete the circuit. Rarefied air, it must be remembered, transmits electricity with ease; although dense, dry air is a non-conductor. One effect of the forces thus brought into play is that positive electricity is continually expelled from the earth's surface into the higher atmosphere, the earth itself remaining negatively charged. Another is that the expelled positive electricity travels without ceasing from the equator towards the poles. The first result is due to what is called the "vertical component" of magnetic induction, which acts most strongly at the equator; the second to the "tangential component," which attains maxima about midway between the equator and each pole. Plainly, however, this accumulation of opposite electricities on the earth and in its atmosphere cannot go on indefinitely. It must be attended by some process of neutralization. How is this effected? We can answer at once as regards the tropical belt of the globe. When the tension reaches a certain point, it relieves itself by a disruptive discharge. In ordinary parlance, a thunderstorm takes place. Violent remedies, however, are not always the most effective; and a thunderstorm, although in certain localities, and at certain seasons, an every-day event, can only occur under favoring meteorological conditions. It is then probable that recomposition of the positive fluid (to use a convenient if somewhat antiquated phrase) of the air with the negative fluid of the earth is accomplished, only to a very limited extent, by the agency of lightning. The greater part of the expelled electricity flows silently poleward, constantly reinforced by fresh supplies gathered *en route*, and waiting an opportunity of relief from increasing pressure. With the disclosure of how that opportunity is found, we believe the chief part of the secret of the polar aurora is told.

Two obstacles impede the passage of electricity from the upper atmosphere to the earth. The first is the difficulty it experiences in crossing the subjacent strata of non-conducting dense air. The second is the repellent force of magnetic induction. Now, Professor Edlund's calculations show that this repellent force is inoperative along the direction indicated by the dipping needle. Here, then, is the line of least resistance always sought by an electric current—the ladder, as it were, raised from the earth to the sky for the descent of the urgent fluid. But at

the equator no such ladder is raised; there the needle swings horizontal, and there, accordingly, a discharge can only take place in direct opposition to the magnetic resistance. At the magnetic poles, on the other hand, where the position of the needle is vertical, this kind of resistance disappears; while in intermediate latitudes its value changes through all possible gradations.

We can now see clearly what must happen. Over a ring-shaped space round each pole, defined by the nearly equal intensity throughout its extent of the vertical component of terrestrial induction, the electricity of the upper air, having now attained a "potential" sufficient to enable it to overcome its waning resistance, flows quietly to the earth. This district of recomposition (if we may so call it) corresponds precisely to Hansteen's auroral zone. Moreover, the discharges which occur within it follow unerringly the line of the dipping needle. That is to say, they coincide to a hair's-breadth with the direction of auroral streamers. When we find, further, that electrical currents transmitted through rarefied air accurately reproduce to the eye the luminous effects of auroræ, the identification becomes inevitable. The resemblance is drawn even closer when such currents are brought under magnetic influence. A remarkable experiment of M. de la Rive's showed, in 1853,* that when positive and negative electricities are caused to unite near the pole of an electro-magnet, a miniature auroral arch displays itself in the form of a luminous ring encircling the pole.

Auroræ may then be briefly described as electric discharges through highly rarefied air, taking place in a magnetic field, and under the sway of the earth's magnetic induction. They are part of a general system of electrical circulation, not, we may be sure, without important uses in the economy of our globe. Positive electricity, driven upwards from its surface in middle and low latitudes, flows on either hand towards the poles, until the enfeeblement of resistance permits its descent and reunion with the negative electricity of the earth along two zones central with the magnetic poles. This recomposition occurs for the most part imperceptibly, aided by the fogs and moisture of polar climates; but the process is at times rendered partially visible by the lighting up of the thin air which is its seat. Then the more tranquil and unintermittent por-

* Archives des Sciences, t. xxiv., p. 372.

tion of the discharge gathers into a luminous circle — or arc of a circle — with the magnetic pole for its centre, seen from the earth as an arch resting upon the horizon; while transient currents flash as streamers along the path prescribed for them by the line of the magnetic dip.

Strongly confirmatory of this view is the fact that, within the auroral zone, atmospheric electricity is of the feeblest character. In other words, neutralization having been already completely effected, there is no longer any appreciable difference of tension between the earth and the air.

The migratory character of the zones of frequency upon which auroral periodicity depends, takes a new meaning from the theory we have been endeavoring to explain. A moment's thought will show that an increase in the electro-positive charge of the atmosphere must cause the zones to advance nearer to the equator; but a diminution to retire towards the poles. For their position is determined by the relative strength of two opposing forces, and will shift to and fro according as one or the other gets the advantage. So much, then, we can say — that auroræ are periodical because the zones of their development are subject to oscillations; and that the zones oscillate because the intensity of atmospheric electricity fluctuates under solar influence. Here, indeed, we meet the difficulty of defining how that influence is exercised. A mere stimulation of the forces of terrestrial magnetism will not suffice; since the increase of power to induce tension would be met by an equivalent increase of power to resist neutralization, the situation of which would consequently remain unchanged. And to invoke a direct flow of electricity from the sun would be to proceed on the *obscurum per obscurius* principle. We must needs await for the untying of this knot, the teaching of the future: *Zeit bringt Rath*.

It has been attempted to test the truth of the magneto-inductive theory of polar lights by a study of thunderstorm statistics; but with little result. It is true that they are alternative modes of relief — that electricity which misses the one channel must traverse the other. The occurrence of a storm, in fact, might be compared to the opening of a sluice for the escape of some portion of the flood which must otherwise rush down the bed of the river; so that with an increase of the one class of phenomena the other might be expected to decline, and *vice versa*. But what if the overflow be so considerable as to oc-

cupy simultaneously all available means of issue? Admit an *absolute* periodical increase in atmospheric electricity, and we might easily have, for auroræ and thunderstorms, not contrary, but parallel fluctuations. Hence, little importance can attach either to M. Fritz's negative result from a comparison of figures, or to Professor Piazzzi Smyth's concluded inverse relation.

The connection is then present, although too closely entangled with perturbing circumstances, to be of much use to our enquiries. Auroræ might, indeed, with some appropriateness, be called polar lightnings. But without thunder? Have they no audible accompaniment, the attenuated representative of the fierce rattle of tropical disruptive discharges? The point is an interesting one, and has long been in dispute. The very fact of the controversy shows that the auroral voice, if it exist at all, is a "still small voice" indeed. But let us see how the case stands.

Humboldt remarks, in his "Cosmos," that "northern lights appear to have become less noisy since their occurrences have been more accurately recorded;" and the reproach that, like rapping spirits, they are silent in the presence of experts or unbelievers, has an air of plausibility. An overwhelming mass of scientific evidence is on the negative side. One expedition after another has wintered in the arctic regions, paying close attention to the subject, with the same result. Parry, Scoresby, Sabine, McClintock, Weyprecht, Nordenskiöld, Payer, Tromholt, domesticated, so to speak, for years with the aurora borealis, found it obstinately inaudible. Sir John Franklin's party registered three hundred and forty-three unheard auroræ on the shores of the Great Bear Lake in 1825-7; not a whisper reached the ears of M.M. Lottin and Bravais from any of the splendid displays witnessed by them at Bossekop in 1838-9. Weyprecht, a model observer, describes the luminous apparitions seen from the ice-pack off Franz Josef's Land as "often so vivid, that one listened, such a spectacle appearing impossible without an attendant development of sound. But, in spite of the utmost attention, we never succeeded in perceiving the note of the northern lights."* M. Tromholt, too, assures us that every one of the intense auroræ studied by him in various parts of

* Denkschriften kais. Akad. Wien, Bd. xxxv., p. 319.

the arctic regions was *perfectly silent*. Yet he was surrounded at Koutokaeino by implicit believers in the enigmatical sounds, while the natives of Bossekop told him "they did not think there was any aurora borealis at all until it whizzed."* "Some acoustic deception or misunderstanding must," he is driven to suppose, "be at the bottom of this apparent glaring discrepancy between fact and conviction."

It is, at any rate, sufficiently widespread. Dwellers in high latitudes everywhere affirm the reality of auroral sounds. We read in Gmelin's "Siberian Travels:"—

These Northern lights begin with single bright pillars, rising to the north, and almost at the same time in the north-east, which, gradually increasing, comprehend a large space of the heavens, rush about from place to place with incredible velocity, and finally almost cover the whole sky up to the zenith. The streamers are then seen meeting together in the zenith, and produce an appearance as if a vast tent were expanded in the heavens, glittering with gold, rubies, and sapphire. A more beautiful spectacle cannot be painted; but whoever should see such a Northern light for the first time could not behold it without terror. For, however fine the illumination may be, it is attended, as I have learned from the relation of many persons, with such a hissing, cracking, and rushing noise throughout the air as if the largest fireworks were playing off. To describe what they then hear, they make use of the expression *Spolochi chodjat*, that is, the raging host is passing. The hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes in the confines of the Icy Sea are often overtaken in their course by these Northern lights. Their dogs are then so much frightened that they will not move, but lie obstinately on the ground till the noise has passed.†

This, it is true, is told at second hand, and is totally unconfirmed by the personal experience of any European traveller in Siberia. But evidence to a similar effect may be collected in abundance from Canadian trappers, Greenland whale-fishers, Esquimaux, Indians, Shetlanders, Norwegians. All aver that a crackling, rustling, or whizzing sound accompanies the darting movements of polar streamers. The ancient Scandinavians imagined that in this "hissing eerie din" (as Burns calls it) they heard the far-off songs of the Valkyries; the Greenlanders attribute it to the struggles in the air of departed spirits; more prosaic, the Lapps compare it to the cracking of a reindeer's joints as it walks;

while the Indians north of Hudson's Bay designate the aurora *edthin* (reindeer cow,) because it shares the crepitative quality of that animal's hide when it is rubbed, and gives off sparks.*

The incredulous to such popular impressions have found two ways of accounting for them. First, by the instinctive association of light and color with tone, which has led to the illusion, amongst primitive peoples, of sunrise and sunset music. Tacitus connects the persuasion of the sun's sonorous emergence by the shores of the Baltic with their situation close to the verge of the world,‡ consequently within earshot of the celestial concert, described as follows in a strophe of Albrecht von Halberstadt's "Titurel," where the music of the spheres has evidently edged itself into Western folklore:—

Then in his orb the sun to whirling took,
I ween such glut of sweetness none might
brook,
With dulcet din his orb he rolled,
That clang of strings or bird that sings were
like as copper beside gold.‡

More plausible is the explanation by the deceptive effect of a real sound, and one peculiar to frozen regions. Ice-fields have a weird voice of their own, at times clamorously audible, as of old to the Ancient Mariner:—

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound.

Noises of the same kind, in all gradations, from a deafening crash to the faintest whisper, continually disturb the trance of an arctic winter. Two members of Sir John Franklin's party, Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Hood, heard, during the progress of an aurora on March 11, 1821, sharp hissing sounds, which seemed to proceed from all parts of the sky, and often to arise simultaneously with the flashing of the streamers. But they were equally perceptible next morning, after the aurora had disappeared, and were explained by a person of experience as due to the contraction of the snow under a sudden increase of cold.§ Such sounds are much more acute at sea than on land. Lieutenant Weyprecht tells us that the ice-fields are never really for a moment silent.

* Fritz, *Das Polarlicht*, p. 287.

† Germania, cap. 45.

‡ Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 742 (Stallybrass's trans.).

§ Sir J. Franklin's Narrative, App. III., p. 628 (1823).

* Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis, vol. i., p. 285.

† Quoted by Blagden, *Phil. Trans.*, vol. lxxiv., p. 228.

Mutterings and grumbings are always to be heard if one listens closely enough for them. They are rendered intelligible by an inspection of the ice towards the end of the winter. Not a square foot of it is then found intact. It has been minutely split up in every conceivable direction, through the influence of constant changes of temperature.* Sharp hearing, combined with indistinct powers of reasoning and an impressionable fancy, might hence, it is contended, easily educe the disputed auroral sounds.

There is evidence, however, in their favor which cannot thus be disposed of. Halley's aurora of 1716 is the earliest to which the peculiarity was attributed on good authority. E. J. Burman of Upsala, in a communication to the Royal Society, speaks of its "whispering and whistling, like flames on a hearth."† The same kind of impression was made upon Hearne, a traveller in the Hudson's Bay Territory in 1771 and some following years. "I can positively affirm," he said, "that in still nights, I have frequently heard these meteors making a rustling and crackling noise, like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind."‡ And Wrangel noticed, as it were, a faint breath of wind on a flame when the streamers formed very fast.§ The coincidence of illustration in the following passage from Mrs. Butler's (Fanny Kemble's) "Record of a Girlhood" gives a strong stamp of reality to the experience related in it.

Standing on that balcony [she writes] late one cold, clear night [at Edinburgh about 1829] I saw for the first time the sky illuminated with the aurora borealis. It was a magnificent display of the phenomenon, and I feel certain that my attention was first attracted to it by the crackling sound which appeared to accompany the motion of the pale flames as they streamed across the sky; indeed, *crackling* is not the word that properly describes the sound I heard, which was precisely that made by the *flickering* of blazing fire; and as I have often since read and heard discussions upon the question whether the motion of the aurora is or is not accompanied by an audible sound, I can only say that on this occasion it was the sound that first induced me to observe the sheets of white light that were leaping up the sky.||

One aurora, and (we believe) one only, has been *heard* so far south as Paris.

* Denkschriften, Wien, Bd. xxxv., p. 319.

† Phil. Trans., vol. xxxiii., p. 175.

‡ Edin. Journ. of Science, vol. vi., p. 348.

§ Kämtz, Lehrbuch der Meteorologie, Bd. iii., p. 480.

|| Vol. I., p. 236. Mr. Parkhurst drew attention to the passage in *Nature*, vol. xxiii. p. 484.

The fact was attested by two scientific auditors, M. Charles and Messier the astronomer. On May 21, 1762, the latter observed from the Observatoire de la Marine, a display of polar lights which entered at 11 P.M. on a new and striking phase. Brilliant white flashes began chasing each other in rapid succession from the north to the west, up to an apparent height of twenty degrees from the horizon. Their direction was thus at right angles to that of ordinary streamers. It was these *coups de lumière*, as Messier calls them, which were found to be audible. We give his words as he wrote them:—

Ce que j'observais encore de remarquable et de singulier, c'est que dans les temps que ces lumières quittaient l'horizon, j'entendais une espèce de murmure, sombre à la vérité, mais cependant à ne pas s'y méprendre; la tranquillité dans laquelle j'étais, et l'attention que j'apportais après le premier soupçon que j'en eus, ne me laissèrent point douter par la suite que le bruit que j'entendais ne parvint du commencement de l'éclair, et je ne peux mieux comparer le bruit qu'à celui qui est produit par l'effet de l'électricité.*

This is very remarkable at a time when the electrical origin of auroræ had barely been suggested; nor is it likely that Messier had taken any heed of Canton's conjecture nine years previously. There is, however, an obvious difficulty in associating the flashes above described with the sounds that appeared to attend them. And the same difficulty is encountered in all narratives of auroral audibility. It is that they were simultaneously perceived. But sound travels only eleven hundred *feet*, light nearly one hundred and eighty-seven thousand *miles* a second; so that audible and visible manifestations of the same phenomenon—such as thunder and lightning—separate very rapidly as they travel. Now the aurora witnessed by Messier was without doubt greatly more distant than any thunderstorm; hence it is quite certain that what he saw and what he heard did not originate in the same spot. The sounds, if real (as there is every reason to suppose they were), must have been secondary effects, instantaneously produced close at hand. This would also help to explain the great rarity and localized character of such instances.

Nevertheless, we meet with them from time to time even in temperate regions. Sir David Brewster heard a "whizzing

* Mémoires présentés par divers Savants, t. vi., p. 111.

noise" from the brilliant aurora of December 5, 1801, "exactly similar to the sound which accompanies the passage of an electric spark from the glass cylinder to the conductor."* Hansteen was able to recall the impression made upon him when he was ten years old by "a quick whispering sound simultaneously with the motion of the rays over his head."† Parrot heard something the same at Dorpat in 1804; and Theodor Brorsen the astronomer at Flensburg about 1857, when the sound was so striking and so obviously associated with auroral coruscations, that no one, he asserted, could reasonably doubt the connection.‡ The most recent communication on the subject comes from the far north, and through the most authentic channel. Captain Dawson, chief of the British Polar Expedition at Fort Rae in 1882-3, whose observations have been printed by the Royal Society under the title quoted at the head of this article, writes:—

The displays were as a rule unattended by the slightest sound, but that a peculiar and distinct sound does occasionally accompany certain displays of aurora, there can be no doubt. The Indians, and voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company, who often pass their nights in the open, say that it is not uncommon; a European who lives in a house may pass a lifetime in the country without hearing it. On one occasion I was fortunate enough to hear it myself. The sound was like the swishing of a whip, or the noise produced by a sharp squall of wind in the upper rigging of a ship; and as the aurora brightened and faded, so did the sound which accompanied it. This proves that the aurora could not have been distant, and I think it possible that these low auroræ may be of a different nature to the high ones (p. 253).

This is just what was wanted—a genuine piece of scientific evidence. It confers upon the problematical sounds, so to speak, official rank. The belief in their reality is no longer an outcast opinion, begging here and there for scraps of corroboration, but may claim admittance to the grave halls of recognized knowledge.

A curious incident, bearing upon this subject, occurred during the Franco-Prussian war. M. Rolier, a practised aeronaut and emissary of the government of defence, left Paris in a balloon November 24, 1870. Fourteen hours later he made aerial shipwreck on the coast of Norway, in 59° north latitude. In the course of his descent, he found himself at a height

from the ground of about four thousand mètres, enveloped for a considerable time in a cloud of vast extent and peculiar character. A sulphurous odor of suffocating quality proceeded from it, accompanied by a light scratching or rustling noise, like that of a steel pen travelling over a polished surface. The sound and the smell ceased together, and the adventurous stranger witnessed from *terra firma*, the same evening, a splendid aurora borealis.* The sound he afterwards identified with that produced by an electric discharge at low tension, and the smell with that of ozone. Now ozone, or condensed oxygen (to define it in two words), is always developed when that element is subjected to the action of electricity, and there is reason to believe that the atmospheric supply is increased when auroræ are frequent. An auroral *smell* has even been noticed by some persons, and was likened by Bergman to that of sulphur.† We may, then, safely say that M. Rolier passed through a cloud in which an electrical discharge of an auroral nature was proceeding.

This raises the interesting but obscure question of the relation of clouds to auroræ. There is no doubt that it is an intimate one. Sir John Franklin frequently saw the arches and streamers of the previous night mimicked during the daytime in the white fleeces of cumuli. Lieutenant Weyprecht observed the imitation to apply not only to shape but to movement, and he evidently believes that so-called "daylight auroræ" are all of this spurious description.‡ It has often been noticed that the fitting of polar streamers across the moon evoked an instantaneous halo of the ordinary kind, due to the refractive effect of ice spicules high up in the air; and in the course of auroral exhibitions all the more characteristic cloud formations are at times developed in bewildering and inexplicable transformations.

With one class, however, the relationship is especially close. The cloud fabric known as cirrus, daintily woven out of frozen water-vapor at an elevation of some thirty thousand feet, is not only found in constant companionship with auroræ, so as frequently to precede, and almost invariably to survive, their appearance, but two peculiarities common to both prove their connection to be a fundamental one. The parallel ranks of the cirrus, stretch-

* Edin. Journ. of Science, vol. v., p. 75.

† Ibid. p. 76.

‡ Wochenschrift für Astronomie, Bd. ii., p. 172.

* Mém. de l'Acad. des Sciences, t. xxxviii., p. 471.

† L'Astronomie, Mars, 1836, p. 96.

‡ Denkschriften, Wien, Bd. xxv., p. 308.

ing in apparently convergent lines from one horizon to the other, escape the compulsion of the winds only to fall under the sway of a more subtle force. Humboldt noted the tendency of this species of cloud in all parts of the world to follow the line of the magnetic meridian—that is, to adopt the magnetic pole for their point of convergence—and hence named them *bandes polaires*. A position at right angles to the above at other times equally betrays their polarity. In the first case, their analogy is with auroral streamers; in the second, with auroral arcs. Stranger still, cirrus, as well as solar and lunar halos, obey the same laws of periodicity with auroræ, exhibiting strong maxima at the equinoxes, and becoming rare or frequent *pari passu* with sunspots.

It is certain, nevertheless, that, as a rule, auroral and cloud phenomena occur in widely different regions of the atmosphere. True, the heights of auroræ have been estimated with such bewildering and extravagant variety that, at first sight, it might well seem impossible to arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion on the subject. By accident of observation or caprice of theory they have been now elevated to above a thousand miles from the earth's surface, now depressed almost into contact with it. Yet some well-ascertained facts emerge clearly from the confusion. To these we shall endeavor to adhere.

The arch is the only ordinary feature of an aurora of which any trustworthy measures for distance can be obtained. And even these are liable to be invalidated as well by the capricious movements of the object they are executed upon, as by its complex laminated structure. With due precautions, however, unexceptionable results can be, and have frequently been, derived from the ordinary parallax method. That is to say, the height of an aurora can be determined just like the distance of the moon, by observing its apparent displacement as viewed from different parts of the globe. Only that, in the case of the aurora, the base-line, as it is called, is necessarily very much shorter. Instead of posting one observer at Greenwich and the other at the Cape of Good Hope, we must be satisfied with converging lines of sight, say from Edinburgh and Manchester, or from London and York.

Repeated observations of this kind have placed it beyond doubt that, *in these latitudes*, auroræ uniformly occur within the assigned limits, indeed, of the atmosphere, but in air of which the excessive tenuity

rivals, or exceeds, that attained in the best laboratory vacua. John Dalton, who gave the first results in this matter worthy of serious attention, computed an aurora, widely visible in 1794, to be about 150, one in 1826, 100 miles from the earth's surface. Professor Challis, combining his Cambridge observations with those of Mr. Chevallier at Durham, placed the arch of March 19, 1847, at a height of 177 miles. Repeated measurements of the zenithal arches not uncommon in Scotland and the north of England, but rare further south, prove that their elevation is between seventy and seventy-four miles; and the risk of error in these exceptionally favorable cases does not extend, according to Mr. Plummer, beyond a couple of miles.* At an average height of seventy miles, too, M. Tromholt's careful determinations located the numerous auroræ observed by him in Lapland in 1882-3, although individual results varied from 47 to 164 miles.

The general truth of these conclusions has been confirmed by modes of measurement independent of parallax. Professor Newton, of Yale College, published in 1865 † a plan for calculating the height of an arch, based on the very probable supposition that it is an illuminated portion of a real ring, parallel with the earth's surface and symmetrical with the magnetic pole. No second observation at a distance is required. The computation, on these principles, of twenty-eight arches, gave an average elevation of 134 miles. Professor Fearnley of Christiania deduced by the same method 125 miles.

Less reliance can be placed on the system of Professor J. G. Galle of Breslau, according to which the height of an auroral corona is deduced from its deviation to the south of the magnetic zenith. By one set of measures, he thus found for the great aurora of February 4, 1872, an altitude of 258, by another, of 276 miles.‡ The validity of the method has been impeached, but the result is interesting as the first attempt to locate in space the terminus of a set of streamers.

But these great heights are far from being invariably maintained nearer the pole. There, undoubtedly, auroræ descend at times to the ordinary cloud-level. Convincing evidence of the fact is provided by the observations of M. Paulsen, chief of the Danish Meteorological Station at Godthaab, in 1882-3. Godthaab,

* *Nature*, vol. xxii., p. 362.

† *Amer. Journ. of Science*, vol. xxxix., p. 286.

‡ *Astron. Nachr.*, No. 1877.

it may be observed, is situated just on the northern border of the great auroral zone, in latitude $64^{\circ} 10'$. Here the heights of thirty-two arches were determined by simultaneous observations from posts a little less than six kilomètres apart. Ten proved so distant that only a lower limit of 68 kilomètres could be assigned to them. The twenty-two others ranged downwards from that level to 1,350 and 600 mètres. These two last actually spanned the fiord between the observers, to one appearing projected upon the northern, to the other upon the southern sky. Their aspect was that of curtains in large folds, or bunches of streamers lying close together. M. Paulsen is hence fully justified in his conclusion that, while some arctic auroræ lie at the same vast heights as in temperate regions, others are of a purely local character.*

Some of the many reports, indeed, of clouds lit from below by auroral light, and of auroral gleams playing across the face of cliffs and even between the walking-sticks of pedestrians, rest on illusory impressions; others do not properly apply to auroræ. What we understand by an aurora borealis is not a mere mass of luminous *protoplasm*, but an organized luminous *structure*. Phosphorescent mists of an auroral nature may often be met straying down to the very sea-level; they provide, it is true, the physical basis of the phenomenon, but they should be carefully distinguished from the phenomenon itself. Atmospheric developments of light are of indefinitely varied character and intensity. In high latitudes especially, where a continuous slow electric discharge from sky to earth is probably always going on, it cannot be wondered at if casual gleams occasionally betray its progress. We are told, indeed, that arctic nights are never wholly dark — that some degree of atmospheric illumination always shimmers along those ice-bound coasts. And, even in temperate climates, self-luminous clouds are much more common than is generally supposed.

A rare opportunity for determining the height of an aurora occurred November 17, 1882, and was happily not thrown away. Throughout that month magnetic disturbances were rife, and were obviously related to the appearance on the sun of the largest spot-group ever registered at Greenwich. At about 6 P.M. on the 17th (Mr. Rand Capron tells us)† while

an aurora was fitfully blazing towards the north, English observers were startled by the emergence of

a long beam of detached bright light which, apparently lengthening as it advanced, crossed rapidly the southern horizon in front of, or near, the moon, and then sank in the west, shortening in length as it did so. The light emitted from it was described by one observer as of a glowing pearly white; and the general effect of this huge shining mass, sailing majestically across the sky, even to those accustomed to kindred phenomena, was at least one of wonder and surprise, while in the less experienced in such matters it created a feeling of absolute awe.

The shape of this Titan's bolt was very much that of a torpedo; its length fell little short of a third of an entire quadrant of the heavens; its breadth equalled seven lunar diameters. The fortunate vicinity of the moon to its track gave peculiar facilities for fixing its position, and so arriving at a tolerably accurate knowledge of its real altitude. This came out, from the separate calculations of Professor A. S. Herschel and Mr. Rand Capron, based upon observations made in the Low Countries as well as in England, almost exactly one hundred and thirty-three miles. Hence, its visible flight having occupied about a minute and a quarter, a velocity was deduced for it of ten miles a second; while in actual extent it covered at least sixty miles. That it was an integral part of the aurora it accompanied, and no casual group of passing meteors (as was at first maintained), appeared from several circumstances. It travelled from magnetic east to west; it was translucent (which meteors are not), stars having been observed to shine through it; it emitted, as the spectroscope showed, characteristic auroral light. Moreover, analogous apparitions have been recorded during earlier displays of northern lights. Halley described in 1716 a beam of "a great pyramidal figure," which was carried "with an equable, and not very slow, motion, from the north-east where it arose, into the north-west where it disappeared; . . . and, passing successively over all the stars of the Little Bear, did not efface the smaller ones in the tail, which are but of the fifth magnitude, such was the extreme rarity and perspicuity of the matter whereof it consisted." The ease with which its height could have been determined by distant simultaneous observations at once struck him; but chance gave him no co-operator.*

* *Nature*, vol. xxix., p. 337.

† *Phil. Mag.*, vol. xv., p. 319.

* *Phil. Trans.*, vol. xxix., p. 412.

The aurora of January 7, 1831, was attended by a similar appearance. Thus, the "beam" observed in 1882 seems to have belonged to a *class* of auroral phenomena. Nor was it without a solar analogue. On the minute terrestrial scale it reproduced most strikingly the extraordinary photospheric outburst witnessed by Carrington and Hodgson, September 1, 1859. The sun, it is true, showed a pair of moving bodies; their light was almost infinitely more intense than that of the auroral beam; their rate of travel about a dozen times as swift. Otherwise, their transit accurately imaged its career. Each apparition, besides, was symptomatic of widespread magnetic disturbance. The solar display was instantly responded to on the earth by magnificent auroræ, agitated magnetic instruments, and tumultuous earth currents. It belonged, in short, to a phase of solar excitement strictly corresponding with the magnetic storm in the midst of which the "torpedo beam" of November 17, 1882, effected its stately and surprising passage across our skies.

Its measured height, however, of one hundred and thirty-three miles encounters an experimental difficulty. The power of air to conduct electricity increases, as we have seen, with its rarity; but only up to a certain point. As exhaustion proceeds, the passage of a current is rendered more and more difficult, until a stage is reached where, with any means available in the laboratory, it becomes impossible. Even the powerful current generated by Mr. Warren De la Rue's magnificent chloride of silver battery of eleven thousand cells was stopped by a vacuum corresponding to a height in our atmosphere of eighty-one miles; and he concluded one hundred and twenty-four miles to be a limit at which no electric discharge could occur under any circumstances not utterly improbable.*

This looks serious for the electrical theory of the aurora borealis; but we are reassured on turning to the researches of M. Edlund. For they lend much countenance to the belief that the obstacle to transmission resides, not in the vacuum, but in the electrodes, and that the current, if introduced without their aid, would readily traverse a vessel at the highest possible stage of exhaustion.† Thus, since electrodes are a purely artificial contrivance, we are set free from any trammels of this kind as to the position of

auroræ. Indeed, the free transmission of electricity through interplanetary space is rendered at least theoretically possible.

The luminous effects and changes of color in Mr. De la Rue's experiments on electrical discharges were of great beauty and interest. Irresistibly, by their striking resemblance to auroral displays, they suggested a community of origin. The light in his tubes was found to be most brilliant at a rarefaction corresponding to a height in the atmosphere of thirty-eight miles; in lower vacua, salmon tints and rich carmine glows were produced; in higher, the luminosity became wan and feeble. In correspondence with these results is the fact that the red hues of prismatic auroræ show a decided tendency to take a lower place, and may hence be assumed to develop in denser air than the green. On the other hand, the low-lying auroræ of arctic lands are generally colorless; while the flaming kind, which have at times thrown kingdoms into consternation, assuredly occur at great elevations. They are, as a rule, widely visible; they belong characteristically to middle latitudes, and are of extreme rarity further north; they are, besides, specially associated with solar disturbance, and with the sympathetic general excitement of the forces of terrestrial magnetism.

In one important respect Mr. De la Rue's illuminated vacua deviated from the auroral pattern. The light emitted from them was of a totally different quality.

The spectrum of the aurora is a very peculiar one. It might have been expected to prove analogous to that of lightning—to contain, that is, the characteristic rays of atmospheric air rendered incandescent by electricity. But neither oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, nor carbon appears to have anything to do with it. None of these substances, at least, in any hitherto known form, gives light identifiable with that derived from the polar arch and streamers. Examined with the spectroscope, these show one principal and invariable bright line, named by the astronomer royal for Scotland, from its yellow color tinged with green, the "citron line." Six or seven other lines, notably one in the red, have been measured, though not identified; but the citron line is the essential constituent of auroral light. It is never absent, and in high latitudes usually appears alone. It is, besides, singularly diffusive and persistent. Sometimes its presence reveals a latent aurora; and while a display is progressing it often seems to come from all parts of the sky,

* Proc. Roy. Soc., vol. XXX., p. 332.

† Phil. Mag., vol. XV., p. 1 (5th series).

and even, by reflection, from terrestrial objects. The substance emitting it is thus certainly present wherever polar lights show; yet the nature of that substance is entirely unknown. No spectrum ever yet obtained in a laboratory includes it. A supposed agreement with a ray from the zodiacal light gave room for tempting speculations, but it turned out that Angström, and one or two other observers, had been misled by the presence of diffused auroræ, and had only succeeded in identifying the citron line with itself. An attempt to establish an analogy between the original radiance of the sun's corona and auroral light promptly collapsed; vacuum tubes, and electric "glows" and "brushes" of all kinds and qualities were tried equally in vain, and to fall back upon phosphorescence was only to seek a veil for total ignorance. At last, however, came the news that the aurora, citron line and all, had been artificially produced.

Professor Selim Lemström, of the Helsingfors University, observed many years ago, amongst the innumerable varieties of atmospheric luminous effects in polar regions, one which inspired him with particular interest, as likely to afford a clue to the origin of the aurora borealis.* It consisted in the appearance of a feeble flare round the tops of mountains or other elevated objects. This he conceived the possibility of intensifying, if not of inducing, and made some practical advances towards the realization of the idea in Lapland in 1871. As head of the Finnish meteorological station at Sodankylä, in 1882-3, he had, however, better opportunities.

Above a dozen miles from the village a desolate mountain called Orantunturi rises a thousand feet above the environing forest-clad plain. This was made the scene of a colossal experiment. An insulated network of copper wire, fitted at every half-mètre with fine, erected, iron points, was laid on telegraph poles over nearly three thousand square feet of its summit. The inner end of the spiral was then led, carefully covered and protected, to the base of the mountain, and there connected, first with a galvanometer, finally with a zinc plate buried in the earth. This discharging apparatus was completed December 5, 1882. Like Franklin's kite, it served the Promethean purpose of bringing down fire from heaven, albeit in a mild and harmless form. For at night, even when all other heights were dark, it was

surmounted by a restless halo of yellowish-white light, which we must call auroral, since it yielded to the spectroscope the distinctive citron line, while the galvanometer registered, in perfect accordance with Edlund's theory, a current of positive electricity setting in from the mountain towards the earth.

The accumulation of hoarfrost upon the wires, by destroying their insulation, soon put a stop to observations which a temperature of 30° Centigrade below zero rendered difficult and painful. They were soon afterwards renewed on another mountain farther north, with success marked and varied by the substitution of a straight beam standing erect over the apparatus for the diffused glow which had previously encircled it.

The spectrum of the aurora has, then, been produced even if it cannot be explained. It is obvious, however, that it is not derived from an element foreign to chemical science, but from a modification, through electrical action, of some known substance — most likely oxygen or nitrogen.

The extremely scant proportion of highly refrangible rays in auroral light accounts for its feeble photographic power. Attempts to secure an impression, even with the highly sensitive dry plates now in use, uniformly failed, until M. Tromholt at Christiania, in May, 1885, obtained, by means of an exposure of eight and a half minutes, a trace of chemical action too faint to bear printing from the negative. Indeed, the entire luminous power of an aurora borealis is small compared with the magnificence of some of its effects. An ordinarily bright one gives out about as much light as the moon in its first quarter; and only the most vivid auroræ equal the lustre of full moonlight. During his year at Fort Rae, Captain Dawson observed one display bright enough to read by (September 22, 1882); but a large proportion of the arches, streaks, and patches recorded by him barely outshone the Milky Way. Nor has the intensest auroral light power to efface stars of the higher magnitudes.

To sum up. The polar aurora may be described with confidence as a light-process incidental to the electrical circulation of our globe, or as a gradual and innocuous form of lightning. The wide-spreading radiance of its displays is due to the extreme tenuity of the medium in which they occur; the luminous lines of its architecture are laid down by the rule and compass of terrestrial magnetism.

* Bulletin de la Commission Polaire, livr. iv., p. 125.

are, indeed, many subordinate varieties of atmospheric illumination, especially within the arctic zone, partake of the nature while devoid of structural peculiarities of the aurora. They are difficult to classify. They are of electrical origin, and the same as matter as in the most perfect inhibition of polar streamers is set to produce their light. The inference seems to be that their seat is in comparatively dense air of earth's surface, and are (perhaps for reason) exempt from the directive force of its magnetism, while vague and in their luminous effects. Mr. M. exhibited at South Kensington a polar-light apparatus, showing electric currents which traverse in air at ordinary pressure no sooner than rarefied strata than they kindle into vivid radiance. In the same way, probably, the continuation of the currents evoking auroral rays in the tenuous upper atmosphere remains ordinarily obscure and but occasionally gives rise to the curious effects of light which have so much perplexity to students of *aurora borealis*.

Its wider significance, meanwhile, of a phenomenon must not be overlooked. It is often, in past times, suspected and ped after, but has only of late been fully home to the minds of men.

The silver-streak view, indeed, is not more completely discredited national politics than in cosmical. We no longer ignore, wrapped in "cloud of all-sustaining air," the extent and of our relations with it world beyond. Some of these, are imperfectly understood. It is to see whence we derive the beneficent and warmth and orbital guidance but there are other modes of action without, less obvious, yet perhaps essential to our continued well-being.

In some unknown manner, solar unquestionably reacts upon the electrical and magnetic condition of our by turns stimulating and relaxing activity in correspondence with its rhythmic alternations. Such correspondence is part of the vital union subsists between the various members of our system. No one of them is dependent of the others. They together, as it were, a living and unitive whole. Polar lights are as a kindled in response to the subtle fingers of the sun, telling that the

earth is no dead or cast-off member, but still thrills in harmony with, as well as moves obediently to, the great life-sustaining luminary.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
A SECRET INHERITANCE.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XI.

"SILVAIN'S revelations," continued Dr. Louis, "aroused within me the keenest interest. The mysterious influences to which certain natures are susceptible, and which in these twin brothers found practical development, had always strongly attracted me, and it was at this period of my life that I commenced the serious study of those hidden forces which, now only dimly understood, will in the near future become a recognized science. In this statement of my belief I do not lose sight of the impostors who, trading upon credulity, creep into the battle raging between those who have religious faith and those who are groping in dark labyrinths. Their presence does not lessen the importance of the subject; there always have been and there always will be such.

"I endeavored to draw Silvain into discussion, but he declined to argue. He was content to accept without question the existence of the mysterious chain of sympathy by which he and Kristel were bound, and his theory was that unless such sympathies were born in men all endeavors to acquire them must be futile.

"You do not dispute," I said, "that there are secrets in nature which, revealed, would throw a new light upon existence?"

"No," said Silvain, "I do not dispute it."

"Nor that," I continued, "by study and research, the discovery of these secrets is open to mankind."

"Undoubtedly," he said, "you may gain some knowledge of them; as you may gain knowledge concerning the growth of flowers. But however profound your application and however assiduous your pursuit, you can never acquire a power which is intuitive in those who are born with it. At the present time, for instance, you are attracted to the study of animal magnetism, and you may become a master in its tricks. You will reach no higher point. The true spiritual gift is bestowed by nature only."

"I need not say that my opinions were

not in harmony with his, and had there not been an entire absence of arrogance in his utterances, I might have been nettled by the idea that he was asserting a superiority over me. Although he declined seriously to discuss the subject he was too amiable to refuse to converse upon it, and I extracted from him a promise that, if it were in his power, he would afford me the opportunity of testing and verifying any incident of which he might become forewarned through his sympathy with Kristel. He faithfully kept this promise, which, as you will presently learn, was the forerunner of strange results.

"Meanwhile Silvain and I continued to travel together. I pursued my studies assiduously, and did not allow myself to be discouraged by the instances of charlatanism which met me at every turn. Silvain was in the habit of relating his dreams to me, so far as he was able to recall them, and during the first three months of our intimacy nothing occurred to disturb him with respect to Kristel, whose letters he always handed to me for perusal. These letters were most affectionately written, but I gathered from them an impression that Silvain's love was the more profound of the two. It was at the expiration of three months that Silvain said, 'Louis, I am beginning to dream about you.'

"That is because we are constantly together,' I said.

"I am dreaming also of another, whom I have never seen,' said Silvain.

"Man or woman?' I asked.

"Woman,' he replied.

"Young or old?"

"Young."

"I smiled and said, 'You also are young, Silvain.'

"Well?' was his inquiry.

"Love comes to the young,' I said, with the kind of wisdom which youth is fond of parading. 'It may come one day to me.'

"Do *you* dream,' said Silvain, 'of a young woman whom you have never beheld?"

"I dream of many such, no doubt,' I said, still preserving my light tone.

"Ah, yes, of many such—but of one who constantly appears, and whom you can in certain particulars vividly describe? Is this among your experiences?"

"No,' I said, 'it certainly is not.'

"Then,' continued Silvain, 'she seldom appears alone. My brother Kristel is there; occasionally, also, you.'

"His earnest voice made me serious.

"Describe this woman, Silvain, as she appears to you in your dreams."

"I cannot,' he said, after a momentary pause, 'describe her face except that I know it is beautiful, nor her form except that I know it is graceful. She has black hair, which tumbles in thick luxuriance over her shoulders below her waist, and upon her head is a scarlet covering, loosely tied, which flutters in the wind which is sweeping around her. Her figure is nearly always in this position, standing upright, with her left hand raised to her forehead, and her eyes looking eagerly forward.'

"As though searching for some one, Silvain?"

"Yes, as though searching for some one. For whom? For me? It is a question I seem to have asked of myself, I know not why. Her lips are parted, and I see her white teeth gleaming. The wild waves are dashing up to her feet, and surging all around her while the wind whistles and shrieks."

"A storm is raging?' I suggested.

"An invisible storm, of which she appears utterly regardless."

"And I am there?"

"And you are there,' said Silvain, 'and Kristel, and myself. And this young girl, whose face I have never seen, but whose beauty spiritually impresses me, is always looking forward in the position I have described.'

"Towards us?' I asked.

"I cannot say,' he replied, 'but we seem to be moving in her direction.'

"Moving!' I exclaimed. 'How? By what means? Walking, riding, or flying?"

"We are on the water, it seems,' he said; 'but truly there is nothing clear except the figure of the young girl standing in the midst of the storm.'

"You dream this constantly?"

"Constantly."

"Has Kristel ever spoken to you of such a girl?"

"Never."

"It is possible,' I suggested, 'that since you and he parted he has met with her.'

"Ah,' cried Silvain, with animation, 'you have hit the mark! It is through Kristel that she comes to me in my dreams.'

"My suggestion had been lightly made, and the readiness with which he accepted it astonished me. Thinking over it afterwards in cool blood it appeared to me incredible that, in his dreams, Silvain should

thus become acquainted with a being whom he had never seen, and of whose existence he had never heard. But Silvain entertained no doubt on the matter.

"Shall I ever see her in my waking life?" he asked, in a musing tone.

"You believe she lives!"

"As surely as I live. If I knew where she is to be found I would go and seek her."

"In other men's judgment the calm manner in which he spoke of this mystic episode would have been accounted a species of madness; but I knew that he was perfectly sane, and that his brain was as clear and well balanced as my own."

"For what reason would you seek her?" I asked.

"I do not know," he replied, and added, with a grave smile, "perhaps because she is beautiful."

"You have fallen in love with a shadow, Silvain."

"It may be," he said; "I cannot say how it is—only that I think of her by day and dream of her by night. I wonder whether we shall ever meet!"

"Cannot you tell?"

"No, I cannot see into the future. All that comes to me in my dreams of and through Kristel belongs to the past and the present. There is no foreshadowing of what is to be. The picture I have seen of this beautiful girl is a reflex of what Kristel has seen in actual embodiment."

"It would have been both unkind and ungenerous to throw ridicule upon these statements. To no man would Silvain have spoken as he spoke to me; he had, as it were, opened his soul to my gaze, and I should have been unworthy of friendship had I not received his confidences with respect. Nevertheless I could not bring myself to believe as he believed. I was soon to become a convert."

"About a month after this conversation I was aroused from sleep early in the morning by Silvain. The sun had scarcely risen, and he was fully dressed. I observed signs of agitation in his face."

"Kristel is in danger," he said.

"These simple words acted upon me as a charm. I divined instantly that Silvain had dreamt of his brother being in peril. Here, then, to my hand, was a means of verifying a mystery which might assist me in my studies. I questioned Silvain, and he answered me frankly. Yes, he had dreamt of Kristel, and it was his dream which had driven him from his bed. I determined to be precise, and,

for my own satisfaction, to extract from Silvain all the details at his command."

"Kristel," he said, "was one of a company of tourists who had set out to traverse a difficult pass, from the summit of which a view of cloud and water, and distant lowlands of great beauty, was to be obtained."

"How do you know this?" I asked.

"Kristel reached the summit," replied Silvain, "shortly before sunset, and stood enjoying the prospect."

"You saw him there?"

"I saw him there, with his friends. Near the spot upon which they were gathered was a hut, which in all likelihood was built to accommodate large parties of tourists, such as that of which Kristel formed one. It was spacious, with many bedrooms in it, and one large apartment in which meals were taken. Kristel and his companions retired to this hut after sunset. Then night set in, and my dream ended."

"There is nothing very alarming in that," I observed.

"I do not think I awoke," continued Silvain, "and I cannot say whether the interval between this dream and the dream that followed was one of hours or minutes. Kristel and a companion are exploring a cavern, the opening into which is on the summit of the mountain. They bear torches. The walls and roof of the cavern are of glittering spar and crystal, and the light from the torches is a thousand-fold reflected. They emerge from the cavern through a fissure in the rocks some hundreds of feet below the summit. There is an overhanging ledge of stone, by springing upon which readier access to the hut is gained. Kristel's companion makes the spring, and reaches the ledge in safety. Kristel follows, fails in the attempt, and falls back, bleeding. His companion, standing far above him, cannot reach him by bending over, and, being without ropes, is powerless to assist Kristel, who lies there, badly hurt."

"Nothing further, Silvain?"

"Nothing further."

"Do you know, from evidence in your dream, where this occurred?"

"No; but Kristel is in Bavaria. I know that by his letters, and by the scheme of travel mapped out by my father."

"What do you intend to do?"

"To go to Kristel. To go to Bavaria."

"But by the time you arrive there, he may be gone."

"You forget that I told you he is badly hurt. It will be some days, perhaps some weeks, before he is able to resume his travels. I shall arrive in time."

"Is it your intention to start to-day?"

"Yes, I shall start immediately. I must not lose an hour. I am sorry to part from you, Louis, but you see it cannot be helped. I shall miss you sadly."

"And I you, Silvain. But, after all, why should we part? My time is my own; I have no arbitrary plan of travel mapped out. I will accompany you to Bavaria, and gain another friend in Kristel."

"Silvain was delighted at the proposal, and eagerly accepted it. For my own part, although I did not confess it to Silvain, I was not entirely ingenuous in my offer. It was not prompted solely by friendship; an insatiable curiosity possessed me to ascertain the real facts of the case, and, as I have already said, to verify them in detail."

"Kristel lives?" I said to Silvain.

"As nearly," he replied, "as a man can be convinced of anything, the knowledge of which is acquired by spiritual means, so am I convinced that Kristel lives."

"And will recover?"

"That is beyond me," said Silvain gravely. "I hope so—I pray so. You inspire strange thoughts, Louis. Though parted from Kristel by great distances, I hold communion with him, while he lives. Were he to die, should I still hold communion with him?"

"The question startled me, holding out, as it did, an illimitable prospect of mysterious knowledge stretching as far as the portals of immortality."

Here Dr. Louis broke off in his narrative, and said, addressing himself immediately to me,—

"In recalling these incidents of my youthful days, and of my connection with Silvain and Kristel, I am drawn insensibly into a fairly faithful depiction of the visionary ideas and speculations which sprang within me from time to time, and which afforded me food for thought. During a brief space I foolishly believed that the very question and truth of the immortality of the soul were involved in my studies of animal magnetism. Had I accepted this, had I allowed it to root itself firmly in my mind, I should have been profoundly unhappy. I can imagine no such grounds for misery to the intellectual man as lack of faith in a future state. I care not what shape or form it takes, so long as it is there. And this faith must of necessity be a blind faith.

I have already expressed to you my conviction that a recognized science will arise out of the better knowledge which will be gained by certain hidden forces, but there are immortal secrets which will never be revealed to mankind. It appears to me to be necessary to make this clear to you, in order that you may not suppose that I am still wedded to the wild chimeras of youth."

I knew why Doctor Louis made this statement to me. The reminiscences he was recalling had rendered him for a little while oblivious of the present. His youth rose before him, in which his daughter Lauretta had no share. Suddenly he had remembered that I loved Lauretta, and the father's heart spoke to the man whose most earnest desire it was to wed the cherished child.

"I understand you, sir," I said humbly; the confidences which Dr. Louis was imparting to me, had drawn us closer together, and this fact seemed to be an assurance of my happiness. In the light of this prospect my spirit was humbly grateful. "I understand you," I repeated. "Perhaps also to me will come the wisdom in which the most perfect human and divine comfort is to be found."

He pressed my hand, and regarded me with glistening eyes.

"It is a wisdom," he said, "which not only comforts, but purifies."

And then he resumed his story.

CHAPTER XII.

"I MUST not forget one question I asked Silvain."

"In the company of tourists who traversed the pass with Kristel, was the young girl present, of whom you have so frequently dreamt?"

"No. There seemed to me to be no females among them."

"On the morning of that day we started for Bavaria, Silvain having first despatched a letter to his father, informing him that he was about to join his brother, and explaining the reason. It would prolong my story to an undue length were I to dwell upon the record of travel and experience, which does not bear directly upon the history of Silvain and Kristel. Suffice it, therefore, to say that we arrived in Bavaria, and after necessary inquiry, proceeded straight to the mountain pass which Silvain believed his brother to have met with the accident. Some time afterwards I reflected with interest upon the singular contrast in our demeanor when we were pursuing our search. I,

should have been calm, inasmuch as no being dear to me was in danger, was restless and excited. Silvain, who should have been anxious and disturbed, was composed. He believed in the truth of his vision; I doubted its truth. But no room was left for doubt when we came to the end of our journey. It terminated at the mountain hut, where Kristel was lying slowly recovering from the injuries he had received in his fall. Everything was as Silvain had described it. The hut with its many small bedrooms, and the larger apartment in which the meals were taken; the mount with its cavern of glittering spar and crystal, with its entrance from the summit of the pass, and its mode of egress at the side lower down; the overhanging ledge of rock which could only be reached by a daring leap. I recognized, with feelings of amazement, the faithfulness of the detail. The mystery of this spiritual sympathy which found practical expression in a form so strange, was beyond my comprehension, and I accepted it, as Silvain accepted it, but the wonder never left me.

"Kristel was affectionately and unfeignedly glad to see his brother.

"Did you expect me?" asked Silvain.

"No," replied Kristel, "but I hoped you would come."

"He listened attentively while Silvain related his dream. Although he had received no forewarning that Silvain was coming to him, he expressed no surprise; he regarded it, also, as perfectly natural.

"Before I saw Kristel I had pictured him in my mind as resembling his twin-brother—dark, like Silvain, with black hair, and brown, melancholy eyes. I had said to myself, 'I shall know Kristel, if I meet him for the first time when his brother is not present.' Another surprise awaited me. There was no resemblance between Silvain and Kristel; there was scarcely a brotherly likeness. Kristel was fair, his hair was light, his eyes were blue, and his frame was larger and more powerful.

"They had much to relate to each other of their travels and adventures, and I frequently left them alone, in order that they might indulge freely in brotherly communion. I heard, however, from Kristel's lips the particulars of his accident, which tallied exactly with the account I had received from Silvain.

"You must have dreamt of it," he said to Silvain, "at the precise moment of its occurrence."

"Silvain nodded and smiled. He was

happy because he was with Kristel, and because Kristel was recovering strength, slowly it was true, but surely.

"Has Kristel," I said to Silvain, "ever spoken to you of the beautiful girl who presented herself to you in your dreams?"

"No," replied Silvain, "he has not mentioned her."

"Is not that strange?" I asked.

"Silvain did not reply, and, gazing at him, I saw that he was lost in reverie. I had recalled the image of the girl, and he was musing upon it.

"At another time I asked Silvain whether he himself had referred to her in his conversations with his brother. He confessed that he had not. There was, then, a secret which these brothers held close in their hearts. I was not old enough to fix instantly upon the correct solution of this secret which each was keeping from the other. It required, in a third party, a riper experience than was at my command, to read the riddle aright.

"Two months passed by, and Kristel hoped in a few days to be able to move out of the hut in which he had been so long confined. Silvain was in the habit of going to the post-office in the village, which lay at the foot of the mountain. He went one morning as usual for letters, and I was left with Kristel. We conversed freely, and Kristel asked me to bring his desk, which was on a table at a little distance from the couch upon which he was lying. I brought the desk, and he opened it. He took letters from it which he did not read, and then some drawings in water-colors, an art in which he was proficient. He glanced at them, and laid them singly aside, retaining one, upon which he gazed long and earnestly.

"You are an artist," I said, for, seeing that I had moved my chair from the bed, so that I should not intrude upon his private matters, he had called me closer, and invited me by a gesture to examine the sketches.

"But a poor one," he said, still gazing at the drawing in his hand. "Still, this is not bad, I think." And he held it out to me.

"He did not notice the start I gave when my eyes fell upon the sketch. It was that of a young girl, with most wonderful black hair which hung loosely down. She was standing on the upper gallery of a lighthouse, and the silver spray of wild waves was dashing upon the stone edifice. Her left hand was arched above her brows, and a scarlet kerchief was wound gracefully round her lovely head.

"I examined it in silence. The likeness to the description given by Silvain was unmistakable, and it was only by an effort of self-restraint that I prevented myself from disclosing that the figure was familiar to me. The right was not mine; the secret was not mine. A confidence had been reposed in me by Silvain, and, if he and Kristel had not spoken to each other of the girl, it was not for me to betray my knowledge of her.

"A fancy sketch?" I asked.

"No," replied Kristel, "from the life. Is she not beautiful?"

"Very beautiful," I said, with a sinking heart.

"I have spoken of the physical dissimilarity of Kristel and Silvain; but although, from the evidence of sight, a stranger would not have taken them for brothers, he could not have doubted of the close kinship, had he depended for his judgment upon his sense of hearing. Their voices were as one voice, in tone and inflection, so that, closing one's eyes, one could not with absolute certainty decide whether Kristel or Silvain were speaking. It was this that caused my heart to sink when Kristel asked me if the girl was not beautiful. In exactly the same tone had Silvain spoken of her, with fervid warmth and enthusiasm. My vague fears — which at that moment I should have felt a difficulty in explaining — were not dispelled by the action of Kristel, immediately following my reply. Silvain's footsteps were heard without, and Kristel, swiftly and hurriedly, took the sketch from my hand, and placed it in his desk, which he closed and locked.

"Silvain brought grave news to the hut. His head drooped, his features were suffused with sadness.

"Kristel," he said, in a tone of melancholy significance.

"Silvain," said Kristel, in a tone of indifference. The sorrowful note in his brother's voice had not reached his heart. He was thinking of the beautiful girl, with the wild waves dashing up to her feet.

"Our father" — faltered Silvain, and stopped, unable to proceed.

"Even this did not arouse Kristel. He was lying now with his head on the pillow, and his hands, the fingers of which were interlaced, clasped behind it. Silvain came close to his brother's side, gently disengaged the clasped hands, and held one within his own. Kristel was awakened to reality by this action; and I, who had guessed the truth, stole softly from the room.

"When they called me in I found them both with tears in their eyes. The letters which Silvain had received at the post-office made them acquainted with the death of their father. Their grief was genuine, and they mourned with sincerity. Kristel was the first to recover his natural tone, and he drew Silvain to speak of the future. Silvain's desire was to return home immediately. Kristel was strong enough to travel, but Kristel would not have it so.

"No duty of instantly returning," he said, "devolves upon us, and by our remaining abroad awhile, it will not be thought that we are wanting in affection. Our letters inform us that the last sad offices have been performed over the grave of our father; our affairs are in good hands, and no mother or sister awaits us to relieve her sorrow. We are alone, you and I, Silvain, with no ties beyond us to weaken or strengthen the affection which unites us, and makes our hearts as one."

"Silvain looked up with a loving light in his eyes; his nature was ever responsive to the call of affection.

"Yes, Kristel," he said, "nothing can weaken the ties which unite us. They are perfect, complete. Our hearts truly are one."

"Then you will be guided by me, Silvain?"

"Yes."

"Good! We will continue our travels, and nothing shall ever part us."

"Nothing can ever part us, Kristel," said Silvain.

"Alas! If, upon the enthusiasm of the present, when men are indulging in dreams, the presentiment of what was to happen in the future were to intrude, how quickly the glowing embers would grow white and cold! When I heard the brothers exchange these professions of love, even I, who had some reasons for uneasiness respecting them, saw not the grim shadows which attended them and beckoned them onwards to their fate.

"The days passed slowly now until Kristel was sufficiently recovered to travel. He would have started long before he was fit, but Silvain would not allow him; and Kristel must have had some doubts of his strength, or he would not have allowed himself to be prevailed upon, so great was his impatience to start. At length the day was fixed, and we left the mountain and the village. I had solicited to be permitted to accompany them and they had readily consented. Their society was agreeable to me, and I loved Silvain. I

looked upon Kristel, also, with affection, but my feelings towards him were weaker than those I entertained for his brother. Silvain appealed more closely to me; we had been longer in association, and our natures, in impulsive warmth and unreserve, were in unison. Kristel was colder, and sometimes suddenly checked himself when about to open his heart. I do not say that this should tell against a man, and I have no doubt that, in the telling of my story, I am influenced in my remarks by the strange events of which you will presently hear.

"At this point I am again silently reminded to be thoroughly sincere. Not alone because I was happy in the society of the brothers and loved Silvain was I desirous to accompany them. I had thought long and seriously over the beautiful girl by the sea whose picture Kristel kept concealed in his desk, and who held a place in the hearts of the brothers, and I was haunted by a foreboding that she was destined to play a part in their lives. By remaining with them I should perhaps make her acquaintance, and might help, for good, either one or the other. Of course, all this was but vaguely in my mind, and probably the most truthful explanation would be that I was prompted by curiosity pure and simple.

"Kristel had extracted a promise from Silvain, to the effect that Kristel was to assume the position of director of the route we were to take. I also was bound. We were to ask no questions, to offer no advice, but to go blindly wherever Kristel willed and wished.

"It suits my humor exactly," said Silvain merrily, "and relieves us of responsibility. Eh, Louis?"

"Yes," I said, "I am entirely agreeable." But I wondered why Kristel had insisted upon this stipulation. That he had a distinct motive I was convinced. But what motive—and whither was he about to lead us?

"Oh, I will take the responsibility," said Kristel, "and you shall find me the best of guides and couriers."

"So we started gaily, and in a few days left Bavaria far behind us.

"In pursuance of the necessary scheme of brevity I have laid down for myself, I shall not pause in my story to give you an account of the places we visited under Kristel's guidance and direction. I will but say that I subsequently held the opinion—and I have no doubt it was correct—that, although Kristel had one distinct goal in view from the moment we started

from the mountain hut, it was a preconceived part of his plan that we should arrive at it by a devious route, and should, to a certain extent, be supposed to come to it by accident. Therefore we lingered here and there, and shared in the usual pleasures of a tour in the holiday of life. Between us existed a most agreeable amity and complaisance, and I inwardly confessed it to be a wise proceeding that one, whose word was law, should be elected captain of our wanderings. By land, and lake, and sea, over valley and mountain, we made pleasant progress, picking intellectual flowers by the waysides, until at length Kristel's design was unfolded to my view.

"We arrived at a village on the southwest coast of France, and there remained for several days. It was a village inhabited by fishermen, and on one pretext and another, Kristel kept us there. In pursuance of our promise of obedience we did not demur; and indeed there was much to interest us in the life of simplicity led by the good-hearted inhabitants. Their ancestors, for innumerable generations, had lived there before them, and the quaint and sweet crust of primitiveness lay upon the natures of the simple people, and invested them with a peculiar charm. They received us hospitably, and gave us of their best, freely and willingly. The weather was tempestuous and stormy when we arrived, and for a week there was no change in it. Fierce winds swept across the stormy sea, and roared and shrieked along the coast. This prevented the fishermen from following their usual avocation, but they were by no means idle. Sails were mended, boats were caulked and pitched and made sound; then there were the curing and smoking of fish, the repairing of huts, and all the industry of a busy leisure. To such as they inaction was worse than death; work, cheerfully performed, formed the greater part of the pleasure of life. Often and often have I thought of the sweetness of existence as it presented itself to me in that ancient village by the sea.

"A dangerous coast it was; and in the distance a lighthouse. Beyond the lighthouse treacherous silver sands, in which lurked sudden death when nature was convulsed with passionate throes; at other times fairly safe, bathed in peace and beauty. Within the radius of a few miles many ships had been wrecked, and many a crew engulfed.

"We were young, strong, and in good health, and could afford to laugh at wind

and rain. Wrapped in oilskins lent to us by the fishermen, we scaled high rocks, round the base of which the waves dashed furiously, and watched the wondrous effects of the raging tempest. At such times a man's soul is lifted up as it were. The littleness of the human life we live assumes a proper and just proportion, and we become sensible of the divine grandeur of nature.

"At the end of a week the storm abated, and the sea became calm. When we arose in the morning the sun was shining upon a scene of loveliness and peace.

" 'We are going to visit the lighthouse,' said Kristel.

"There was a glad and eager light in his eyes, and he was full of excitement.

"He had made arrangements with a party of boatmen, and after breakfast we went down to the shore, and took our seats in the boat. It was a long pull—six miles, the boatmen said. From the village this watch-dog of the sea was only partially visible, the reason being that it stood on the other side of a promontory, which we now skirted. A gray, stately mass of stone, it reared beneficently to the clouds, an angel of warning to the toilers of the sea. Calm as was the day, the waves, broken up and lashed into anger by hidden rocks, were wild and turbulent around the edifice. Nearer and nearer we approached, and saw, but imperfectly as yet, the figure of a woman watching us from the topmost gallery.

" 'Avicia,' said one of the rowers to his comrades.

"They nodded, and looked in her direction, and said, 'Yes, Avicia.'

"Avicia! A sufficiently attractive and unusual name. But it was not the name which compelled my breathless attention and observation; it was a simple bit of color on her head, worn as a covering.

"What color? Scarlet.

"I closed my eyes, and became lost in reflection.

"First, of the description given to me by Silvain of a beautiful girl with raven hair, with parted lips and white teeth gleaming, and with a scarlet covering upon her head, looking out towards us, who were moving towards her upon the water. I had not dreamt it: the dream was dreamt and the words were spoken.

"Next, of a colored sketch of this beautiful girl, upon which Kristel was gazing, as he and I sat together in the mountain hut, with love in his eyes and in his heart. 'Is she not beautiful?' Kristel had asked; and when he heard the footsteps of his

brother without, he had hurriedly and jealously hidden the sketch, so that Silvain should not see it. And Silvain had never set eyes upon it, neither at that nor at any other time. Of this I was convinced, although I had no positive knowledge of the fact.

" 'Shall I ever see her in my waking life?' Silvain's words. And when I asked him if he believed she lived, he answered, 'As surely as I live. If I knew where she is to be found, I would go and seek her.' Well, without seeking her he was moving towards her; and Kristel and I were with him; and Avicia was watching and waiting for us.

"I opened my eyes and looked forward, in dumb amazement and apprehension. She had not moved from her point of observation. I turned towards Silvain and Kristel. They were both gazing at her like men entranced. For a moment I felt as if an enchantment had fallen upon us.

" 'What name did you say?' I asked of the boatmen.

"A foolish and unnecessary question, for I had heard it distinctly, and it was already deeply rooted in my mind.

" 'Avicia,' they replied.

"Silvain drew a long breath.

" 'Kristel,' he said to his brother.

" 'Yes,' said Kristel, in a dreamy tone.

" 'She is no shadow.'

" 'No; she lives.'

" 'I have dreamt of her, exactly as she is, exactly as she stands at the present moment.'

" 'You have dreamt of her, Silvain!' exclaimed Kristel, in the same soft, dreamy tone. 'Impossible.'

" 'It is true. I described her to Louis.'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'it is true.'

"Presently, after a pause, Silvain said, 'You knew she was here, Kristel?'

" 'Yes,' replied Kristel, 'I knew she was here.'

"No further words were spoken till we reached the lighthouse, entrance to which was obtained by means of stone steps, on each side of which hung ropes and chains to guide and steady us. In a few moments we stood in the presence of Avicia.

" 'I told you I would come, Avicia,' said Kristel. 'This is my brother Silvain.'

CHAPTER XIII.

"How Kristel and Avicia first met is soon explained. Her aunt, who was the only sister of her father, the keeper of the lighthouse, lay dying, as she believed, in a small hamlet in the Tyrol, and had written to her brother to allow Avicia to come

to her. Avicia's father, a morose, avaricious man, had the idea that his sister possessed some treasure in money which, upon her death, should be his, and which would be lost were he or Avicia not with her when she died. His duties would not permit him to leave the lighthouse, therefore he sent Avicia to his sister, with careful instructions how to act. In no other circumstances would he have consented that his daughter should leave him, even for a short time, but the temptation was too strong to be resisted. To Avicia it was a trial to quit the strange place in which she had been born, and in which she had passed her life, but she obeyed her father's commands, and it was in the Tyrol that Kristel first came across her. Fascinated by her beauty he paid her marked attentions, and during the three weeks she remained with her aunt (who, instead of dying, recovered her health almost immediately upon the arrival of her niece) the young people were constantly together. What kind of encouragement Avicia gave Kristel I am not in a position to say. That he loved her with all the strength of his heart and soul is certain, and it could not but be that she was flattered by the adulation of a young man so handsome and well-born as Kristel. Despite the difference in their stations he wooed her honorably, and she, simple and unsophisticated, knew not how to reply. Kristel could not marry without his father's consent, and so he told her; and she, enlightened by this avowal as to the right course for her to pursue, told him that she could not marry without *her* father's consent.

"Then write to him," said Kristel, "and when he replies, and you promise to be my wife, I will write home, and avow my love."

"She wrote as he desired, and at the same time informed her father that her aunt had recovered her health and needed her no longer. It is my opinion that Avicia must have written in such terms concerning Kristel as to have inspired in the father's heart a doubt whether the young gentleman's wooing was prompted by honorable intentions. There are two other possible interpretations of the course he pursued: one, that he had no desire to part from his daughter; the other, that he believed it likely he might make some sort of bargain, to his own advantage, with a man presumably rich who had become enamored of Avicia's beauty.

"Come back instantly," the keeper of the lighthouse wrote to Avicia in reply to

her letter, 'come back within an hour of your reading these lines. Sleep not another night in your false aunt's house; she only sent for you to fool you. As for this young gallant of whom you write, if he is honest, and rich, and reasonable, let him seek you in your father's home. Beware that he is not also fooling you. I doubt my wisdom in sending one so simple as yourself into a false world. Obey me. Come back without an hour's delay.'

"Frank and unsuspecting, Avicia showed this letter to Kristel.

"Your father suspects me," he said, 'I will come and seek you the moment I am free.'

"Being set free by his father's death, he redeemed his promise. Thus it was that they met again.

"I set myself to the study of Avicia's character; I wished to ascertain whether she was a coquette. What I learnt filled me with admiration. She was a child of nature; ingenuous and modest, with no desire to make a traffic of her beauty in the way of winning men's hearts. She did not win mine as a lover, but she won my esteem as a friend.

"Needless to say we did not leave the village; indeed, we took up permanent quarters there. Observing Kristel and Silvain when they were with Avicia, I foresaw a storm—a storm all the more terrible and significant because of the peculiar ties of sympathy by which the brothers were bound to each other. They bought a boat, and took into their service two men of the village, to row them to and fro. Not a fine day passed without their visiting the lighthouse, and after a time they seldom went empty-handed. At first they were unsuspecting of each other, but presently I intercepted glances, the meaning of which it was impossible to me—an observer who wished them well and was not likely to interfere with their hearts' dearest wish—to misunderstand. Love had found its place—and jealousy also. As for Avicia, she made no conspicuous sign. How was it to end? With fear I asked this question of myself.

"Of the two I distrusted Kristel the more. Of the two I had more dread of him than of Silvain. Not divining to which of the brothers Avicia's heart was truly drawn, believing that her faithful love could be won by either were the other away, I devised a plan—which proved to be a trap into which I myself was to fall.

"I intercept the course of my narrative at this point by mentioning something

which should have been mentioned earlier. Baldwin was the name by which Avicia's father was known. I have told you he was an avaricious man. He was something more than this — he was a designing man, and he played one brother against the other. They grew, as I have said, in the habit of taking presents with them when they visited the lighthouse, presents of wine and food and flowers. The wine and food were acceptable to Avicia's father, the flowers he despised.

"But," said Kristel to him, 'the flowers are for Avicia.'

"Exactly," said Baldwin, 'but were I a young man, and rich, and made presents to a young girl, they should not always be flowers which fade in a day, and are flung into the sea. I should think of things more substantial, things that would last and would always retain their value.'

"Upon this hint they were not slow to act. They sent letters to distant towns; they made secret visits to places not so far away as to necessitate their absence for longer than twenty-four hours, and armed with ornaments and jewels they made their appearance at the lighthouse, and presented them to Avicia. She wore none of them; her father took possession of them, with the remark: 'It would be unbecoming for a single girl to display these gewgaws upon her neck and arms. By-and-by, when she is a married woman, then will be the time, if other things are in keeping. Meanwhile, I am a safe custodian — and mark you,' he added, with an emphasis which caused me to regard him with abhorrence (for I was present when he said it), 'my daughter has been taught to obey me. My will is her law.'

"They saw not the meaning of the cunning words; I, cooler and more collected, with no blinding, passionate thrills in my pulses, was gifted with a keener insight. I made one slight, impotent attempt to open their eyes, but the manner in which I was met warned me not to repeat it if I wished to be of service to them, and to avert a calamity. He was Avicia's father, and, as such, incapable in their judgment of a mean or sordid act.

"Now for the trap I set, into which I was the only one to fall. I had really, with the best wisdom at my command, reviewed and studied the lamentable position of affairs, and it appeared to me a necessity that one of the brothers must suffer. If he suffered without guilt upon his soul, it would be the be-all and the end-all of the torture. His suffering would be his own, and would not bring misery

upon others. And in the light of the inevitable, his honorable feelings and the promptings of conscience — to which I believed both Silvain and Kristel to be amenable — would assist him to bear it in silence, however bitter and poignant it might be. I decided that Silvain was the better able, upon moral grounds, to bear the suffering, although had it devolved upon me deliberately to contribute to the happiness of only one of the brothers, my choice would have fallen upon Silvain. My scheme was to endeavor to take him from this scene of silent, agonizing contention of love. Upon his return he would find matters so far advanced that he would be deterred from advancing another step towards Avicia.

"I opened the matter privately with Silvain.

"I am called away from you," I said to him, 'and shall be absent for three or four months.'

"I am sorry to hear it," said Silvain. 'Is it imperative?'

"Yes," I said, 'it is imperative.'

"I do not ask you upon what errand you are compelled to leave us," said Silvain, 'because if the matter were not as private as it is urgent, I think you would confide in me voluntarily. Unhappily, he added with a sigh, 'we all have secrets which it is incumbent upon us to conceal even from our dearest friends.'

"I understood the allusion, and my heart bled for him.

"Silvain," I said, 'I have grown so accustomed to your society, and if you will forgive me the confession, have grown so to love you, that I shall feel inexpressibly lonely and unhappy without you. Why not accompany me?'

"There was a sad surprise in his eyes as he answered, —

"If it were possible, it would afford me great pleasure. But it is not possible.'

"Why not?'

"Do not ask me; you would not understand.'

"Is it really necessary you should stay here?'

"Vitality necessary. To leave would snap my heartstrings. I should die.'

"Silvain," I said, with all my earnestness, 'sometimes in a man's life there comes a crisis —'

"He stopped me with a firmness and decision which were unanswerable.

"I do not, I must not, seek to know your meaning. Surely you can see that I am suffering. All would be dark, but for

the light of one star which illumines the world for me. Not another word. You say you love me. If your love is sincere, you will spare me.'

"'It is because my love is sincere,' I urged, 'that I would give much if I could prevail upon you.'

"But he broke from me, and would listen no further.

"Next I tried Kristel, and found him, as I feared and expected, obdurate and violent. In the interval which elapsed between my speaking to Silvain and Kristel, all the village knew that I was about to leave, and the fishermen, and their wives and children, with whom I had become a general favorite, freely expressed their regret at the prospect of losing me.

"But I am coming back,' I said with an attempt at gaiety.

"They expressed their joy at hearing this. There was no retreat open to me. Had I manufactured an excuse for staying, I felt that I should have been looked upon with suspicion by Kristel and Silvain. In that case, my possible usefulness would be destroyed, and I could never regain the position of confidence I had gained with them. Therefore I bade them farewell, and much distressed and disturbed took my departure.

"I returned at the end of three weeks, the shortest limit I had set upon my absence. I had written to Kristel and Silvain, announcing my return, and expected to be greeted by them upon my arrival. To my disappointment I saw nothing of them, and upon inquiring for them, I was informed that they had gone from the village.

"'Gone!' I cried.

"'Yes,' was the answer, 'disappeared.'

"That was all the satisfaction I obtained from the men in the village, my inquiries being at first confined to them. As a rule, they were not given to tittle-tattle, and accounted it a virtue to hold their tongues. Most of the women followed the lead of the men in this respect, but there were a few gossips among them, and I sought out the most garrulous of the class, who was generally discursive and communicative. She was an old woman whose name I have forgotten, and she readily enlightened me—to my sorrow and dismay. She commenced in a roundabout fashion.

"'You see, sir,' the old soul said, 'there's no telling what there is in man or woman till they are set loose. Tie a young girl up, keep her from mixing with folk, and prevent her from making friends,

and frolicking a bit in a harmless way, with girls and boys of her own age, and likely as not mischief will come of it. Not that I believe there's any harm in her.'

"'In her!' I exclaimed. 'In whom?'

"'In Avicia, of course. I don't say it's her fault, but beauty's a snare. You see, sir, she was brought up wrong. 'Twas not her fault but her misfortune that her mother died when she was a little one—too little to remember anything of her who suckled her. Then said we to her father, the keeper of the lighthouse, "You and a babe are not a match. Being a man, you are an ignoramus in the ways of a child, who hasn't yet learned to prattle. Let her come among us, and we will rear her for you, and make a bright woman of her."

For even then, young as she was, we women knew that she was going to grow up beautiful. Men think all babes alike, but we know better. Avicia's father would not have it so. "My child shall not leave my side," said he. "She will be better off without a parcel of women about her." We settled it among ourselves that he was too mean and stingy to do as we wanted, thinking it would cost him something. He's a rare close-fisted man is Baldwin, and fairly dotes on gold—though as he declares he will live and die on the lighthouse, it's hard to say what good all the gold in the world could do him. We offered to take the babe for nothing, but even that he wouldn't listen to, being suspicious that we had designs on him. So Avicia was left with him, and he brought her up in his lonely home, in which no child but his own has ever set foot. Give the devil his due—which isn't saying much, for if you don't give it him he'll be quick enough in taking it, and a bit over if he's got the chance—Baldwin didn't let Avicia grow in ignorance; he taught her useless things, such as reading and writing, and perhaps the child didn't miss much, in her own reckoning, by not mixing with us. Anyhow, there she was, a maid as beautiful as can be found, sea-born and sea-bred, fit for a lighthouse and for nothing else. That didn't stand in the way of the young men of the village falling in love with her, but she would have nothing to say to one of them, and as they received no encouragement from her father to woo her, they let her alone. Our men are not of the sort to go puking and sighing over a woman. It's a fair match when they come together, and the men don't always get the best of it. We take care of that. But when you and your gentlemen friends came among

us — and you're likely men the three of you — we saw how the cat jumped. There was a fat fish to hook, and Baldwin set about it. Let him alone for setting a line — but it can't be denied that he'd a rare bait at the end of it. "Which one is it?" asked we of one another when we were talking about it. None of us could decide. We had only two to guess one from, for we saw that *you* weren't being fished for, and still we couldn't decide whether it was Master Silvain or Master Kristel. They were both mad in love with her pretty face, and, being brothers, we thought it a pity, for love is like a poison. However, it was for them to settle it, and settled it is, one way or another.'

"How?" I asked, in a whirl of apprehension.

"That," replied the old woman, 'is what we're waiting to find out.'

"It is true that my friends have left the village, is it not?"

"There's nothing truer.'

"I saw that she had not imparted to me all she knew, and that she was enjoying herself at my expense by doling it slowly out. My mood was too impatient for crumbs, and I said, if she were not more swiftly communicative, that I would go immediately to the lighthouse, where I could doubtless obtain from Avicia information of the movements of Silvain and Kristel. The old woman laughed, and said I must seek elsewhere for Avicia.

"I thought I told you," she said, 'that Avicia had also disappeared. Be a little patient, and you will know everything. You're lucky, for I'm the only one in the village that can tell you things.'

"I had no choice; I was compelled to be patient, and, related in my own words, this is what I learnt:—

"After my departure the wooing of Kristel and Silvain had become more fierce, and they were aware that they were rivals. It may or may not have been that Avicia had given and confessed her love to one of the brothers, but upon this point there was not even the evidence of hearsay, and my perplexity and distress were the greater because of my ignorance. Avicia came more frequently from the lighthouse to the village, and always in the company of both Kristel and Silvain. These visits were made during the day, and in the evening the brothers, having dispensed with the service of the boatmen they had engaged, were in the habit of rowing Avicia home. One night, upon the return of Silvain and Kristel to the

village, the old woman from whom I obtained these particulars overheard them conversing. She was unable to fix the identity of each speaker, for the night was dark, and she could not distinguish the voices as coming from either the one or the other. I could well excuse her for this, because, if I had been in her place, and concealed as she was, I myself should have been in doubt of the particular speaker who, for the moment, engaged my attention. This is what she overheard.

"It is time to put an end to this. I have suffered in silence too long, and I can no longer bear my sufferings. Why do you bar my path to happiness?"

"Why do you bar mine? I love Avicia."

"I, also, love her."

"You have concealed it from me."

"Have you not done the same by me?"

"How, then, could I suspect that you were my rival?"

"How could I?"

"You madden me by your retorts. Can you not understand that you are driving me to desperation? She is the light of my life!"

"And of mine!"

"That was all she heard. They moved away out of sight, and she was afraid to follow.

"Two days before my return to the village, Avicia, Kristel, and Silvain rowed, as usual, from the lighthouse to the shore. They were accompanied on this occasion by Avicia's father, who had engaged an experienced man to take his place on the lighthouse during his absence. It was a breach of duty, but he risked it. The sea was calm and the weather fine, and likely to remain so. The risk, therefore, was not great.

"How they passed the day was not known. They did not mingle with the inhabitants of the village, who, without invitation, were not likely to obtrude upon them, their own concerns being quite sufficient to occupy their attention. What was known was, that the father, daughter, and the twin-brothers passed out of the village, and that there appeared to be some kind of awkwardness and constraint upon them, the precise nature of which was not discernible; and that at sunset Avicia's father came back alone, and rowed himself to the lighthouse. From that moment nothing more had been seen of the young people.

"What had become of them? Whither

gone? It appeared to me that my father was the only person who allay my anxiety, and to him I went the following day. He received me enough, but I learnt little from

'you come to me,' he said, 'to pry your daughter's concerns—which are—I say they are none of yours. I am little more than a stranger to me, have no business with you, and depend on you. If you come to ascertain you can find your friends, you will nothing from me. As to one, perhaps it is in my power to tell you, but I will not choose to gratify you. As to her, perhaps you are as likely to know him as I am.'

During my visit I kept myself on the watch to discover some trace of Avicia, for I thought it might be that the villagers were mistaken in their idea that she had disappeared at the same time as Silvain and . . . She might have returned in the middle of the night when all the village were asleep. I saw no signs of her, however, and when I left the lighthouse I was not that she was not there.

There was at a loss what to do. There was absolutely no clue to direct me to her, and my anxiety became almost insupportable. I made inquiries in the neighbouring villages and towns, and I employed a search for me—but all was of no avail. At the end of a couple of months I was not a whit the wiser. To remain in the village would have been useless, and it was with pain and reluctance I bade the simple inhabitants farewell. They expressed a hope that they would see me again, and I promised to return on another visit before twelve months had passed. It was a promise easily given, and it was my intention to keep it. I argued with myself that I was certain to return at some time in the period I have mentioned, and directly or indirectly, I should succeed in renewing my acquaintance with . . . That she was married to one of them was in my view an established fact. I found it impossible to decide which of them her choice had fallen on, but in mind the absorbing love both had entertained for her, I tried to think of the consequences which might ensue from despair and jealousy.

Before I left the village to resume my travels I went to the lighthouse to see my father, to acquaint him with my intended departure. He seemed to me

restless and uneasy, and threw out vague hints of having been deceived, and of promises broken by those who owed him love and duty. Taking advantage of these hints I pressed him closely, but he surlily refused to give me the least information.

"It can surely do you no harm," I urged, "to tell me to whom your daughter is married."

"If I come face to face with the man who says the contrary," he cried, "he will not live to repeat the lie."

"He had misunderstood my question, and thought I intended to cast a doubt upon his daughter's good name. Having assured him that I had no such intention, and pacified him, I repeated my question."

"Find out for yourself," he said morosely; "for the fortieth time, you will learn nothing from me."

"Why he should have been so persistently and unnecessarily brutal puzzled me. Suddenly a bright idea occurred to me. Baldwin was avaricious and a miser. He loved gold; it was as precious to him as his life's blood.

"I took my purse from my pocket, and emptied several gold pieces into the palm of my hand. A hissing sound escaped from between his closed teeth, and his eyes were fixed upon the money greedily, and then upon me ferociously.

"I laughed lightly and disdainfully. I made a motion of my head towards the boat which was moored to a staple in the outer wall of the lighthouse. Two fishermen were in the boat, waiting to row me back to the village.

"If I do not go to them soon," I said, "they will come and seek me."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, with a dark frown on his face.

"You decline to answer my questions," I replied, "and I decline to answer yours. But I can do what you would be unwilling to do."

"What is that?"

"I can pay for information. Ten of these gold pieces are yours, if you tell me truly to whom your daughter is married."

"Give me the money."

"I gave him the gold, and he bit the coins singly with his strong teeth. Then he said, 'She is married to Silvain.'

"Heaven pity him," I said, preparing to descend, "for such a father-in-law."

"He needs no pity," retorted Baldwin, "he has Avicia."

"As we rowed to land I kept my face towards the lighthouse, and saw, with my

mind's eye, the image of the beautiful girl, as I had seen her for the first time, standing on the topmost gallery, with her luxuriant hair hanging loose, and the scarlet covering on her head. In the lives of Kristel and Silvain the lovely vision was the embodiment of a terrible fate. Red lips parted, white teeth gleaming, wistful eyes gazing, a face of bewitching beauty and innocence— And suddenly the vision grew indistinct in a mass of whirling clouds, which in my fevered fancy became pregnant with angry passions. I dashed my hand across my eyes.

"Steady, sir," said the rowers, as their boat grated on the beach.

"Before night fell I was far away.

From Temple Bar.

LADY DUFF GORDON.

WE are said to owe much of our prestige in the East to three women; Lady Hester Stanhope in the Lebanon, Lady Ellenborough in Syria, and Lady Duff Gordon in Egypt. It is not difficult to say which of the three we are most proud of as a typical Englishwoman. No pique with friends or fortune drove Lady Duff Gordon from Europe—no mysticism or ambition leavened for evil her influence in the East. Her generous sympathy, detecting some goodness under the most unprepossessing exteriors, often created the attributes it assumed, while her singular self-possession and freedom from prejudice caused her to be treated as an equal by stately sheykhs, prone to regard women as inferior beings; and revered almost as a deity by humble Arabs, to whom the ways of white women were ordinarily a terror and a scandal.

Birth and education combined to give Lady Duff Gordon the qualities most valuable to her in after life. She belongs to the aristocracy of intellect. Her paternal grandfather, Jonathan Austin of Creeping Mill, Suffolk, made his fortune by contracts during the war with France, and gave his children a first-rate education. "He must have been," says John Stuart Mill, "a man of remarkable qualities. All his sons were of more than common ability and all eminently gentlemen." The eldest, John, served under Lord William Bentinck in Sicily, sold his commission when peace was concluded, was called to the bar, and produced his great work on jurisprudence, which was said at once to rank him with Hooker and Mon-

tesquieu. Mill warms into one of his rare approaches to enthusiasm when speaking of John Austin's highmindedness in conversation and demeanor; his vigor and richness of expression; his elevating influence on young people. Unfortunately these fine qualities were accompanied by a bitterness of temperament partly arising from constitutional melancholy, partly from chronic ill-health, and "so exaggerated a sense of his own deficiencies that when his task ought to have been completed he had generally worked himself into an illness without having half finished what he undertook." Brougham in an unwonted burst of appreciation said, "If John Austin had had health, neither Lyndhurst nor I should have been chancellor."

In 1819 John Austin married Sarah, youngest daughter of John Taylor—one of those Taylors of Norwich with whom to think deeply and write clearly was as much a matter of course as to run and talk is to ordinary children. Though not belonging to the family of William Taylor, Mrs. Austin, like her namesakes, might have boasted of transmitting a "family pen," as unfailingly as the Bourbons do an "Austrian lip." Her grandfather was the celebrated Nonconformist divine, John Taylor, whose epitaph was written by Dr. Parr. Her mother, wife of John Taylor the younger, was the eulogized friend of Sir James Mackintosh, and her society possessed that magnetic charm for intellectual men afterwards exercised by her daughter, Mrs. Austin, and her granddaughter, Lady Duff Gordon.

The beauty and talent of John Austin's bride "imparted to a life of narrow means and incessant labor the attraction and elegance of the best society." Some letters from Mrs. Austin, in Mr. Macvey Napier's "Selections" from his father's correspondence, show how devoted and helpful a wife she made, and how anxiously she watched over her husband's uncertain health and spirits. Settling in Queen Square, Westminster, within a door or two of James Mill, and overlooking the gardens of Jeremy Bentham, the house of the young couple became a gathering-place for "all the talents."

Into this atmosphere of restless mental activity Lucie Austin was born on June 24, 1821. It did not seem likely at first that she would take much part in its triumphs and excitements, for she could scarcely breathe, and was only fully brought to life by the skill of Maudesley the surgeon. Physical weakness, however, was the only weakness about her.

She very soon showed the mental precocity to be expected from a child who called John Stuart Mill (her father's pupil in Roman law) "Bun Don"—brother John—and with him turned Jeremy Bentham's coach-house into a gymnasium, and intersected his flower-beds with threads and tapes "to represent the passages of a panopticon prison"! It says much for Lucie's independence of character that she emerged from these formidable influences the genial, unaffected woman who won all hearts, European or Oriental, wherever her beautiful face was seen.

Lucie's education, like that of most only children of clever people, was indirect rather than systematic. For many years she was constantly with her parents, the pet and plaything of a circle in which the Carlyles, Stirlings, Bullers, Luttrells, Rogers, and Lord Jeffrey freely mingled. The sort of training she received may be inferred from her astonished comment on hearing a little friend rebuked for being troublesome. "*My* mamma never says 'I don't know,' or 'Don't ask questions.'"

At five years old, Lucie accompanied her parents to Germany, returning from her residence there "a little German maiden, with long braids of hair down her back." Her next foreign trip is thus humorously mentioned in one of Sydney Smith's letters:—

Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock; tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius. But write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest; and then integrity or corruption of frock is of little import. And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You are now in the first sum of yours I ever saw there as a mistake. You had carried two (as a book is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, a city of debts, peopled by men who have never understood arithmetic. By the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all collection of you. Therefore I now give you my parting advice—don't marry anybody so has not a tolerable understanding and a sound head a year. And God bless you, dear child!

At Boulogne, Lucie became acquainted with Heinrich Heine, who took an interest in the little girl from hearing her talk German to her mother at the *table d'hôte*. He used to lounge on the pier with her, to tell stories in which mermaids, fish, water-sprites, and a real live old French idler with a poodle were fancifully mixed

up. Heine's poem, "*Wenn ich an deinem Hause*," was suggested by Lucie and her *braune Augen*. While Heine wrote verses for Lucie, Lucie sang ballads to him; one, relating the tragical fate of a Ladye Alice, who, when *in extremis*, ate only one spoonful of her spiced and sweetened gruel, while "the parson licked up the rest," especially took the poet's fancy.

In 1836 Mr. Austin was appointed commissioner at Malta. Lucie was left in England, and went to school for the first time. Her terse and vigorous letters to Mrs. Grote show how far in advance of her companions, and not improbably of her instructors also, the mind of the schoolgirl of fifteen must have been. Even then her studies were unconventional. "Accomplishments" she did not attempt to acquire, but Greek and Latin occupied much of her time. At sixteen she resolved to become a member of the Church of England, Lord Montague standing sponsor for her; and she thus deprecates Mrs. Grote's possible objections:—

Perhaps you have already heard of my having, and I hope most conscientiously, sought to be admitted by baptism into the Established Church, and you may think with many I ought not to have taken so important a step solely on my own responsibility. But till you tell me so, I will not attempt defence of that which does not appear to come under the denomination "optional." I believe I have done my duty, and acted in obedience to the Giver of the commandment "with promise," and that in no way could I more honor my parents than by confident trust that they will sanction my conduct. I hope they and I will be but of one heart and one mind on this important point.

Whatever may have been Mrs. Austin's view of the spiritual advantages of this step, she was just the woman to appreciate her young daughter for exhibiting "the courage of her convictions."

Many letters, many diaries, allude to Mrs. Austin's high gifts. Sir James Stephen calls her his "great ally;" Jeffrey writes with unction of "long, late, and loquacious" breakfasts with "Dick of Dublin" (Dr. Whately); and Sarah Austin Macaulay pays stately homage to "the skill, the taste, and the scrupulous integrity of the accomplished lady who, as an interpreter between the mind of Germany and the mind of Britain, has already deserved so well of both countries." She is Sydney Smith's "dear, fair, wise." "Keep a little corner in that fine heart of yours for me," he writes; "a clergyman

in your heart will keep all your other notions in good order." He tells her that she "gives routs where every gentleman is a Locke or a Newton, and every lady a Somerville or a Corinne," and invites her to a philosophical breakfast. "Nothing taken for granted. Everything (except the Thirty-nine Articles) called in question: real philosophers." Asking for some information about Boulogne steamboats, he adds: "Excuse this trouble. I have always compunctions in asking you to do anything useful. It is as if one were to use blonde lace for a napkin, or drink toast and water out of a ruby cup — a clownish confusion of what is splendid and what serviceable." It is not only to herself that he praises her; writing to Mrs. Somerville of an American authoress who "abuses the privilege of literary women to be plain," he adds that Mrs. Austin "might be ugly if she chose, but is as decidedly handsome as if she were profoundly ignorant. I call such conduct honorable." Again, he concurs in Mrs. Grote's commendation of their friend: "She is beautiful; she is clear of envy, hatred, and malice; she is very clear of prejudices; she has a regard for me."

Amid this chorus of love and admiration only one dissentient voice is raised, — the voice of Harriet Martineau. She speaks severely of the inevitable vanity of authoresses in general whose productions are "of a light kind;" it is a curious coincidence that she is *most* severe on pretty authoresses — and this is what she says of Mrs. Austin in particular. The occasion is Lord Jeffrey's first visit to Miss Martineau: —

Almost before we had well begun to talk, in burst Mrs. A —, a literary woman, whose ways were well known to my mother and me. The moment she saw Lord Jeffrey, she forgot to speak to us, but so thrust herself between Lord Jeffrey and me as actually to push me backward and sit on my knee. I extricated myself as soon as possible, and left my seat. As she turned her back on me, my mother cast a droll glance at me, which I fancy Lord Jeffrey saw; for though one of the most egregious flatterers of this lady — as of vain women in general — he played her off in a manner which she must have been very complacent not to understand.

The story speaks for itself. It is a patent absurdity to suppose that Mrs. Austin, at whose own house every man of intellectual distinction in England, France, or Germany was eager to present himself, should think it worth while to cannon against Miss Martineau in her

own drawing-room in order to exchange a few hasty words with an intimate old friend.* Perhaps some lingering spark of Norwich jealousy unconsciously tinged Miss Martineau's view of Mrs. Austin; she never forgot the days when her rigid though intelligent mother was little noticed, and she herself was but a homely girl, while Mrs. John Taylor and her beautiful daughter divided with Mrs. Opie the homage of *savants* who, with all their wisdom, preferred clever pretty women to clever plain ones. It is amusing to find Mrs. Austin disapproving of Miss Martineau as much as Miss Martineau disapproved of Mrs. Austin. The latter is, however, more discriminating in her censure. Writing to Dilke about some literary proposal, she says: —

Miss Martineau is the last person with whom I wish to enter these or any lists. She is my relation, and I have a vast respect for her on a great many points. But her views on many subjects, especially regarding women, are diametrically opposed to mine, and the kind of notoriety she courts would make me wish myself three feet underground.

Mrs. Jameson considered that Mrs. Austin "had one of the largest and *healthiest* minds I ever met with in a person of my own sex." This quality of healthiness was one of the good gifts Mrs. Austin transmitted to her daughter. Fortunate for Lucie that it was so, as her mother, absorbed in literary work, in the care of a suffering and melancholy husband, and in the claims of a wide and brilliant circle, left her young, beautiful, and *spirited* daughter much to her own devices.

Sir Alexander Duff Gordon met the Austins at Lansdowne House, and became deeply interested in both mother and child. He was often seen in attendance on Lucie, and the usual rumors followed. One day he said abruptly to the young lady, "Do you know, people say we are going to be married." Annoyed at being gossiped about, and above all at being told of the gossip by him, she was about to answer sharply, when he added, "Shall we make it true?" And she replied, with characteristic frankness, "Yes." The old adage, "Happy's the wooing that's not long adoring," was never better exemplified. Young, handsome, and clever, they entered upon as genuine a partnership of affections and pursuits as the Austins themselves, but with

* It should be borne in mind, also, that Mrs. Austin had been one of Jeffrey's contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*.

brighter prospects. After their marriage at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, in 1840, they also began housekeeping in Queen Square, adding to the old set of friends Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot Warburton, Tom Taylor, Tennyson, and many other famous English men and women; while every foreigner of talent regarded the Duff Gordons' house as a centre of interest.

I remember [says their eldest daughter] when a little child, to have been much astonished at Leopold Ranke, walking up and down the drawing-room, talking vehemently in a kind of *alla podrida* of English, French, Italian, German, and Spanish, with now and then a Latin quotation. He was almost impossible to understand, as he talked fast, and mixed up all languages into a compound of his own.

The only book published by Lady Duff Gordon before her marriage was a translation of Niebuhr's "Greek Legends." After marriage she translated Meinhold's "Amber Witch," "The French in Algiers," and Feuerbach's "Remarkable German Crimes and Trials," wrote her "Sketches of German Life," and assisted her husband in translating Ranke's "History of Prussia." Their labors extended over many years of English home life, whose summers were mainly spent with the Austins at Weybridge.

Lady Duff Gordon was always popular with the better class of working men, who were impressed by her beauty and grace, and attached by her straightforward friendliness. She set up a successful working man's library and reading-room at Weybridge, with whose members she used to "transact business and talk over the laws" on Monday evenings. During the hartist riots in 1848, the workmen of her friend W. Bridges Adams, the distinguished engineer, volunteered to protect her, and sturdily refused all offers of remuneration. Forty of them mustered at her house, where she gave them a supper, with "songs, sentiments, and toasts."

Tom Taylor was capital [she wrote, a few years afterwards]—made short speeches, told jokes, and kept all in high good humor. And Alick came home at midnight, and was received with great glee and affection.

A stray policeman, who had somehow got among the party, looked rather wretched. In the course of the night a woman was quelled by the mere appearance of the "Gordon volunteers."

The Weybridge house being found too small for an increasing family, the Duff Gordons removed to Esher. Mr. Austin

felt the separation acutely. Mrs. Grote makes a characteristic reference to his depression in a letter to Nassau Senior:

Don't you know what is the matter with John Austin? He has been languishing for the want of a listener ever since Lucie left them in their *meat-safe* of a house, which by the way has killed the Nubian, and no wonder! Ever since, John Austin has *moulted*, like a sick bird, but the presence of a listener or listeners will revive him like magic, you will see.

The Nubian—Hassen el Bakkeet—was a black boy, twelve years old, turned out of doors by his master because he was growing blind, and taken charge of by Lady Duff Gordon. She put him in the hands of an oculist, who cured him and offered him a good situation. But Hassan fell on his knees before his mistress and begged to be allowed to stay, crying, "Five pounds a year with you are sweeter than the twelve pounds a year he offers." This was certainly a forecast of her popularity with "subject races." Hassan made himself absolutely one with the family, proclaiming triumphantly to all callers, on the birth of a son, "*We* have got a boy!" He was zealous for the hospitable credit of the family, and when the late emperor of the French arrived unexpectedly to dinner, Hassan gravely announced, "Please, my lady, I ran out and bought two-pennyworth of sprats for the prince!"

From Esher, Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon went to Paris, where Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent them his rooms, and they spent "a very merry time," saddened, however, by the condition in which they found Heine. Though to all appearance slowly dying, in poverty and pain, with a body wasted till it seemed no bigger than that of a child, and a face "like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted" he brightened at the sight of *der kleine Lucie*, recalled every trifling incident of their Boulogne friendship, and asked after "the parson who drank the gruel water." He hoped Lucie was happy, as she had always been such a merry child. She replied that though no longer so merry as *der kleine Lucie*, she was very happy and contented; and he answered, with a flash of his old satiric fire, that it was good to see a woman who did not carry a broken heart about with her to be mended by all sorts of men, like the women of France. Lady Duff Gordon took her husband to visit Heine, and they bade him good-bye—but not for the last time. Three years later Lady Duff Gordon found Heine her neighbor in the Champs Ely-

sées, still on the pile of mattresses on which she had left him, but looking dead already. He told her that he had made peace with all the world, and at last with God, who had sent her to him as a beautiful angel of death. "Poor poet!" she replied, "do such splendid illusions cling to you that you take a travelling English-woman for Azrael? That used not to be so, for you could not bear us." He said he did not know what had possessed him to be so spiteful towards the English, but England had avenged herself well, having sent him friends — "You and Milnes — that good Milnes — and others."

One other there was indeed, perhaps not mentioned to Lady Duff Gordon, who threw a strange romance over his closing hours — the lovely English girl (a nobler Bettina than Goethe's) who received in return for her devotion the last impassioned outpourings of his genius.

Lady Duff Gordon's recollections of Heine were communicated to Lord Houghton, and published by him without the writer's name, though she also had then passed away. He would not have published them at all had she been living — "for, with all the talent of expression which has made many of her personal experiences on matters of interest known to the world, she would have been seriously annoyed at any public reference to the noble and delightful qualities which have left so deep an impression on all who knew her." No doubt this reticence accounts for so few glimpses of Lady Duff Gordon being found in the memoirs and diaries of her contemporaries. The portrait must be sought in her own letters, and there it remains, so brightly presented in many unconscious touches that it is hard to believe the heart that beat so warmly and the hand that wrote so forcibly can be hushed in death. When at Esher, she told a friend that though only thirty she was "ill, old, and grey." The illness increased rapidly, and after trying Ventnor, with little benefit, she was recommended a long sea voyage, and sailed for the Cape in July, 1861.

The perfect temper and even enjoyment with which Lady Duff Gordon endured a rough and tedious passage won all hearts, from the captain, who praised her "beautiful" behavior in neither crying out nor asking questions during a collision, to the ten-year-old midddy whose "lovely little dignity" she was so careful to respect. She set "prunes and prism" at defiance in the cause of humanity, and finding one of the passengers, a boy officer, suffering

from ague, with two feet of water in his cabin and eight inches in his berth, had him transferred to her servant's berth, and nursed him till he was strong again — afterwards jokingly telling her husband that she had caught cold from having "a damp man in her cabin" — though catching cold was at no time a joking matter for her.

Landing at Capetown very ill, she woke from her first sleep to find "four demons" gliding with noiseless agility about the room, arranging the furniture they had brought from the ship, and making a *grosouillement* in their little soft voices, like that of chimney swallows. "Poor missus sick!" they chirruped to each other with fearful gestures of incantation, followed by "God bless poor missus! soon well now." The wrath of a cockney housemaid, spectatress of the scene, became sublime. "There, ma'am!" she cried, with just indignation; "you see how saucy they have grown — a nasty, black heathen Mahomedan a-blessing of a white Christian!"

Capetown, Lady Duff Gordon found rather pretty, but then neither drained nor paved, and beyond words untidy and out of repair. And Capetown society seemed to her an amalgam of sulky, dispirited Dutch; idle, vulgar, insolent English, jealous of the Dutch, and longing to flog the niggers; and oppressed, cheated colored people — Caffres, Malays (Mohamedans), and Afrikaners. To the amusement of the Capetonian aristocracy, many of whom had never ventured far beyond their little capital, she resolved to hire a Malay cart and four horses, and explore the up-country districts. Once fairly on her way, she was charmed by all she saw, from scarlet geraniums and myrtles growing wild in the hedges, tortoises no larger than half-crowns, and green chameleons, like fairy dragons; to black-skinned women "with the mysterious and solemn beauty of the Sphinx." Indeed her frequent pæans of the symmetry of coal-black limbs and the lustre of bronzed faces somewhat overtax the reader's sympathy. Simon's Bay was in her eyes "a glorified Scotland, with sunshine, flowers, and orange groves." The keep of horses in that favored region beats even "one straw a day" for economy; a roll in the dust is often the only refreshment offered them, and where fodder is scarce the native drover philosophically tells his beasts to be satisfied with "more plenty roll."

The picturesque conditions of colonial life unspoiled by the hybrid civilization of

towns were much to Lady Duff's taste. She delighted in the mud ere she had tea, a night's lodging, breakfast for ninepence — with a "lent her by the German-speaking lord into the bargain; the inn an English ex-officer, whose spire cooked, cleaned, nursed her and gave singing and music lessons as merrily as if she liked it;" a fire housemaid, whose cotton turban lent her curly wool sticking up in it, "looked like a royal diadem on her solemn brow," and who "stepped in, with a brimming tub of water on her head, and a brimming pail in each hand; the young black shepherd, playing a home-made guitar to his sheep; the blacksmith who hammered and wrought, with silver bracelets gleaming from his strong ebony arms; the gal-

Dutch postmaster, who decorated his office with flowers, and wished her good tidings. The seasons puzzled her in Capetown, where she found "no winter, only hot, dry, brown, with its cold wind at times, and green winter, all fragrance and . . . If Christmas seemed odd at Cape Town, Easter in autumn seems possible."

Lady Duff Gordon was sitting under a tree in the Plaatz of the missionary settlement at Gnadenthal, waiting for her prayers, one of the Herrenhutten men approached her with a strange relic. "Here," said he, "is the last relic of an English child of the Cape, with tiny brown hands and feet, and white wool, falling into ringlets on her pointed chin. His piercing eyes were old and restless, and he put his hand on one side and peered wistfully at the face of the tall, beautiful woman looking down at him with wonted gentleness. "Father, I am not tired. You are old," she said. "Yes, I am above a hundred years old — quite alone." Creeping up to his new friend, he laid his tiny hand on her hand, and asked if she loved him. "Yes, at home in England," she whispered the old man, holding her hand again.

The Cape "climate of Paradise," and the daily diet of thirty-three pounds of muscat-scented grapes, like amber eggs, and uncounted figs, and figs ("just a little taste of it"), did so much for Lady Duff's health, that in April, 1862, she

set her face towards England — taking every step on her homeward way with passionate eagerness. On the 10th of May she embarked in the *Camperdown*, and a letter written on board details a characteristic bit of fun and good-nature. The attorney-general for Cape Colony was one of her fellow-passengers, and as he was attended on board by all the Cape-town volunteers and their bands, the excitement was great, and three signals went adrift. In order not to appear churlish through inability to reply to a French vessel, Lady Duff Gordon nobly sacrificed a garment to supply the missing red, while the captain's bandanna furnished the yellow. So the *mot d'ordre* for signalling became — "Up go 241, and my lady's cloak, which is 7."

Lady Duff Gordon was somewhat irate at hearing that a wider audience than the family circle had enjoyed her bright South African sketches. "You must have fallen into second childhood," she told her husband, "to think of printing such rambling hasty scrawls as I write." Very few readers will agree with her when she adds, "I never could write a good letter; and unless I gallop as hard as I can, and don't stop to think, I can say nothing; so all is confused and unconnected." It is just the informal ease of her letters which makes them so charming.

Mrs. Austin, in her preface to the first volume of "Letters from Egypt," points out one chief reason for their directness and simplicity — they were addressed to "the two persons with whom, of all others, the writer felt the least necessity for reserve," her husband and her mother.

She did not long enjoy that reunion so joyfully anticipated. She was unfortunately persuaded to visit Eaux Bonnes, which was unsuited to her in every respect. "Don't let me be put in a dreadful mountain valley to inhale those dismallest of vapors," she wrote long afterwards; "I hear the drip, drip, drip of Eaux Bonnes, when I am chilly and oppressed in my sleep." In October of the same year she again left home for her long exile to Egypt. There was a dramatic contrast between the scenes through which she was led by her pilgrimages in search of health. The charm of the Cape lay in its freshness; she preferred it, after the exhaustion of long illness, to Italy, and found in its new, beautiful nature, unmarred by man, a second youth; while Egypt derives its romance from antiquity, and its majesty and pathos from decay.

Lady Duff Gordon was again accom-

panied by the English maid "S.," who went with her to the Cape, and whose invaluable qualifications as a travelling companion were summed up by her mistress in two negatives — "no grumbling, and no gossiping." S. must have been an attractive person in other respects, though of mature age; for at the Cape all the unmarried Dutchmen who approached her made love to her, "not by describing their tender feelings, but by enumerating the oxen, sheep, horses, land, money, etc., of which they were possessed, and whereof, by the law of the colony, she would have become half-owner;" while at Thebes, Lady Duff Gordon received from Mustafa 'Agha, the most rich and important person in the neighborhood, a formal proposal of marriage between his son and her servant. The disparity in age he considered no objection at all, and he was ready to pay a handsome dowry for her.

Lady Duff Gordon landed at Alexandria, then the home of her married daughter, Mrs. Ross. The city did not make at all a favorable impression. The turbulence of the people distracted one accustomed to the soft voices and gentle ways of the Cape blacks; and the settled melancholy of the faces, the dirt, the shabby-genteel palaces, the cruel beating of boys and girls who do the work of English laborers, were utterly disheartening.

There Lady Duff Gordon met with her faithful attendant Omar, surnamed Abu-l-Halaweh, "the Father of Sweets;" a supple-figured youth, with "soft but anxious eyes." His brother was a very illustrious person, dragoman to the Prince of Wales; but Omar refused to speak to him, because he did not approve of his domestic arrangements and lax morality.

If Alexandria was disappointing, Cairo made amends. "Well may the Prophet smile when he looks down on Cairo!" exclaimed Lady Duff Gordon. "It is a golden existence, all sunshine and poetry." Here she was privileged to see, in a lovely little mosque, the footprints of Mohammed in two black stones — a relic never before displayed to Frankish eyes. "Egypt is a palimpsest," she says, "in which the Bible is written over Herodotus, and the Koran over that. In the towns the Koran is most visible, in the country Herodotus." At Gebel Sheykh Harnon she saw the hole of Æsculapius's serpent, and fed the birds that used to tear the cordage of the boats where they were not fed, and still come on board by scores for the bread no Reis dare refuse them. Bubastes has not lost her influence, and cats, fed in the

kâdie's court at Cairo at the public expense, behave with singular decorum when the "servant of the cats" summons them to dinner.

Even then, when Lady Duff Gordon's kind deeds and gentle words were only known by rumor, her passage up the Nile was a royal progress, and a few hundred eggs, a caldron of milk, or a live sheep, were offered to her in picturesque processions wherever her boat stopped.

In places and among people uncorrupted by European greed and formality the old Eastern hospitality survived; a party of slave-merchants, "jet-black, and beautiful as the young Bacchus," seeing Lady Duff Gordon stroll by on the bank, asked her to share the hot bread, sour milk, and dates they had spread upon the bank, as naturally as an Englishman would have stepped aside to let her pass. All doors flew open to her, because she was "one of those Nazarenes whom the Lord Mohammed said were not proud, and wished well to the Muslimeen." She was an honored guest in Turkish harems, in Coptic merchants' houses, in Arab tents. At Philæ she slept in the Osiris chamber on the roof of the ancient temple, and bathed at daybreak in the crimson Nile. She was invited to drink new milk at a "lodge in a garden of cucumbers," and to take part in religious *soirées* in the tombs of sheykhs, where the living head of the family "receives" in honor of his dead ancestor, and music, prayers, and coffee alternate. She was welcomed with many flowers of speech by a grimy saint — Simeon Stylites without the column — who had neither eyes nor ears for any one else while she was by; and she made a complete conquest of a very gentlemanlike and amiable Nubian, much looked up to in his native place for having killed a few intrusive tax-gatherers and recruiting officers.

News of the loss of friends will dog one's footsteps, even should they be led "to the remotest mountain of Cathay." At Capetown Lady Duff Gordon learned the death of Dr. Hawtrey, to whom both her father and herself were deeply attached. At Asyoot she heard of that of Lord Lansdowne, a lifelong friend to all her family. When Sir Alexander Duff Gordon was recovering from a severe attack of cholera in 1846, Lord Lansdowne lent him his Richmond villa — Bowood in miniature — for the autumn; and having occasion to pass through London during that time, was "much obliged by their kind hospitality in giving him a dinner and a bed."

Many [wrote Lady Duff Gordon] will mourn that kind, wise, steadfast man; no one nowadays will be so noble, with such unconsciousness and simplicity. I have bought two Coptic turbans to make a black dress out of; I thought I should like to wear it for him—here, where “compliment” is out of the question.

At El Uksur, at a later date, she was to hear of a yet heavier loss. John Austin died, and Lady Duff Gordon wrote to her mother:—

I did indeed feel with you. I have never left off the habit of thinking how I shall tell my father this and that, and how such things would interest him, and what he would say. The thought comes, and with it the sadness, more often than I can tell.

Lady Duff Gordon spent the warmest months of 1863 with her family in England. But as soon as the chill and damp of autumn approached she had again to take wing. After a wretched voyage she was consoled, on arriving at Alexandria, by seeing her daughter coming in a boat to meet her “looking fresh and bright and merry,” and attended by the faithful Omar, radiant with joy. He extended his enthusiasm to Mrs. Ross, whom Lady Duff Gordon overheard him describing thus:—

By my soul she rides like a Bedawee; she boots with the gun and pistol; rows the boat; he knows many languages; works with the needle like an Efreet; and to see her hands in over the teeth of the music-box (keys of the piano) amazes the mind, while her singing addens the soul! How, then, should her isband ever desire the coffee-shop?

When Lady Duff Gordon next ascended the Nile it was flooded “seven men’s height” above its usual level, and her habeeeyeh sailed away among the palm-trees, over submerged cotton fields. Her way was through a spectacle of devastation—whole villages submerged and elted, “mud to mud,” and crowds of half-starved creatures raking feebly among the receding waters in the effort to reconstruct a partial shelter.

Thenceforward her life was a perpetual chase of health, changing with the changing seasons, from Cairo and her habeeeyeh, from a river steamer to a half-ruined “Theban palace” over the temple at Khem—but always, whenever she halted, making a host of devoted ends, doing acts of charity and kindness, seeing the quaintest, the prettiest, and too often the most painful sights. With all its sadness she loved the land; it grew to be her home, and its suffering and grateful people became her people.

“On vous aime comme une sœur, et on vous respecte comme une reine,” an Arab physician one day said to her. And she could scarcely understand how European travellers could pass through scenes of want and desolation in their gay dahabeeehs, without a thought for the misery around them. “When I go and sit with the English,” she said, “I feel almost as if they were foreigners to me too, so completely am I now *bint el beleed*—daughter of the country.” Throughout her letters she constantly yearns for husband and children, but never for England—she wishes them with her; she does not wish herself with them.

Her heart warmed to the people whose poverty was never ugly to her, whose services were friendly, whom she nursed in sickness, fed in want, and watched beside in death. “By the God most High!” cried one poor father, whose son she had cured, “if ever I find any of the English poor or sick or afflicted up in Feyzoghloo, I will make them know that I, Ahoo-Mohammad, never saw a face like the pale face of the English lady bent over my sick boy.”

Faith, it must be owned, had often much to do with the cures Lady Duff Gordon wrought during her extensive medical practice, which she declared herself willing to dispose of on easy terms to any enterprising young English doctor. The natives were intensely superstitious, believing in twins who become cats at night, in holy men seen in the body at two places at once, and in amulets beyond number. An old woman whose powder had been wrapped in a fragment of *Saturday Review* declared, Mashallah! the charm was a powerful one. For though she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good.

At weddings or funerals Lady Duff Gordon was alike welcomed and honored; and while her sympathies were roused by the people’s joys and sorrows, her keen sense of humor kept her amused at their oddities.

Eastern life is to this close observer a perpetual panorama. She sees from her windows a Turkish wedding procession, with a pretty boy of thirteen for bridegroom, dressed in scarlet robe and turban, preceded by flaring cressets and surrounded by men carrying tapers and singing songs; or a Coptic bride dressed in white and blazing with diamonds passes by; or abyatees with harp, sackbut, and dulcimer, playing and singing before her, and

little girls in scarlet habaraha acting as bridesmaids. Or, the scene changing, as life itself changes, a poor man who has lost his little son creeps out of his desolate home and stands under her window, wailing "Oh, my boy, my boy!" wetting the dust with his tears, and calling on the passers-by to grieve with him. Or a little half-black child, not two years old, wearing "a bit of iron wire in one ear, and iron rings round his ankles—and nothing else," solemnly gazes at the Inkeleezeh Sitt for an hour or so, and then dances before her "to amuse her mind;" his uncle having made him fit to be seen by emptying a pitcher of water on his head to rinse off the dust—"which," says Lady Duff Gordon, "is equivalent to a clean pinafore." The precocity of Eastern children is marvellous. A boy of twelve fell desperately in love with a pretty Baroness K., more than twice his age, put on a turban for the first time to look like a man, and seated himself cross-legged on the carpet before Lady Duff Gordon, to tell her of his devouring passion and beg some medicine to "make him white" and improve him in the eyes of his beloved. The son of the sultan of Darfoor, a "pretty, imperious little nigger" about eleven, dressed in a yellow silk caftan and scarlet burnous, being presented to her, exclaimed scornfully, "Why, she is a woman; she can't talk to me!" But a box of French sweetmeats altered his opinion, and on being asked how many brothers he had, the young prince condescended to reply, "Who can count them? They are like mice!" The Arabs often carry their reverence for the other sex to the opposite extreme. Omar submitted to be bullied and lectured by Zeynib, a Nubian girl of eight who had been given to Lady Duff Gordon, and when laughed at for his docility, answered, "How I say anything to it? That one child!" When Abd-el-Kádir was expected at Cairo, Lady Duff Gordon's donkey-driver asked her if he were not Akhu-l-Benát (a brother of girls). She said she did not know that he had any sisters. "The Arabs, O lady," was the reply, "call that man 'a brother of girls' to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as his sisters, and strength and courage to fight for their protection." Even polygamy is, according to Lady Duff Gordon, often merely consideration for the necessities of "the weaker vessel." Hearing that Hassan, the janissary of the American consulate, had married his brother's widow, and adopted both her boys, she said the two

wives did not sound to her very comfortable. "Oh, no," replied Omar, "not comfortable at all for the man, but he take care of the woman. That is what is proper. That is the good Muslim."

Men, however, are recognized as the rightful heads of the house; and when Sir Alexander paid his wife a visit in 1864, Omar completely dethroned her, and took all orders from "the master," plainly showing by his manner that he thought she should do the same. During that visit Lady Duff Gordon first fully realized how Oriental she had become. She fancied her husband found her way of life comfortable: "I had got so used to *having nothing*," she wrote to her mother, "that I forgot how it would seem to a new-comer." Her domestic staff was truly Eastern in primitiveness. Her black boy, Mabrook, who called himself a *nyan-nyan* (cannibal), but was a most jolly and good-tempered one, washed linen vigorously with his round ebony arms; Omar ironed; and Achmet cooked and waited at table. "What," she asked, "would an English 'respectable' cook say to seeing 'two dishes and a sweet' cooked over a little old wood on a few bricks, by a baby in a single blue shirt?" She learnt to prefer "food with fingers" (Arab fingers, that is, which are washed fifty times a day), and was amused at the shyness of some English lord to whom she gave an Arab dinner, and who "looked quite frightened" at the sight of the tray, and the black fingers in the dishes.

"Would you know the wife of your bosom," she asked Sir Alexander, "in a pair of pink trousers and a Turkish ~~tail~~?" The woman who came to sew could not make a gown, so she made me a pair of trousers instead."

Other ladies of undoubted propriety are yet more lightly clad. Mabrook, his mistress was gravely informed, came of a respectable family, for his mother beat him well when he told lies, "and wore a cow's tail down to her heels behind." That tail, a girdle, and a tiny leathern apron, constituted her whole wardrobe. Eastern women in general, however, dress richly, and treat their smart clothes in a reckless way, that gives them "a grand air no Parisian duchess could ever hope to imitate. Not that I think that a virtue, mind you," adds Lady Duff Gordon, "but some vices are genteel."

The chief secret of Lady Duff Gordon's popularity was her readiness to adopt the social equality which prevails in the East. She asked an Arab álim, or theological

student, descended from the Prophet, whether Muslims called themselves children or slaves of God? "It is all one," he said, "children or slaves. Does not a good man care for both tenderly alike?" This feeling of equality gives dignity and friendliness to Eastern manners, greatly aided by their personal symmetry. "To see a Bedawee and his wife walk down the streets of Cairo is superb. Her hand resting on his shoulder, and scarcely deigning to cover her haughty face, she looks down on the Egyptian veiled woman, who walks behind her lord and master and carries the burden." Her donkey-girl at Thebes, Ward-es-Shâm (the Rose of Syria), dressed like a Greek statue, was "a feast to the eyes." And "How good is a drink of Nile water!" she exclaims, "out of an amphora held to your lips by a woman as graceful as she is kindly. 'May it benefit thee!' she says, smiling, with her beautiful teeth and eyes."

The poorest people called Lady Duff Gordon "O sister!" and talked to her with perfect respectfulness and ease. The Bedawee, in a bazaar where she bought a white cloak, assisted in the bargain, and wrapped her up in the garment; her Cairene washerwoman, saying that she had made the city "delightful with her presence," invited her to dinner; the carpenter, who mended her boat, went on Sunday to pay her a visit, and ask her to accompany him on a ride, richly dressed, and mounted on a fine black donkey; a splendid old Arab, who had been Belzoni's guide, adopted her as his "lady great-granddaughter."

"You see," she says, "how the 'Thousand and One Nights' are quite true and real — how great beys sit with grocers, and carpenters offer a civility to noble people. This is what makes Arab society quite unintelligible and impossible to most Europeans."

When, in 1865, the first volume of Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt" was given to the public, her family were waiting in painful suspense for news of her departure from El Uksur, where there had been disturbances and bloodshed, and her voyage down the Nile. This had been delayed by illness, and as the illness increased, so did the longing for her dear ones. She often expresses it, though with the unselfish warning that they must not come to Egypt merely to please her, and that she is too full of pain to give pleasure to them. "I was so pleased," she tells her husband, "to see two young men, your opposite neighbors in London,

who said they saw you every morning go down the street — *ojala!* — that I did so too!" But she adds, "I know I am oppressive company now, and am apt, like Mr. Woodhouse, in 'Emma,' to say, 'Let us *all* have some gruel.'"

In 1867 Mr. and Mrs. Ross, about to leave for Europe, went up the Nile to bid Lady Duff Gordon good-bye. At one of the *fiets* given in their honor, Mrs. Ross covered herself with confusion by an artless blunder. Having always been accustomed to hear their host, the maoun of Keneh, spoken of as *Oom-as-zeeneh*, she so addressed him with scrupulous politeness. Omar with difficulty concealed his amusement, and at last said to her, —

"Oh, Sitt, that is not his name, but people call him so for laughing. *Oom-as-zeeneh* means 'mother of beauty,' and seest thou not that he is ugly, and has but one eye?"

Lady Duff Gordon's next English visitor was her only son, and among other preparations for his arrival, she wished to have her boat painted. But she got hold of the very barber of the "Arabian Nights" turned painter, and his endless tongue nearly drove her crazy. First, three pounds were wanted to buy paint — "none but the best of paint is fitting for a noble person like thee, and that thou knowest is costly, and I am thy servant, and would do thee honor."

"Very well; take the money, and see, O man, that the paint is of the best, or thy back-sheesh will be bad also." He has scarcely begun, when he rushes in to say, "Come, O Bey, O Basha, and behold the brilliancy of the white paint, like milk, like glass, like the full moon!"

"Mashallah! But now be so good as to work fast, for my son will be here in a few days, and nothing is ready." Fatal remark! Out pours the flood again: —

"Mashallah Bismallah! May the Lord spare him, may God prolong thy days. Let me advise thee how to keep the eye from him, for doubtless thy son is beautiful as a memlook of one thousand purses. Remember to spit in his face when he comes on board, and revile him aloud that all the people may hear thee, and compel him to wear torn and dirty clothes when he goes out. And how many children hadst thou, and our master, thy master?" etc., etc. "Shûkr Allah! all is well with us," cries Lady Duff Gordon, in desperation. "But, by the Prophet, paint, O Maalim, and do not break my head any more!"

When her son arrived, Lady Duff Gordon felt his presence "like a new life." "He says he is thoroughly happy," she wrote to Sir Alexander, "and that he

never was more amused than with me, which I think flattering." Half her old house at Luxor, her "Theban palace," fell down into the temple beneath, six days before they arrived there. Fortunately her furniture had been moved, some misgivings being felt about the state of the building. At Keneh they saw a theological curiosity — a Copt who had turned Presbyterian, and persuaded a hundred others to do likewise. He was sent to the Soudan by the patriarch, but brought back. "He is a splendid fellow," said Lady Duff Gordon, "and I felt I looked on the face of a Christian martyr, a curious sight in the nineteenth century. . . . When he was gone, the mufti said, 'Ah, we thank them, for though they know not the truth of Islam, they are good men, and walk straight, and would die for their religion; their example is excellent. Praise be to God for them.'"

An excursion to Beyroot in a Russian steamer cost Lady Duff Gordon an almost fatal illness, during which she found that the Sisters of Charity would not nurse a Protestant; nor the Prussians a non-Lutheran; humiliating contrast to Muslim tender-heartedness.

At Assouan she got better, went on board her own boat, and prepared to go once more up the river, taking with her a young sailor who "sang like a nightingale," and turned out to be a professional singer from Cairo, who joined her crew "for fun." His sweet, strong voice attracted crowds to hear him, and prayers were offered in the mosque at Esneh that Lady Duff Gordon might be rewarded for the pleasure she had afforded them. "Fancy," she says, "desiring 'the prayers of this congregation for the welfare of the lady who gave me her opera-box last Saturday!'"

Christmas Day, 1868 — her last Christmas Day — she spent at Esneh, making "fantasia" after the Eastern fashion, with songs and dances.

How I did long to transport the whole scene before your eyes! [she writes to her husband] Ramadan warbling intense love-songs, and beating a tiny tambourine, while Zeynib danced before him, and gave the pantomime to his song; and the sailors and girls and respectable merchants sat *ple-mêle* all round the deck, and the player on the rabab drew from it a wail like that of Osiris for dead Osiris. I never quite know whether it is now or four thousand years ago, when I am in the dreamy intoxication of a real Egyptian fantasia.

The improvement in her health, however, she well knew could only be tempo-

rary; and the thought began to press on her, as it does on most sensitive people so circumstanced, of opportunities for doing good work allowed to slip idly by.

Now that I am too ill to write [she says to Sir Alexander] I feel sorry that I did not persist and write on the beliefs of Egypt, in spite of your fear that the learned would cut me up. For I honestly believe that knowledge will die out with me which few others possess. You must recollect that the learned know books, and I know men, and, what is more difficult, women.

This she undoubtedly did; but Dr. W. H. Russell, who must be accepted as an authority on Eastern matters, thinks she did not know them quite so well as she imagined, and that those around her played a little on sympathies so easily aroused. "The warmth of her nature," he says, "has been touched by the apparent degradation of the Egyptian people, and in her letters she has written of the government, and especially of Ismail Pasha, with great severity. Her physical weakness rendered her dependent on others; and there is no doubt that, perceiving the tendency of her mind and the direction of her inquiries, her informants were disposed to exaggerate any acts which seemed repressive or harsh, and to find out causes of complaint." This may have been done in all honesty, and even unconsciously, for there was a sufficient substratum of wrong and misery in that oppressed country, and it is natural that griefs confided to a sympathetic ear should lose nothing in the telling; strong feelings will find strong expression.

When the Prince of Wales and his party returned from Philæ, Dr. Russell paid a visit to Lady Duff Gordon. They had been reading the first volume of her "Letters" on their voyage, and wished to see the writer. Dr. Russell speaks prosaically of her "Theban palace" as "rickety rooms constructed of very frail materials in a story of a ruined temple at Luxor;" and adds that when he saw her she was living entirely in her dahabeeyeh, moored above the town of Assouan in a sort of pool, a couple of miles below the cataract.

Most travellers [he said] call on the invalid, and find it worth their while if they are received, for her conversation is *spirituel* and animated, and she has a great deal of information — rather about the people, however, than the country. The boat was in the full blaze of the sun, but was covered in on deck — a modest but not uncomfortable dahabeeyeh, with a group of natives on deck, among whom

we recognized Lady Gordon's often-quoted dragoman. The lady was reclining on a sofa in the cabin, which was cool and airy. Her face, notwithstanding traces of severe illness, presented in its fine outlines a type of distinction and refinement, and her clear, deep eyes looked out on the world with an expression full of sincerity and enthusiasm. But her features were worn, and the hectic on her cheek, the color of her lips, and her wasted hands and frame prepared one for the difficulty with which she spoke, and for the cough and catching of the breath which interrupted her conversation. She wore a long loose Oriental robe, and a fez cap, beneath which appeared her hair, fast turning white, cut short all round. At this time there is an additional trouble on the poor lady. A French newspaper, seizing on a passage in one of her letters, written long ago, in which she described the misery of the fellaheen, and rated the Viceroy very sharply, has a bitter article on the reported engagements of Mademoiselle Schneider and other expensive *artistes* for the Cairo theatre. Ismail Pasha has been made aware of the attack, and is said to be much incensed against the writer. Indeed, Lady Duff Gordon believes that she is scarcely safe, and is sure that Omar, her dragoman, will fall on evil days when she is no more.

She was relieved from this anxiety by the Prince of Wales appointing Omar his own dragoman. When Lady Duff Gordon was describing to the prince the apathy of the viceroy in the presence of the famine in upper Egypt, Omar, who entered with pipes and coffee, interposed, saying that some thousand measures of corn had been sent up for the people. "Perhaps," says Dr. Russell, "this information might not have been forthcoming had not we been present." Before leaving Egypt the Prince of Wales paid Lady Duff Gordon another visit, this time accompanied by the princess. "He was most pleasant and kind," she says, "and the princess too. She is the most perfectly simple-mannered girl I ever saw. She does not even try to be civil like other great people, but asks blunt questions, and looks at one so heartily with her clear honest eyes that she must win all hearts. They were more considerate than any people I have seen, and the prince, instead of being gracious, was, if I may say so, quite respectful in his manner; he is very well-bred and pleasant, and I am sure has a kind heart. My sailors were so proud at having the honor of owing him *in our own boat*, and of singing to him!" The letter just quoted was written at Cairo, on the 15th of June, 1869. "The end came more quickly than any one expected," says Mrs. Ross; and on the 14th of July she died. Her son

was with her; her husband and her daughter were preparing to join her. She had wished to die at Thebes, "among her own people," and rest in a tomb prepared for her by the sheykh, a descendant of the Prophet, among those of his own family. But when she knew that she would never return to Thebes, she asked to be buried as quietly as possible in the English cemetery at Cairo.

Her memory still lives among those she loved and served, and her good influence acts and reacts in Egypt to this day.

An American told Lady Duff Gordon's friend Mustafa that her book had made him wish well to the Egyptian people, and desire to behave kindly to them; and her *âlim*, Sheykh Yussuf, was puzzled and bewildered by the civilities he received from strangers.

Mr. Eden, in his "Nile without a Dragoman," says that Mustafa 'Agha, then "our unpaid and obliging" consular agent, outdid his customary "civility and affection in favor of a friend of Lady Duff Gordon." He adds:—

Her house at Luxor is a modern white building, stuck like a mushroom on the top of an off-part of the ruins of an ancient temple. In front of it lies the river, behind is a rubbishy courtyard, on all sides a sea of dust, and not one speck of green affords an atom of shade or repose to the eye, weary of the heat and glare. A more uninteresting habitation it would be hard to find, and if evidence were wanted of the perfection of the Theban climate, would it not be sufficient to point out that such a person as Lady Gordon endured the exile and discomforts of Luxor for its climate's sake?

Clearly, a scene's beauty sometimes lies in the eye that sees it, as much as a jest's felicity does in the ear that hears it.

This was Lady Duff Gordon's Theban palace, which she said grew "more and more beautiful" to her, and of which she wrote: "The view round my house is magnificent on every side. Across the Nile in front, and over a splendid expanse of green and a range of distant orange-buff hills to the south-east."

Mr. Eden thought Lady Duff Gordon's estimate of the people as much too high as her praise of that part of their country which she made her home. But their gratitude he was forced to admit. "Her constant kindness and care for the sick and poor within reach of Luxor," he says, "has caused her memory to be almost worshipped by the Theban people of all classes. From the 'Agha to the beggar, nobody has any but good words for her, and few can say of these enough."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.*

THE published letters of distinguished men make, as you are aware, an important branch of English literature. To mention a few only, and those distinctively literary men, how much poorer should we be if we had not inherited the letters of Pope and Swift, of Walpole, Cowper, Gray, and Byron, and, in our own day, of Dickens and Carlyle! The letters of these, and others you will recall, form indeed a limited literature, and for that reason perhaps, like the Sibylline books, will be ever more and more treasured. For letter-writing (of the kind that survives) began late, and I think we may safely predict will (to use the famous apology made by Charles Lamb at the India House) make up for coming late by going away early. Letters of the kind we have in view — those written to relations, and friends, and associates in the writer's work or other of his interests — began to be regularly preserved only about the beginning of last century. There were doubtless interesting and charming letters exchanged between men in the centuries before — indeed we know of many such — but with few exceptions they have perished. The reason is a simple one. In early days, letters were scarce because they were so difficult to send. In these later days (it sounds paradoxical), they are getting rarer just because they are so easy to send. For as there are "books that are no books" (*biblia a-biblia*), so there are "letters" (to be counted by the million) that are "no letters," in any sense that literature or art can recognize. In these days of ours, they must be persons of a rare self-command and force of character who habitually write letters that, however well they may serve the purpose for which they were written, the world will not willingly let die.

There are of course many reasons for this — the cheapness of postage and the multiplication of posts among the chief. The singular increase in the number of magazines and reviews clamorous for anything that a writer of repute will send them — which causes that the clever and charming things, which a hundred years ago would have gone into a letter, now become "copy," and go into a printed article or essay — supplies another reason. The increasing wear and tear of life, reducing leisure and making brevity in

letter-writing a primary consideration, supplies a third. At the same time it is to be remembered that there have been persons endowed with a peculiar faculty for expressing their best talent and noblest selves in this particular form, and as there have been, so there may be again. Let us hope for the best.

It is an interesting theme, but I must pass it by, to dwell with you upon one notable and charming practiser of the art — the unpremeditated art, to use Shelley's phrase, of familiar letter-writing. The letters of Lamb have a great variety of interest for us. Taken together and read in order, they form of themselves an autobiography. Of his childhood and youth; his school-time and his holiday seasons; his family and his home surroundings; and the books that trained and fostered his genius — of all these things the "Essays of Elia" tell us fully, and his letters complete the story. They begin in the year that he came of age, 1796, and with a few regrettable intervals, not easy to explain, they continue in regular order until within a few days of his death, eight-and-thirty years after. I cannot recall any incident in his life (or Mary's, which is the same thing) that the letters do not deal with. All the joys and sorrows of their "dual loneliness," all their literary pursuits, with the attendant triumphs or disappointments, will be found chronicled there. There is not one of the many sides of his singularly composite being that does not come in turn to the front. Every mood is reflected, from the deep anguish of family bereavement to the lightest vein of railery, and even the most rollicking horse-play. For Lamb wrote differently to different persons. This is as it should be. Letters, to be worth anything, should tell us something about the person they are written to. If a writer is in genuine sympathy with his correspondent, the letter inevitably reflects something of the nature of the friend addressed. And then, what a circle of friends and intimates Charles Lamb was privileged to have! Other famous collections of letters in our literature are memorable because of the writer, and derive but little interest from the persons addressed. Take those of the poet Cowper, perhaps the closest parallel in kind with Lamb's, and among the most fascinating and delightful reading in our literature. What do we know or care about young Mr. Unwin, or Mr. Hill, or even about Hayley or the Rev. Mr. Newton? They are really only familiar to us at all because Cowper numbered

* A lecture delivered at Alderley Edge, November 3rd, 1886.

them among his correspondents. So also, I think most of you know the name of Mason chiefly through Gray's letters, and Sir Horace Mann mainly through Walpole's. But think of the chief names in the roll of Lamb's letter-writing friends — Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Manning, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt; not to mention Bernard Barton, Godwin, Barry Cornwall, and Thomas Hood. And, as I have said, Lamb wrote differently to these different friends. Those who know and love his letters from long familiarity can recognize this variety of touch — even when the subjects of the letters are nearly akin — as he gossips with Coleridge or Manning, with Southey or Barton.

I do not know that I can do better than illustrate from the letters themselves some of the rarer and more noticeable faculties of Lamb. And it is remarkable, as I have elsewhere observed, that the intellectual accomplishment which asserts itself earliest is just that which ordinarily it takes years, with their increasing experience and wider reading and study, to mature — I mean the critical faculty. Lamb's earliest letters that have survived begin when he was just of age, and his two chief correspondents for the next three years were young men like himself — one his old schoolfellow, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, three years his senior, and the other, whom he had come to know through Coleridge, and who was associated with Coleridge by so many close ties, Robert Southey. All three were starting on a literary career, full of ambition; two of them with the intention of making it their profession, the other, happily for himself, settling down to that desk in Leadenhall which was to prove (though he knew it not) his best blessing and safeguard for thirty years to come. Apart from the family matters — sad and terrible they were — discussed in these letters, the chief topics dealt with are literary and critical. Coleridge and Southey forward to their friend their verses, their lyrics and eclogues, for his opinion and suggestions; and he in turn submits to them his sonnets and elegies, plaintive and tender after his model, William Lisle Bowles. Coleridge and Southey, each endowed with a poetic gift far stronger and richer than Lamb's, yet at once recognize in their companion — no university man like themselves, lowly in his home and traditions, humble in his life's occupation — this rare and precious gift of critical insight. These earliest letters of Lamb show how amply justified was their confidence in his powers. If

the art of poetical criticism could be made matter of instruction, I know no better introduction to the study than these scattered criticisms of his, first upon Coleridge and Southey's verse, and afterwards upon Wordsworth's, and generally upon all poetry, ancient and modern, quoted or referred to incidentally in these familiar letters. Lamb was among the first to detect the great powers of Coleridge and Wordsworth before the wit of the "Anti-Jacobin" and "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" had done their utmost to crush those writers, and while the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* were yet unborn. This boy of twenty-one was already showing that, together with the keenest eye for the weaker side of these poetical reformers, with a true humorist's enjoyment of what was absurd or puerile in their methods, that enjoyment in no way disturbed his appreciation of their genius. With all his prejudices and petulances (and Lamb had plenty of these) the distinguishing feature of his critical power is its width and its versatility. The deepest of all his literary affections, that for Milton, no more interfered with his intense enjoyment of Pope, than did his delight in Pope delay for an instant his recognizing the value of Cowper and Burns and their successors. Lamb is our best and wholesomest example of that rare ability to value and enjoy one great literary school without at the same time disparaging its opposites. And he had that even rarer ability to recognize that the same writer often rises above himself, and often sinks below it. These early letters to Coleridge are full of proofs of this. He laughs as frankly at what was namby-pamby in Coleridge and Wordsworth, as he descants with genuine enthusiasm on the "Ancient Mariner," and the "Lines written above Tintern Abbey." He anticipates, curiously enough, the "Anti-Jacobin" in parodying Southey and Coleridge's "dactyls" on the "Soldier's Wife," which Coleridge had sent him in a letter in the summer of 1796: "What shall I say," he replies, "to your *dactyls*? They are what you would call good *per se*, but a parody on some of 'em is just now suggesting itself, and you shall have it rough and unlicked; I mark with figures the lines parodied: —

4. Soresly your dactyls do drag along limp-footed.
5. Sad is the measure that hangs a clog round 'em so.
6. Meagre and languid, proclaiming its wretchedness.

1. Weary, unsatisfied, not a little sick of 'em.
11. Cold is my tired heart, I have no charity.
2. Painfully trav'ling thus over the rugged road.
7. O begone, measure, half Latin, half English then.
12. Dismal your dactyls are, God help ye, rhyming ones!

Many of you will recall how irresistibly these unfortunate "experiments in metre" by poor Southey appealed to the parodying instinct of his enemies. Canning and Frere both had their fling at them in the "Anti-Jacobin;" Byron has his allusion in the familiar line, —

God help thee, Southey, and thy readers too;

but Lamb, you see, had been before them, and yet, because he was an all-round, and not a one-sided critic, he passed for a blind worshipper of the young Jacobins. "Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd," says Byron in a note to the mention of their names in "English Bards," "the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co." How little he knew!

Or again, notice the following curious criticism and prediction concerning a too well-known effusion of Coleridge's. In 1796 Coleridge had published his first little volume of poems. At the end of that year a second edition is in preparation, and its author is consulting Lamb as to what poems are to be retained from the former, and what new ones are to be added. Coleridge was (oddly enough) for omitting the musical and buoyant stanzas imitated from Ossian, called the "Complaint of Ninathoma," and beginning, —

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the sea?

and Lamb earnestly pleads for their being allowed to stand: —

Let me protest strongly against your rejecting the "Complaint of Ninathoma," on page 86. The words, I acknowledge, are Ossian's, but you have added to them the "music of Caril." If a vicarious substitute be wanting, sacrifice (and 'twill be a piece of self-denial too) the "Epitaph on an Infant," of which its author seems so proud, so tenacious. Or if your heart be set on *perpetuating* the four-line wonder, I'll tell you what to do: Sell the copyright of it at once to a country statuary; commence, in this manner — Death's prime poet-laureate; and let your verses be adopted in every village round, instead of those hitherto famous ones, —

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain.

You will not need telling that Lamb referred to the quatrain, —

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade
Death came with timely care,

to which Coleridge had allotted a whole page of his former edition, and of which he had indeed shown himself "tenacious," for it had already appeared twice before, in the *Morning Post* and in the *Watchman*. Coleridge was, perhaps, a little nettled at his friend's frank criticism, for he rejected "Ninathoma" (though he restored it in later editions) and retained the epitaph. But Lamb's playful prediction was destined to be fulfilled. No country statuary ever secured a monopoly of the lines, but they will be found, as you know, in almost every churchyard in the kingdom.

So far we have only discovered that Lamb possessed that easy and common critical faculty which detects the weaknesses of a writer; but side by side may be found abundant proof that he recognized at once the strength and value of the new poetry, while other critics were only perplexed by its novelty and uncertain what to think. In 1798 Wordsworth and Coleridge published their little joint volume, the "Lyrical Ballads," containing among other now familiar and classic poems, the "Ancient Mariner." Even Southey, it appears, was offended by Coleridge's masterpiece, and Lamb writes to him, in November of that year, to remonstrate: —

If you wrote that review in "Critical Review," I am sorry you are so sparing of praise to the "Ancient Mariner;" so far from calling it, as you do, with some wit but more severity, "A Dutch attempt, etc., etc.," I call it a right English attempt, and a successful one, to dethrone German sublimity. You have selected a passage fertile in unmeaning miracles, but have passed by fifty passages as miraculous as the miracles they celebrate. I never so deeply felt the pathetic as in that part, —

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.

It stung me into high pleasure, through sufferings. Lloyd does not like it; his head is too metaphysical, and your taste too correct; at least, I must allege something against you both to excuse my own dotage —

So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

But you allow some elaborate beauties — you should have extracted 'em. The "Ancient Mariner" plays more tricks with the mind than that last poem, which is yet one of the finest written.

"That last poem," here referred to, is no other than the immortal poem of Wordsworth's which had been placed last

in the little joint volume—the “Lines written above Tintern Abbey.” The world was long in making up its mind on the subject, for the professional reviewers of that day would have nothing to say to it; but Lamb’s judgment has prevailed, that most assuredly among England’s finest poems is that which contains the lines,—

For I have learned

To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

But Lamb could do more, as a critic, than see the ridiculous on the one hand, and the sublime on the other. He could judge of details, and he could discriminate. Two years after this letter to Southey Wordsworth brought out a second volume of the “Lyrical Ballads,” and sent it to Lamb, who writes back:—

Thanks for your letter and present. I had already borrowed your second volume. What most pleases me is, “The Song of Lucy” [he means, of course, “Lucy Grey”]; Simon’s sickly daughter in the “Sexton,” made me cry. Next to these are the description of the continuous echoes in the story of “Joanna’s Laugh,” when the mountains and all the scenery absolutely seem alive; and that fine Shakespearian character of the “happy man” in the “Brothers:”—

That creeps about the fields
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring
Tears down his cheek or solitary smiles
Into his face, until the setting sun
Write Fool upon his forehead.

I will mention one more—the delicate and curious feeling in the wish for the “Cumberland Beggar” that he may have about him the melody of birds, altho’ he hear them not. Here the mind knowingly passes a fiction upon herself, first substituting her own feelings for the Beggar’s, and, in the same breath, detecting the fallacy, will not part with the wish. The “Poet’s Epitaph” is disfigured, to my taste, by the common satire upon parsons and lawyers in the beginning, and the coarse epithet of “pin-point” in the sixth stanza.

I may interrupt Charles Lamb for a moment to tell you that Wordsworth originally wrote the stanza thus,—

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy pin-point of a soul away.

Whether owing to Lamb’s objection here

made or not, in subsequent editions Wordsworth altered it to the shape in which all his readers know it,—

Thy ever-dwindling soul away.

“All the rest,” Lamb proceeds, “is eminently good, and your own.” I must not quote further from this remarkable letter, except to cite this just and admirable remark: “I am sorry that Coleridge has christened his ‘Ancient Mariner’ ‘A Poet’s Reverie;’ it is as bad as Bottom the Weaver’s declaration that he is not a lion, but only the scenical representation of a lion. What new idea is gained by this title, but one subversive of all credit—which the tale should force upon us—of its truth?” Coleridge himself never delivered a criticism more astute and to the point than this; and this second title, “A Poet’s Reverie,” disappeared from all succeeding editions.

Unquestionably the only sound principle of arranging the letters of such a correspondent as Lamb, is the chronological. For thus, as we read on, we are in fact reading an autobiography, embellished with a thousand anecdotes, confidences, and touches of character and feeling that would never have seen the light in an autobiography written intentionally for publication. But there is an interest also in noting, as I have pointed out, the different veins of thought and style that run through the letters addressed to different friends. The letters to Coleridge have a character of their own; and so with those to Manning, and to Bernard Barton. These three groups of letters are the most remarkable in the collection. To the general reader, Manning and Barton are perhaps best known through their friendship with Lamb, although both, in their widely different ways, were noticeable men. Thomas Manning, indeed, until the publication ten years since of his “Journals of Travel” with a short memoir prefixed, was an almost unknown name to this generation except as Charles Lamb’s correspondent, and the letters to him are so full of railery and the wildest frolics of the imagination that it would be difficult to read Manning aright from them alone. But Manning was a remarkable man. The son of a Norfolk clergyman, with a strong turn for both mathematics and metaphysics, he went up to Caius College, Cambridge, and would have taken the highest mathematical honors but for an invincible objection to degrees, with the oaths and tests then attached to them. He wrote divers mathematical treatises, and con-

tinued to reside at Cambridge, though without a degree, and while there became known to Lamb, who was visiting his old companion Charles Lloyd at that university. Lamb made Manning's acquaintance about the year 1800. The mingled simplicity and enthusiasm of the man — his abstruse studies and his eccentricities, the fact that his tastes (mathematical, metaphysical, and Oriental) were all so alien from Lamb's own, had evidently a strange fascination for him from the very first, and a correspondence sprung up which continued for many years. Such a character as Manning's drew out Lamb's finest qualities of humor and sympathy. It was not likeness, but unlikeness, in his friends that at once stimulated his fancy and warmed his heart towards them. He loved Manning and laughed at him. He confided to him his closest family and personal sorrows; and in the very same letter, perhaps, would bring the whole varied artillery of his fun to play upon his friend's hobbies.

When Lamb first knew Manning, the dominant passion of his life was already working irrepressibly in his breast — the desire to explore the then unknown mysteries of China and Tartary. The plan he formed and carried out, with extraordinary pluck and perseverance, was to begin the study of the Chinese language in England, carry it on in Paris, under the tuition of a great French Orientalist, pass some years in Canton, and when he should have acquired the art of perfectly deporting himself as a Celestial, to make his way, with a confidential native servant, to the sacred capital of Thibet, the abode of the grand lama, the very fountain-head of Buddhism. This exploit, so difficult and so hazardous, Manning achieved. He went out to China in 1806, was in Canton till 1810, made his memorable journey to Lhasa in 1810-1811, returned to Canton, where he again resided for some years, and finally returned to England in 1818. In Lamb's letters we follow him through all his changes of abode — from his quiet rooms at Cambridge to his residence in Paris (which he had to leave suddenly when war broke out in 1803), and so to Canton. "I heard that you were going to China," Lamb writes in August, 1801, "with a commission from the Wedgwoods to collect hints for their pottery, and to teach the Chinese *perspective*." Eighteen months later, Manning's schemes were taking more definite shape, for Lamb writes to him in Paris, in tones of serious alarm: —

MY DEAR MANNING, — The general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity, but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake, don't think any more of "Independent Tartary." What are you to do among such Ethiopians? Is there no lineal descendant of Prester John? Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed? Depend upon it, they'll never make you their king as long as any branch of that great stock is remaining. I tremble for your Christianity. Read Sir John Mandeville's travels to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartar-man now exhibiting at Exeter Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no very favorable specimen of his countrymen! But, perhaps, the best thing you can do is to *try* to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose, repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words, Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary, two or three times, and associate with them the *idea of oblivion* ('tis Hartley's method with obstinate memories), or say, Independent, Independent, have I not already got an *independence*? That was a clever way of the old Puritans, punitivity. My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such *parts* in heathen countries among nasty, unconvertible, horsebelching, Tartar people! Some say they are cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! I am afraid 'tis the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his foolish stories about Cambuscan, and the ring and the horse of brass. Believe me, there are no such things — 'tis all the poet's invention. . . . The Tartars, really, are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if *you* are not eaten) among them.

He returns to this grim warning at the end of his letter. "Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthrophophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible be weighed out at fivepence a pound; sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest, but as a meat." later years at some party, when we suppose Manning or his travels were the subject of conversation, Lamb emphatically maintained that, by the showing their very names, the *Manchew Tartars* were unquestionably cannibals.

By 1806, Manning is fairly settled among the English community at Canton, and on December 5th Lamb acknowledges his friend's first letter. "Manning, your letter dated 'Hottentots, August the what-was-it?' came to hand. China, Canton — bless us! — how strains the imagination, and makes it ache!" And then he proceeds to tell his friend all the news of Holcroft's new play that had failed, and his own play in prep-

ation, "Mr. H.," that was to fail also, is! though the poor fellow is so sane about it. "The story is a coxcomb peering at Bath vastly rich—all the lies dying for him—all bursting to know who is he—but he goes by no other name than *Mr. H.* . . . and only think how hard upon me it is that the ship is detached to-morrow, and my triumph cannot be ascertained till the Wednesday evening; but all China will ring of it by-and-by." It took a long time eighty years ago for letters to travel between England and Canton, and it was not till February, 1808, more than a year afterwards, that Lamb is able to tell his friend how his hopes had been dashed. "I suppose you know my name was damned. The noise still rings in my ears. Were you ever in the pillory?—being damned is something like that." And then he tells what other literary irons are in the fire—"The Adventures of Ulysses," "done out of the Odyssey—the 'Shakespeare Tales' suggested he doing it," and another scheme, designed for a wider popularity and more wide-spreading results, "'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare.'" Specimens are becoming fashionable. They used to be called 'Beauties.' You have seen 'Beauties of Shakespeare'? So have many people that never saw any beauties *in Shakespeare*." The letter is a wonderful specimen of Lamb's volatile fancy. He adverts to the unfortunate fate of "Mr. H.," and dilates on the frantic yells, "as from a congregation of wild geese," that awaited its doom; passes on into wildest enthusiasm over Braham's singing—"The little Jew has bewitched me. I follow him like as the boys follow Tom the parrot." Next come a few details of Manning's friends, which, he supposes, will interest his distant correspondent, and then, without a word of warning or apology for the abruptness of the departure: "I made a pun the other day, and palmed upon Holcroft, who grinned like a Cheshire cat. (Why do cats grin in Cheshire? Because it was once a county latrine—the cats cannot help laughing whenever they think of it—though I see great joke in it.)"

Manning was absent from England eleven years—first at Canton, then on his ridiculous expedition to the capital of Thibet, and finally, after some further years in Canton, filling the post of Chinese interpreter to Lord Amherst's embassy at Peking. Lamb's letters extend over this whole period, though with many gaps in

the correspondence, often of several years. The distance apart, the long stretches of time and the wide gulf that separated the pursuits and interests of the two friends, would have quenched, for most correspondents, the epistolary instinct. It worked the opposite effect upon Lamb. The very incongruity of their relative positions brought into play all his genius. And on Christmas day, 1815, when the period of his friend's exile was nearing its end, he writes him the following wonderfully picturesque letter, worthy, indeed, of a place among the choicest essays of Elia. It was Manning, by the way, who, either in a letter or after his return to England, told Lamb the Chinese version of that myth as to the "origin of cooking," as old as Porphyry of Tyre, and probably to be found in the folk-lore of many other nations, which suggested the memorable "Essay on Roast Pig." Notice the string of monstrous fictions with which the letter ends, and yet the strange pathos and plausibility with which they are unfolded.

December 25, 1815.

DEAR OLD FRIEND AND ABSENTEE,—This is Christmas day, 1815, with us: what it may be with you I don't know—the twelfth of June next year perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam instead of the savory, grand, Norfolkian holocaust that smokes all round my nostrils at this moment from a thousand firesides. Then, what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dry tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? 'Tis our rosy-cheeked, home-stalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of "Unto us a child is born," faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery. I feel my bowels refreshed with the holy tide; my zeal is great against the unedified heathen. Down with pagodas, down with the idols, Ching-chong-fo and his foolish priesthood! Come out of Babylon, O my friend! for her time is come; and the child that is native, and the proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together! And in sober sense, what makes you so long from among us, Manning? You must not expect to see the same England again which you left.

Empires have been overturned, crowns trodden into dust, the face of the western world quite changed. Your friends have all got old. These you left blooming—myself (who am one of the few that remember you),

these golden hairs, which you recollect my taking a pride in, turned to silvery and grey. Mary has been dead and buried many years; she desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman, that you remember active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant-maid and a stick. Martin Burney is a very old man. The other day an aged woman knocked at my door and pretended my acquaintance. It was long before I had the most distant cognition of her; but at last, together, we made her out to be Louisa, the daughter of Mrs. Topham, formerly Mrs. Merton, who had been Mrs. Reynolds, formerly Mrs. Kenney, whose first husband was Holcroft, the dramatic writer of the last century. St. Paul's church is a heap of ruins; the monument isn't half so high as you knew it, divers parts being successively taken down which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous; the horse at Charing Cross is gone, no one knows whither; and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Ho-tin-tong should be spelt with a —, or a —. For aught I see you might almost as well remain where you are, and not come like a Struldbrug into a world where few were born when you went away. Scarce here and there one will be able to make out your face. All your opinions will be out of date, your jokes obsolete, your puns rejected with fastidiousness as wit of the last age. Your way of mathematics has already given way to a new method, which after all is, I believe, the old doctrine of Maclaurin, new vamped up with what he borrowed of the negative quantity of fluxions from Euler.

Poor Godwin! I was passing his tomb the other day in Cripplegate churchyard; there are some verses upon it written by Miss —, which if I thought good enough I would send you. He was one of those who would have hailed your return not with boisterous shouts and clamors, but with the complacent gratulations of a philosopher anxious to promote knowledge as leading to happiness; but his systems and his theories are ten feet deep in Cripplegate mould. Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt of nature but a week or two before. Poor Col., but two days before he died he wrote to a bookseller proposing an Epic poem on the "Wanderings of Cain," in twenty-four books. It was said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticisms, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices.

And after some further remonstrances he winds up with —

I suppose you heard that I have left the India House, and gone into the Fishmongers' Almshouses over the bridge. I have a little cabin there, small but homely, but you shall be welcome to it. You like oysters, and to open them yourself; I'll get you some if you

come in oyster time. . . . Come as soon as you can.

C. LAMB.

If we sought among Lamb's correspondents for a contrast to Manning, the dabbler in strange philosophies and haunter of strange nations, we could not find one more effective than the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, clerk for the last forty years of his life in the Messrs. Alexanders' Bank, in the quiet Suffolk town of Woodbridge. Lamb, doubtless, made his acquaintance through the *London Magazine* to which both were contributors. They had met, perhaps, at the table of the publishers, Taylor and Hessey, who gave periodical dinners, at which their staff were gathered together. Lamb had made some foolish jest about the incongruity of Quakers writing poetry. Barton had been a little hurt, and had remonstrated; and Lamb's first letter is a frank explanation that it was only "one of his levities," and that he had referred rather to what the community of Friends might say on the subject. The letter ends, —

In feelings and matters not dogmatical, I hope I am half a Quaker.

Believe me, with great respect,

Yours,

C. LAMB.

Readers of "Elia" know well that Lamb spoke seriously here. He loved the Quakers, and has devoted one of the tenderest of his essays to their praise. And out of this misunderstanding at the outset there sprang a deep liking between these two, and the letters to Barton are among the most delightful and characteristic. There was something analogous in the situations of the pair. Each was chained to the desk for the best part of each working-day, and each found in literature his happiest refuge. Barton published his frequent volumes of verse, graceful and tender always, and often displaying a real "Doric delicacy," and sent them as they appeared to Lamb, who praises or criticises, with the same happy discrimination that marks all his judgments. Then Barton and his young daughter and only child, Lucy, came to London, and called on Lamb at Colebrook Row, where the New River ran past his door; and Lucy Barton, happily still surviving, told me only the other day how well she recalls entering the house by the door that opened straight from the open air into the parlor, and finding Elia deep in one of his folios by the fireside. It was in her album, you remember, that Lamb wrote the charming lines: —

Little book, surnamed of *white*,
Clean as yet, and fair to sight,
Keep thy attribution right.

Never disproportioned scrawl,
Ugly blot (that's worse than all),
On thy maiden clearness fall!

In each letter here designed
Let the reader emblem'd find
Neatness of the owner's mind.

Gilded margins count a sin;
Let thy leaves attraction win
By the golden rules within:

Sayings fetched from sages old:
Laws which Holy Writ unfold,
Worthy to be graven in gold:

Lighter fancies not excluding:
Blameless wit, with nothing rude in,
Sometimes mildly interluding

Amid strains of graver measure:
Virtue's self hath oft her pleasure
In sweet Muses' groves of leisure.

Riddles dark, perplexing sense:
Darker meanings of offence:
What but *shades* — be banished hence.

Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
Candid meanings, best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress.

These letters are rich in sterling sense, as well as poetic gossip and friendly badinage. Barton at one time was tempted, as so many have been and will be again, to leave the "drudgery of the desk's dead wood" and betake himself to literature as a livelihood.

Throw yourself on the world [cries Lamb] without any rational plan of support, beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you had but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. . . . Keep to the bank, and the bank will keep you. . . . I bless every star that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking office. What! is there not from six to eleven P. M., six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could but think so! — enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment: look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I

was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that makes me live!

Bernard Barton took his friend's advice, and doubtless lived to bless him again and again for it.

And what good things are to be gleaned up and down these letters! Take the amazing illustration that winds up his apology for his slovenly habits in the writing of them. It is in 1826, after he had left the India House on his pension.

DEAR B. B., — You may know my letters by the paper and the folding. For the former, I live on scraps obtained in charity from an old friend, whose stationery is a permanent perquisite: for folding, I shall do it neatly when I learn to tie my neck-cloths. I surprise most of my friends by writing on ruled paper, as if I had not got past pot-hooks and hangers. Sealing-wax I have none on my establishment: wafers of the coarsest bran supply its place. . . . All the time I was at the E. India House I never mended a pen; I now cut 'em to the stumps, marring rather than mending the primitive goose-quill. I cannot bear to pay for articles I used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon *nonpareils* at some stall in Mesopotamos, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing.

Or take the solemn apostrophe to his friend, written on the day after the execution of the famous banker and forger, Fauntleroy: —

Now, my dear sir, trifling apart, the gloomy catastrophe of yesterday morning prompts a sadder vein. The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around on such of my friends as, by a parity of situation, are exposed to a similarity of temptation. My very style seems to myself to become more impressive than usual, with the change of theme. Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into others' property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence: but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many beside him, who at last have expiated as he hath done. You are as yet upright; but you are a banker — at least the next thing to it. I feel the delicacy of the subject; but cash must pass through your hands, sometimes to a great amount. If in an unguarded hour — but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged, that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone, not to mention higher considerations!

Lamb's letters need a commentary, for

they are full of allusiveness, and full of references to persons and books and incidents of his time not of sufficient importance to have escaped oblivion on their own merits, but fully deserving a word of record in explanation of Lamb's use of them. We read in a letter to Barton: "The 'Prometheus Unbound' is a capital story. The literal rogue!" And it is pleasant to know on authority happily still living, that Barton's neighbor, the Rev. John Mitford, had written to a country bookseller to get him Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and had received, after a week or two, the reply that they were sorry they could not obtain the book *in sheets*. Moreover, as it is impossible for us to keep all good poetry that has ever been written in our memories, we may be excused for asking explanation even of such an allusion as the following. Lamb writes to Coleridge, in a letter undated, but probably 1819, for that unmethodical man too often did not date his letters, and thereby entailed grievous labor on his editors. Coleridge had sent his old friend a new sonnet of his own, apparently copied on some very flimsy paper which had torn in the transit, and Lamb replies:—

DEAR C.,—Your sonnet is capital. The paper ingenious, only that it split into four parts in the carriage. I have transferred it to the common English paper, manufactured of rags, for better preservation. I never knew before how the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written. 'Tis strikingly corroborated by observations on Cats. These domestic animals, put 'em on a rug before the fire, wink their eyes up, and listen to the kettle and then *purr*, which is *their* poetry.

We may, as I have said, remember the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel;" but may not at once appreciate the reference to the magnificent sonnet, then just written, and soon to be published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled, "Fancy in Nubibus: or the Poet in the Clouds," a sonnet composed on the seacoast. You will not mind, I think, hearing it again.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,

Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould

Of a *friend's* fancy; or with head bent low
And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go

From mount to mount through Cloudland,
gorgeous land!

Or, listening to the tide with closed sight,

Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward
light,
Beheld the "*Iliad*" and the "*Odyssey*"
Rise to the swelling of the voiceless sea.

I would fain, if only time were consenting, read you many passages of acutest criticism and sterling moral judgments, scattered through these letters. In most matters of artistic taste he was ahead of his age, and often in ethical questions also. For instance, in the year 1824, William Blake, painter and poet, was known to those of the general public who knew his name at all, chiefly as a harmless lunatic, who saw visions. When James Montgomery, of Sheffield, edited "The Chimney-Sweepers' Friend and Climbing-Boys' Album," in which he pleaded the cause of the poor little suffering lads, and invited Lamb to contribute something to the volume, Lamb did not find the subject inspiring to his own Muse, but in order not to withhold his name altogether, sent Montgomery Blake's now well-known lines on the chimney-sweeper:—

When my mother died I was very young
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry Weep! weep! weep! weep!
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

They accordingly appear in Montgomery's little volume as "communicated by Mr. Charles Lamb from a very rare and curious little work." This rare and curious work was, of course, the "Songs of Innocence," which had been written and illustrated by Blake seven-and-thirty years before. Yet so little known was it that when Bernard Barton, who himself contributed to the "Album," and was moreover a man of wide reading, came upon these lines of Blake's he was like Keats's astronomer "when a new planet swims into his ken," and wrote off to Lamb, full of enthusiasm, to know if Blake was a "real name." Lamb returns for answer: "Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man, if he is still living." This was in 1824, and Blake was then passing slowly towards his grave, poor but uncomplaining. He died in 1827. Even Lamb did not know his Christian name, for he proceeds: "He is the Robert Blake whose wild designs accompany a splendid folio edition of the 'Night Thoughts,' which you may have seen. . . . His poems have been sold hitherto only in manuscript." Lamb meant, I suppose, that the verses were not printed in the usual way, but engraved by Blake on the same plates as the illustrations,

id were therefore necessarily limited in number and costly to buy. "I never read em, but a friend, at my desire, procured the Sweep song. There is one to a tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
Thro' the deserts of the night,

which is glorious; but alas! I have not the book, for the man is flown—whither know not—to Hades or a madhouse. But I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age."

There was another painter of that period whom the public reckoned one of the most extraordinary persons of the age, to whom Lamb had no liking for. This was John Martin, the designer of "Belshazzar's Feast," and "Joshua Staying the sun," and other subjects of a grandiose kind, engravings of which may still be found, I think, hanging in the best parlors of many a country home. But the whirligig of time, and the spread of art-education, have brought the world round to Lamb's point of view. How he hits the nail on the head, when he tells Barton:—

Martin's "Belshazzar" I have seen. Its architectural effect is stupendous, but the human figures, the squalling, contorted little antics that are playing at being frightened, the children at a sham ghost, who half know to be a mask, are detestable. Then the letters are nothing more than a transparency flung up, such as a lord might order to be put up on a sudden at a Christmas gambol, to amuse the ladies. The type is as plain as skivvies—they should have been dim, full of mystery, letters to the mind rather than to the eye. . . . Just such a confused piece is "Joshua," frittered into a thousand fragments, little armies here, little armies there—I should see only the *Sun* and *Joshua*. If I remember he has not left out that luminary directly, but for Joshua, I was ten minutes finding him out.

What noble common sense appears in this criticism as this, and I think the man not unfitly describes Lamb's criticism generally, even in matters more serious and important than pictures and poems. Strange that this jester, this clown, this too-often flippant handler of themes which pious men shrink from touching, yet so often sees farther than his contemporaries into the moral heart of things. A testimonial was actually proposed, in 1828, in honor of Thomas Clarkson, and it was to take the form of a monument to be erected on the road between Cambridge and London, on the precise spot where the great philanthropist first stopped to rest, and formed the reso-

lution of devoting his life to the abolition of the slave-trade. Basil Montagu's wife writes to Lamb for a subscription, which Lamb sends, but with these words of comment, surely deserving to be printed in letters of gold:—

DEAR MADAM, — I return your list with my name. I should be sorry that any respect should be going on towards Clarkson, and I be left out of the conspiracy. Otherwise I frankly own that to pillarize a man's good feelings in his lifetime is not to my taste. Monuments to goodness, even after death, are equivocal. I turn away from Howard's, I scarce know why. Goodness blows no trumpet, nor desires to have it blown. *We should be modest for a modest man*—as he is for himself. The vanities of life—art, poetry, skill military—are subjects for trophies; not the silent thoughts arising in a good man's mind in lonely places.

We have modulated, you see, into a more serious key, but it is one just as characteristic of Lamb's individuality as any we have touched on this evening. Common repute sets him down as a humorist, and often enough a reckless one. The world remembers him as a Yorick, with his "jibes, his gambols, and his flashes of merriment." He made many enemies by these things, uttered in season and out of season, in his lifetime, and I dare say they offend many grave persons still. But the flippancies of a man of genius are rarely without some flavor of that genius. When Lamb was travelling once in a stage-coach, with evident marks on him of an influenza, and a fellow-traveler remarked sympathetically, "You have a very bad cold, sir," Lamb replied, "Well, it's the *b-b-best* I've got." I dare say that old gentleman went home and related how he had met a very odd man—all but uncivil indeed—in the coach. Thomas Carlyle, as he has recorded, thought Lamb very "ill-mannered," and no wonder, if the story be true of what took place on the occasion of one of those visits to Lamb at Enfield. Carlyle was watching the movements of a flock of pigeons with some curiosity, and Lamb inquired (we can imagine with what gravity): "Mr. Carlyle, are you a p-p-poulterer?" But I think this flow of "cockney wit," "diluted insanity," or what not, was one of Lamb's safety-valves under the pressure of his anxious life. As we listen to these witty and amusing letters, we might easily forget how lonely was the "lonely hearth" from which for the nine years after he retired from the India House they were written. Too often at the end of some whimsical romance, or

some penetrating piece of criticism, we come upon saddest confidences as to domestic trials. The earlier letters often end with "Mary sends love," or "Adieu, with both our loves," and then we know that all was well with the pair. But as time goes on such postscripts become rarer, and we have instead, "Dear Moxon, I have brought my sister to Enfield, being sure that she had no hope of recovery in London. Her state of mind is deplorable beyond any example." Or to Bernard Barton: "Dear B. B., your handwriting has conveyed much pleasure to me in respect of Lucy's restoration. Would I could send you as good news of my poor Lucy! But some wearisome weeks I must remain lonely yet." And again to Wordsworth: "Your letter, save in what respects your dear sister's health, cheered me in my new solitude. Mary is ill again. Her illnesses encroach yearly. The last was three months, followed by two of depression most dreadful. I look back upon her earlier attacks with longing. Nice little durations of six weeks or so, followed by complete restoration—shocking as they were to me then. In short, half her life she is dead to me, the other half is made anxious with fears and lookings forward to the next shock." "One," he says most pathetically in another letter, "*one* does not make a household." But that lonely figure had to constitute Lamb's household, with exceptions fewer and fewer, till the end came; and we feel that those who then loved him best could hardly have wished that end long deferred.

What constitutes the abiding fascination of Lamb's personality? *Not* his funny sayings—let the "funny man" of every generation lay this well to heart. His humor? Yes—for his humor was part and parcel of his character. It is character that makes men loved. It was the rare combination in Lamb of strength and weakness. He was "a hero, with a failing." His heroism was greater than many of us could hope to show. Charity, in him, most assuredly fulfilled the well-known definition. It suffered long and was kind; it thought no evil; and it never vaunted itself nor was puffed up. And as we watch its daily manifestations, never asking for the world's recognition, never thinking it had done enough, or could do enough, for its beloved object, we may well reckon it large enough to cover a greater multitude of frailties than those we are able to detect in the life of Charles Lamb.

ALFRED AINGER.

From The Spectator.

IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

WITHOUT localizing the subject of Irish wit to a particular county, as was done in a former article, we wish to discuss it somewhat more fully before taking leave of the subject. Car-drivers and beggars have been already noticed as typical specimens of witty Irishmen, whose contact with society has no doubt polished and sharpened their naturally fine sense of humor; and a few more instances of their ready wit may here be noticed. A certain Dublin jarvey was driving a very stout citizen, whose trade was that of a furrier, and when he set him down, his fare offered him only sixpence. "Is that all ye're giving me?" said the jarvey. "Yes," said the furrier; "that's your legal fare, my man, and it's all you'll get from me; so take it and go." The jarvey, seeing it was hopeless to expect anything more, was determined to have it out of him somehow, so, concentrating all the scorn and contempt he could into his voice and facial expression, he said, "Ah! go lang out o' that, ye ould boa constructor." The application of such an epithet (with its twofold allusion) to a furrier, it need hardly be said was exceedingly original and appropriate. Some years ago, a celebrated Irish greyhound, named Master Magrath, won many matches; but dying of some rather mysterious malady, a post-mortem examination of his remains was made by a medical fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. This gentleman returned to the metropolis with a portion of the deceased Master in a box; and on his way across the city he informed the jarvey, who was conveying him, of the precious nature of his cargo. The Master's reputation was well known, and the jarvey reverently ejaculated, "Well, glory be to God I can say I druv the hearse at Magrath's funeral, any way!" Dublin people ought to be the wittiest in Ireland, as they are residents in the largest "social mill" in the country. And some of them certainly are extremely ready-witted. A son of the late Isaac Butt was one day passing along through the streets, and just before him was an oyster-man who was vigorously calling his "fresh oysters." Butt, junior, who was a good mimic, began to call out in the same tone of voice, "Stale oysters—stale oysters." The fish-vendor was naturally very indignant, and turning round upon Mr. Butt, he exclaimed in great anger, "Ah! it's *you* that would *stale* them if you could." Irish wit seems an equally ready weapon, whether it be required for the

purpose of complimentary flattery or ironical abuse. The attitude of the Irish people towards the clergy — whether Roman or Anglican — is, on the whole, extremely friendly and respectful. The Roman clergy are affectionately addressed as "Father;" and the title "Your Reverence," which is almost, if not altogether, unknown conversationally in England, is very generally applied to the Anglican clergy in Ireland by the lower classes, — some of them make it also quite a point to place and emphasize the word *your* before it — *sic*: "Well, as I was telling *your* Reverence," etc. Irish people being all so eloquent themselves, naturally admire this quality in a preacher, and the late Father Burke, O.P., was greatly sought after because of his *copia fandi*. Many very amusing instances of his wit have been published, but none are quoted here, as we are only gleaning in quiet corners. The writer was told some time ago by a friend, who found a woman apparently in great sorrow, that it all arose from the departure of her parish priest. "Ah, sir!" said she; "lave me alone, lave me alone about him, for he was the grand man for painting hell to the strong farmer." With all due respect, we would suggest that some strong scene-painting of a future recompense is very necessary at the present time, when so many "strong" farmers seem not at all inclined to observe the very ABC of morality, as regards the payment of just debts. The Protestant Bishop of Derry, who is such an eloquent preacher, observed lately in one of his charges, that to place a young clergyman in some of the small parishes of his diocese was, unless he was very happily constituted, to ensure either his "petrification" or his putrefaction." *A propos* of this, it is said that a certain Irish Roman Catholic relate, going to a P.P.'s house and finding the owner absent, looked about for the book-case. He discovered it in due time, but it was filled more with empty bottles than volumes of theology. "I suppose," said his lordship to the housekeeper, "this is his little library."

There can be no doubt that the Irish brogue adds a decided flavor to Irish wit. Irish voices are, as a rule, soft and musical; and the farther south you go in the island, the more the brogue improves in quality. Archbishop Croke told a very amusing story lately of a very sudden acquisition of an English accent by an Irish traveller. This man went from Dublin to Holyhead, but was so seasick, that on the arrival of the steamer he was unable to

land. Remaining in the same prostrate condition, he returned to Dublin, where he disembarked; but, strange to say, though his foot never touched English soil, he had meanwhile acquired a decided English accent! Such grafts, however, as a rule must be very unsuccessful and undesirable. Sir Michael Morris says no one, whether drunk or sober, ever mistook him for anything but an Irishman; and in the interests of Irish wit, we hope the Irish brogue will never decay. Eliminate the brogue, and you eliminate half the fun of Irish conversation.

The love of long words among the lower classes is very remarkable, *e.g.*, the word "gladiator," with a strong stress on the penultimate syllable and a broad pronunciation of the "a," is a favorite. "What a gladiātor he is!" The use of this term is rather indefinite, but it seems applied to people who are taking airs. A certain person in a neighborhood was spoken of as the "Grecian;" though why or wherefore it was very hard to understand, as he was totally destitute of any Greek culture. "Grand," "illigant," and "intirely" are all very favorite expletives. An Irish hen-wife lately, on seeing an incubator for the first time, observed that "it would be a great aise to the hins intirely." The same person, when informed that a sad report of the death of a young man of her acquaintance was quite untrue, thankfully observed, "Oh, glory be to God! now look at that for a lie!" The word "hither" is very frequently used by the Irish lower classes, though its use would now seem pedantic by well-educated persons; and the phrase "over and hither" is their equivalent for "here and there." The expression, "That's the price of him," is made use of when any ill-doer comes to grief. The word "shining" is used in the peculiar sense of shamming, — thus, "I was afeard yer honor might think I was shining." "To rise out of" anything is to give it up, and this expression has very curious applications, — *e.g.*, a man is said, on giving up a farm or a job, to have "riz out of it;" an unfaithful lover to have "riz out of" his sweetheart. "Under," pronounced "andther," is a very favorite term. The horse is put "andther the car;" and a person taking a walk is said to have gone out "andther the air." The word "stretching" is the technical term for the adulteration of whiskey, the national beverage, — how very expressive! Concerning the ruin of any victim of intemperance, you are often told, "It's the quality of the drink that's desthroying

him intirely." The writer knew of a case where the sot used to lie in bed for a week or more during a debauch, and was told it was the bad whiskey of the place was killing him,—the quality, not the quantity! Legal proceedings have a great interest for the Irish, and a Petty Sessions court-house is always thronged with a mob of idlers on court day. A celebrated character, named Alick O'S—, used always to frequent the courthouses in the north-east end of Cork County, where his familiar figure, surmounted by a hat of the "Ally Sloper" type, was as well known as that of Peter Peebles in Edinburgh. Alick had picked up a certain amount of legal phraseology, which he was very fond of airing, and he labored under the delusion that he was heir-at-law to every one, gentle and simple, who died in the neighborhood. Dr. Johnson, when, as trustee, he disposed of Thrale's brewery, said he was selling "the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice." But Alick's monomania far surpassed even these dreams, for he spoke of the millions, billions, and trillions he possessed as trifles light as air. Strange to say, the fact that he never realized any of his supposed wealth never shook his faith in its existence. And he attended every funeral in the neighborhood, partly from the Irish love of doing so, and partly from gratitude to the deceased, who he believed had constituted him the heir. While the Duke of Connaught was stationed in Ireland with his regiment, he entertained Alick for several days at the barracks, being doubtless amused with his oddities. This mark of royal favor made Alick a loyal man for the rest of his days; he never omitted, when speaking of her Majesty, to append her title of Empress of India. Oddities of this class are becoming more and more rare, and only linger in neighborhoods remote from railways and other sources of civilization. It is to be feared they will soon become quite extinct:—

The individual withers, and the world is more and more.

A few more odds and ends before the conclusion of this article. A friend in the County Meath has communicated the following: A peasant in that county, going by train to some races, was accosted by his priest, who asked him his destination. On being told it he said, "You are going to hell, in that case." "Well, if I am, your Reverence," said Tim, suiting the action to the word, "I have got a return-ticket, and here it is!" Roman priests, as

a rule, do not take such a severe view of sports as this. A beggar having called at this friend's house in the County Meath to ask for alms, was received at the hall door by the butler, who directed him to go round to the kitchen; whereupon he made the following extraordinary observation. "Yer sindin' me from Herod to Pontius Pilate!" A sharp child in a Sunday-school class being asked what the Bible taught about the degradation of a great heathen king, replied, "He that exalteth himself shall be a baste [abased]."

In connection with the foregoing observations upon Irish character, it is worth noticing that although an Irishman is so quick and witty in his replies, he touches his hat much more slowly and deliberately than an Englishman. The latter gives a quick, upward, sudden jerk of his finger, and sometimes repeats it; but an Irishman raises his finger quite slowly, and touching his hat deliberately, withdraws his finger slowly again. His salutation is much less business-like than the English one, but it conveys the idea of much greater respect and ceremony. Locke's observations on wit are not at all inapplicable to the Irish forms of it, and with them we conclude the paper: "And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories have not always the clearest judgment or deepest reason; for wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion, wherein for the most part lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and therefore is so acceptable to all people, because its beauty appears at first sight, and there is required no labor of thought to examine what truth or reason there is in it. The mind, without looking any further, rests satisfied with the agreeableness of the picture and the gaiety of the fancy; and it is a kind of affront to go about to examine it by the severe rules of truth and good reason, whereby it appears that it consists in something that is not perfectly conformable to them."

From The Saturday Review.
SOUTH ITALIAN COURTSHIP.

THE question is, how does an Italian manage to get married, or even to fall in love? Among the lower classes, where every member of the household is obliged to do something towards earning a livelihood, the girls must of course be allowed to go abroad at times, and the rich have their balls and the opera where the young of both sexes may meet. But the seclusion in which the young ladies of the middle class are kept is almost complete. They are allowed to sit on the balcony, and to go to church in the company of an aunt, three or four times a year they are taken out for a drive, and this is almost the only contact with the outside world which is permitted them. Nor is it easy for them to attain by stealth the forbidden freedom. When the parents go out they never set an old woman to look after them, they secrete their hats and boots and then sneak them safely in. Jealous husbands at their wives in the same way, though this is considered reprehensible after the first few years of wedlock. In a word, everything is done to exclude both temptation and romance. In the larger towns the influence of foreign manners and the presence of northern visitors are beginning to make themselves felt. In Florence the young ladies enjoy a liberty which would have seemed outrageous a generation to their grandmothers, and even in places parental rigor is slowly relaxing. As in Sicily and the less frequented parts of southern Italy that the old system is still in full force, though, strangely enough, even there there are single towns and districts in which from time immemorial the customs have been far freer. To these do not refer, nor to such marriages as are simply arranged by the parents of the young people for worldly reasons. The number of the latter is smaller in Italy than is usually supposed. Under the most difficult circumstances, love, as the song says, will find out a way, and ere too he steals into the maiden's chamber, however carefully it may be guarded. The right she possesses which is sometimes denied to young wives, the perfect freedom of the balcony. There she may watch whenever a shadow falls upon it, or the coolness of the evening has come, and the youths who pass along the street cast their glances upwards to catch a glimpse of the pretty faces above. Then, as we have seen, she may go to church under proper guardianship, and it is extraordinary what a love for religious exercises

some young women will display at this period of their life. This is all or nearly all she can do, but it is enough. It seems that most Italians of this class fall in love at first sight, or at least by sight alone. Sudden passions like that of Romeo and Juliet are the rule rather than the exception in the south, though they rarely have so tragical an ending. A young man catches a glimpse of a girl, and at once resolves to make her his wife; if it is at church, he follows her home; if on a balcony, he notes the house and begins to haunt the street. If he is acceptable, perhaps, one day a flower will fall at his feet, though the girl knows that such encouragement is unmaidenly. A lover with a good voice and ear has an immense advantage. He sings snatches of love-songs as he walks below, and if a voice above takes up the last note and gradually passes to another song, he may take heart. Whatever difficulties he may still have to encounter, an aversion on the part of the object of his affections will not be one of them. Very pretty flirtations are carried on in this way, the young lady at times mocking and teasing her admirer with fragments of satirical verse, and at times falling into something very like sentiment, but they are more frequent after than before the betrothal. Even the most favored lover has in the mean time been seeking for some means of establishing a more direct intercourse with the object of his choice. He has made inquiries of the neighbors as to the character of the family and its intimates, and endeavors to obtain an introduction to one of the elderly ladies who frequent the house. To her he explains his wishes and his position in life, and he then begs her to plead his cause. If he is an eligible suitor, she is almost certain to consent, as the mission is an interesting one, and the position is considered highly honorable. She knows nothing of any little signs of favor the lover may have received, so her first visit is to the young lady, who feigns shyness and a reluctance which it sometimes takes weeks to overcome. At least the envoy is supposed to act thus; in fact, there is generally a perfect understanding between her and the parents, though they pretend to know nothing of what is going on. After the maiden has given what she considers a sufficient proof of her modesty, she yields. The father is then consulted, the principal conditions of the marriage contract are discussed, and the betrothal takes place. Such is the course of true love when it runs smoothly, as, in

spite of all the authorities to the contrary, it occasionally does in real life. If the maiden is coy, the youth has a more difficult task. He endeavors to secure the good offices of some female dependent of the family, of an old nurse—old nurses play a far greater part in the family life of Italy than of England—or even, if no other opportunity offers, of the washerwoman. Such negotiations are generally kept strictly secret, and if the young lady shows a marked aversion to the proposed marriage they are dropped at once. If she assents to it, the lover sends one of his relations or friends, who is as often as not a man, to speak with the father on the matter. No mention whatever is made of the fact that the young people have come to an understanding with each other, and the father of course asks time to consider. He consults his wife and daughter; if their opinion is favorable, and his inquiries as to the position and character of the young man lead to satisfactory results, he signifies his willingness to treat, and the betrothal takes place in due course. It is considered very bad form for a man to appeal to the parent before he has obtained at least the tacit consent of the daughter, and if he makes the mistake of doing so he is likely to pay dearly for it. There are, however, occasions on which such an irregularity is excused. If the obstacles to any personal intercourse are great and time is precious—if, for instance, the lover learns that the lady of his choice is about to take the veil—no blame attaches to him if he acts abruptly, though of course he subjects himself to the chance of a semi-public rejection by the girl herself, and this is considered a great humiliation. The direct appeal to the parents is, however, most frequently made by elderly men who possess greater wealth or occupy a higher social position than the woman they wish to marry. The form in which the application is made is generally much as follows: The lover writes a complimentary letter to the father saying that he wishes to make his acquaintance; that though he is intimate with such and such persons, he has never had an opportunity of meeting him, and so he takes this way of asking permission to introduce himself. No word about love is said, and no name except that of the father is mentioned, but every one in the house knows what the letter means. If there are several marriageable daughters, the only doubt is as to which of them it refers. When no personal slight is intended—and a girl

who thinks she has been approached too unceremoniously will sometimes insist on one being given—the father at once invites his correspondent to call upon him on a given day and hour, and in the mean time he makes inquiries. Everything depends on the meeting. In any case the visitor is received with courtesy, his host offers him vermouth or coffee, according to the hour of the day, and for a time engages in chat upon quite indifferent matters. If after this he is allowed to leave with only general expressions of a hope that the acquaintance may continue, he may make up his mind that he has no chance; if, on the other hand, the father asks his permission to introduce him to his wife and family, he may rest assured that he is an accepted suitor. When there are several sisters, he must from the first clearly show which is the object of his choice. If he receives no answer to his letter, the suitor will do well to endeavor to ingratiate himself by other means with the person he has chosen. A betrothal rarely lasts longer than is necessary for the requisite preparations, and the customs of different towns vary greatly as to the way in which the affianced pair are treated. In some places the future son-in-law is at once received as a member of the family; in some he is at least invited to the larger social gatherings; but in many it is a strict law of etiquette that he is not to enter the house of the bride from the day of betrothal till that of the marriage, or to meet her except in public places. The balcony, it is true, is still open to the young lady, and from it she is free to discourse with her lover on any subject she may choose. But a conversation from a first or even a second or third story with a person in the street has not the privacy that lovers desire. It is therefore during this period that the flirtations in song, to which reference has been made, usually take place, and that such adventures as attend southern courtship are achieved. The lover endeavors to steal unobserved into the house and to meet the maiden in the of-the-way corners, but no girl with sense of propriety will consent to such an interview unless an elder woman is present. A good-natured godmother, has a habit of dozing, and can on occasion be conveniently deaf and short-sighted, will often arrange and be present at such meetings; and if the outside world is kept completely in the dark, the parents rarely care to interfere with them. Still, even under the most favorable cir-

cumstances, husband and wife meet almost as strangers on their wedding-day. What can the result of such marriages be? On the whole it seems to be better than might be expected. In all northern biography and romance we can find the picture of no purer, truer, or more perfect union than that which existed between Settembrini and his wife as it is pictured in his memoirs; but it must be confessed that the circumstances and his own character enabled him to woo his bride in a way that is not quite usual among his countrymen. On the other hand, when an Italian tells you, as he often will, that marriage is a good thing, not on account of the wife—"of course one gets tired of her in a year or so"—but because of the children, his words must not be taken too seriously; cynicism is the prevailing tone of Italian conversation, and any open expression of affection between husband and wife is considered both indelicate and supremely ridiculous. Yet there is probably some truth in the statement. An intense love of children, and the tenderness with which they are constantly treated by men as well as women, form one of the most pleasing traits in the national character. Hence, whatever strife and discord may have arisen beforehand, the first baby, particularly if it is a boy, is pretty certain to bring about a reconciliation, and from thenceforth father and mother have a common centre of interest which draws them together. The happiness of most Italian homes is founded less on the mutual affection of husband and wife than on their common love for the children.

From Chambers' Journal.

INCIDENTS OF RENT-COLLECTION IN IRELAND.

THE collection of rents in Ireland is often an unpleasant duty; but amusing incidents sometimes arise. Last year, a farmer in the county of Cavan came to me on the rent-day and said he could not pay more than half the sum he owed. He had much to tell of losses, bad times, and low prices, and I listened with patience until he had finished. I then reminded him that his rent had been reduced under the Land Act, and that I had voluntarily cancelled a considerable arrear; and I firmly refused to accept less than the full amount. Mickey Sheridan—that was his name—was married, and I knew his wife ruled the roast.

"Now, Mickey," said I, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. After what has been done to relieve you, I did expect you to behave better. I am sure your wife would not approve of your conduct."

Mickey had frequently confided to me that "herself"—his wife—gave him "a sore life;" and I desired to learn how far she had meddled in this matter.

After some hesitation, he replied: "Well, sir, if ye won't discover on me, I'll tell ye the thruth. Herself advised me to pay only half the rent. She's a good scholar, an' reads the papers; an' she tells me a new Land Act will soon be passed an' all arrears wiped out. Will yer honor take the half-year?"

"No, Mickey. I cannot. Be honest, and pay the money you owe. I feel sure you have it all in your pocket."

That was a hit; for Mickey, with an Irish peasant's quick sense of the humor of the situation, replied: "Begorra, it's in two pockets! Herself made up the two half-years in separate parcels, an' put thim into different pockets, to purvint any mistake; an' I was only to give yer honor one of thim, if I could manage it. But here's the full money, an' maybe it's best to keep out of debt."

A few weeks later, when I was collecting rents in the county of Longford, one of the principal tenants came forward, before any money had been paid, as the spokesman of thirty others who were present, and asked for an abatement.

"Why, Pat Molloy," said I, "you and all here hold your farms at reduced rents, which you agreed to pay under an amicable arrangement made only two years ago and according to the provisions of the Land Act. I cannot do what you ask; but if you really have not the full year's rent, I will accept three-fourths of it and give you a reasonable time to pay the remainder."

"We thank yer honor," said Pat; "an' here is my money."

"How much did you give me?" said I, after I had carefully twice counted the bundle of notes.

"Thirty pounds, sir; an' all in one-pound notes; an' shure, it's the hard work I had to make it!"

"Och, thrue for ye, Pat Molloy!" said a voice behind him; "faith, it's not aisy to make the rint those times!"

"Well, Pat," said I, "you have given me thirty-nine pounds; and I now have the pleasure of handing you the receipt for the same."

Whether the ten-pound note had been

paid to Pat Molloy in mistake for one pound, and its value was unknown to him, or that he had omitted to take it out of the bundle, could only be matter of conjecture. He kept a close mouth and left the room.

The misadventure of their leader broke up the concerted union of the tenants; and when I announced, after Molloy departed, that I should insist on full payments — seeing ten-pound notes were apparently plentiful in the district — nearly all the tenants came forward and paid.

It is well known that a great part of the thirty million of deposits held by the Irish joint-stock banks have been lodged by farmers. I have often received deposit receipts when collecting rents. I remember a thrifty man who used to lodge his savings when they reached even five pounds. On the rent-day, it was his annual custom to enlarge on the badness of the times and the low prices; but he invariably supplied the best refutation of his statements by producing a number of deposit receipts for small sums and indorsing them with much pride.

When the land agitation was at its height a few years ago, a friend of mine was collecting rents one day in a town in the county of Leitrim. He was seated in a large room of a hotel, and nearly fifty tenants were present. Very little money had been paid. Abatements were asked which the agent had no power to make, and there was more conversation than business going on. But my friend understands the Irish character and its love of talk, and he knew that if he permitted the men to expatiate on the reasons why they could not pay, he would be more likely finally to get the money; so he patiently listened to the usual jeremiads, and bided his time. But fortune favored him. The ringleader, or chief Land-Leaguer, amongst the assembled tenants was Denis Lynch. He held a small farm, but was also a cattle-dealer, and his time was of value to him; and finding he could extract no further concession from the agent, who had offered a fair abatement, he announced that he would pay a half-year's rent.

"I must be off," he said, "to the fair of Boyle, sir, an' can't delay here, like those men. Here is a deposit receipt for ten pounds, an' the half-year's rent is nine pounds. But be all the saints, yer honor, I made the little thrifle by dealing, an' not out of the farm!"

"Well, Denis," said the agent, "you could not deal in cattle without a farm to feed and rest your stock; and I have told

you that I am instructed not to accept less than a year's rent. But" — glancing at the deposit receipt, which he had taken from the man, and turning it down on the table — "indorse this receipt, and I will consider your case."

Lynch wrote his name across the back of the document; and the other adding his own signature, said to his clerk: "Take this receipt to the bank up the street and fetch me pound notes for it." He then proceeded to fill a form of receipt for a year's rent, and handed it to Lynch, who was astute enough to see that he might profit by what he supposed was an error, and quietly folded up the receipt and put it into his pocket.

When the clerk returned, the agent said: "Now, Denis, here is your change;" and he began counting and pushing across the table, to the astonished tenant, note after note.

"O sir," cried Lynch, "what are ye doin' at all?"

"Why, Denis," replied the other, "I am paying what is due to you. You gave me a deposit receipt for one hundred pounds; you have got a receipt for a year's rent; and here are eighty-two one pound notes, together with eighteen shillings in silver, which is five per cent. discount on your rent. You can't blame me for retaining a year's rent — you accepted a receipt for it. And indeed, when a man has hundreds at his banker's, he may fairly be required to pay his rent in full. Yet I make you an allowance. You cannot suppose, after what has taken place, and your readiness to avail yourself of what you believed to be an error in the rent receipt, that you should receive the ten per cent. abatement offered to the tenants generally. I have given you half of it, not wishing to be severe. But your tricks have not succeeded; and I hope you won't forget the lesson of to-day, and that you will remember in future that honesty is the best policy."

All eyes in the room were turned on Lynch, who hastily gathered up the notes and stuffed them into his pockets; and as he made his way to the door, he was heard to murmur, "Begorra, 'twas the wrong receipt!"

He departed, feeling he had lost all title to leadership; and as men will still worship success, even when accidental, many voices joined in complimenting "his honor, who was too sharp for Denis Lynch, who thought to act the rogue, but met wid a mistake, glory be to God!"

"His honor" was soon busily employed

in receiving the full rents, which nearly all the tenants had brought with them. But he believes his collection on that day would have been a very small one, if Denis Lynch had not presented the "wrong" deposit receipt.

From St. James's Gazette.
THE CARAVANSERAI IN PERSIA.

AFTER a march of some four-and-twenty miles we come upon the caravanserai. To European eyes it seems more like a fortress than a refuge for travellers. At each corner of the huge square stone building is a round tower loopholed at the top. The crenellated wall is also loopholed at regular intervals. At either side of the huge gate are similar towers; above the doorway is an incised inscription, beautifully cut, which states that "Shah Abbas the Great built this caravanserai and dedicated it to the use of travellers, in the name of God and the prophet Mahomed." There is plenty of accommodation in the caravanserai, for on a pinch it can house and shelter comfortably two thousand men. Close to the caravanserai is the *ab umbar* or covered reservoir. It is supplied from a *kannat* or underground channel that has been excavated, at times at a depth of many feet, for some miles; it is always full; the surplus water runs off in a tiny brooklet, the stone dome that covers the reservoir keeps it cool. Unfortunately these water-cells are a favorite place for hiding the bodies of murdered travellers.

There is no other building of any kind within a circle of twenty-four miles of our caravanserai. No food for man can be obtained there. Perhaps, in quiet times, the door-keeper may have barley and chaff for the horses for sale, and a little firewood or even charcoal. But these things cannot be depended on.

We have sighted our halting-place some three miles off at a turn of the road — that road that was never made or repaired, but that centuries of traffic have marked out. Our horses, directly they see the place, prick up their ears and, neighing, mend their pace. The lagging mules no longer need the awful curses of the *charwardars* (muleteers) nor the frequent application of the cruel chain-whip. The leader of the caravan, always a horse (not a mule), quickens his pace, proudly jangling his bells and tossing his gaily bedizened head, which is decked with woollen and leather

ornaments and a scarlet headstall on which are sewn many rows of cowries. The muleteers begin to sing, the servants to smile. The cook urges his mule to a canter, and, amid much clanking of pots, hurries on to prepare his master's dinner. He will supply a good dinner of perhaps four courses and a sweet, his kitchen being four bricks in the corner of the stable.

As we enter the frowning gateway — which is very similar to that of the stage baronial castle, and at times the size of old Temple Bar — a dervish humbly presents a flower, an unripe plum, or a blade of grass. Nearly naked, his long hair hanging unkempt about his shoulders, his eyes sparkling with hope and the combined effects of bhang and religious meditation, a panther-skin over his shoulders and brandishing a spiked club, the mendicant looks sufficiently formidable. "*Ya huk!*" ("Oh my right!") he cries, as he asks for alms. A few coppers satisfy him, and he magnificently deigns to indicate the cells chosen by our servants.

Around the square enclosed by the four sides of the caravanserai are forty-eight deep arches of heavy stonework. In each archway are piled the impedimenta of its tenants; their road-kits, their bales, their panniers, their merchandise. Separate piles of boxes and bales flung down in the spacious courtyard have formed the loads of several hundred mules, of perhaps a dozen different caravans; the mules are away grazing around the caravanserai. Our servants have taken possession of three of the archways. No man demands hire of them, no man says them nay. First come first served, such is caravanserai rule. From one of the archways come clouds of dust; the door-keeper is preparing it for our reception. At the back of each recess is a doorway (a hole in the wall) some four feet by three. This leads to a windowless room of stonework, which has a fireplace and perhaps a chimney — nothing more. The walls are immensely thick. The place is cool in summer, warm in winter; the walls and domed roof are black with the smoke of ages. Behind these rooms runs the stabling — stabling for a thousand animals.

As the mules enter the courtyard their loads are hurriedly slipped off and piled in a heap; the servants drag out the carpets, the portable beds, the bedding, the table, and the two chairs. The groom takes our horses, the table-servant hands us the fragrant *kalian* (or hubble-bubble); we squat on the square raised stone platform that is in the centre of the courtyard,

and enjoy the finest mode of smoking in the world. The mules in a long string, each bearing his jangling bell, canter off under the care of an assistant muleteer to be watered at the rill running from the water-cellar. The place gets quieter as the caravan settles down. We see that many recesses are occupied by various families; some are poor, even beggars; some wealthy merchants; perhaps there is a prince and his suite. The accommodation is exactly the same. First come first served. No man is ejected. If you arrive too late to find a vacant room, you must sleep in the stable, on the roof, or on the platform — or buy some poor man out.

Our special recess and room have been swept and carpeted. Our chairs are set up. We partake of tea under our own special archway. In the inner room there is a remarkable transformation; in the recess stand our lighted candles; in the corners are our beds; there is our tub, of which we gladly avail ourselves; a heavy curtain over the doorless doorway secures our privacy. Tired out, we lie down for a welcome nap.

We are awakened at five by the jangling of bells and the shouts of the muleteers. The various beasts of burden are returning from pasture. In the courtyard there are rows of mules tied up to ropes pegged to the ground. Each has his nose-bag. There are circles of squatting camels, all chewing at once at a heap of cut straw. In a corner are our own horses. We see them fed and examine their backs, being old hands. The cook is toiling, all booted as he arrived, over his fire. "Dinner, sahib," announces our table-servant. The man, as is the custom in this country when travelling, bristles with arms — a long straight sword, two pistols, and a dagger. We adjourn to the welcome meal.

It is sunset — the gates are closed, the travellers drink tea together and chat in groups. An occasional neigh or squabble among the numerous beasts tells us that we are on the road. A mule breaks loose and runs a-muck. He is secured; all is quiet save an occasional bell, and the constant bubble of the water-pipes. Some enthusiastic Mussulman intones the call to prayer. "In the name of God, the mighty, the merciful. There is no God but God, Mahommed is the prophet of God." Many kneel in prayer, as many more go on with their pipes. We dine. Dinner over, we hasten to rest — a rest often broken by the incident of a loosed mule or the departure of a caravan.

At dawn we reluctantly awake to partake of tea and bread and butter. Lazily we mount our horses. Our caravan has left an hour or two ago. Followed by the faithful cook, the table-man, and the groom, out we ride at a solemn walk and we bid the caravanserai farewell. We have another twenty-four or even thirty miles before us, and we await with ardor the capital hot breakfast which our paragon will give us in three hours' time upon the road, at a little stream some twelve miles off. And so ends a not unpleasant night in a Persian caravanserai.

From The London Times.

FOREIGN MINISTERS AND FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

I HAVE observed a controversy in some public prints as to the necessity of a foreign secretary being a good linguist. To the importance of linguistic attainments I readily assent; to their necessity I demur. A distinction indeed may be drawn between the foreign secretary, who is the Parliamentary representative of the government, and the professional diplomatist, who is the agent by whom the instructions of his chief are carried out. The former need not speak foreign languages fluently any more than he need write his despatches; the latter must know how to do one and be always ready to do the other. The professional diplomatist ought to be thoroughly acquainted with French, German, Italian, and if possible Spanish; and if he goes beyond these limits, the Oriental languages, I hold, have the next claim upon him. German was not insisted upon fifty years since, as it now is, and there are some among our ablest and most reliable diplomatists who have never acquired it; but a diplomatist of our generation is bound to know the sister tongue of Germany. The late Lord Ampthill was an admirable illustration of this, for he could communicate in French, German and Italian with the same ease and accuracy as when speaking in his own tongue. But a foreign secretary holds a different position. His chief duty is to make English policy clear, and to do this nothing ought to depend on the *verbum irrevocabile*, for everything can be reduced to the *litera scripta*. There are many modes and appliances common to diplomacy for effecting or facilitating this. As a matter of fact, many of our foreign secretaries have

in good French conversationalists, and since the Reform Act of 1832 — the era in which so much of our constitutional history must now be dated — the number of foreign secretaries has been small, as the same individual has held the office in successive ministries. Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, Lord Damesbury, were at home in French, and none of them were masters of more than French. The same is true of Lord Granville and the present Lord Derby, and it is doubtless also said of Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Iddesleigh. But Lord Russell's knowledge was limited, and Lord Beaconsfield's still more limited, if he can be classed with the foreign secretaries, though not technically holding the office. There was one critical occasion at the Congress of Berlin, when it was a question whether he should make his opinion known to his colleagues

speaking in English. After some hesitation he wisely accepted the second alternative, and spoke with signal force and success. With Lord Russell, in the same way, any deficiencies of linguistic skill were fully compensated for by his shrewdness and practical sense. There is an anecdote, worthy of being preserved, which shows that if his knowledge of French was not very extensive he could turn that limited quantity to good account. When travelling in southern Europe at the end of the great war as a young man, he paid a visit to the emperor Napoleon, then a prisoner in Elba; and he was so struck by what he then saw and heard that he returned to the island convinced that an escape was imminent. He immediately communicated this conviction to a near relative in England in order to put the government on their guard; and so correct was he in his prevision that his information and the announcement of the emperor's escape were received within a few hours of each other. The truth is that English governments have never been famous for linguistic skill, probably since the days of Queen Elizabeth. The great queen, like her ill-fated stepdaughter Lady Jane Grey, and her still more unhappy rival Mary of Scotland, spoke many languages with fluency; and she had among her servants many who could do the same. Sir P. Sidney indeed in early youth obtained leave to travel for the express purpose of acquiring foreign languages. But from her time onwards English ministers who were also good linguists, such as Carteret and Chester-

field, shone like solitary stars in a Bœotian firmament; and in more recent times, if any one will review the composition of Cabinets during the last half-century, he will recall none where the knowledge of foreign languages, either in quantity or quality, rose above mediocrity. Perhaps the short-lived government of Mr. Canning in 1827 contained as many French-speaking ministers as any that preceded or followed it. There are some occasions in life when it is possible to do a thing too well; and for a minister to talk and look like a foreigner rather than a native of his own country may have its disadvantages. There is a distinguished and able diplomatist living to whom this has actually happened; but I never heard that the mistake was of service to him — rather the contrary. I have indeed heard a remarkable linguist affirm that for his part he preferred to hear an English minister pronounce his French with an unmistakably British accent! It was the unconscious reproduction of Cato's complaint that a Roman senator spoke Greek — the equivalent of French in ancient Rome — too well. In the sixteenth century and for a considerable time afterwards England and Europe enjoyed in the use of Latin the priceless advantage of a common tongue — the bequest of a common Christendom — in which politics and science, religion and literature, learning and the free intercourse of cultured life, were equally at home. By degrees French acquisitiveness encroached upon this fair domain, and a glittering but shallow language, on which no poet of the first order has left his mark, dethroned that great and stately tongue which had come down to modern Europe in unimpaired majesty from Cicero and the Augustan age. It was probably necessary that Latin should recede from its exclusive and imperial position to allow the great languages of modern Europe to develop their own splendid literatures; it would have been a misfortune to the human race had the "Divine Comedy" been written in Latin, as was the original intention of Dante. But it was not necessary to banish Latin from the service of European diplomacy and science. It might have existed by the side of the vernacular with great public advantage. France, however, forced herself into the gap, and England and Europe were foolish enough to allow their inheritance to be filched from them. But in recent times there has been a not wholly unsuccessful rebellion against this monstrous usurpation. It was, I think, Mr.

Canning who led the way, when at the Foreign Office, by instructions that certain communications which had hitherto been made in French should henceforward be written in English; other governments have followed in the same track, and the rise of Germany as the great power of modern Europe has given a further impulse to the general movement. I con-

clude, then, as I began. All accomplishments, including foreign languages, are useful to a foreign secretary, but there are higher qualifications than linguistic ability. I prefer Mr. Canning to Cardinal Mezzofanti, and I would rather, as St. Paul says, "speak five words with my understanding than ten thousand words in a foreign tongue." ANTI-GALLICUS.

A PICTURE OF ANCIENT BABYLON.—In the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* there is a fine description of ancient Babylon, translated from the German of F. Delitzsch, the eminent Assyriologist, who invites his readers to accompany him in a walk through that city, as it was B. C. 568, or about eight years before Nebuchadnezzar's death. Before entering the city they view the surrounding country: "The Babylonia of the present day resembles a desert, out of which arise mounds and ruins, solitary and grave; nearly all the canals are choked with sand; the shepherds wandering alone, with their flocks nibbling the sparse grass, are almost the only human dwellers over the whole plateau. How different was it in olden times! Between B. C. 2000 and 500 Babylonia was the garden of the ancient world. The land, surrounded like an island by two of the finest streams in the world, the Euphrates and Tigris—the rivers of Paradise—is truly the gift of both. They flowed with swift current from the Armenian highlands into the sea now known as the Persian Gulf. In the course of centuries large masses of loam were rolled down and heaped at their original mouths, and this is what we now call Babylonia. It was on this soaked, fat, and fertile soil that the oldest authentic civilization, not of Asia merely, but of the world, developed itself." The melting of the Armenian snows caused inundations which had to be checked by damming the rivers with dikes and walls. Canals served for navigation, and also led off the superfluous waters to parts unaffected by the overflow, and developed to such a degree their fertility, that wheat and barley often gave the laborers two or three hundred fold. Near Bagdad the two rivers are so near that only six hours are required to pass from one to the other. On this

tongue of land, which was once a fourth narrower (for the Euphrates has since removed its bed further westward), the great canal system commenced; and by means of still smaller arteries the life-giving waters were distributed to nearly every tree. The district between Bagdad and Hilla (a three days' ride) was formerly strewn with heaps of towns and villages. To its south, in the very heart of the land, lay Babylon, "the gate of God." Its commercial importance is described, its fortifications, the Euphrates (half a mile wide), swarming with ships of every size; the large Euphrates bridge, built by Nebuchadnezzar; the different quarters and great buildings; the royal bank, where important business, public and private, was transacted. "The conditions and bargains are first, perhaps, put down on papyrus rolls, then carefully written out on clay tablets in cuneiform writing, to which each party affixes his seal, or in default of it his finger-nail, whereupon the tablet is baked." In running back over the history, two or three important periods are noticed; but the mistake is made of saying that it was only eight years since Samassumukin's rebellion against the Assyrian rule. Eighty years must be meant. Many may not know that forty-two years before this, when Merodach-baladan had rebelled, Sennacherib, in 690 B. C., marched against the city, gave it up to the flames, left not one stone on another, dug canals through its ruins to bury it under water, "and, as he says in his annals, overthrew it even more than was done by the Deluge." Delitzsch's reconstruction has been effected by means of the three mighty heaps of ruins "recently investigated by the eminent English archæologist, Hormuzd Rassam," with the aid of the cuneiform literature and the accounts of the Greek writers.

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CONTENTS.

I. EMIN BEY: GORDON'S LIEUTENANT, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	259
II. THE PHILOSOPHER'S WINDOW. By Lady Lindsay, ...	<i>Temple Bar</i> , ...	266
III. A PLEA FOR AN OLD FRIEND, ...	<i>Temple Bar</i> , ...	273
IV. MAJOR AND MINOR. By W. E. Norris, . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , ...	285
V. CONVICTS IN PARLIAMENT, ...	<i>Time</i> , ...	298
VI. SUNDERLAND AND SACHARISSA, ...	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	302
VII. "LOCKSLEY HALL" AND THE JUBILEE. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , ...	310

POETRY.

SNOW, ...	258	"BROWN IS MY LOVE, BUT GRACE-
A CITY COURTSHIP, ...	258	FUL," 258

Our attention is called to the fact that the three stanzas on page 101 of LIVING AGE No. 2220, which are there wrongly attributed to Canon Kingsley, are taken from Longfellow's poem on the Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.

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SNOW.

FROM A SUBURBAN POINT OF VIEW.

COLD clouds on high
Boreas shakes;
Down from the sky
Flutter the flakes —
Flutter and lie.

Red burns the fire;
White gleams the ground,
Housetop and spire;
White all around —
Winter's attire.

Bright is its glow
In the sun's light:
Bright doth it show
Even at night —
Beautiful snow!

What a display!
Vestrymen don't
Clear it away;
Householders won't:
So it must stay.

Walking's a fuss;
Horses can't run
Freely, and thus
Scarce you'll find one
Hansom or 'bus.

News creepeth slow
In from our coasts,
For it lays low
Telegraph-posts —
Wonderful snow!

Then comes a thaw!
Earth her pale dress
Tries to withdraw,
And such a mess
Never you saw.

Damp in the walls,
Down from the roof
Avalanche falls;
Boys, ranged aloof,
Pelt you with balls.

Broad gutters gush;
Through frothy mud
Wildly you rush.
Ne'er since the Flood
Was there worse slush.

Oh, that 'twould go!
Soaking your feet;
Chilling you so;
Swamping the street —
Horrible snow!

St. James's Gazette.

A CITY COURTSHIP.

THE proper place for courting,
By the story-books' reporting,
Is some lane or meadow pathway, out of sight
of town,
With the sweetness blowing over
From the fields of beans and clover,
And the skylark dropping nestward as the
sun goes down.

But I've met my little Sally
At the mouth of Dawson's Alley,
And we've walked along together tow'ards the
Dome of Paul's,
'Mid the jostling crowd that passes
'Neath the flaring lamps and gases,
And the shouting of the drivers, and the new-
boys' calls.

And the lily of the valley
That I gave my little Sally
Was the faded penny bouquet that a flower-
girl sells;
She has never seen one growing,
As it's easy to be showing,
For its birthplace is the Dreamland that's be-
yond Bow Bells.

Oh! it pains me in our walking —
All the oaths and shameful talking,
And the folks that brush her passing, and the
glances bold!
But though evil things may touch her,
They can never hurt or smutch her,
For she turns the dirt to sweetness, as a flower
the mould.

Nay, it's not in country places,
'Mid the fields and simple faces,
Out of sight and sound of evil, that a pure
heart grows;
It is here in London city,
In the sin and shame and pity;
For the pure heart draws its pureness from
the wrong it knows.

When my Sally's sweetness found me,
I was like the men around me;
I was coarse and low and selfish as the beast
that dies;
But her grace began to win me,
And my heart was changed within me,
And I learned to pray from gazing in my
darling's eyes.

Spectator. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

BROWN is my love, but graceful:
And each renowned whiteness
Match'd with that lovely brown loseth its
brightness.
Fair is my love, but scornful,
Yet have I seen despised
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well
prized.

Songs from Elizabethan Song-Book.

From The Fortnightly Review.

EMIN BEY: GORDON'S LIEUTENANT.

EMIN BEY, the last of Gordon's lieutenant-governors, has just sent news of himself from the centre of Africa. He has dealt the rebels or slave-hunters such a heavy blow that they have had to leave him alone. His subjects, and his negro troops especially, have been true to him through every trial and under great privations. His province, which is two hundred miles long and some hundred and fifty wide, with perhaps one or two millions of inhabitants, was, when he sent the news, secure, for the time, and under his control, and he intended to hold it as long as possible.

Of course if Emin Bey has to leave his people and come away, the slave-traders will have his province; the women and children will be carried away into slavery, and the men will be put to the sword or will die (of small-pox probably) while carrying ivory to the coast yoked two and two like oxen, in the usual fashion.

Something can be done to save both Emin Bey and his province, and his life's work, if we only proceed intelligently. Those who do not care to trouble themselves about that will find the story of Emin Bey and of the negro provinces of the Soudan during the last eight years interesting, curious, and full of adventure. We will try to epitomize it and to indicate its connection with what is now being done on the Congo and elsewhere.

The work of Baker, Gordon, and Emin Bey, in the equatorial province is only a part, though an important part, of the great African drama of this century, which arises from the extensive use of firearms and consequent great extension of the ivory and slave trade on the one side of Africa, and the operations of European philanthropy and civilization on the other—two opposing forces and influences which have now met in the centre. It is the struggle of Christianity with the religion of slavery, of Europeans with half-ste Arabes, for the control of the destinies of Africa. The suppression of the slave-trade at its sources and the civilization of the dark continent is the certain result. The length of the struggle, the condition

of the unhappy natives, the numbers of them that will be left by the time that the struggle is accomplished, are very uncertain indeed.

It is idle to say that as a nation we are not concerned in this movement. The abolitionists in England began it, and have kept it going. The suppression of the slave-trade was the aim of Lord Palmerston's most persistent endeavors. Livingstone, Gordon, and the other chief actors who moved the scene of action from the shores of Africa to the interior are our national heroes. It is too late to say that at any rate these particular provinces on the upper Nile are not our especial concern. General Gordon was sacrificed two years ago rather than restore a certain slave-hunting chief, Zubeir, to power in the Soudan. Why? For fear that the people of these provinces should perish. Moreover Gordon's only avenue of escape was closed to him, the moment he proposed to use it, by an order from Downing Street forbidding him to go south up the Nile with his steamers to join and reinforce Emin Bey. Why? Because he had telegraphed that he had authority from the king of the Belgians to "take over" these provinces for him and to govern and protect them in his name from the Congo, and had added, "This will finish the slave-trade." Our government was jealous lest Belgium should have the sole credit of completing a great work which England had begun, had worked at hard for years, and had come to regard as national. There is no other reason or excuse for that fatal and peremptory order than this, that if the anti-slavery work we had so long fostered in the upper Nile was to be saved and continued, England wished to have the credit of doing so herself. After this we cannot creditably discard, as a philanthropic fad, aims for which we sacrificed deliberately the life of a man like Gordon.

There is little doubt that if Gordon with five steamers full of stores had gone up to Emin and Lupton in 1884, their two provinces would now have been safe, under the jurisdiction of King Leopold. Emin was just then starting for Monbuttu, where his authority had already been obeyed, and where his presence had long

been anxiously awaited and desired by the native princes. The westernmost and most anxious of these princes, Bakangai, lives only two hundred and twenty miles from a point reached about the same time, in the season of low water, by a steamer from Stanley Pool on the Congo; and the discoveries of last year and the state of affairs at present are such that we may expect to hear now at any time that one of these Congo steamers has reached without difficulty direct from Stanley Pool places well within Emin's jurisdiction in Monbuttu, where he recently has been in person. Maps of these districts, and of their big rivers, have already been published in Germany from the surveys of Emin's companion, Dr. Junker, and from Lupton's information; and curiously enough Gordon learnt the full particulars of these important discoveries as soon as he arrived at Khartoum, if not sooner.* We must therefore judge Gordon's plan by the light of these recent discoveries, and not according to our own ignorance.

Gordon went to the Soudan as governor-general solely in order to carry on the anti-slavery work already begun in Emin's province, and to extend it to the Bahr Gazal. He died there because he was ordered by us not to prosecute it for the sole credit of Belgium. Our interest in these remote regions ceased for the time with the fall of Khartoum. We wiped off the long account of English lives lost there under Baker and Gordon in 1871-77, of sympathies aroused, and of hopes for doing good there (not without ultimate advantage to ourselves), as a lost investment. Naturally so; we thought our anti-slavery venture would fall with Khartoum, and that in any case the country was inaccessible. But now the enterprise still stands of its own strength, though unsupported since April, 1883, a peaceful province; and access to it has been found by the Congo.

There are two routes of access; one certain, by the Loika, where, in the dry season at any rate, steamers stop at 23°

30' E.; the other by a big river of which the centre portions are unexplored. At the farthest point reached this river had an average depth of twenty-five feet, a width of six hundred and seventy yards, and a current of one to two feet a second, while nowhere lower down was its width less than six hundred yards, and this was at the time of the year when its waters were at their lowest. The explorer had gone one hundred miles up it in the high-water season before he found he was not in the main Congo; and the Congo is there a stream where for two hundred miles together you cannot, from a small steamer, see the other shore, but only islands, and where observations are taken with a horizon of water, as on a lake. East of latitude 22° alone, this river, the Mobangi-Kuta, is known to drain an area of one hundred and twenty thousand miles, which is larger than all Great Britain and Ireland. If the observations are correct there is an average fall of only *eight inches* to the mile between its mouth and a point upon it (Marra) only sixty miles from the Nile watershed, where it is big and seemingly navigable. This point is only one hundred and twenty miles from Dem Zobeir, the capital of the Bahr Gazal, the present centre of the slave-hunters and the base of their operations against Emin Bey, and is the same distance from a stream, which for five months in the year is navigable thence to Khartoum by steamers drawing five feet of water.

We must remember that the Congo waterways *directly* navigable from Stanley Pool (and most of them have been so navigated during seasons of low water) have already been proved to amount to some six thousand miles, and if the unexplored middle of the Mobangi is navigable likewise without interruption, we may add nearly one thousand miles more. A provisional agreement has already been made between the Congo State and a Belgian company for the making of a railway to Stanley Pool from the sea, the company not to be bound till full surveys have been made, and the State offering a large grant in lands situate on the banks of the river, which, by-the-by, have yet to be acquired by treaty with the natives. The surveys

* Gordon met the bearer of Dr. Junker's latest maps and news in the Korosko desert on his way up to Khartoum, and the bearer (Bohndorf) had left the two consuls at Khartoum fully acquainted with the details.

are to be made within a year and a half or two years. The French government too has already sent out its surveyors to see whether a better or a rival line cannot be found inside the French Congo territory. The Portuguese have already contracted for the making of a railway at Loando; the first sod was turned in July, and this line may also in time tap an upper navigable tributary of the Congo. I think we may calculate with reasonable certainty on having a railway to Stanley Pool within a dozen years or thereabouts.

The country between the Congo and Emin Bey is known to be very rich in ivory and caoutchouc, and there are good reasons to suppose that an enterprise for backing him up by this route, so that he may continue to govern supported from the Congo, would permanently pay its way, and repay the cost of starting it. We shall not, however, specify them here.

Let us see how much of the Congo basin has been ravaged by the Nubians and governed by Gordon's lieutenants. The farthest point to the west, so well as we know, where Emin Bey enforced his jurisdiction, and the farthest point south where Gessi enforced his, lie near together on the Makua (chief branch of the Mobangi), where it makes a double Z-shaped bend in lat. 4° N., long. 27° E. In the V-shaped tongue on the north bank west of long. 27°) Gessi posted ten soldiers to keep the peace between two rival rothors, who were fighting for the lead of their tribe or clan. Gessi died, the soldiers took sides and encouraged the rivals to fight. Dr. Junker appeared in 81 in his character of "the Pascha's other" (Gessi's brother), made peace, and got the soldiers to do their duty. In the V-shaped bend to the east of this, on the south bank, another much larger Egyptian garrison, under a certain Hash, made war on their own account against the natives in order to get slaves. Hawash had a repulse, got reinforcements to avenge it, marched in and forced the chief to take flight. Dr. Junker intervened there too, sent a full report to Emin Bey and implored him to come in person. Emin could not do that; but sent orders that the chief should be restored and the

soldiers withdrawn. This order was obeyed. Monbuttu country, east of this and south of the Makua, had been conquered and garrisoned by Yussuf, the villainous slave-hunting Egyptian governor of the Rohl in 1877, and the garrisons remained in 1883. To the south-west, near Bakangai's on the Bomokandi (a fine navigable affluent of the Makua), Zebehr and his son had for some time been making war on a Zandeh chief, who readily submitted to Gessi, the negroes' protector. On the Kuta, or just north of it, Zebehr's campaigns for ivory and slaves in 1875-6 reached to lat. 23° E., and Zebehr navigated some of these rivers in person before 1875. Lupton's chief agent, Rafai, had a trading-post about one hundred miles west of Bakangai, and he went farther himself and got pretty close to the point on the Loika reached by steamer from Stanley Pool; the Baptist missionary, Mr. Grenfell, found beads amongst the people which were certainly his importation.

From this region came the immense quantity of ivory which Zebehr's son had buried and which will never be found. Two hundred slaves and ten soldiers were employed to bury it; the soldiers were then got to kill the slaves, and Suleiman and a friend then assassinated the soldiers themselves. Suleiman was shot by Gessi. When the friend was captured Gessi sent orders at once to spare him on condition that he produced the ivory, but it was too late, the ruffian had been hanged.

It is no wonder that even the big Zandeh chiefs on the Makua, like Bakangai, were becoming alarmed at the progress of firearms and of the Arab slave-hunters, both private and official. Dr. Junker, after he had made Captain Hawash withdraw, found much confidence reposed in him at Bakangai's court.* He kept promising

* There are many other Zandeh princes besides him, all brothers and cousins, all at feud with each other, especially brothers with brothers, all very glad to have Junker to stay with them and to mediate for them. We know a good deal about several. Bakangai is fairly typical of the patriot chiefs. Others had sold themselves to the slave-hunters, and had accepted armed troops from them to employ in raiding for slaves and ivory; this class of chiefs had no friends after Zebehr and the slave-hunters were expelled, and were thankful

the people there, as elsewhere, a better future, when Emin Bey should come in person, as he had promised to do. Often after saying this the Zandebs would reply to him thus: "Tell us again such sweet tidings. This year of your coming is indeed a happy one for us. Through your words we hope for a better future."

The above instances show how far the Nile slave and ivory traders had reached in the Congo basin. Tippu Tib, the great Zanzibar slave and ivory hunter, a greater captain of freebooters than Zebehr himself, has reached farther. On the Congo itself his bands were met by Stanley in 1883, nearly at 23° E. long., hard at work, at the confluence of the Aruwimi. They had taken five thousand slaves, and had killed probably five times as many as that; one hundred and eighteen villages on the Congo banks alone had been sacked and burnt. Now "the Aruwimi has been swept bare by the Arabs," and it is useless, therefore, as Mr. Grenfell reports to the Baptist Missions secretary, to think of planting a mission there. The Lubiranzi people are making a rather better resistance. On the Lulongo (west of longitude 23°) the tribes are fighting each other to get slaves and ivory to sell. On the upper Sankuru the evidences of a brisk slave-trade with Tippu Tib are numerous; many natives have learnt the east-coast language of his men. All this has been found and seen in trips made by steamer direct from Stanley Pool. Tippu also operates on a big lake west of Victoria Nyanza, which by all our latest information seems certainly to drain into Albert Nyanza. He therefore reaches into the basin of the Nile.

Tippu Tib does not export many slaves over sea, but he exports the greater part of the hundred and sixty tons of ivory shipped annually from Zanzibar. His ivory probably brings him in £70,000 a year; most of the slaves get used up in carrying it to the coast, a land transport of over a thousand miles. Lieutenant Gleerup went through lately by his main route and saw slaves dying like sheep of small-pox, and like infectious diseases, at every camp. It does not matter. On Lake Tanganyika a slave is only worth eight to forty shillings, while ivory is worth ten shillings per pound, at the coast. The Congo State commander there says that half of them die in the three months' journey. The rest find a ready market

amongst the richer African tribes. The only way to stop this slave business is to confiscate all the ivory that is transported overland, unless it can be shown to be honestly got, and honestly transported. Tippu knows this perhaps, and, for the moment, is on his good behavior. The Congo State officer at Stanley Falls, where some thousands of Tippu's troops have their headquarters, refused lately to give up to them a fugitive slave. There was a great row, and the little Congo State force of forty men was evidently only saved from extermination* by orders from Tippu Tib to his lieutenant not to precipitate the inevitable collision of east and west. A time will come when Tippu will have to fight or yield. At present he is supreme on the upper Congo.

Between the Nile slave-hunters and the east-coast slave-hunters such as Tippu, Emin Bey's province stands out like a promontory. The most solid part of it is the old settled "equatorial" district, on the Nile between Lado and Lake Albert, two hundred miles long and a hundred and fifty wide, in much of which Emin Bey collected a regular tax of grain, and which was all in perfect order from 1876 to 1883 at least.

Westward his province stretches to 27° E., narrowing as it goes. There is here perhaps a breadth of a hundred and fifty miles only between the country raided by Tippu and that raided by the Mahdi's slave-hunters since the fall of Lupton in the Bahr Gazal. It is in this strip of country on the Makua that a stand against the slave-trade should be made.

West and north of Emin's jurisdiction lie the Zandebs, occupying, as the dominant race, almost the whole of the country drained by the Makua and Kuta (*i.e.*, Mobangi), east of 23° and west of the Monbutus. They are probably intensely alarmed and much harried since Lupton's fall, and as many of them served with distinction and fought with great bravery and devotion under Lupton and Gessi, we may imagine that they would not be sorry to see another white man, especially one like Dr. Junker, who would compose their internal dissensions and combine their nation against their oppressors.

Of the state of the equatorial province proper under Emin Bey's rule, we have many interesting particulars, of which some may be cited here to show how the great anti-slavery enterprise here started,

to be reconciled to their compatriots by Dr. Junker's mediation.

* Since this was written we hear that the Congo State station there has been abandoned.

Sir S. Baker and established firmly by Gordon, has flourished under his hands. Emin Bey (1878-83) had a score of stations and a post fortnightly between them in Lado. The post-runners had their y-bills marked with the times of their departures and arrivals. All through the Sudd country he levied a regular tax of £100, so many measures from each household. It was paid regularly, deliverable at the chief stations. Messrs. Felkin and Wilson saw the grain being delivered at the government stores, and the convoys bringing it in (twenty porters in charge of each soldier). They testify that it was cheerfully paid. These people were industrious agriculturists, much in want of protection. Under Emin's rule they always went out to work in the fields unarmed, a most unusual thing in central Africa. They would run up to the soldiers and porters of the traveller's caravan (Emin's men) to ask the news, and would carry a rifle or a pack a bit of the way for the privilege of having a chat. The soldiers were in many cases billeted out *singly* in villages to act as policemen, to see to the grain-tax, and to report to headquarters whatever was amiss. If such a solitary policeman-soldier fell ill the villagers would make a litter and carry him in to the nearest station.

At one place there were brick buildings being put up; at Bedden a wire-rope ferry crossed the Nile; at Laboré a boat-building yard, and the four trained Indian elephants that Gordon had sent up from the Akim overland; at Dufflé there were the two steamers in good order that Gordon had carried up in pieces, and had used on the Albert Nyanza. At Lado everything was arranged and ordered as in a big boys' school. Strict punctuality and strict discipline were enforced. Emin said he found this the only way in which to rule easily over subjects who, like children, needed schooling, and got to like it. There was absolutely no crime, Emin said, and he put this down to the good effect of order, method, and scholastic discipline. There was a roll-call at Lado, a drumming at nightfall, and a curfew; a morning hour, after which fires might be kindled; a signal for going out to work in the fields, another for beginning and ending the midday rest, and so on, all done by bugle-call.

Emin's soldiers were Makarakas, that is to say, Zandebs. They were proving themselves brave, orderly, and punctual.* Most

of the officers were native blacks, the rest Nubians and Egyptians. These latter were encouraged to marry natives, and the missionaries assisted at the marriage of an Egyptian artillery officer with a native bride, which was celebrated with much festivity.

This was all in 1879.* Emin Bey's own letters and others show the continuing improvement of the province after that date. No supplies or steamers had reached the province when Messrs Wilson and Felkin were there for two years. The Nile had got blocked. In the next year (1880) there were several, in 1881 three. In 1881 the province was in such good order that Emin made a tour of inspection in the Rohl, caught four hundred petty slave-dealers there (a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles to the north-west of Lado), and went down to Khartoum for three months (December, 1881 to March, 1882), carrying this crew of four hundred vagabonds with him. The balance-sheet of the province for that year showed a net profit of £8,000. Emin then was almost single-handed. Lupton had been sent to help him for a time (1880-81), but he had no other European assistance except a Greek, who frankly confessed that his only object was to make money quickly and retire. He has had three or four Egyptian secretaries throughout; he wanted another, and his "worst enemy" was sent up to him, whom he sent back by the same steamer.

In July, 1882, "the greatest quiet reigned in his province, and his relations with the neighboring chiefs were steadily improving. Monbuttu and Rohl had been put under his jurisdiction a year before. The governor-general now gave him jurisdiction over the Sobat River, and the promise of a small steamer for his own use on it, which, however, never came. He was planning, if he got the steamer, to

do not know how to describe to you the admirable devotion of my black troops throughout a long war, which for them, at least, had no advantage. Deprived of the most necessary things, for a long time without pay, my men fought valiantly, and when at last hunger weakened them, when, after nineteen days of incredible privations and sufferings, their strength was exhausted, and when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten, they cut a way through their enemies, and succeeded in saving themselves. All this hardship was undergone without the least *arrière pensée*, without even the hope of any appreciable reward, prompted only by their duty and the desire of showing a proper valor before their enemies. If I ever had any doubts of the negro the history of the siege of Amadi would have proved to me that the black race is in valor and courage inferior to no other, while in devotion and self-denial it is superior to many."

* See Wilson and Felkin's Uganda and the Egyptian Sudan.

* And on December 31, 1885, Emin Bey writes: "I

cut a road overland to the Sobat, to put stations on the road and river, and to run a postal service that way to Khartoum to avoid the constant blocks by the *sudd* on the Nile. He anticipated a good revenue for that year. Lado had become quite "a flourishing place, the gardens were thriving and the negroes generally were beginning to cultivate something more than pumpkins and dhurra."*

In 1883 he went again to settle the Rohl district or province, and had to send troops. In the equatorial province itself, he says, "We live here as if there was no Egypt, no Khartoum, no Mahdi. Negroes and soldiers are devoted to me." "The officials had learned to be as honest as possible," as early as 1881, though the Greek above-mentioned, it is true, had not then arrived. Our last news from Emin, till the other day, was in April, 1883.

The Rohl district and Bahr Gazal province have had a very different history. The Bahr Gazal was the domain of Zebehr and of his son, the Rohl of various small traders in ivory and slaves. They were not touched till Gessi went up in 1878 and fought his famous campaign in the Bahr Gazal. On one occasion a lucky hit made with his very last rocket, on another the chance arrival of two kegs of gunpowder during the night, saved him from destruction. In the last attack made on him the slave-hunters stood in the rear of their own slave troops with drawn swords, and cut off the heads of those who wavered or hung back. Gessi was left unsupported in 1880, by which time he was supreme and very popular with his black subjects. He tried to get down to Khartoum in a rotten old steamer, badly provisioned, got caught in the *sudd*, and was not rescued till after the black crew had begun to eat each other, and three-quarters of them had died of hunger. He never recovered from these sufferings, and died a few months after at Suez. Lupton went up to the Bahr Gazal in December, 1881, after an interregnum, banished the slave-hunting traders who had crept in, and got things in such good order that he offered to send £62,000 worth of ivory or caoutchouc annually to Khartoum if they would send him regularly by steamer to his

river port, £35,000 a year in goods (Khartoum prices) according to his order, he paying all the expenses of his government and of his troops, and rendering no further accounts. Soon after this, however, the Mahdi's adherents attacked him in force. He lost his best captain, Rafai, and a third of his fifteen hundred regular troops in battle in the summer and autumn of 1883, and in December was thankful for the gift of three hundred caps from Bohndorf, so nearly had his ammunition run out. The steamer that left him in December, 1883, was the last on those waters; he got no further help; his Nubian or Arab agents forsook him, and by their treachery he was taken in the summer of 1884, and has been a prisoner in the rebel camp or at Khartoum ever since. The slaves captured by the victors on his downfall were "exceedingly numerous."† The Bahr Gazal has thus twice been governed by a European for a period of two or two and a half years.

The Rohl has never been so governed at all. A certain Yussuf Bey, of whom we know a good deal, and nothing creditable, got appointed to its government as soon as he heard that Gordon was coming back as governor-general (in 1877). He chose it no doubt as an out-of-the-way place, with bad water communication, where he would have a free hand. He took his family and all his relations with him, meaning to stop there amassing money till Gordon should again depart. Gessi's arrival was so unwelcome that he tried to poison him. At that time his rule was a prodigy of wickedness. He tortured forty negroes on one occasion to find where three tusks of ivory had been hidden. He attacked King Murza of the Monbuttus unprovoked, broke up the nation, killed the captive king, and put garrisons on the banks of the big Welle Makua. The chiefs who resisted him if taken were made eunuchs of; those too stubborn to fetch much, even thus, as slaves, were buried alive in the ground up to their necks and so left to die. Gordon

* We now learn *inter alia* that his people had learnt to weave cloth for themselves long ago, but in quite insufficient quantities. He had introduced the cultivation of cotton himself, and in 1882 had found that six pounds of cotton-seed he had given away in one place had yielded six thousand pounds of cotton the first year, which was then being made into cloth by a native weaver.

† The letter reporting to the Mahdi the conquest of the Bahr Gazal is in the appendices to Gordon's last journals. Lupton had written to his family that he meant, when his ammunition gave out, to take to the woods along with his faithful Zandebs, armed with nothing but a spear, adding that "a spear is as good as a gun in the long grass, for in it you can't see an enemy till he is within two or three yards." His family, who knew his character, thought he had done this, and long refused to believe that he could have been taken alive by any means at all. Lupton spent all his spare time while governor in hunting big game—buffaloes, elephants, and rhinoceros, and had killed some hundreds of them and had not had a day's sickness. He was taken by treachery.

made him return, but in November, 1879, anarchy and Yussuf's numerous relatives still reigned in the country. Messrs. Wilson and Felkin found in one place fifteen hundred armed slave troops belonging to the slave-hunters, in another three thousand slavers of various sorts. Mr. Felkin bought a dog and found that he had been trained to fly at every naked person, but not at those who were clothed. On inquiry he found that the law of the land was that no native woman might wear any clothing at all, unless she was owned by some Arab or Nubian, or other slave-hunting master. Any unclothed woman, therefore, was fair game, and belonged to the first person who could catch her. The dog was a bloodhound in fact by trade, and knew his business.

All the cattle, which had once been numerous, had disappeared from the country round the settlements. The armed foreign vagabonds lived by raiding for cattle, but kept none.

The state of things so described continued till the end of 1881. Emin Bey then took a tour of inspection. The people fled at his approach, though nearer Lado, where they had heard of him, they had dances in honor of his arrival. The natives were far more miserable and oppressed than when Wilson and Felkin went through in 1879. There were fakirs or holy men going about with five or six armed blacks at their backs picking up slaves by force or fraud. One had just rapped twenty-six in Monbuttu. Yussuf's relatives were there, and hundreds of Dongolawi also, each with his family and four or five slaves apiece to each man. These Dongolawi were peasants from the banks of the Nile; they had emigrated to avoid the Bashi-Bazouk tax-gathering in the Soudan. "At home they carried mud, and worked a sakkiyeh" (to irrigate their late-trees and crops), "here they carried a gun," and were lords of the land. Their settlements were a mass of filth, vice, quarrels, and slaves. Emin, with his escort of ten men, could not do much; still he liberated here one hundred and sixty-five, here one hundred and eighty, here three hundred slaves. He then returned, sent troops, and captured four hundred of the fakirs, Dongolawi, and other slave-raders, and deported them as above mentioned.

A year after he was sent for in haste. Abdullah abd es Sammat (an old acquaintance of the English public) had taken the lead amongst the slavers and vagabonds,

and was cutting off the hands, feet, and noses of unoffending negroes right and left, to show them that he must be obeyed. Emin went to investigate, and found that the country was full of the fugitive slave dealers and hunters whom Lupton was chasing out of the Bahr Gazal, and the negroes brought to him a few fakirs and petty dealers, whom they had caught so escaping, for punishment. He went back to Lado, got more troops, garrisoned Gok, Rumbeck, and other places on the river Rohl (about January, 1883), and made the Dongolawi whom he could not expel, behave themselves and keep the peace. Gok was attacked the ensuing autumn by the rebels, and Rumbeck was taken by storm, and its garrison of three hundred and many of the resident Dongolawi were put to the sword. Probably the Rohl valley was never recovered by Emin, but he has reported his decisive victory at Rimo in 1885, since which the rebels have left him alone, and the escape of the garrison of Amadi, both places on the Rodi, which is his next line of defence. He has now no doubt evacuated all his stations in the Rohl district.

The situation of these battle-fields of 1885 shows, I think, that the rebels have not been able to get up the Nile to Lado, or else that the khalif Abdullah at Khar-toum, who has all Gordon's steamers, does not care to try. Probably the sudd has re-formed and blocks the way. It generally blocks the Bahr Gazal too when it once forms. Besides, the *Times* reported that the Shilluk negroes below the sudd region lately captured one of these steamers. If this is so, the attacks on Emin have for their base Dem Zebehr in the Bahr Gazal, and the line of advance against him is south-east parallel to the Congo watershed, across many rivers. In the wet seasons (May—October) these attacks overland will probably cease.

The difference between the descriptions of the Rohl district and of the equatorial province proper shows the good that has been done, and can be done by a few good men in the very centre of Africa. The condition of the Rohl is that of the whole slave-trade region. That the natives prefer peace and security is shown by the support Emin Bey has found amongst them. That philanthropy combined with trade and government can be made to pay is proved by Lupton and Emin alike. Dr. Junker has found the channels by which it must advance. He will be here himself in the spring, and will tell us more, for

instance, about his explorations of 1883 on the Makua, S.W. and W.S.W. of Semio. There are persons here who want to act before then. The Berlin Congo Congress authorized one legal method of action—consular jurisdiction for the suppression of the slave-trade on Congo waters, and the establishment there of gunboats by any signatory nation that chooses to act. The khedive's existing authority supplies another within the limits indicated. English responsibilities have been noticed above. English interests are considerable as long as we hold Suakim, the sole entrance to the Nile valley from the north. Other nations are in the field. Italy, for instance, has sent a government explorer to the Mobangi, and the Italian minister of commerce has notified that any well-considered and well-supported Italian scheme of action in that direction will receive government support.

The success of any such enterprise, however, depends mainly on the character of the agents acting in the far interior. Emin Bey would be of more value than any other. The order and self-sufficiency of his province prove great ability and energy. He is known to possess considerable and varied scientific attainments, the mastery of many languages (German, French, Italian, English, and Turkish), great powers of conciliation, and much political discretion and experience.

Emin Bey's own private letters show that his ambitions and interests are solely centred on the success of his work in Africa, and that he has kept to his work in a high spirit of self-devotion which deserves rather more than a passive acknowledgment from us. We have his letters written when he might have left Africa at pleasure, and might have accepted Gordon's invitation to join him in Palestine. In one he says, "If I die, who will take this work up? I think only of that." In another, "Much as I should like to see you again, I am too much needed here to think of leaving my post. My life will probably end without our ever meeting again." In a third, speaking of his province and work in 1883, after the Mahdi's rebellion had gathered force, "Time is wanted, but from the seed I have tried to sow, doubtless good fruit will spring up. If I am happy enough to see it, so much the better; if I die, well, *In magnis voluisse sat est.*" These letters were written by a man who detested cant and humbug, and they show that he has not stopped where he is only because he cannot get out J. T. WILLS.

From Temple Bar.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S WINDOW.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

THE philosopher was a middle-aged man; sad-looking, as are most philosophers. He had come to the country to enjoy his short holiday quite alone. He was a great scholar, who wrote lengthy and curious articles in severe magazines, and who had the right of tacking to his name an extraordinary number of the letters of the alphabet (being a fellow of of many known and unknown societies), although his friends, when addressing him, mostly translated such hieroglyphics into the one short word, "etc."

It was easy to see that this was a learned man; for, as he leaned out of the window as far as he could push himself (and it was a very narrow, cottage-like lattice window), a big bald place on the top of his head shone startlingly in the afternoon light, and the furrows across his brow seemed very deep indeed.

He was contentedly taking a quiet and careful survey of the novel locality in which he found himself. An artist friend had recommended this quiet spot to him.

"I want to vegetate," the philosopher had said, "where I shall not hear the scream of a steam-engine; where I shall not see any women in their distorted modern costumes; where no one will expound political theories, nor trouble me with flip-pant questions concerning the apteryx or the megatherium."

"I know the place," replied the artist, confidently; "the very place for you." And thereupon ensued an explanation which enabled our philosopher, after a short and hot journey from London, to find himself in this rural dwelling.

From the lattice window, which jutted out at a height of some twenty feet above the ground, he looked down into a small courtyard which might almost have been termed a garden, for therein grew a profusion of rosebushes and early summer flowers. A garden almost, though sometimes treated like a drying-ground (as a cord stretched from the wall to a distant pear-tree bore witness); also considered a fit abode for the house-dog, whose kennel stood in full view, and, above all, as a convenient place of stowage, a corner for water-butts and household implements and the storing of fuel, of which there was a goodly quantity heaped up against the green-blue palings. Assuredly, the whole effect was eminently picturesque.

The house, which belonged to the

mill, was quaint, gabled, and rambling; from time immemorial it had formed part of the old mill. On one side stretched a long, low, tile-roofed barn, beyond which the big mill-wheel, when put in motion, sent the water foaming and tumbling like the waters at Lodore:—

Rattling and battling
And shaking and quaking
And pouring and roaring
And waving and raving.

But the wheel was quiet now, and a sense of deep repose pervaded the scene. The mill-stream stole lazily along its wonted course, passing silently under the broad white road which formed a sort of primitive and but slightly elevated bridge, and, coming out on the other side silvery and peaceful, oozing away between the sedges, and meandering across green fields that were in some parts little more than a morass, whilst grey willows and alders stretched forth their pale branches against the paler grey sky.

The sun was but faintly glimmering, and the afternoon seemed inclined to that heavy shining haze, sometimes seen in early summer, which, in its effect upon the landscape is singularly lovely, though such subdued peacefulness is apt to engender a slight melancholy in the mind of the beholder. Some of the old Dutch masters have well understood the charm of quiet meadowy landscapes, bathed in translucent mist, and have rendered them on canvas so marvellously that we seem almost to realize the grey serenity of thought as well as of surroundings.

The philosopher was not an artist, however. It must be owned that, if anything, his eyes were somewhat weak and short-sighted; possibly the ancient texts and rabbed manuscripts he loved to decipher should be blamed for his defective vision. Yet, as he leaned out of the window, he made himself acquainted with the view as best he could, but he appeared only moderately satisfied; nay, an angry frown suddenly puckered his shaggy eyebrows. He heard a child's voice overhead—in this lay a potent cause of discontent.

He knew indeed that the miller was likely to take other lodgers besides himself, but it had not occurred to him that he might be troubled during so brief a holiday by the noise and general aggravation of children.

Meditating morosely and with dismal forebodings, he heard a patter, patter in the room above his own. Then, mercifully, all was still again. He craned out

of the window, but could see nothing overhead save a row of closed lattice windows, jutting out more or less, and half shrouded by climbing roses and other creepers. Thereupon, proceeding to lean his arms on the narrow sill, he struck a match, lit his pipe, and tried hard to rest his brain and think of nothing. Half an hour previously he had already lighted a match, tearing from the old-fashioned fireplace its gaudy ornaments of green and pink paper, and demanding of the miller's much astonished wife the wherewithal to make a fire.

To himself he argued thus: firstly, all rooms in the country are more or less damp; secondly, this particular room must necessarily be damp; thirdly, a fire in the grate is always the best weapon with which to combat damp.

He even grimly calculated in the following manner: A country room + many inconveniences $\times$ severe draughts — a comfortable bed = a cold in the head + rheumatism = x (that is to say, an unknown quantity of sufferings and miseries).

Consequently, wood and coals were fetched and a fire was ignited, though the miller's wife went murmuring down-stairs, half surprised, half indignant, throwing up her hands, and exclaiming when she reached the kitchen (where there was scarce a red ember left) on the impossibility of accounting for "them Lunnon gentlemen."

The philosopher, however, bore it all calmly; for, indeed, it is usual with philosophers, whenever they get their own way, to take things calmly. So it happened that this learned man, after assuring himself that his fire burned clearly and well, whilst his slippers and easy-coat hung warming close by, had finally opened the window and leaned out to breathe the warm, soft air.

It was warm, certainly. Little, gentle puffs of wind, more properly to be called zephyrs, came round the elder-trees and lilac-bushes, making the leaves tremble, yet scarcely lifting them; whilst the smoke of the philosopher's pipe rose straight and slowly, curling up towards the windows of the other lodgers, possibly annoying them, as the smoker reflected with some gratification; for at that very moment patter, patter went the little foot-steps again over his head.

Down in the courtyard a fat hen strolled around the kennel of the house-dog (who was absent, as his long chain lying on the gravel testified), anxiously followed by her brood of chickens.

The philosopher of course understood the language of birds and animals. It was perfectly plain to him that the clucking hen was inciting her offspring to pick up whatever crumbs or fragments of edibles might be found in close proximity to the kennel during the absence of its somewhat alarming occupant. He obtained nevertheless but little amusement in watching the homely chickens. Raising his eyes, he noticed a slender swallow, resting at the edge of an old chimney which projected from the roof of a small outhouse close to the barn.

The swallow, a pretty, graceful creature, was mournfully singing in a kind of warbling undertone.

"O my love!" she sang; "shall I ever see thee again, thee whom I left lying on the burning strand of Africa? It seems long, long since we parted, there, where we hovered so oft over the fragrant pool on the borders of the desert, under green palm-trees. Thou couldst not follow with thy broken wing; thou couldst but lie and gaze reproachfully at me whilst my mother hurried me away. 'Come, come, O child!' she said; 'let us fly across the wide, blue sea to northern shores. Come, we are tarrying behind the rest; we must wait no longer.' Then was I fain to leave thee. We had sung together and dreamed of this northern land, the nest we were to inhabit, and the happy days we should spend. Now, alas, I have lost thee, and my thoughts go back to thee always. I yearn for the time when I shall recross the wide, salt sea, and find thee, perchance, waiting for me under our own palm-trees by yon sweet, dark pool."

The philosopher listened, but the swallow was silent — he could hear no more.

"*Σὺ μὲν φίλῃ χειρίδων,*" he murmured, remembering Anacreon.

A few yards from the pretty bird, on the roof of the barn, a common brown sparrow hopped to and fro, twittering.

"Alack, alack," she chirped, "times are hard; I am weary and worn out. What it is to be the mother of a family, busy and responsible, with more work to do than I can possibly get through, and my brood by no means as helpful as they should be! Ah, that was an unfortunate day when my mate got caught in a trap and killed — a sad, sad day for me! He was a good fellow, useful enough in his way, poor dear; and 'tis hard to feed all these young mouths, and hard to keep the nest tidy! There sits that foolish swallow again, hanging her head and looking sentimental. She knows nothing of the trou-

bles of this workaday world. She might help me a bit, though, perhaps."

The philosopher looked suddenly round; he thought he heard a noise in the room. But no, it was only the crackling of the coals in the cheerful fire. When he resumed his contemplation of the landscape, he saw that the sparrow had sidled up a little in the direction of the swallow, whilst the latter was softly murmuring again:—

"Ah, my love, my love! No one can ever be to me what thou hadst been! Here comes that vulgar sparrow; I am not going to speak to her, however. I wonder if the pushing little busybody ever heard of the good lesson which my cousins gave to one of her species who had the audacity to enter their former nest and make herself at home in it. They called upon their relations, high-born as themselves, and all of them, bringing clay in their beaks, walled in the base intruder, who perished miserably. Yes, yes," continued the swallow, "I prithee do not come near me."

"Cheep! cheep!" chirped the sparrow, hopping defiantly. "No wonder you look stiff and thin, poor dear! My granny told me once how she had heard tell that swallows lie at the bottom of the pond all of a heap, the winter through.* Cheep, cheep!"

"Foolish birds!" quoth the philosopher musingly. "Why on earth don't they make friends? Silly, selfish creatures!" At that moment he drew his head in from the window somewhat rapidly. There was certainly a knock at the door. A timid knock; then another.

"Come in!" shouted the philosopher; but as no one answered, he strode to the door and opened it.

Outside stood a child, a little boy, with a sharp, thin face and bright dark eyes; poor in aspect and in clothing. He carried a large black kettle, which seemed heavy for his small strength. He looked up in silence.

"Ha, the sparrow!" murmured the philosopher. Then aloud,—

"What may you want, young sir?"

"Will you please heat this 'ere kettle on your fire?" asked the child with calm intelligence. "There ain't none nowhere else."

"Come in, you young imp."

The little visitor, with a quick nod, obeyed.

"What do you want hot water for?"

"Mother."

* A rural tradition.

"Did your mother tell you to come?"
 "Mother's sick."

The child meanwhile, with puny, active hands, had already quickly lifted the kettle on to the coals, deliberately poking the latter so as to suit his purpose.

His host, hands in pockets, watched the intruder with mild amaze. The boy apparently felt no shyness, but as he stood by the fireplace, himself stared coolly round, taking a mental inventory of the room, and finally bringing his dark eyes to bear on the philosopher's enquiring countenance, whilst a curious smile flitted over his childish pinched features.

"You're a queer little chap!" ejaculated his new friend. "How old are you?"

"Six."

"What's your name?"

"Rupert."

"A good name. Prince Rupert was a fine fellow."

"I ain't no prince."

"I dare say not."

"And mother ain't no princess."

"Have you no father?"

"Father's dead. He died of an accident last year."

"The sparrow again!" thought the philosopher. Then he asked: "How did you know I had a fire, eh?"

"I smelt it," answered the child quickly. "I heerd it, too, when I was outside on the landing; and Mrs. Dolland (that's miller's wife, you know) told me when she carried up the wood to light it."

"A train of argument!" exclaimed the philosopher, smiling. "Over many reasons, in fact, my boy; one were enough to make me believe you. Moreover, if two negatives make an affirmative, who shall say what may come of three affirmatives?"

"Hey?" asked Rupert distrustfully.

"You remind me," said the philosopher, leaning back in his chair and refilling his pipe — "you remind me of the Scotchman, who, when he was invited to a friend's house, answered: 'I never dine out on Sundays — besides, I'm engaged.'"

Here it will be seen that the philosopher was not himself content with one line of argument; but even philosophers find it difficult always to practise what they preach. Rupert, however, nodded gravely, and dropped the discussion.

"Water's boiling," he said laconically, proceeding to lift the kettle off the fire. Then, with a short "Thankee, sir," he hurried out of the room, staggering under his heavy burden.

His host listened to the patter of the child's retreating footsteps. "Poor little chap!" he thought; then, with a long sigh which breathed forth innumerable unsolved problems, he returned to his place at the open window. The swallow was still perching at the edge of the old chimney, but the sparrow was gone; only across an ill-kept piece of lawn hopped a fat blackbird, with yellow beak digging for its prey, whilst a flight of small birds alighted twittering on the roof of the barn not far from the desolate swallow. Presently they flew away, and the sparrow made its appearance once more from under the eaves, and hopped jauntily towards the swallow.

"Stupid little devils!" ejaculated the philosopher. "Why don't they make friends?"

He drew in his head impatiently, wearied with the monotony of thought and the greyiness of the landscape, and busied himself unpacking the contents of his portmanteau — viz., a few books (mostly in worn, ancient bindings), a good store of writing-paper, a solid, well-filled inkstand, a comfortable quantity of tobacco, a small medicine-chest, and other useful items.

He had been thus occupied for a short time only when, somewhat to his surprise, there came another knock at the door — a soft tapping which he instantly recognized to be Rupert's.

"Ha, ha," said the learned man to himself, "chirp the second!" And aloud he added, —

"Come in."

The door was opened awkwardly, almost roughly; and on the threshold, as before, stood the little boy with pinched face and dark eyes, staggering under the weight of the big black kettle.

"What is it?" asked the philosopher in quite a friendly tone.

"Will you please heat this 'ere kettle on your fire? There ain't none nowhere else."

"All right! Rupert, put the kettle on! Kismet! This is the finger of fate, isn't it, my boy?"

Rupert gazed up wonderingly and a little reproachfully; he was engaged in steadying the kettle on the coals.

The philosopher sat down in front of the fire. He felt very amiably disposed towards his little guest. He was truly desirous not to imitate the morose behavior of the swallow, but he was unused to children, and conversation with this child seemed especially difficult. He could not imagine how to begin. Certainly he might

not express an opinion that Rupert had grown, never having seen the boy before to-day; and yet he recollected that his friends mostly endeavored to propitiate children by exclaiming, "How you *have* grown, my dear!"

Carefully scanning the tiny, neat figure before him, it seemed to him that little Rupert was clad in clothes that were old, shabby, and almost threadbare, though laboriously mended at elbows and knees. What could be the child's position in life? The philosopher, being timid, dared not even hint at it. He was accustomed to see, opposite his own lodgings in London, the greengrocer's son wending his way to church every Sunday morning clad in a rich blue velvet suit, whilst the children of a noble marquis, at whose castle the learned man had but lately been sojourning, careered about the country in homespun garments which seemed indeed little better than rags. On one hand, Rupert's conversation did not betoken much cultivation; but, on the other hand, do we not all speak the language of our associates? And who should say that this young gentleman had not too closely imitated the conversation of some friendly stableman?

The worst of philosophy is, that those who ponder on subtle questions and distinctions often get hopelessly entangled in the maze of their own speculations. Thus it was that, when the philosopher finally spoke, he did not say anything he had wished to say.

"You—you like marbles?" he asked, somewhat irrelevantly.

The laconic Rupert nodded.

"And—and tops?" continued the learned man insinuatingly. "I dare say you often play in the—the garden here?"

"Mother's sick," replied Rupert gravely.

"Ah, yes, of course, of course. But we must hope she will be better soon, eh? And now, tell me; what do you mean to do when you are grown up?"

"Look after mother," said Rupert curtly.

"You are a good boy, a very good boy, a *very good* boy indeed," said his host meditatively. "Follow in your father's footsteps, eh? Pity he got caught in a trap, wasn't it?"

"Father wasn't caught in no trap!" answered Rupert indignantly.

"No, no, no, of course not! How very foolish of me!" exclaimed the philosopher with hasty repentance.

There was a pause, a terrible pause. The learned man felt himself falling lower and lower in the estimation of his young

visitor, whilst growing more and more unable to continue the conversation.

He was desperately anxious to be kind. He had already meditated the bestowal of a half-crown piece in Rupert's tiny palm, having often heard that boys like "tips;" but he now concluded that this bestowal would be, to his own shy nature, too fiery an ordeal.

In the tumult of his thoughts he even contemplated the possibility of a journey up-stairs to make acquaintance with the boy's mother. If she were ill, was it not almost his duty so to do? Was not sympathy one of the most beautiful of human feelings? Was it not in this, more than in all else, that the perfectibility of man (especially when considered relatively to the instincts of beasts and birds) could be most properly evinced? It is true that if Rupert's mother in any way resembled Rupert, she might prove, despite her illness, to be a truly alarming woman. Women are at all times prone to be alarming; a sick woman above all. The philosopher recollected that sick women often develop very strange fancies indeed. Still there was, without doubt, that necessity of sympathy. Surely he could approach her by means of carrying the large black kettle. It would be a difficult, nay dangerous experiment, perhaps, for he was not used to kettles; yet—

Thus pondering in his perplexity, the philosopher slowly proceeded to "change his feet," as it is called in the north; that is to say, to take off his boots, and push his large, warmly stockinged feet into his comfortable slippers.

Then he once more resumed the conversation.

"Have you been here long, my boy?"

"Four weeks."

"You live in London?"

"Yes."

"You like London?"

Rupert stared.

"Ah, well, well," continued the philosopher hastily; "and how are all the aunts and uncles?"

"I ain't got none."

"No, of course not; of course not. And no brothers and sisters. Eh, what?"

"No," replied Rupert gravely.

"Grandpapa and grandmamma, perhaps?" asked the philosopher jocosely.

"Yes," said Rupert.

"I thought so! I was certain of it. Do they live in London?"

"No."

"Ah! that's a pity. And what do you do all day?"

"Stay with mother."

"And go to school?"

"No."

"I dare say your mother teaches you. What do you read?"

"Mother's books."

The philosopher rubbed his hands gently together. "And so, and so, of course," he continued, ruminating and scarce knowing what he was saying — "and so, having nobody else, of course you're very fond of mother?"

"Mother's ill — very ill," murmured the child in a tremulous undertone; and as he uttered the words two great tears began to trickle down his pale little cheeks. Thereupon he turned his back to the philosopher, and summoning all his puny strength, lifted the kettle quickly and violently from the fire.

The water was boiling, nay, almost boiling over, and the child was nervous and half blinded by his quickly rising tears. The kettle swayed in his little hands, and before the philosopher had time to jump up and proffer his help, a great quantity of the scalding contents poured out, wrenching one of the learned man's feet which, being slipped, was but poorly protected, and causing him the most unbearable pain.

"D——n! d——n!! d——!!!" shouted the philosopher wildly in quick monosyllables, as he stood stamping with gony midst a burning and steaming pool. "You horrid little boy! Get out of my room! get out at once! What do you mean by coming down here and scalding me? Oh, oh! I do believe you've burnt me very skin off! Get out of my sight, you abominable, insufferable child!" In anger he limped to the door and threw it open. "Get out! get out!" he repeated in fierce rage; for his pain, as well as his anger, was increasing every moment.

Rupert's sorrowful eyes were lifted with a look that meant more of reproach than contrition. He uttered never a word, however, though his cheeks grew paler even than before; and carrying his heavy burden cautiously with both hands, he hurriedly crossed the room and passed out, and the patter of his feet died away as he quickly reached the top of the stairs.

The learned man having shut his door and locked it, sank with a groan into his chair, and applied some remedies to his foot, which was certainly sadly injured.

For the next ten minutes he anathematized his young visitor in what is often called "good honest Saxon," after which

ebullition his feelings (though not his outer cuticle) experienced some relief.

The long summer's day was closing in, and the grey afternoon stillness had deepened into twilight. The scholar took out a small lamp which formed part of his travelling paraphernalia, selected a volume of Rabelais, and settled himself down to read.

As the evening wore on, the book lay occasionally unread upon his knees. His thoughts recurred again and again to Rupert, who had with such burning ingratitude repaid his hospitality. He tried hard to bring all his philosophy to bear upon the question. "There is no doubt," thought he, "that in doing any kindness we put ourselves in the way of unknown perils."

The pain in his foot was beginning to subside. "Poor little chap!" murmured the philosopher gently. Nay, once or twice he rose from his chair and hobbled painfully to the door, unlocked it with precaution, and peered out and listened. He was conscious of a strange hankering to go up-stairs and visit Rupert's mother; he even wished to see once more the little tormentor who had parboiled him. Whenever he listened, however, he heard voices that parleyed, and steps hurrying to and fro. There was much of what he called "fuss" in the air. Even Mrs. Dolland was up-stairs; the serving-girl also — he could hear them in close consultation.

Was it possible to face womankind under such circumstances? Is not a sick-room above all things a place where women reign supreme, and where learning is decidedly at a discount, if not also male sympathy and kindly ignorance? Could he but be certain that Rupert's mother were, as he liked to imagine her, reclining on a sofa, her little boy sitting beside her, a few fresh flowers on the table close to her hand — words of gentle counsel and instruction floating from her lips, and an air of indigent refinement and silent suffering about her whole person — the philosopher felt that he might do a great deal. He grew quite enthusiastic about his own intentions. He saw himself gently knocking at the door, crossing the threshold, bowing in a last-century manner, and saying: "My dear madam, your little son has already made us friends."

Yet when he heard Mrs. Dolland's angry tones resounding through the whole staircase he hastily locked himself in once more, and sat down to the frugal cold meal which in the afternoon had been set out for him, and which he had hitherto

left untouched. A little later he proceeded leisurely to undress, climbed into bed, placed the lamp beside him, and coned the pages of Rabelais till his eyes grew heavy; then, indistinctly, dreams of swallows, roses, and boiling kettles passed across his mind, and finally he fell asleep.

During the night, although he did not wake, the philosopher's sleep was uneasy. He was dimly conscious of the sound of many footsteps going to and fro in the room overhead. When morning came and he awoke, he rose and went to the window. The scene was greyer yet than on the previous evening; a fine drizzling rain was falling. The rosebushes were dripping and bedraggled, and the leaves of the creepers about his window were soaked with wet; in the distance the willows and green fields seemed to rise vaguely out of a bank of mist. There were no birds visible. It was a heavy day; the leaden sky seemed to press down upon the brow, and the philosopher, as he flung his window open, letting in a mass of soft, humid air, felt as though he could scarcely breathe.

He recollected the conversation of birds to which he had listened but yesterday, and he thought of the succeeding events of the evening. His conscience pricked him; for, after all, had he not himself shown a want of sympathy? Considering that he was a philosopher, his conscience must have been a decided flaw in his character.

He had made up his mind now, however. He would go up-stairs at once and endeavor to see the child again, even if he could not see the mother; he would not wait even to order his breakfast. He dressed hurriedly, and then set out on his errand.

He felt curiously shy and awkward as he mounted the creaking wooden staircase that led to unknown regions, but he knew (from having listened to Rupert's footsteps) that the room he sought for was exactly above his own. He paused at the door; his heart was beating strangely. With a palpitating sense of doing something as alarming as it was strange and incomprehensible, even to himself, he knocked softly; but there came no answer — there was nothing but silence. Then, from an open door close by, the serving-maid of the house looked out.

"You can go in, sir," she said; and as though in a waking dream the philosopher turned the handle of the door, and went softly into the room.

In the very middle of the apartment sat Mrs. Dolland, one of her hands pressing

her apron up to her face, the other encircling the tiny form of a sleeping child. On the bed in the gloom (for the window-blinds were drawn down) lay a figure, a stretched-out, still, white figure, which struck awe into the beholder's heart and numbed his senses, and filled him with that indescribable dread we all of us feel — whether philosophers or not — when we poor, ignorant, suffering, doubting mortals stand in the presence of death.

The miller's wife, at the philosopher's approach, let her apron fall hastily from her eyes, and showed a face that was pale and distraught with the long night's watching as well as with her sincere grief. Tears were slowly coursing down her cheeks.

"Yes, you may go and look at her, sir, poor dear," said Mrs. Dolland. "But do not disturb the boy; he's asleep, pretty lamb, now, and it seems better so for him."

Nevertheless, at the sound of the woman's kindly voice, though she had spoken only in a whisper, Rupert partly awoke and moved his head upon her arm, murmuring in a plaintive whimper: "Mother, mother dear; mother."

"Hush, hush, my lamb," said the miller's wife, holding him closer.

The learned man stepped softly to the side of the bed.

There he beheld a sweet face, pale as marble, motionless with an awful stillness and silence, and free from whatever lines of care or grief might have marked it before, whilst a tender smile rested on the parted lips — a face that was yet young and fair, framed in brown curls and nestling among white draperies. And upon the quiet breast two little thin hands were clasped together, as though in prayer.

The philosopher said nothing. The mist that was sweeping across the damp green country seemed to float into the room and lie wreathed between his eyes and the figure before him. He turned his head away and looked around the apartment; all was simple, nay poor, in the surroundings where this young creature had so lately lived and died. On the chair beside her bed lay a small book with an old brown leather cover. Mrs. Dolland, in an undertone, had begun to praise the deceased, to speak of her virtues, her youth, her respectability, her sorrow for the hard-working and affectionate husband who had met with a terrible death but a short year previously; her industry and patience; above all, her overwhelming love for her little boy. The miller's wife

uld not say enough in favor of her de-
 rted friend. She willingly and garru-
 isly narrated the sad circumstances
 ich had brought that sweet curly brown
 ad to its grave, and left little, Rupert
 otherless and forlorn.

Was it a scholar's instinct that impelled
 e philosopher, whilst the good woman
 is yet speaking, to stretch out his hand
 d take up the small leather book from
 ; place on the chair, and unconsciously
 en the pages and turn them over? He
 as listening to the story that the miller's
 ife was telling, listening and thinking,
 inking and listening; yet, as he held the
 ook open — and it was a book that was
 trange and almost unknown to him — his
 yes fell upon some words which startled
 him, and remained forever after distinct
 n his remembrance.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a far-
 thing? and one of them shall not fall on
 the ground without your Father.

"But the very hairs of your head are
 all numbered.

"Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more
 alue than many sparrows."

Rain was pouring heavily down when
 e philosopher started for London on the
 ternoon of that same day. He was glad
 depart. The whole country scene op-
 essed him with a sense of unutterable
 lancholy; the miller's house, with its
 ut casements and drawn-down blinds,
 s scarce sadder than the dripping wil-
 ws and alders swaying their grey boughs.
 He conscientiously paid a week's rent

Mrs. Dolland, slipping also into her
 ad a couple of golden coins "towards
 : expenses of the funeral." When he
 ched his own lodgings he somewhat
 rprised his elderly housekeeper by so
 expected an appearance; but he took
 his place by his own fireside as though
 had never left it, lit his pipe, replaced
 their shelves a few favorite books he
 l packed away, and spread all his pa-
 s about him in true student-like litter
 h deep thankfulness and joy.

Nor went he any further afield that year
 search of a holiday. Sometimes, in late
 ernoons during the summer and au-
 nn, when his day's work was done, he
 ndered into Hyde Park, and sat down
 one of the benches near deserted Rot-
 Row, amongst the artisans and poor
 k, the sad-faced women and little chil-
 n, who come at that unfashionable time
 year to get a sight of the green trees
 d well-kept slopes and scarlet gera-
 ims.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LVII. 2930

A couple of months later there appeared
 in the — *Review* an article from the
 pen of a well-known learned man which
 caused a great sensation. It was entitled
 "Sympathy as a Fine Art," and was much
 talked about in literary, æsthetic, and met-
 aphysical circles.

Besides bringing great *kudos* to its au-
 thor, it was so successful that a second
 edition of the *Review* became immedi-
 ately necessary; and shortly afterwards
 the article, with additions and annota-
 tions, was republished in the form of a
 pamphlet, and became once more a sub-
 ject of universal commendation, specula-
 tion, and interesting discussion.

It was written in a spirit of cold and
 elaborate analysis — dictated by the head,
 not by the heart; so said many wise folks
 who were bound to know. A few good
 kind souls shook their own heads sadly
 over the pamphlet, because of the utter-
 ances therein far beyond their under-
 standing. Only a few, a very few, read —
 and loved their fellow-men the better be-
 cause of the reading — for it is only given
 to a few to understand.

Yet one and all agreed that the treatise
 was a learned, nay, a great work, and the
 very finest piece of writing which had
 come from the pen of its learned author.

The philosopher, meanwhile, having
 been better treated by his publisher than
 writers are usually supposed to be, sent
 the amount he had earned to an old couple
 living in the south of England, for the use
 and benefit of their little grandson. Thus
 it came to pass that Rupert obtained bet-
 ter and more expensive schooling than he
 could otherwise have had, whilst certain
 pleasures and advantages which are to be
 procured by money alone fell to his child-
 ish lot, and brightened it considerably.

As he grew in age and wisdom he
 learned how many of the benefits of his
 youth were due to this far-off London ben-
 efactor, whom, however, he did not at any
 time see, and whose gifts he was cau-
 tioned never to mention. Nor did the
 child's name at any time pass the philoso-
 pher's lips; deep buried in the silence of
 his own memories lay an episode which
 he evidently occasionally remembered, but
 of which he never spoke.

From Temple Bar.

A PLEA FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

DESPITE the ban of excommunication
 which Mr. Matthew Arnold has pro-

nounced upon Macaulay, there are still, perhaps, some of us who read his works, or at least remember that we have read them. And, indeed, were it not so, we should, on Mr. Arnold's own admission, be ungrateful beyond the nature of man; for he allows that the "immense popularity of Macaulay is due to his being pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are beginning to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind." Alluding to the common report—truer, as I have some reason to know, than so many common reports—that the book most generally to be found in the scanty libraries of the Australian bush is, after the Bible and Shakespeare, some work by Macaulay, he confesses "nothing can be more natural."

The Bible and Shakespeare [he goes on] may be said to be imposed upon an Englishman as objects of his admiration; but as soon as the common Englishman, desiring culture, begins to choose for himself, he chooses Macaulay. Macaulay's view of things is, on the whole, the view of them which he feels to be his own also; the persons and causes praised are those which he himself is disposed to admire; the persons and causes blamed are those with which he himself is out of sympathy; and the rhetoric employed to praise or to blame them is animating and excellent. Macaulay is thus a great civilizer. In hundreds of men he hits their nascent taste for the things of the mind, possesses himself of it and stimulates it, draws it powerfully forth and confirms it.*

To be a great civilizer is surely no small title to gratitude, if not to fame. To leave men and things better, if by ever so little, than one found them—he who has done this much, if he has done no more, may surely go down well content into his grave. Swift thought so, at least, and Swift's thoughts are generally worth some regard; "and he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."† That something then at least the world owes to Macaulay even he allows, in whose nostrils the very name of Macaulay appears to stink. If he has done no more, at least he has awakened in many of us the desire of knowledge; has stimulated and prepared us to receive the higher culture which Mr. Arnold has preached so untiringly, so eloquently, and still con-

tinues to preach with somewhat soberer zeal, perhaps, and in language more adapted to the comprehension of the "common Englishman." And for once in a way we have not been ungrateful. Despite the persistent outcry one hears from certain quarters, in season and out of season, posterity, as a rule, has not been slow to recognize what Macaulay has done for it, has recognized it, moreover, in the best and most gracious manner, by using it; the manner in which Macaulay himself would have wished it to be recognized. Ay, and those who cry most loudly have used it, are using it every day; nay, without it, could hardly cry so loud against it. And one good office in particular has he done for us, for which, as it seems to me, he has hardly received due acknowledgment, for which, perhaps, thanks have rather been rendered elsewhere. He has more, I think, than any one else, revived in us the taste for what our fathers (who had, I fancy, rather more of it than we) were wont to speak of as polite learning—the taste for the great works of the writers of antiquity. Most men who read anything have read Mr. Trevelyan's admirable biography of his uncle, and they will remember the passage in which the pupil records, in language not unworthy of his master, the stimulant his own youthful studies received from such a guide and friend:—

A boy whose classical reading he watched, and in some degree directed, might indeed be lazy, but could not be indifferent to his work. The dullest of tyros would have been inspired by the ardor of one whose thoughts were often for weeks together more in Latium and Attica than in Middlesex; who knew the careers and the characters of the great men who paced the Forum, and declaimed in the Temple of Concord, as intimately as those of his own rivals in Parliament, and his own colleagues in the Cabinet; to whom Cicero was as real as Peel and Curio as Stanley; who was as familiar with his Lucian, and his Augustan Histories as other men of letters are with their Voltaire and their Pepys; who cried over Homer with emotion, and over Aristophanes with laughter and could not read the "De Coronâ," even for the twentieth time, without striking his clenched fist at least once a minute on the arm of his easy-chair. As he himself says of Lord Somers, "he had studied ancient literature like a man;" and he loved it as only a poet could. No words can convey a notion of the glamor which Macaulay's robust and unaffected enthusiasm threw over the books which had aroused and which fed it; or of the permanent impression which that enthusiasm left upon the minds of those who came within its influence. All the little interviews that

* See Mixed Essays, pp. 245-6: Smith, Elder & Co., 1879.

† Gulliver's Travels, Part II., ch. vii.

between us as master and pupil, to attitude of notices in his diary refer, in my memory as if they had occurred, instead of twenty years

eds, indeed, little confirmation of equal love and reverence Macaulay to the "mighty dead," of the and frequency of his communion with their departed spirits. One has it from his private correspondence in the familiar record of his breathes in every page of his works, it animated every period of his speeches. When still but more than a youth—in the days of the characteristic language of Christopher North did penance for coarse and illiberal attacks, "like a fly in pride of May, Macaulay through the open windows of *Quarterly Magazine*"—he professes allegiance in those, as one inclined to call them, pre-emptive papers, "Fragments of a life," and "Scenes from Athens." In this last-named sketch a particular passage which shows how loudly, for so young a writer, he is interested not the thoughts and feelings of the old pagan world, but of its very life and color. It is the age where Chariclea, sad amid those who are met to drink farewells on the eve of his departure from the fatal coasts of Sicily, takes singing to her lover and his guests an old hymn to Venus.

ALCIBIADES.

Meet Chariclea, since you have come, usippus, you shall sing yourself.

CHARICLEA.

Will I sing?

ALCIBIADES.

Yes for yourself.

CHARICLEA.

Will I sing an old Ionian hymn, which is very spring at the feast of Venus, says I used to sing it in my own home as a child; and—ah, Alcibiades!

ALCIBIADES.

Chariclea, you shall sing something which distresses you.

CHARICLEA.

Will I sing the lyre—no matter—you will sing to disadvantage. But if it is I have heard it sung—if this

were a beautiful morning in spring, and if we were standing on a woody promontory, with the sea, and the white sails, and the blue Cyclades beneath us—and the portico of a temple peeping through the trees on a huge peak above our heads—and thousands of people, with myrtles in their hands, thronging up the winding path, their gay dresses and garlands disappearing and emerging by turns as they passed round the angle of the rock—then perhaps—

Then she sings, and this is the last verse of her song:—

Come with music floating o'er thee;
Come with violets springing round,
Let the Graces dance before thee,
All their golden zones unbound;
Now in sport their faces hiding,
Now, with slender fingers fair,
From their laughing eyes dividing
The long curls of rose-crowned hair.

To me, I confess, me who am, I doubt not, a Philistine among Philistines, this scene, so fresh with the grateful enthusiasm of youth at his first entry into "that new world which is the old," has always had a peculiar charm—some such a charm as Mr. Austen Dobson's graceful muse has found in Landor's Hellenics, and expressed in those pretty verses to a Greek girl:—

With breath of thyme and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come,
Across the years with nymph-like head,
And wind-blown brows unfiled;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of spring, Autonoe!

Or take again this passage from the "Essay on the Athenian Orators," written in his twenty-fourth year:—

Books, however, were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us, for a moment, transport ourselves in thought to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the entablature: for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there: men, women, and children are thronging round him: the tears are running down their cheeks: their eyes are fixed: their very breath is still: for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands—the terrible, the murderous—which had slain so many of his sons. We enter the public place; there is a ring of youths, all leaning forward with sparkling eyes, and gestures of expectation. Socrates is pitted against the famous atheist from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The herald

is crying, "Room for the Prytanes." The general assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made—"Who wishes to speak?" There is a shout, and a clapping of hands: Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles; and away to sup with Aspasia. I know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education.

And who does not remember the incomparable passage in the "Essay on Bacon"?—

We all know how unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story about a person whose society we like, and from whom we have received favors; how long we struggle against evidence, how fondly when the facts cannot be disputed we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted. Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is so incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry; in the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen; Cervantes is never petulant; Demosthenes never comes unseasonably; Dante never stays too long; no difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero; no heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.*

From many writers these words would sound too like affectation, and it is possible that when they first appeared in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* some such sound they may have had in the ears of readers who knew only the name of Macaulay. But those who knew the man

* With this passage should be read the stanzas written by Macaulay after his defeat at Edinburgh eleven years later. It is a pity to find in the writings of a man so well read and, generally, of such acute judgment as the late Walter Bagehot, so illiberal and silly a comment on Macaulay's enthusiasm as the following: "Dreadful idea having Demosthenes for an intimate friend! He had pebbles in his mouth; he was a waves urging action; he spoke such good Greek; we cannot dwell on it—it is too much!" See *Literary Studies*, by W. Bagehot: Longmans & Co., 1879.

knew better, and since the publication of Mr. Trevelyan's book, the world in general has learned that these words were the true issue of the man's heart. They were written in India. To a man who loved his country as Macaulay loved it, any abiding-place but England could not but have been a place of exile, no matter what circumstances of life or society might surround him. And despite the fact that he was laying for himself the foundations of an independence which would ensure for him all that he desired—the means to help his family, and for himself to lead the life he had marked out to lead—despite even the knowledge that he was playing his part in securing and consolidating for the country he loved so well the most splendid possession the world has ever seen,—that he so regarded his sojourn in India, innumerable passages in his journals and correspondence clearly show. Then, in such hours as he could snatch from the proper business of his life, and from the demands which his position allowed society to make upon him, and forbade him to refuse, he ever turned to the old friends for comfort, and never turned in vain. Early in 1835 he writes to Ellis, the one close friend, in the highest and truest sense of the term, he had outside his family circle:—

The last month has been the most painful that I ever went through. Indeed I never knew before what it was to be miserable. Early in January, letters from England brought me news of the death of my youngest sister. What she was to me no words can express. . . . That I have not utterly sunk under this blow I owe chiefly to literature. What a blessing it is to love books as I love them; to be able to converse with the dead, and to live amidst the unreal! Many times during the last few weeks I have repeated to myself those fine lines of old Hesiod:—

Εἰ γὰρ τις καὶ πένθος ἔχων νεοκηδεῖ θυμῷ
ᾤηται κραδίην ἀκαχημένος, αὐτὰρ οὐδὲς
μνησίων θεράπων κλεῖα προτέρων ἀνθρώπων
ἱμνήσῃ, μκαρὶς τε θεοὺς οἱ Ὀλύμπῳ ἔχουσι,
αἰψ' ὅγε ἠσφρονέων ἐπιλήθεται, οὐδέ τι κηδεῶν
μύμηται· ταχέως δὲ παρέτραπε δῶρα θεῶν.*

I have gone back to Greek literature with a

* Which may be thus freely rendered:—

"For if to one with bleeding heart,
Sitting silently apart,
Comes the singer's voice divine,
Henchman of the Muses nine;
Singing of each noble deed
Of the mighty men of old,
And the gods of blessed breed,
Who Olympus' top do hold;
Straightway he forgets his grief,
Straight his sorrow finds relief;
Such the healing powers belong
To the goddesses of song."

quite astonishing to myself. I have not anything like it. I was enraptured man during the six months which I was to it; and I was little less pleased than I was. But when I went back to the country, I felt as if I had never known before that intellectual enjoyment was. Oh, that I could be a people! There is not one art, not one science, about which we may not use the expression which Lucretius has employed about the victory over superstition, *non Graius homo*."

again, a month or two later, he writes to the same friend:—

"I am divided between public business and private. I mix with society as little as I can. My spirits have not yet recovered. I think they will never wholly recover the shock which they received five years ago. I find that nothing soothes them as the contemplation of those miracles which Athens has bequeathed to us. I really becoming, I hope not a pedant, certainly an enthusiast about classical literature."

again, at the close of the year, and writes to Ellis:—

"Nature has saved my life and my reason. I dare not, in the intervals of business, remain alone for a minute without a book. What my course of life will be, I cannot tell. My return to England is very doubtful. I am more than half determined to abandon it, and to give myself wholly to literature. I undertake some great historical work. I may be at once the business and the pleasure of my life; and to leave the pleasant rooms, sleepless nights, and diseased stomachs to Rome. Praed."

"I then follows a passage which, when I remember that it comes from a man in the prime of his vigor and intellect, with political, strong party feelings, who had been drunk deep of the intoxication of Parliamentary success, and who had but to set foot again on ground for the doors of the House of Commons to fly open for him, is a real foreshadowing of that pure and disinterested allegiance he was in after years of literature: an allegiance which, perhaps, of his political position perhaps ever gave, before or since, as well deserved from so keen a man as Sir James Graham—an allegiance, too, whose shield had been smartly more than once by Macaulay—this graceful speech: "I rely glad that Macaulay has succeeded. The sacrifices which he made to literature deserve no ordiph; and when the statesmen of the present day are forgotten, the his-

torian of the Revolution will be remembered."

In England I might probably be of a very different opinion; but in the quiet of my own little grass-plot—when the moon at its rising finds me with the *Philoctetes* or the *De Finibus* in my hand—I often wonder what strange infatuation leads men who can do something better, to squander their intellect, their health, their energy, on such subjects as those which most statesmen are engaged in pursuing. I comprehend perfectly how a man who can debate, but who would make a very indifferent figure as a contributor to an annual or a magazine, should take the only line by which he can attain distinction. But that a man before whom the two paths of literature and politics lie open, and who might hope for eminence in either, should choose politics and quit literature, seems to me madness. On the one side is health, leisure, peace of mind, the search after truth, and all the enjoyments of friendship and conversation. On the other side is almost certain ruin to the constitution, constant labor, constant anxiety. Every friendship which a man may have, becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics. As to abuse, men soon become callous to it, but the discipline which makes them callous is very severe. And for what is it that a man who might, if he chose, rise up and lie down at his own hour, engage in any study, enjoy any amusement, and visit any place, consents to make himself as much a prisoner as though he were within the rules of the Fleet; to be tethered during eleven months of the year within the circle of half a mile round Charing Cross; to sit, or stand, night after night, for ten or twelve hours, inhaling a noisome atmosphere, and listening to harangues of which nine-tenths are far below the level of a leading article in a newspaper? For what is it that he submits, day after day, to see the morning break over the Thames, and then totters home, with bursting temples, to his bed? Is it for fame? Who would compare the fame of Charles Townshend to that of Hume, that of Lord North to that of Gibbon, that of Lord Chatham to that of Johnson? Who can look back on the life of Burke and not regret that the years which he passed in ruining his health and temper by political exertions were not passed in the composition of some great and durable work? Who can read the letters to Atticus, and not feel that Cicero would have been an infinitely happier and better man, and a not less celebrated man, if he had left us fewer speeches, and more *Academic Questions* and *Tusculan Disputations*; if he had passed the time which he spent in brawling with Vatinius and Clodius in producing a history of Rome superior even to that of Livy? But these, as I said, are meditations in a quiet garden, situated far beyond the contagious influence of English faction. What I might feel if I again saw Downing Street and Palace Yard is another question. I tell you sincerely my present feelings.

Macaulay, then, being, as Mr. Arnold allows him to be, so immensely popular with the common Englishman, and so large a majority of us being only common Englishmen, it is not impossible that the recent revival of letters among us may be in some measure due to that vast love of literature and learning which his own works might have suggested, and Mr. Trevelyan's work has confirmed, as one of the most prominent, perhaps the most distinctive, feature in his character. For a revival of letters, if only a partial and half-hearted revival, these latter years have assuredly witnessed among us. That it has taken that form of "little books," that spreading evil against which our Laureate has lifted up his melodious voice,* — that it has been hitherto, as one may say, a revival at second hand, — is perhaps the misfortune rather than the fault of the age. We are so terribly busy, with our pleasures no less than with our business, that we have, most of us, no time to take our learning in other than homœopathic doses; yet that we take even so much is something. And so this revival has taken among us the form of "Ancient Classics for English Readers," edited by the Rev. Mr. Collins; of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," edited by Mrs. Oliphant; of "English Men of Letters," edited by Mr. John Morley; "Stories from Homer, from Virgil, from Herodotus, from the Greek Tragedians," by the Rev. Mr. Church; selections from this poet and that, with critical prefaces of more or less acuteness and originality; all excellent works in their way, and admirably calculated to impart in the simplest and most portable form that little knowledge which was once believed to be a dangerous thing, but which we, so much wiser than our forefathers, have declared to be so much better than none at all. A higher and purer form than this it has also taken; such a form as Messrs. Church and Brodrip's incomparable translation of Tacitus, of Messrs. Lang and Butcher's prose translation of the *Odyssey*, of Mr. Lang's prose translation of Theocritus — works which might surely move Mr. Arnold to repent of his assertion that no one "would look at an English prose transla-

tion of an ancient author when he could get a French or German one."* These, however, are perhaps for the few rather than the many, and can scarcely be said to come under the head of popular works in the sense that their more superficial contemporaries come under it; though their appearance of course tends largely to increase the thoroughness of the revival. And a proof, too, we may find in our arts as well as in our letters. The speeches made at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy tend to prove it; even in the City, in Guildhall, a notable stronghold of the Philistines, one might suppose, there is an awakening; in the furnishing and decorations of our houses; nay, even the vapid abortions which hang on to the skirts of the masters of the new school — even these "heavy-eyed and scaly shapes of the warm primeval ooze" are after their fashion a growth of the same influence. Every nation when first it feels the stir and touch of a new life, will commit follies and excesses; when that new life is felt in the body of literature and art, the follies and excesses will be greater — not, of course, of such national greatness, but greater comparatively — than when the dry bones of politics are stirred; greatest of all will they be when the quickening nation is one naturally prone to eccentricity in such matters, matters of literature and art, unrestrained by any recognized discipline, and without any acknowledged standard of excellence.

Beyond all question, Mr. Arnold has himself done much to awaken within us this desire for learning, or, as it pleases our refining age to call it, for culture. And he has done so much more latterly, since he has somewhat modified his zeal, and condescended, if one may be permitted the expression, to talk rather with the tongue of men than of angels; since his aims have become more clearly defined, and his rules of conduct more understood of the multitude. In his early days he was irreverently likened by an *Edinburgh Reviewer* to a "bewildered Pythoness in speechless convulsions upon her tripod." This was rude; decidedly, to use one of his favorite words, inurbane. Yet certainly there was a time when the

* "Hours when the poet's words and looks
Had yet their native glow:
Nor yet the fear of little books
Had made him talk for show;
But, all his vast heart sherris-warmed,
He flashed his random speeches;
Ere days, that dealt in ana, swarmed
His literary leeches."
(Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue at the Cock.)

* A final and revised edition of the "Essays in Criticism," in which this assertion was first made, was published in 1873, when none of the translations above specified had as yet appeared. But long before that year such works as Jowett's "Plato," Monro's "Lactantius," Rawlinson's "Herodotus," Conington's prose translation of "Virgil," were tolerably well known. Surely these are worth looking at even by one who has all the treasures of France and Germany at his command.

common Englishman at least did not very clearly understand, to use his own common language, what Mr. Arnold was driving at, particularly when he travelled beyond the domain of literature. So there grew up a feeling that Mr. Arnold did not very greatly care whether the common Englishman understood him or not; that he was come, in short, to call not sinners but the righteous to repentance; and consequently for a time Mr. Arnold's teaching had not the influence it should have had, and he himself was looked upon rather as a Theudas than a Gamaliel. But this feeling is rapidly passing away. We have gone up a little higher towards Mr. Arnold, and he has come down a little lower to us; thus we have each come within each other's sphere; he sees more clearly how much we can bear, how much strong meat our intellectual stomachs will carry; we see more clearly that he really wishes to do us good, and not only wishes but is really capable of doing great good. Many, of course, saw this from the first — happier souls than we — who have passed into that promised land which we shall never enter; we, the sojourners in the wilderness, are beginning to see it now.

Still, with regard to this particular contention, the stimulus given to learning, the interest revived in classical literature, two things must be remembered. First, that Mr. Arnold, though the circle of his influence has greatly widened, though even in the strongholds of Philistia his name is now a name of mark — not loved, perhaps, greatly, sometimes even ridiculed, it is possible, by the most truculent of the sons of Gath, yet certainly not ignored — does not profess to write, professes, one might perhaps say, *not* to write, solely or even mainly for the common Englishman; he does not profess, if I do not misjudge him, so much to raise him to his own level, as to wait for him there, and unfold to him its beauties when he shall have raised himself. Consequently he has not yet achieved the "immense popularity" of Macaulay — one can conceive how shocked he would be if told that he had achieved it — for Macaulay wrote for the common Englishman, and common, alas, we most of us still are. Mr. Arnold has explained the case in his own clear, melodious language: —

With the increasing number of those who awake to the intellectual life, the number of those also increases, who, having awoke to it, go on with it, follow where it leads them. And it leads them to see that it is their business to see the real truth about the important

men, and things, and books, which interest the human mind. For thus is gradually to be acquired a stock of sound ideas, in which the mind will habitually move, and which alone can give to our judgments security and solidity. To be satisfied with fine writing about the objects of one's study, with having it praised or blamed in accordance with one's own likes or dislikes, with any conventional treatment of it whatever, is at this state of growth seen to be futile. At this stage, rhetoric, even when it is so good as Macaulay's, dissatisfies. And the number of people who have reached this stage of mutual growth is constantly, as things now are, increasing; increasing by the very same law of progress which plants the beginnings of mental life in more and more persons who until now have never known mental life at all. So that while the number of those who are delighted with rhetoric such as Macaulay's is always increasing, the number of those who are dissatisfied with it is always increasing too.*

It would be interesting, and might be useful, to inquire whether any, having grown dissatisfied with Macaulay, and yearning for that higher mental life which Macaulay cannot give, have scaled the heights of Olympus only to find that they cannot breathe in that divine air; that the strange and beautiful phantoms that inhabit that blessed abode speak to them in a language and of things that they do not understand; that they have dropped the substance to grasp only at the shadow, "embracing clouds Ixion-like;" and so have retraced their steps to the lower earth, there to find once more the consolation and the nourishment denied to them in more ethereal regions. Not to all mortals, perchance, is it given to breathe unstinted in

The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm.†

But this is a question that must for the present be dismissed. My immediate contention is this — that a far larger number of people read Macaulay's writings than Mr. Arnold's writings, because by far the largest number of people are "common;" and it is therefore not an irrational deduction that the newly awakened interest in the higher branches of literature and learning is in the first place due to the immense love for those beautiful things which the common reader has

* A French Critic on Milton: *Mixed Essays*.

† Mr. Tennyson's *Lucretius*.

found in his Macaulay. Mr. Arnold, too, has labored nobly in the same field, with far more skilful labor, doubtless in its own time to yield far richer fruit; but those who attribute solely to him, as many do, the nascent yearnings of our age for "culture," forget, perhaps, that to the large majority of Englishmen his method of labor is still, as he himself has owned, not much more intelligible than was Mr. Ruskin's famous spade-work at Ferry Hincksey to the "common" undergraduate; they forget, too, another still more important point—that Macaulay was in the field first.

At any rate, whoever first sounded the note, we have been very frequently and very feelingly exhorted of late to hold commune—whether through the medium of more or less skilled necromancers, or by such arts as we may ourselves contrive—with the "departed spirits of the mighty dead;" to think a little less highly of ourselves and our works; to remember, perhaps to discover, that there were brave men living before Agamemnon, and that there have been other great civilizing influences known in the world besides railroads and the penny post. We are growing too insular, too bumptious; we have waxed too fat, and are kicking. Some among our own countrymen—cruel only to be kind—take a persistent delight in holding us and our works, particularly our works, up to ridicule. Whatever good thing we may do, or think we may do, and take a pride in, we are told it is nothing to what we should have done, nothing to what has been done before us, is being done all around us, but can never be done by us because we have neither sweetness nor light, because we are Philistines. We lack urbanity, we are provincial: we are eruptive, aggressive; too violent generally, too fond of trampling on the fixed and familiar notions of others. And so long as we have all these unlovely faults, do all these unlovely things, so long can we never hold the place among nations that we might hold, that so many of us—poor creatures, yet not unhappy, it may be, in our ignorance—think we do hold. In short, to use the noble language of the Latin grammar—the only culture, alas, that so many of us possess—no pains are being spared to soften our manners and permit us no longer to be brutal. The *Times* sees this; and the *Times* does not usually permit its writers to see things before they have become tolerably visible to the world at large. But recently, commenting on the opening

of the Royal Academy, it delivered itself of the following passage:—

It is always difficult rightly to judge one's own epoch; but it seems clear that, on whatever side we look at it, this last half of the nineteenth century, with its restless scientific curiosity, its demand for accuracy in scholarship of every kind, and its eager desire for beauty, has all the elements of a true Renaissance—of a period of reawakening and illumination.

This is undoubtedly very comforting, very pleasant to reflect upon, as Mr. Arnold himself might say, very salutary. But as I have already said, whenever a people begins "to burst its bonds and battle with the time," of what material soever those bonds may be, theological, political, artistic, social, it is inevitable that some strange freaks will be committed in the course of the war. So it is very necessary that the captain shall be one of approved skill, strong to restrain the impetuous, gentle to encourage the timid; above all should he be careful in his choice of ground, choose it with an eye to the forces at his disposal, and the tactics he designs to employ. And surely he would be most unwise, most foolhardy, to break down all his old defences, scatter all the old rules of strategy to the winds, before he had his new ones in fighting order, or, at least, had trained his soldiers to do without them. When the blind man leads the blind do we not all know what befalls the pair?

Sometimes I think we run a little danger from this quarter. We are breaking down our old walls, so to speak, levelling our old lines of defence, developing new plans of attack, at such an amazing rate; I wonder sometimes whether we of Philistia, content still to abide in our breaches, may not after all, for the present at least, get rather the best of the game.

Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves—
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves—
See! on the cumbered plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age.
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules.
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill,
Fill with their cries.

Is this furious iconoclasm an inevitable

age of this new period of awakening illumination? To become true child-flight, is it imperatively necessary to, and shout, and trample over our graves, to overturn their statues, and ace their shrines? To obliterate the ark of Dagon, must we first obliterate any person and thing else? "He," has been written, "who, in an enlightened literary society, aspires to be a poet, must first become a little child. It take to pieces the whole web of wisdom. He must unlearn much of that degree which has perhaps constituted one of his chief title to superiority." Then, in this enlightened and literary society, are we all aspiring to be poets; and as a first step to such aspirations must we take to pieces books, not of our own minds — which, if we were no such mighty harm — the minds of the great men who came before us? Shall "all the ripe threescore years be blighted in a

Must we unlearn all the knowledge that has hitherto, I will not say our chief claim to superiority, but at least contributed to make us so wiser, better, and happier?

Let us consider the case of Macaulay. He does not presume to do violence to the wisdom of our enlightened age by elevating Macaulay on too lofty a pedestal. He must be the great man who has gone before us, he shall not be even a great man. He shall make his adversaries please; he shall make us wiser, nor even better; at least, let it be granted that he has merited, according to his lights, to be somewhat happier. He is "pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all; beginning to feel enjoyment in the progress of the mind" — "in hundreds of years he hits their nascent taste for the fullness of the mind, possesses himself of it, and regulates it" — "he is a great civilizer. So much even the most uncompro-mising of his foes, as we have seen, allows; and only to be even so much is surely the man who gives us pleasant, honest and wholesome pleasure, helps to civilize us, is worthy at least of gratitude; if we cannot admire him, we must at least respect him, at least be grateful to him; gratitude can mislead none of us; the noblest soul, the most cultured, is not debarred by being grateful. Even the most unsoftened and hardened spirit nourishes the germ of feeling for the mother who gave him the breath of life, who watched

his infant years, trained his infant lisps, taught him the use of his legs and his letters; even such an one, when he needs her care no longer, does not go about to blacken her face. She taught him to walk — he does not abuse her because she did not teach him to fly; she taught him to talk — he does not insult her because she did not teach him to sing.

And what then is Macaulay's particular crime? In the first instance, one unpardonable crime no doubt he has committed; he has been overpraised, or rather — for even a Philistine has feelings — let us say he has been blindly praised, praised rather lavishly than judiciously. And what has greatly aggravated an offence already sufficiently grave is that this immense holocaust was offered up before a living altar. "And so," writes his nephew, "Macaulay dwelt at ease in his pleasant retreat" (in Holly Lodge, to wit), "a classic in his own lifetime. His critics, and still more his readers, honored him with a deferential indulgence which is seldom exhibited towards a contemporary." It was inevitable that the reaction should come; that the pendulum, when the restraining hand was loosed, should swing back with a twofold violence. The spirit of criticism — as one is almost tempted sometimes to think, a more invidious spirit yet — once set free, ravened, and is ravening still with furious satisfaction in that luxurious feeding-ground. The extravagance of praise has produced its inevitable crop, an extravagance of censure. Many spots have been discovered on that once brilliant sun; many have been invented. The oracle has been found to be not after all so very infallible; the voice of a man only, not of a god; being a man it happens that he has spoken once or twice amiss, and, as a natural consequence, it has now been borne in on us that he has never spoken otherwise. Great is truth, and she will prevail, even over a Macaulay.

Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on
them.

Nor have his good deeds been able to save him. I say his good deeds, but I say it somewhat doubtfully. For though it is certain that he has sharpened the pens and the wits of an immense number of writers, helped to fill both their pages and their pockets, it is not quite certain that in so doing he has conferred an un-mixed good on posterity. The slave who tried to conjure with the magician's wand

made but a poor business of it, for himself and others. No one has so inspired and informed as he that vast undigested and indigestible mass of writing that our age puts forth with such rapid and unerring precision daily, weekly, monthly. There is scarce a skirmisher in this noble army of writers—to distinguish the light-armed troops, the guerillas of our periodical press, from what some one has called the real “hoplites of literature”—who has not imbibed his first nourishment from Macaulay, who is not still, if I may be permitted a somewhat unlovely metaphor, perpetually bringing it up again. “Already, in the ‘Essay on Milton,’ the style of Macaulay is, indeed, that which we know so well—a style to dazzle, to gain admirers everywhere, to attract imitators in multitude.” So Mr. Arnold; and truly enough he writes, though it may be permitted in passing to observe that the two styles of Macaulay—the style of “the burnished fly in pride of May” first “bouncing” through the open windows of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the style of the historian whose own life closed with the closing pages of William’s reign—are as distinct as the child is from the man. Every one who reads Macaulay, not for the purpose of cavilling at him, but soberly, earnestly, to get from him what good they can, sees this clearly enough; but it is a detail with which those who do not wish to learn from him, or are persuaded that they have nothing to learn from him, are of course not concerned. But of others, perhaps they have not quite

Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,

Made him their pattern to live and to die;

but they have at least tried very hard to do so. And yet, to hear them all, one would think no one had done so much to corrupt the national taste, to degrade the national language, as he.

But what then is the specific accusation that Mr. Arnold—who is not, I need hardly say, as these others are—brings against him, and which is so persistently reiterated by the Timothy’s who have taken unto themselves stools to sit at the feet of this urbane and cultured Gamaliel? I waive the objection that he is a Philistine, for two reasons. The first, because being myself one of these lost yet unbewailing creatures, I am scarcely competent to judge of the enormity of the crime; the second, because I am not quite certain that I know exactly what constitutes the quality of Philistinism. This is a

most interesting question, to me and to so large a proportion of mankind; for naturally, feeling so conscious that we are Philistines, we should be glad distinctly and categorically to know what it really is we feel conscious that we are. But it is a question I must not now stop to discuss. Then, I waive too the objection that he is only a rhetorician, because, as Mr. Arnold has praised his rhetoric for being “animated and excellent,” I am not disposed to regard this either as a very great crime. For who would blame a man for being a shoemaker only, if it was allowed that he made excellent shoes? But hard by this praise—*latet anguis in herba*—there lurks a little sentence in which we get at the real offence, we see the culprit’s unpardonable sin before us in its naked, unblushing hideousness. “*A reader who wants criticism will be disappointed.*” That is it; Macaulay is a bad critic. A good rhetorician he is, a good praiser, a good hater; but a bad critic, a bad guide.

I remember a poor little writer in a daily paper being once completely demolished, eaten up, body, bones, and all, at one snap by one of the young lions of the *Saturday Review*. The point at issue was a play—a terrible debatable ground is the theatre, and woe to him who enters thereon unprepared to take hard blows, and indeed to give them—concerning which the inoffensive victim (I am sure he meant to be inoffensive) had ventured to urge that it might be a very pretty poem, a very pretty picture—I forget the work in question, but it was one of those whimsical, unreal pieces of fantasy that our age delights to talk of as “idyllic”—but that it was not a play. To which the young lion—he thought it particularly idyllic—roared for answer, “Who said it was?”

Really I feel tempted to offer this most cogent and unanswerable answer to Mr. Arnold and all of his way of thinking, when they next tell me Macaulay is no critic. For, indeed, who said he was? Certainly not Macaulay; and if others persist in placing on a man’s shoulders a responsibility he has distinctly declined to assume, they surely, and not he, are to blame. Now if we turn to Mr. Trevelyan’s volumes we shall find a passage that if Mr. Arnold and his disciples would kindly read, or, if they have forgotten it, would kindly read again—though I hardly may suppose they will—I really think they might be minded to let go this count of the indictment. The passage is in a letter of Macaulay’s in answer to one from

Macvey Napier asking him for a review of Lockhart's noble biography of Walter Scott. The letter is dated from Clarges Street, June 26, 1838, and goes at once, as was Macaulay's wont, straight to the heart of the matter:—

I assure you that I would willingly, and even eagerly, undertake the subject which you propose, if I thought that I should serve you by doing so. But depend upon it, you do not know what you are asking for. I have done my best to ascertain what I can and what I cannot do. There are extensive classes of subjects which I think myself able to treat as few people can treat them. After this, you cannot suspect me of any affectation of modesty; and you will therefore believe that I tell you what I sincerely think, when I say that I am not successful in analyzing the effect of works of genius. I have written several things on historical, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated; *but I have never written a page of criticism on poetry, or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power. Hazlitt used to say of himself, "I am nothing if not critical." The case with me is directly the reverse.* I have a strong and acute enjoyment of works of the imagination; but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly for that very reason. Such books as Lessing's "Laocoon," such passages as the criticism on Hamlet in "Wilhelm Meister," fill me with wonder and despair. Now, a review of Lockhart's book ought to be a review of Sir Walter's literary performances. I enjoy many of them—nobody, I believe, more keenly; but I am sure that there are hundreds who will criticise them far better. Trust to my knowledge of myself. I never in my life was more certain of anything than of what I tell you, and I am sure that Lord Jeffrey will tell you exactly the same.

It would be possible, I think, to find some instances in Macaulay's writings of a tolerably acute and just perception in literary matters; in the "Essay on Byron," for instance, the "Essay on Dryden," even in the much abused "Essay on Milton." And I say this, not at all relying on my own judgment, but because on examining and comparing him carefully with those other writers whose treatment of similar men and things we are so earnestly exhorted to apply to our unsatisfied and yearning spirits—our spirits "dried up and closely furled" with this hard and empty teaching—doing so, I say, I really find so very much less difference between them and him than the apostles of the former seem to imagine. Sadly conscious am I that this bare assertion here can

carry but little weight, may seem very possibly to be made in a sheer Philistian spirit of "liking and disliking;" and very gladly would I do what lies in my power to make my words good. Some other chance, perhaps, may be allowed me, but not now. I have trifled too long already, I fear, with my readers' patience, and I have yet some words to say.

Another of the charges against Macaulay, not quite so explicitly expressed, nor quite so grave, though not unimportant, is that he is too apt to write in what Mr. Arnold has somewhere called "the Rule Britannia strain"—rather too fond of Englishmen and their works. Two terrible epithets have been applied to him by the same chaste and enlightened critic for a certain saying of his, brimful of this most baleful quality: "It may safely be said that the literature now extant in the English language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together." And then Mr. Arnold, commenting on this triumphant saying, bids us remember "Spinoza's maxim that the two great banes of humanity are self-conceit and the laziness coming from self-conceit;" and he concludes by warning us that all such "mere glorification by ourselves of ourselves or our literature is *both vulgar, and, besides being vulgar, retarding.*"

Terrible words, indeed! To be called vulgar, Macaulay might perhaps have borne; for, after all, vulgarity must be a question of taste, of degree, for which each man will have his own standard; honesty, for instance, sincerity, may sometimes be, or be considered, vulgar, but affectation always; there is no such vulgarity as the vulgarity of affectation; the affectation of humility, of self-depreciation, of regarding every other person in the world as so much better and wiser than ourselves. But to be called retarding! he who, with such a great and single love, has preached the cause of learning, who has striven with all the poor powers that were his to lead others to that inexhaustible source of happiness and comfort of whose healing waters he had himself drunk so largely, and yet with so much humility and gratitude!

"*This was the most unkindest cut of all.*"

But is this really so? Does this saying really deserve to be branded with this ineffaceable stain? Let it be admitted that, standing as it does in their accuser's charge, divorced from its context, from

its extenuating circumstances of place and time, it has rather an air of what school-boys call "bumptiousness." But really on what passage, so divorced and paraded, can we not put what construction we please? Let us rather look at this saying in its proper light, let us see in what circumstances and to whom it was said.

At the time of utterance Macaulay was a member of the Supreme Council of India and also president of the Committee of Public Instruction, to which high and important office he had been appointed on his arrival in the country. He had arrived at a peculiarly critical moment, at a moment which Mr. Trevelyan has justly fixed as the "very turning-point of her intellectual progress." At that moment the committee was divided, five against five, "on either side of a controversy"—I quote Mr. Trevelyan—

vital, inevitable, admitting of neither postponement nor compromise, and conducted by both parties with a pertinacity and a warmth that was nothing but honorable to those concerned. Half of the members were for maintaining and extending the old scheme of encouraging Oriental learning by stipends paid to students in Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic, and by liberal grants for the publication of works in those languages. The other half were in favor of teaching the elements of knowledge in the vernacular tongues, and the higher branches in English. Macaulay declined to take any active part in the proceedings until the Government had finally pronounced on the question at issue. When both sides had laid their case before the Supreme Council, then Macaulay, as a member of that Council, produced a minute in which he adopted and defended the views of the English section in the Committee. That minute is to the following purport—or so much of it, at least, as we are concerned with:—

"How stands the case? We have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother tongue. We must teach them some foreign language. The claims of our own language it is hardly necessary to recapitulate. It stands pre-eminent even among the languages of the West. . . . Whoever knows that language has ready access to all the vast intellectual wealth which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. It may safely be said that the literature now extant in that language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together. Nor is this all. In India, English is the language spoken by the ruling class. It is spoken by the higher class of natives at the seats of government. It is likely to become the language of commerce throughout the seas of the East. It is the language of two great European commu-

nities which are rising, the one in the south of Africa, the other in Australasia; communities which are every year becoming more important, and more closely connected with our Indian Empire. Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our literature, or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects."

Surely when we see this terrible saying in its proper light, not in the invidious light in which Mr. Arnold has for his own purpose placed it; when we remember that Macaulay was pleading as an advocate for a cause very near and dear to his heart, and that it is the proper business of an advocate to give his case the strongest and most effective coloring; that in such matters delicate half-lights and gentle shadows are of no more avail than the bloom and flavor of a peach to a starving man,—then I think we may surely pardon this strain of "Rule Britannia," even if our fastidious ears must not endure it for its own sake. Perhaps they should not; yet Mr. Arnold, in one of his papers, quotes with complete approval a saying of Isocrates:—

"Our city has left the rest of the world so far behind in philosophy and eloquence, that those educated by Athens have become the teachers of the rest of mankind; and so well has she done her part, that the name of Greeks seems to stand no longer for a race, but to stand for intelligence itself, and they who share in our culture are called Greeks even before those who are merely of our own blood."

This seems to me very much in the same strain, though I must honestly confess my ignorance of the context. Nay, to me it seems even more so. For Isocrates distinctly puts Athens at the head of all the then known world, Athens herself and the teaching and language of Athens; whereas Macaulay's contention is that a knowledge of the English language, of the works written in that language, gives access to the vast stores of "intellectual wealth which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations." He does not say that England has herself produced the greatest and wisest works in all the world, but that by knowing her language one may get to know these works. And surely this is so; for of all the greatest and wisest works, or at least of a very sufficient proportion of them, one may get some idea

by means of English translations. Not, perhaps, a very perfect idea — by what translation in what language can one get a perfect idea of an original? — not so good an idea, if Mr. Arnold pleases, as one could get from French translations or German. But the French and German languages did not enter into the question; one could hardly expect a ruler, however desirous of imparting culture he might be, to advocate teaching a subject race any language but his own, if any language beyond their own was to be taught them at all. I cannot, therefore, understand why Macaulay is to be blamed in the circumstances for saying what is vulgar and retarding, whatever might be thought of his words if addressed to Englishmen on English ground; and Isocrates, in his circumstances, to be praised for saying what is just and true. Why are we to strain at our own little home-bred gnat, and yet to swallow without wincing this magnificent camel of Greek culture?

But it is time to make an end. I say then, I think we might do better than so persistently blacken the face of Macaulay — and I take Macaulay only as an instance, though a prominent instance, of a far too common practice. It may be that the reader who goes to him for criticism will be disappointed, but how idle of the reader to go to him for that which he himself has expressly warned his readers they will not get! It may be that he is a rhetorician only, but if it be allowed that his rhetoric is "animating" and "excellent," let us at least consider if all rhetoricians are even so much. It may be that it is the "common Englishman" only whom he can satisfy and instruct; but let us be grateful even for that; let us not, when he has performed his task, fling him aside and trample on him. And how few of us, alas, ever rise above the level of the common Englishman! how many of us must perforce remain content only with desiring culture, with gazing from afar at that promised land into which we feel that we may never hope to enter! Surely, then, the majority of Englishmen owe a vast debt of gratitude to Macaulay. Our fate it may be to die in the wilderness, but he at least has done something to make our sojourn less hard and cheerless than it so well might be, than to so many it is. Night and day, now for many years, have we of the brotherhood of Philistia been reproached for our barbarity; at least, then, we should keep a place in our memory for the man who has done what in him lay to civilize us.

From Good Words.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NO NEW THING," "MY FRIEND JIM,"
"MADEMOISELLE MERSAC," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SIR BRIAN.

MOST of us have such excellent, albeit melancholy, reasons for being beholden to members of the medical profession that we ought to be very much ashamed of sneering at them and calling them a pack of humbugs, as we are far too apt to do in the arrogance engendered by a fit of robust health. Nations, it is said, have the rulers that they deserve, *populus vult decipi*, and if (as has been asserted on high authority) bread pills are frequently administered with results of a satisfying and drastic nature, what business have we to cavil at a method of treatment which benefits the patient and does no harm to anybody else? It is the fault of the patients — if indeed there be any question of fault in the matter — that fashionable physicians are constrained to work fashionable cures, to vary their remedies, and to discover at least one new watering-place every year. That for cleansing purposes Jordan is equally valuable with Abana and Pharpar, and that the Yang-tse-Kiang is probably neither superior nor inferior in that respect to any of the three, is not to the point. People must be sent to places which they think likely to do them good, and when they have tried half-a-dozen well-known localities without conspicuous change in their condition, there is obviously nothing for it but to recommend some locality which is not well known. Thus remote Alpine valleys, African deserts, and primitive English fishing villages are wont to find sudden greatness thrust upon them; and thus, quite recently, Kingscliff, which for hundreds of years had led a peaceful, slumberous existence beneath its sheltering heights in the far west, without ever suspecting that it possessed a climate comparable to that of the Azores, had the honor to receive as a passing visitor the celebrated Sir Guy Bartholomew, M.D. Sir Guy made a few inquiries, took a few notes, and returned to London with the complacent mien of one who has hit upon an entirely novel prescription. Nor was his prescription long in bearing fruit. Invalids appeared, first by twos and threes, then in larger and ever larger numbers; lodging-houses sprang up to receive them; an imposing

hotel rose upon the shores of the bay; the railway company at last constructed the long-talked-of branch which now connects the town with the main line; finally, that energetic contractor and builder, Mr. Buswell, of Bristol, came down, bought land, and set to work to erect villas, which were taken before their walls were dry. In short, Kingscliff, where the weather during December, January, and February is really not worse than might be expected in a place situated in that latitude and facing west-south-west, speedily blossomed out into a favorite winter resort. That the sun actually has more power there than in other parts of England one must not venture to deny, in the face of the formidable array of decimal figures which have been brought forward to prove it, and indeed it seems scarcely worth while to dispute about such minute differences; but that it is amply shielded from the north and east by its overhanging red cliffs anybody can see at a glance, and the beauty of its position and of the surrounding scenery has never been called in question.

Yachtsmen, dawdling along the coast from regatta to regatta in the month of August, have long been familiar with this charming spot, and have admired it through their field-glasses; but no yacht ever puts in there, because the anchorage is so bad, and the bay lies open to the quarter of prevailing winds. If you were running before the prevailing wind, and consequently making up Channel, you would obtain your first glimpse of Kingscliff immediately after rounding Halcombe Head, which forms the western horn of the bay. It is a low, bare promontory, exposed to the stormy blasts and swept by them of all vegetation save a few stunted shrubs; the soft red sandstone of which it is composed is continually crumbling away and falling in great blocks into the sea, which blocks have been tormented by the rush of water into fantastic crags and pinnacles; but as the red cliffs trend inland from this point they gradually increase in height; their slopes, down to the water's edge, become clothed with hanging woodlands, and just where the eastern curve begins stands Kingscliff, a cluster of white cottages, fronted by a white beach, whereon some half-dozen of stout fishing-smacks are hauled up high and dry. Down the deep gully behind the village a trout-stream leaps to join the sea, the silvery gleam of its miniature cascades visible here and there between the trees. To the westward of this gully, and

at a considerable height above the village, there is a space of level ground occupied by Morden Court, the property of Rear-Admiral Greenwood, to whom also a good part of Kingscliff belongs, and behind the house there are more woods, topped by a stretch of heathy moor and by waving fields of wheat and barley.

Morden Court is a comfortable, substantial-looking mansion, but its architectural pretensions are slight; the eye of the observant stranger is more likely to be attracted by an ancient Tudor building which rises conspicuous on the eastern side of the bay. It is of comparatively small dimensions, but is considered by connoisseurs to be a singularly perfect specimen of its style. This is Kingscliff Manor, where many generations of Winstowes have lived and died. The Winstowes were once a wealthy and powerful family, possessing properties of far greater size and importance than this cradle of their race, but their possessions gradually fell away from them; the last of them is now dead, and the manor has passed to their neighbors, the Segraves of Beckton.

The first thing that you open out after leaving Kingscliff Bay is Beckton itself, a noble old grey structure, erected — possibly from an Italian design — rather more than two centuries ago. Viewed from the sea, Beckton, with its length of flat façade and its two jutting wings, is decidedly imposing. A long flight of semicircular granite steps leads up to its central entrance from a grassy bowling-green. Between this and the spectator there is a balustrade, also of granite, broken in the middle by wrought-iron gates, on either side of which is a high pillar, surmounted by a ball; from the gates a second flight of steps leads down to a second lawn, then comes a second balustrade exactly similar to the first, a third flight of steps, after which there is an end of levelling, and nature is allowed to have her own way with the land until it touches the sea. The general effect is fine, though perhaps a little sombre, no flower-garden being visible from this quarter.

Kingscliff, as above described, is the Kingscliff of some years back; nowadays the fishing-boats on the beach are flanked by a regiment of bathing-machines; the Royal Hotel and the Marine Parade have displaced the fishermen's cottages, and a goodly portion of Admiral Greenwood's property is covered with smart villas. From the yachtsmen's point of view these changes may not seem to be altogether changes for the better, but from the point

Admiral Greenwood, Mr. Busutcher, the baker, and the lodge-keeper, and others too numerous, they are a joy to the eye and a heart. All these, comparing present times, are wont to lift hands with one consent and bless Bartholomew. Nevertheless, at the time this story opens, there was not a minority. True, this minority consisted only of one, but then he was

himself. Major-General Sir George, K.C.B., owner of Beckton, a son of Kingscliff, and of much into adjacent, was, as Mr. Buswell frequently declare, a born obtuse. Sir Brian had been vehemently opposed to the whole scheme of improvements from beginning to end; he did not, he said, want to have watering-places cropping up all round; pleasure-seekers were of no use to him; brass bands were more noise than sense; Mr. Buswell was most of all. There is every reason to think that he would have quarrelled with his old friend Admiral Greenwood, and abetting the enemy, had Greenwood been a man with whom it was at all possible to quarrel. He realized the fact that he could not quarrel with people from doing as they thought their own, but he considered that the shames had not been sufficiently in the matter; and as he was a country squire but an ex-military man, he was naturally disposed to a lack of deference.

One autumn morning this arbitrary, but thoroughly upright and honest gentleman was riding through the park on his way homewards from the railway station, where he had been a fine fuss about the non-arrival of parcels which ought to have been delivered; he had always been against the change of the local line, and was in the habit of declaring that everybody had a better off when their goods were delivered by carrier. There had been some irregularity of delivery days, but then the carrier had proved to be regular, so that you were you were with him. The company, on the other hand, as it pointed out to the station-master, guaranteed punctuality, yet were actual. The station-master begged pardon, but thought

He believed there was no
Every effort was made to improve delivery, but at that season

of the year, when the traffic was so heavy, it was next to impossible for the trains to keep their time. Sir Brian rejoined that that excuse was tantamount to an admission that the railway officials couldn't or wouldn't keep faith with the public. They all deserved penal servitude, and, for his part, he sincerely hoped that, when they had killed and maimed a few more of their fellow-creatures, they would get it.

He himself was in danger of being a little unpunctual at luncheon that day, for after he had ridden some distance it occurred to him that he had spoked somewhat too harshly, and he felt bound to return and mention that his words had not been intended to apply to the station-master personally.

"I didn't mean you, Simpkins; I meant your rascally, catchpenny employers. I don't suppose you are to blame."

Simpkins having expressed himself abundantly satisfied with this explanation, Sir Brian wished him good-day, and headed once more for home. Strangers turned to look at him as he rode slowly down the street, sitting square and erect upon his cob, a tall, handsome, aristocratic-looking personage, with hook nose, grey moustache twirled upwards, and a pair of blue eyes which looked out condescendingly, but not unkindly, upon men and things. The tradesmen and the lounging fishermen touched their hats to him, for he was popular, in spite of his little peculiarities, and he acknowledged their salutes with a smile and an uplifted forefinger. Just as he was emerging from the town, which terminates somewhat abruptly on its eastern side, a stout, vulgar-looking individual, who wore a frock coat, thrown open, an enormous gold watch-chain, and a tall white hat, accosted him, waddling out into the middle of the road.

"Good morning to you, Sir Brian. I was looking out for you; you're the very man I want to see."

Sir Brian drew rein, threw one quick glance of intense disgust at the speaker, and then gazed vacantly over his head. "Oh, Mr. Buswell, I believe?" said he in chilling accents (though he knew Buswell's face as well as he knew his work, and hated the one as much as the other). "What can I do for you, Mr. Buswell?"

The successful contractor was not in the least abashed. He was rich, a great deal richer than Sir Brian Segrave; he was in a certain sense powerful; he had a sincere admiration for himself and a contempt equally sincere for the survivors of a worn-out feudal system.

"Well," he replied, with a sort of laugh, "you can do something for me, and something for yourself too at the same time, which is more to the purpose, maybe." He produced a roll of paper from the tail-pocket of his coat, and began flattening it upon his knee with his great red hand. "Now just run your eye over that, Sir Brian," said he; "it's a little plan I've had drawn out of Kingscliff as it ought to be, and as it *will* be in due course o' time."

"Thank you — no," returned Sir Brian hastily. "I feel no curiosity to inspect these fancy sketches. The subject is one in which I am not interested, and —"

"Not interested! ain't you though! Wait till you've seen my plan. Now just look at this. 'Ere's the new 'arbor works, promenade pier, aquarium, and winter garden. Further back you come to proposed row of 'igh-class dwelling-ouses, with southerly aspect, to be called Segrave Crescent: and up on the right, where the Manor 'Ouse now stands — the finest sitiuation in the 'ole place — we think of erecting as many as twenty really elegant detached villas, with from one to three acres of land apiece, stabling, and every modern convenience. I look upon that property, sir, as destined to be the Belgraviar of Kingscliff."

"Where the Manor House now stands!" echoed Sir Brian, with a stare of astonishment. Then he could not resist glancing for a moment at the audacious design which was being held up before his eyes. "Why, Mr. Buswell," he exclaimed, "are you aware that the land upon which these — these fantastic arrangements figure happens to belong to me?"

"Of course I am aware that it belongs to you, Sir Brian, and I only wish it belonged to me — ha! ha! For the matter of that, I dessay it *will* belong to me some fine day; but in the mean time —"

"Mr. Buswell!" Lightning flashes shot from Sir Brian's blue eyes, his moustache twitched, his nostrils expanded, but he uttered no more than those two words, because, although to keep his temper under provocation was what he had never been able to accomplish in his life, yet by strenuous exertion of the will and clenching of the teeth he could sometimes retain control over it, and he was very sensible of the loss of dignity which must ensue from any bandying of words with this low-bred man of bricks and mortar.

Mr. Buswell stuck his hands in his pockets, laughed, and said soothingly, "There, there, Sir Brian, don't get angry

about it. Overtures have been made already to you upon this subject and they haven't been successful. You don't want to sell and you won't sell — we all know that. You make a mistake; but —"

"Kindly allow me to be the best judge of my own affairs, sir," interrupted the old gentleman in a choking voice.

"Oh, no — dash it all, Sir Brian, that's asking too much! I can't allow it, I can't really! I allow that you're free to manage your own affairs in your own way, but as for your being the best judge of 'em, why, common reason and common sense prove the contrary, you know. But never mind that, I ain't putting myself forward as an intending purchaser. What I want to p'int out to you is that you're the owner of land which is absolutely essential to Kingscliff, if it's ever to develop into the place it oughter be. These 'ere slopes, back of the town, and the bit of level by the Manor 'Ouse are worth more money than all the rest of Kingscliff together in my opinion, including what's been bought of Admiral Greenwood. You see, I'm quite candid with you. Now, you take my advice, Sir Brian Segrave, and let that land out on building-leases. In a very few years' time you'll find your ground-rents bringing you in quite a nice little income, and your son or your grandson will be a wealthy man."

Sir Brian had by this time swallowed down a desperate inclination to use language unbecoming his age and position.

"I imagine, Mr. Buswell," said he, with laborious calmness, "that my views with regard to Kingscliff are no secret to you. I do not wish the town to become a fashionable watering-place, and if, as you say, I can check its development by declining to sell a single rood of my land for building purposes, I shall be sincerely rejoiced."

"Well, Sir Brian, your ideas are singular; but I suppose you've a right to 'em, same as I have to mine. Only I shouldn't be surprised if you was to change your mind when you come to think it over and consult your family. Take that little sketch 'ome with you, it'll 'elp you to see things more clearly."

"Thank you, Mr. Buswell, I will not deprive you of it."

"Don't mention it, sir, it ain't of no value to me; I can get as many as I like of it lithographed off in no time." And Mr. Buswell thrust his plan into the other's reluctant hand. "I don't doubt but what you'll change your mind," he repeated cheerfully.

At this Sir Brian's patience suddenly

gave way. He tore the obnoxious paper into fragments, scattered them to the winds, and hitting his cob smartly with the hunting-crop which he carried, galloped away without another word.

"What an extraordinary old creecher!" soliloquized Mr. Buswell aloud, as he gazed after the old gentleman's retreating form. "'Ere's a man about as 'ard up as he can be — 'ad to pinch and scrape ever since he come into the property to keep his 'ead above water, they tell me — and now when a windfall comes in his way that 'd make many a lord or dook skip for joy, he stands with his ears laid back like an old jackass, and won't touch it! And for no other reason under the sun than because he *is* a jackass! However, he won't live much longer, I dessay — go off in an apoplexy in one of his fits of temper, very likely — and then we shall be able to do business with his son. It's time there was an alteration made in the land laws of this country all the same."

CHAPTER II.

MAJOR.

SIR BRIAN SEGRAVE sent his cob at a hand-gallop up the steep hill which leads out of Kingscliff in the Beckton direction, to the surprise and indignation of that placid animal, which was not accustomed to being so ridden. But when he reached the summit of the ridge whence Beckton on the one side and Kingscliff on the other may be surveyed he pulled up, a little more heated in body and a little less so in spirit.

"What an ass I am!" he muttered, arriving at Mr. Buswell's conclusion from different premisses. "The chances are that that impudent vagabond only wanted to annoy me, and I allowed him to succeed. Let my land on building-leases indeed! He must have known perfectly well that I am just about as likely to do that as to make him a present of it. No, Mr. Buswell, you will have to find a site elsewhere for your aquarium and your winter garden and your other gimcrack diversements; Kingscliff, I can assure you, will develop itself no further on this side so long as I live!"

He half turned in his saddle and flung his defiance back at his distant tormentor with a certain air of triumph; but then he sighed and became pensive, remembering that he would not live forever, and that he was already nearer seventy than sixty years of age.

"There ought to have been an entail,"

LIVING AGE. VOL. LVII. 2931

he murmured; "and yet I don't know; perhaps it is best as it is."

He had his reasons for deeming it possible that there might be some advantage in the absence of an entail — reasons with which many landed proprietors can sympathize. A man may have no wish or intention to cut off his eldest son; yet to possess the power of so doing is not disagreeable and adds a firm bulwark to paternal authority. Sir Brian's authority over his heir-apparent was not quite what he could have desired it to be, and as he recalled some of Mr. Buswell's remarks he felt one of those cold shivers run up his back which are apt to precede a fit of gout.

"Who knows?" he mused. "Brian may part with the land after I am gone. I don't think Gilbert would, but Brian is an uncertain fellow. He's flighty, he's opinionated, and I do believe he's something near a Radical at heart. It would be just like him to say that he had no right to hinder the prosperity of Kingscliff, or some such nonsense."

Sir Brian sighed a second time, then suddenly straightened himself up, with a short exclamation of impatience, gave a shake to his reins and cantered on.

Admiral Greenwood used to say that there never lived a man more determined to do his duty than Segrave, but that unfortunately Segrave could never distinguish between his duty and his inclination. This was a little hard upon Sir Brian, who had always done what he believed to be his duty and had by no means always felt inclined to do it; but perhaps what Admiral Greenwood meant was that his notions of duty were thoroughly proof against outside argument or persuasion. Somewhat late in life he had succeeded to Beckton, on the death of his brother, who had been a gambler and a spendthrift, and who left the property heavily encumbered. Sir Brian instantly set to work to put things straight, and found the task neither a light nor an agreeable one. He thought it his duty to keep up a large establishment, he thought it his duty to send his two sons to Eton and Oxford, and he was quite sure that it was his duty to economize. That he managed to make retrenchment compatible with these and other important items of expenditure was not a little to his credit. His method entailed considerable self-sacrifice and continual mortification, for he was by nature a generous man and hated to keep a strict account of half-crowns; yet he had adhered to it resolutely and, by denying himself

all personal luxuries, was able now in his old age to see daylight. He had not yet, it is true, paid off all the mortgages, still less had it been in his power to lay by anything out of income; but he hoped that, if he should be spared for another ten years or so, he might bequeath to his heir an estate entirely free of charges. To a man so situated the opportunity afforded by the sudden rise of Kingscliff into notoriety ought, one would think, to have been a godsend, and it would be difficult to assign any cause for Sir Brian's refusal to profit by it, save the uncomplimentary one suggested by Mr. Buswell. His privacy would not have been invaded by the proposed extension of the town, for the quarter in question was invisible from his residence and even from his park-gates. To pull down the fine old Manor House would have been a pity, no doubt; but in the Manor House and the few acres of land which surrounded it Sir Brian, as it happened, had only a life-interest, nor was it in the least on æsthetic grounds that he had set his face against the whole scheme. Had he been taken in the right way at the outset he might not improbably have acquiesced in what he now considered so objectionable; but he had not been taken in the right way. His dignity had been ruffled, his opinion had not been asked, his protests had been smiled at; and as he was both touchy and obstinate, it did not take him very long to persuade himself that Kingscliff as a watering-place was an abomination with which no man who had any sense of self-respect could consent to soil his fingers.

The worst of it was that he was afraid his eldest son didn't agree with him. The lad had never said this in so many words, but he had hinted at it, and Sir Brian hated hints. He did not hate his elder son; on the contrary, he had an affection for him which was deep and steady, as all his feelings were. But then, as he often said to himself impatiently, he didn't understand him. Now Gilbert he did understand, or thought he did. Gilbert was a sensible, practical fellow, a sound Conservative, a great favorite in society, a lover of sport, without being so given up to it as to waste his time over what ought to be only a relaxation, and an excellent judge of live stock, besides being thoroughly well up in all branches of agriculture. Without undue disparagement of Brian, there could be no question but that Gilbert would have filled the position of squire of Beckton more satisfactorily than his elder brother was likely to do. But Gilbert, poor fellow, had

made his entry into the world a year and a half too late, so he was reading for a bar, and might perhaps eventually make a fortune at that trade, since his talents were so great. Other fortune, how he would have none; nor, although he never made any complaint, was it to be supposed that the occupation of a lawyer was congenial to his tastes.

Brian was an individual of a quite different stamp. He took no interest in farming, and indeed knew next to nothing about it; he did not trouble himself to be civil to the neighbors; his passion was his love of music. Sometimes his father was afraid that he had no good out of Oxford. Oxford was a terrible place for picking up fads, if a man had a leaning that way — political fads, religious fads, educational fads, and not. There were signs that Brian assimilated some of these; certainly he did not appear to have assimilated anything else worth speaking of. To be sure he was a bachelor of music, whatever that might imply. Music, his father thought, was all very well in its way, but there was something slightly incongruous and absurd in the idea of a musical score. Moreover, there was one respect, rather an important one, in which Brian differed from Gilbert; he had not the truest notion of the value of money. He could not exactly be called extravagant, but he had a habit of giving and lending whenever he was asked, also of borrowing whatever chanced to take his fancy, without paying for it or letting payment stand according as he happened to have money in his pocket or not at the time. When bills were sent in to his father he would say that he was very sorry, but that he had forgotten all about them. He was always exceeding his allowance, without having anything to show for his expenditure, whereas Gilbert, who had never been in debt in his life, was both better dressed and better provided with all the necessities and luxuries of existence than he.

These things often made Sir Brian thoughtful, and it was in a thoughtful mood that he now reached home and went down to his solitary luncheon. The other gentlemen had gone out shooting, the squire told him, and had said they should be back before dusk.

Sir Brian did not linger long in the dining-room, which had been the scene of many a pleasant party in years gone by, and where, in the winter months, the neighbors were enter-

a solemn dinner party about once a month. The Turkey carpet was very old and faded, as were also the curtains; the massive mahogany chairs, purchased probably in the beginning of the century, looked as if their framework might hold out for another hundred years, but were usefully in want of re-stuffing; the tablecloth had evidently done duty for several years. Perhaps one of the most painful privations imposed by poverty upon the squire is that of a daily supply of clean bed-linen. Sir Brian, who was refined and fastidious by nature, had felt it to be a nuisance, but he had grown accustomed to such things now and hardly noticed them. When he had disposed of the not very abundant fare set before him, he betook himself to his study where he wrote letters for an hour, after which, the afternoon being so fine, he thought he would stroll out and try to find his sons.

So he put on his hat and, knowing well which direction to take, mounted the grassy hill behind the house until he reached an expanse of heathery moor, beyond which many undulating fields of rye and roots stretched away to meet the sky. Far beneath him, on his left and, lay Kingscliff, the smoke from the chimneys rising straight into the still air. The sea, with broad bands of silver where the sun fell upon it from between the clouds, was lost in mists towards the horizon. The red cliffs, the yellow woods, the soft melancholy of the western autumn, all these had a certain influence on Sir Brian as he paused to take breath and survey the prospect. A verse from the Psalms came into his mind: "The Lord is fallen unto me in a fair ground: I have a goodly heritage."

"Ah, well!" he murmured, resuming his walk, "I suppose so; I suppose one can't say so. All things considered, I don't think it to give thanks—only I wish I had a little more ready money!"

After he had proceeded some little way he was brought to a standstill by the sound of a couple of shots in the distance.

"Ah," he said, "I thought they would be his beat. I shall find them in John Morden's mangolds most likely—at least I shall find Gilbert; as for Brian, he is very sure to have had enough of it an hour or two ago and gone off to play the game or something."

However, Sir Brian was less accurate in his forecast than he had been as to the day, for when he had scrambled rather heavily down a bank, had made his way up the ep lane, and had dropped his elbows

on a five-barred gate, the figure that he saw slowly tramping through the field of mangolds on the other side of it was that of his elder, not of his younger son. At the same moment the old red setter by whom the sportsman was accompanied became suddenly rigid, and immediately afterwards a large covey of partridges rose. The young man fired both barrels and brought down three birds; after which he left the keeper, who was carrying the game-bag, to pick up the slain, and came striding towards his father with a pleasant smile upon his face.

His face was pleasant as well as his smile. It was not handsome, because both the nose and the mouth were too large for beauty and the cheekbones were somewhat too high, but the eyes, which were of a soft iron-grey tinge and which were surmounted by well-marked black eyebrows, might almost be called beautiful. Indeed, Brian was generally accounted a good-looking fellow, for he stood six foot two in his stockings, his figure was well proportioned and he had the appearance of great physical strength. He wore his dark hair very short, and his upper lip was only just beginning to display signs of an approaching moustache.

"Well," said his father, "what sort of a bag have you made?"

"Pretty fair; nine brace and a half between us."

"Does that mean that Gilbert killed eight brace?"

"No," answered the young man, laughing, "it isn't Gilbert's day. He was missing everything before lunch, so he said it was no use going on, and I believe he has strolled over to Morden."

"Gilbert is a better shot than you are," remarked Sir Brian a little aggressively.

"I know he is; but sometimes I manage to hit them. You must admit that that last wasn't such a bad shot."

"I don't call it good to bring down a brace with one cartridge. You must have fired into the brown of them."

"The second bird crossed."

"Humph! that's the usual excuse. What did Gilbert go to Morden for?"

"He wanted to see the Greenwoods, I suppose."

"Well, I suppose so; one doesn't generally go to a house unless one wants to see the inhabitants. At least, most people don't. You do, I dare say."

The young man laid his gun down on the bank, seated himself on the gate, over which his father was still leaning, and looked down into the old gentleman's face.

"What has been putting you out?" he asked good-humoredly.

"I'm not put out at all," answered Sir Brian. "Don't talk nonsense."

"You are, though," persisted the other; "you wouldn't have snapped at me like that if you hadn't been annoyed about something. Come, what is it?"

"I didn't snap at you; what do you mean?" returned Sir Brian, trying to look angry, but in reality he was pleased, because he liked to talk over his griefs and grievances, and since his wife's death nobody but Brian had ever taken the trouble to notice his moods. Gilbert was less observant; it was the one defect in an otherwise admirable character.

"It's enough to put anybody out," he resumed after a short pause, "to be accosted and insulted by Mr. Buswell."

"Oh, Buswell. Yes; he is rather a cad, certainly. Not a bad sort of a fellow, though, in his own way."

"It would be interesting," observed Sir Brian with studied calmness, "to hear what, in your opinion, constitutes a bad sort of fellow. If Mr. Buswell is a good fellow, I suppose I don't know the meaning of words, that's all."

"Well, I think he is honest."

"Honest! Upon my word, you are very charitable! However, we will give him the benefit of the doubt. We'll call him honest, since you insist upon it; but I think I am keeping well within the limits of moderation when I say that he is an infernal, insolent blackguard."

"Dear me, what *has* he been doing?"

"Oh, nothing new. I have had these applications before, of course, but he hasn't had the impertinence to address himself to me personally until to-day; and really I think it is getting a little beyond a joke when a man actually has plans drawn up disposing of your property to suit his convenience. Would you believe that he handed me a paper with the whole precious scheme in black and white? A winter garden, an aquarium, and I don't know what else, and then a row of houses to be called Segrave Crescent, if you please! He said he was sure I should consent to sell when I had thought things over; and upon my life, I can't feel certain whether the fellow was laughing at me or not."

"I shouldn't think he was laughing at you. What land was it that he wanted?"

"Oh, the fields on this side of Kings-cliff of course, and the land below the Manor House. In fact, he said he should like to have the Manor House itself. I

suppose he doesn't know that I could part with that, if I would."

"It's poor land," remarked the young man meditatively.

"What the deuce has that to do with it?"

"Nothing, if you are determined to eschew Buswell and all his works."

Sir Brian sprang back from the ground, stood erect, and struck his stick sharply against the ground.

"I thought you were aware that if there is anything in the world about which I determined it is that."

"Yes; I have often heard you say that, but I have also heard you say very often that you were so hard up you didn't know which way to turn for a five-pound note. Upon the face of the thing, it looks as if it might be worth your while to sell a few acres of bad land. Of course I don't know what your reasons may be for refusing to sell; I have never heard you mention them."

"My reasons!" cried Sir Brian, in great perturbation. "Must I give reasons for everything that I do or leave undone? I have reasons, and I could give them if I chose; but surely, *surely* for you it ought to be sufficient to know that I would rather cut off my right hand than act as you suggest."

The young man raised his eyes slightly and smiled.

"For me? oh, yes, that's sufficient for me," he answered. "Personally, I don't much mind being hard up; it's my *no* condition. Only it seems a pity that I should have money worries if they can be avoided. If they can't be avoided, can't."

The old gentleman was about to make some rejoinder; but the keeper, who, during this conversation, had been standing apart, coughing discreetly at intervals to attract attention, here lost patience and came forward to ask whether Mr. Brian was going to try the stubbles or not, because the light wouldn't hold out much longer. The interruption was not altogether unwelcome to Sir Brian; for he had a curious dread of coming to a direct conflict of opinion with his heir upon the subject. He was not prepared to decide what course he should adopt in the event of such a conflict arising.

So they scrambled through the hedges into the adjoining field and tramped on, the dog ranging ahead; presently, with a sudden whirr of wings, a covey got up on their extreme right, and was a long shot, but the young man

and missed. At the same instant a piercing shriek arose from the lane over which the birds had taken flight.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir Brian, aghast; "you've hit somebody!"

And he started off running in the direction whence the cry had proceeded, followed by his son, who was not less alarmed than he.

It did not diminish their consternation, when they had plunged down into the lane, to find themselves confronted with two ladies, though, to be sure, both of them appeared to be perfectly safe and sound. Sir Brian, hat in hand, began to pour forth profuse apologies, until the elder of the pair, who was stout and good-humored-looking, stopped him.

"It is I who should beg pardon for having startled you," she said. "Indeed, I dare say we ought to beg pardon for being here at all, only we thought it was a public road."

"It is a public road, you are quite right," returned Sir Brian; "and it was inexcusably careless of my son to fire as he did."

"I am very sorry that I frightened you," said Brian a little resentfully; "but I can assure you that you frightened me too. Why did you scream if you were not hurt?"

"Because I couldn't help it," answered the stout lady, laughing. "I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am ashamed of myself, but the report of firearms always produces that effect upon me. If you were to let off the other barrel now — only I hope you won't — I should do just the same thing again."

"Miss Joy is gun-shy," observed the younger lady gravely; "she ought not to be taken out for country walks after the 1st of September."

Brian turned round and beheld the girl who (if he had known it) had been pronounced by all London a few months back, to be the beauty of the season. Possibly her exquisite complexion, her rippling hair of a bronze tinge, her straight brows and the clear brown eyes that looked out from beneath them, might not of themselves have sufficed to obtain that proud distinction for her, had she not possessed other claims upon the admiration of mankind which have always been found very potent. She was a great heiress; she had a certain imperious way with her; and either instinct or experience, or both, had dowered her with a wonderfully precise knowledge of the foibles of the opposite sex. Therefore the men of London, young

and old, married and single, had with one consent fallen down and worshipped Miss Huntley; and Brian, gazing at her as she stood there in her well-fitting dark cloth costume, her head slightly thrown back and the dawning of a smile upon her lips, felt very much inclined to do likewise.

Brian did not know a great deal about young women. As a rule, they rather frightened him; he avoided them when he could, and was wont to assure his brother, who had quite other tastes, that he was not susceptible. Yet in after days, when his love for Beatrice Huntley had become a passion as deep and lasting as it was hopeless, he felt convinced that he had lost his heart to her at the very moment of their first encounter. Perhaps, however, he was not strictly accurate in this impression; perhaps it was not until a few seconds later that the catastrophe in question actually occurred. For Sir Brian, who seemed quite eager to prove his son open to a charge of manslaughter, now turned away from the lady who had been spoken of as Miss Joy, and addressed himself to her companion.

"Nothing can excuse firing across a road," said he. "If you have escaped with a fright we have only Providence to thank for it."

"I should be sorry to deprive Providence of any thanks that may be due in that quarter, and I confess that I am very ignorant about guns," answered the young lady; "but it seems to me that any one who was trying to shoot those birds could not possibly have succeeded in shooting us. They must have been quite thirty feet above our heads."

"Oh, no, excuse me, not nearly so much. And I dare say you are not aware that shot is apt to scatter."

"I see. Of course, then, if you had happened to have a gun with you, you would not have dreamt of firing."

Sir Brian, who was a strictly truthful man, remained silent and looked a little foolish, while Brian the younger ventured to throw a grateful glance at his champion. She laughed, displaying a row of beautifully white and even teeth.

"At any rate," said she, "we must not keep you any longer from your sport. Perhaps you can tell us whether this lane leads to Kingscliff."

"Well, not exactly," replied Sir Brian; "but, if you will allow us, we will go a little distance with you and show you a short cut."

After a few conventional protests, this offer was graciously accepted, and the

group set itself in motion, the two elder members of it walking first, while the remaining couple followed. During the ensuing five minutes Brian heard Miss Huntley's name, learned that she had taken a house at Kingscliff for a few months for the sake of her companion Miss Joy, who suffered from bronchitis, and was informed that she had already met his brother Gilbert at a dance.

"Why were you not there?" she inquired. "Do you despise dances?"

"No," answered Brian; "but I am not a good dancer; and besides —"

"What besides?"

"Well, I am not very fond of society. In fact, I don't shine in it."

"It is easier to shine in society than to dance well; but both accomplishments can be learned, if you think them worth the trouble."

"Where can one get lessons?" asked the young man.

"I believe," replied Miss Huntley, "that I may describe myself as a well-qualified teacher. Bear me in mind, if you decide upon going through a course of instruction."

Then, before he could say anything more, she joined the others, who had come to a standstill.

"I suppose," said she, "that our paths diverge here. Thank you very much. Good-evening."

So the two ladies departed; not, however, before Brian, somewhat to his father's surprise, had requested and obtained permission to send them two brace of partridges.

"That is a good-looking girl," the old gentleman remarked presently. "I don't think it is necessary to offer strangers game, though. The next thing will be that we shall have her calling at Beckett."

"I hope she will," said Brian; "I thought her charming."

"Well, I don't know about that. It seems that she is a daughter of Huntley's, the great contractor, you know, who left a couple of millions, they say."

"She is none the worse for that, is she?"

"Probably not; but I think I remember to have heard that there was a son — or sons."

"I meant that she is none the worse for being the daughter of a contractor."

"Oh, you wouldn't think so, of course; your friend Mr. Buswell is by way of being a sort of contractor, isn't he? In one sense nobody is the worse for being of

low origin, and if one is thrown with such people one ought to be civil to them. But I don't feel called upon to seek them out."

CHAPTER III.

MINOR.

THERE are men — most of us are acquainted with some of them — whose prosperity appears to be constant and un-failing. In whatsoever they undertake they thrive; they fall into no misfortune, like other folk; they have many friends and few enemies; and we cannot but envy them their luck, while wondering what in the world they have done to deserve it. But in the generality of cases it will be found that these are men of fair and florid complexion, the whites of whose eyes are clear, and their joints supple; and although, no doubt, it is a piece of luck in itself, and a great one, to be so constituted, yet it is perhaps that alone which distinguishes them from the herd of their fellow-creatures. They may lose those nearest and dearest to them; they may invest their money badly; they may tumble down and break their bones, like the rest of us, but they bear these disasters cheerfully, and nobody thinks of them as afflicted, because their digestions are sound, and their systems free from latent gout. The redundancy of their health will not suffer them to do otherwise than make the best of things; to which cause also may generally be traced their success in life, as well as the circumstance that they are for the most part confirmed optimists, prone to the assertion that all their geese are swans. *Terque quaterque beati!* Not only do they obtain their desires, they are conscious of having obtained them.

Admiral Greenwood, that deservedly popular personage, was quite conscious of being a happy man, and was wont to describe himself as such with the utmost emphasis to all and sundry who would listen to him. In truth he was able, at the age of sixty or thereabouts, to point to very substantial reasons for his satisfaction with his lot; for he had a wife who adored him, a daughter who was both pretty and sweet-tempered, a comfortable home, a comfortable income, and the best of good consciences. He had not always been equally prosperous, though it is likely enough that he had always been equally joyous. In the days before the advent of Sir Guy Bartholomew and Mr. Buswell, Morden Court had been let or had stood empty, waiting for a tenant, while its owner, whose means were not

n large enough to permit of his setting his household gods there, had either n at sea or dwelling with his family at the temporary marine residence where necessities of life were cheap. But when the fortunes of Kingscliff began to ; the fortunes of the gallant admiral owed suit. He sold a good slice of his perty (being deterred by no such fanciscruples as hampered his neighbor at kton), realized a handsome profit there-returned to the home of his ancestors n the strength of it, and when he ated divine service on the first Sunday r his arrival, followed up the reading the general thanksgiving with such a nendous amen that he made the whole gregation jump like one man.

he heartiness of the admiral's renses was a little disturbing at first to vious people, and indeed his voice was ll times calculated to recall memories stormy weather at sea ; but Kingscliff n became accustomed to him, and noy could help liking him. Even Sir an Segrave, who regarded him as a egade to his order, and told him so, ld not hold out against his indomitable d humor. His hospitality was bound- and perfectly indiscriminate ; and a unate thing it was for him that his e was as good-natured as himself, for sometimes brought some queer-looking ple home to dinner.

forden Court, as has been said, was a dfortable, roomy house, though not a ad one. Built by Admiral Greenwood's ier to replace a former structure which e been burnt down, it had the charac- stics of an inartistic period and, with ow-windows and coat of white paint, o great addition to the beauty of the scape ; at the same time, it could not called ugly, and doubtless many people ld have preferred it as a residence to kton. Its garden, too, in which Mrs. enwood took some pride, was well laid and could display as fine a show of s in the summer-time as any in the hborhood. When the season of roses over, there was no lack of dahlias, a-asters, belladonna lilies, and other ers to take their place, and these, as year declined, were succeeded by ysanthemums of all shapes, sizes, and s.

n that same fine autumn afternoon ch was treated of in the last chapter, s. Greenwood, armed with a large pair gardening-scissors, was pottering about ng the beds, snipping off the very t blooms, with an occasional sigh and

murmur, and handing them to her daugh- ter, who held out a capacious basket to receive them.

"You know, Kitty," she was saying, "I do think it is a sad waste. If at least you were going to put them into vases it would be some consolation ; but to twist the poor things into wreaths or crosses, or whatever it is that you make of them, knowing that they must die in a few hours, is very much like wanton destruction, to my mind. And I can't see why St. Michael should want this perpetual dressing up, when our own church goes bare from Easter to Christmas, and is none the worse."

"But if we had picked double the num- ber they would never have been missed from these crowded beds," Miss Kitty declared ; "and surely it is better that the flowers should die at St. Michael's than wither away on their stems without having been noticed by anybody."

Mrs. Greenwood straightened up her back and laughed. She was a little round- about woman, who had evidently been pretty some thirty years back, and whose abundant grey hair and rosy complexion still conferred upon her such a measure of good looks as old age can pretend to.

"Do you think they make a more edi- fying end in the bosom of the Church, and are they sprinkled with holy water before they die?" she asked. "There, my dear, you know I didn't mean to hurt your feel- ings, and I am sure Mr. Monckton is a most excellent man ; though personally I don't admire a cassock, because I am old-fashioned."

"Now, mamma, you can't really mean that you like to see a pair of black legs below a surplice !"

"I do indeed, though ; I think petti- coats should be reserved for women. A man ought to display his legs — especially if he has well-shaped ones, like Gilbert Segrave, whom I see coming out of the house."

Miss Greenwood looked up, and the delicate rose-pink of her cheeks deepened ever so slightly. There were people who said that Kitty Greenwood was like a wax doll ; but these were ill-natured people, who perhaps would not have been sorry if the same description could have been given of themselves with truth. Certainly she was a very small person, and her hair was of that glossy texture and pale golden color which we are accustomed to see displayed in the windows of the toy-shops, and her mouth was shaped like a Cupid's bow, and her blue eyes were round and

wide open; but any unprejudiced critic must allow that these things form a decidedly pretty combination; and if Miss Kitty neither looked nor was profoundly wise, that did not prevent her from possessing a warm heart and a very fair share of accomplishments.

The young man who was advancing across the lawn was both like and unlike Brian Segrave. The resemblance struck you at the first glance, while the dissimilarity became more and more patent upon closer inspection. He was cast in a smaller and more refined mould than his brother; his features were more delicately cut, and although he was the younger by more than a year, he had far less of the appearance of youth about him. Perhaps the short, reddish-brown beard and moustache which he wore had something to do with this. His hair was of the same tinge, as were also his eyes. To many people there is something a little repellent in red-brown eyes: but that there was anything repellent, either inwardly or outwardly, about Gilbert Segrave would have been an unsafe criticism to utter in Kingscliff, where he was greatly liked and admired by all classes of the community. For the rest, he was a very carefully turned-out young man, his grey velveteen costume fitting him to perfection, and the legs to which Mrs. Greenwood had made allusion being clad in unwrinkled box-cloth gaiters, terminated by a pair of shooting-boots, which, though serviceable, were small, well made, and did not turn up at the toes, as the shooting-boots of some folks are apt to do. He carried his gun under his arm, and on his head he wore a highly becoming steeple-crowned hat of soft grey felt, which he lifted as he approached the ladies.

"I have come to beg for a cup of tea and a little consolation," he said, after he had shaken hands with them. "I have been shooting with my big brother, who for once in a way has been shooting well, whereas I couldn't touch a feather. My nerves must be upset by the unwonted dissipation of a Kingscliff ball. I hope you are not the worse for it."

"Oh, dear no; all the better," Mrs. Greenwood replied briskly. "We must try to get up a little more dancing; it brings the young people together. And now tell me what you thought of the beauty."

"The beauty?" echoed Gilbert vaguely; and he sent a swift, sidelong glance at Kitty, which may have been intended to signify that he had had eyes only for the

beauty of one person on the occasion referred to.

"Now, don't pretend not to know what I mean," cried Mrs. Greenwood. "Of course, we have nobody here who can be compared in point of looks with Miss Huntley." (But in her heart of hearts she thought that her own daughter had no cause to dread the comparison.)

"Oh, Miss Huntley!" said Gilbert. "Yes, she is handsome, certainly. On rather too large a scale, don't you think? I didn't notice her particularly."

"I saw you dancing with her, at all events," remarked Mrs. Greenwood.

"Yes, once — just after I had been introduced to her. Is she considered to be a beauty?"

"You know she is; and she is said to have an immense fortune, and she thinks of spending several months here. So you see there is a fine opening for you."

Gilbert shook his head. "Great beauties and great heiresses won't look at younger sons," he said; "and I have always given you credit for being above mercenary considerations."

"Indeed I am!" cried Mrs. Greenwood, who was accustomed to place a strictly literal interpretation upon all that was said to her. "Wealth is a convenience; but nobody knows better than I do that it isn't at all an essential. For years after I married I was very poor and perfectly happy — except, of course, when it blew a gale and Tom was afloat in command of a leaky gunboat — and I would a thousand times rather see any child of mine happy than rich."

She really meant what she said, the excellent woman; and the suddenness with which she discovered that she must go in-doors and make the tea was, perhaps, some proof of her sincerity. If Gilbert Segrave ever became a rich man, it certainly could not be for many years come; and Gilbert Segrave, as this fact his mother had not failed to notice, had been very attentive to Kitty of late.

She left the young people to wander about the garden together and went into the house, where she was presently joined by her husband. The admiral, a heavy broad-shouldered, weather-beaten old gentleman, with short, grey whiskers and a true sailor's mouth, expressive alike of good-humor and determination, strolled the window, with his hands in his pockets, and ejaculated, "Hah!"

"What do you mean by 'Hah!' Tom?" inquired Mrs. Greenwood, filling the teapot.

"What do I mean by 'Hah!' Mary? Why, I mean that that young spark who's walking up and down with your only laughter hasn't a sixpence; and I mean that he has been walking and talking and lancing a deuced deal too much with her these last few weeks. That's what I mean."

"Well, you needn't swear about it, Tom," said Mrs. Greenwood.

"Mary, you know very well that I never wear, except under the strongest provocation, and when I am speaking to people who wouldn't understand me unless I did it. Are you prepared to see Kitty either married to a pauper or bound down to a long engagement? Answer me that, you foolish woman."

"You are always so ready to jump to conclusions, Tom; very likely neither of them is dreaming of an engagement. And he is such a dear good fellow, he is sure to get on."

"How do I know that he will get on? Or that he is a dear good fellow either, or the matter of that? I like Brian better myself."

"I can't imagine why. Besides, Brian has never taken the least notice of Kitty."

"That's against him, I admit. But seriously, Mary, I think Kitty might do better. Some day or other she will be comfortably off, no doubt; but you and I are tolerably healthy people, and the chances are that her husband, whoever he may be, will have to support her until they are both getting on in life."

Then Mrs. Greenwood brought forward an argument the statement about her own experience which she had made, a short time before, to another audience; hereat the admiral scratched his head, and grumbled under his breath. He was well aware that if he were to be opposed to his wife and daughter upon any given point, victory would assuredly declare itself for the allies; not because their wills were stronger than his, but because he could not bear to disappoint either of them, so he only said,—

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of Kitty. It strikes me that she is well enough as she is."

Mrs. Greenwood set down the teapot in order to throw up her hands. "I in a hurry! Haven't I been telling you all this time that I should be very much disappointed in Gilbert Segrave if he ventured to propose to Kitty before he had some professional income to offer her?"

"I didn't hear you," observed the admiral, "but I applaud your sentiments."

"And I'm sure you can't really think," Mrs. Greenwood went on, "that I want to get rid of dear Kitty. Of course I should like to see her happily married. The more so because I don't know that I agree with you in thinking her well enough as she is. I can't help feeling uneasy about all this Sunday-school teaching, and district visiting, and attending of services at St. Michael's."

"She'll get no harm there," said the admiral confidently. "Young people must have enthusiasms of one kind or another, and I don't call that a bad kind of enthusiasm. Monckton is a first-rate fellow, too."

"Maybe he is; but I believe you only admire him so much because he knows how to sail a boat."

"Not a bit of it! Any fool can learn to sail a boat, but there are precious few men who can preach like Monckton, let me tell you; and fewer still who practise what they preach, as he does. Look at the work he has done! Why, there are some slums on Segrave's property at the east end of the town, where they tell me that the doctor didn't dare to go, a few years ago, without a couple of policemen, and now Kitty can walk through them from end to end, and never hear an uncivil word. If a parson can bring about changes of that sort, hang me if I care what uniform he wears!—and he shall have as many flowers out of my garden as he likes."

"Oh, I suppose so! In fact, I have just been gathering a whole basketful for him. The end of this will be, Tom, that you will go over to Rome."

"No, I won't go over to Rome; I won't even go to St. Michael's. I shall sit in our own parish church every Sunday morning as long as I live, and I'd put in an appearance in the afternoon, too, only I can't keep awake; and now that they've done away with the square pews, I'm afraid of setting a bad example to the congregation. Here comes young Segrave with Kitty. Confound the fellow! I wonder what he's saying to her. How are you, Gilbert? Had any sport to-day?"

"How do you do, admiral?" said Gilbert, stepping in through the open window. "No, I couldn't manage to hit them, somehow. I was telling Miss Greenwood that dancing and late hours have put my eye all wrong; and now she wants me to repeat the dose."

"Papa, dear," said Kitty, putting her hands on the admiral's shoulders and rais-

ing her pretty face to his, "don't you think we ought to give a dance?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" groaned the admiral. "And have the house turned topsy-turvy for a week! I thought that kind of thing never began until after Christmas."

"But Christmas is such a long, long way off; and Mr. Segrave says he will have to go to London as soon as the Michaelmas term begins."

"Can't we give a dance without Mr. Segrave?"

"Not very well, because I do so want to have a cotillon, and nobody can lead it as he does. We have been talking it all over, and he knows ever so many new figures."

"Well, well," said the admiral, who, perhaps, was relieved to hear that the young people had been talking over nothing more serious than a cotillon, "you can have your dance if your mother doesn't object; only, mind, my den isn't to be interfered with."

So the old gentleman, having received a kiss and a promise that he should be put to no more discomfort than was inevitable, proceeded in the plenitude of his good-nature to say, —

"You might as well stop and dine with us, Gilbert, my boy. Never mind about dressing; and we'll send you home in the dog-cart."

From all of which it will be perceived that Admiral Greenwood, though a man of considerable resolution and common sense, was by no means master in his own house.

From Time.

CONVICTS IN PARLIAMENT.

It is not often that electioneering episodes in a foreign country are of sufficient interest to deserve or attract the attention of English readers; but one of the contests in the last general election in Italy was fought on so unusual an issue, and led to so remarkable a result, that it seems worth while to rescue it from the limbo of the local press to which such incidents are ordinarily consigned.

During the past three or four years there has been spreading through Italy a spirit of restless discontent against the repressive and, as its enemies say, reactionary *régime* of Signor Depretis' government. In the provinces of Emilia and Romagna, and in some parts of Lombardy,

where the present agricultural crisis has brought cruel distress to farmers and laborers, their suffering has found expression in such ways as to cause considerable anxiety, not to say apprehension, not only to the local authorities, but even to the central government. Agricultural wages in these districts have for many years been miserably small, often falling as low as sevenpence or eightpence a day for an able-bodied man. When, on the top of this, the general drop in prices compelled farmers to retrench, a large number of laborers found it impossible to get work on any terms, and, being easily persuaded, for hunger is a masterful logician, that the hard times were a direct and natural consequence of the sins and blunders of the government, lent a ready ear to agitators of every sort. Owing to a variety of causes, these provinces have, far more than any others, suffered from the drop in prices, and in them only, with the exception of a few large towns, have the apostles of the Socialist gospel been able to enrol disciples. Here, too, and here only, have agricultural strikes become frequent. These, accompanied sometimes by violence, and put down by the intervention of the military, have been followed by wholesale arrests and monster trials. Among the most noteworthy of these trials was that which occupied the law courts of Venice for six weeks last spring, and terminated at the end of March in the acquittal of all the defendants, thirty-two Mantuan peasants, charged with conspiring against public order and inciting others to strike. Many of the accused had been in prison a year, almost to the day, at the time of their discharge, and the examination of four hundred and forty-five witnesses, besides the reading of a whole mountain of depositions, had been found necessary to arrive at that result.

The discontent of which such disorders are a symptom, not removed, though perhaps driven in by repressive treatment, has in several recent elections found expression in so-called "protest candidatures." This line of tactics, not altogether unknown in Ireland, consists in nominating, and, if possible, returning a candidate for no other reason than that he has incurred the ill-will of the government; in spite of, or perhaps rather because of, his being for some reason or other disqualified for election.

The election which first brought this mode of political warfare into fashion was that of Professor Sbarbero, a man of some little literary reputation, and, as his ene-

nies afterwards found to their cost, master of an incisive style ranging from covert irony to the fiercest invective.

His name first came prominently before the public in connection with a somewhat scandalous incident. He had some time previously been deprived of his chair by Signor Baccelli, at that time minister of public instruction, on the ground that he took advantage of his position to teach republican doctrines to his pupils. Thereupon he came to Rome to appeal against what he thought a tyrannical, if not illegal, abuse of power. Meeting the minister in the street, the impetuous and hot-tempered professor, *more Italico*, gave vent to his feelings in a very unacademical manner by spitting at, or, according to his own account, towards his oppressor. Then followed a series of apologies, retractions, charges, and counter-charges and trials, out of which none of the actors were thought to come with credit.

It was soon after this that Professor Sbarbero, still intent on obtaining satisfaction for his real or fancied wrongs, made himself notorious as editor and sole contributor to the *Forche Caudine*, a paper written with something of the wit and more than all the acerbity of the "letters of Junius," and which rapidly acquired an enormous circulation. This publication, which earned its popularity by venomous attacks on the leading men of the country, including the most prominent members of the government, and by putting in circulation scandalous stories about themselves and their families, was before long suppressed. The editor was indicted for libel, and blackmail, and a warrant issued for his arrest.

After a long and exciting chase, in the course of which the professor developed a variety of resource that would have done credit to any hero in Ainsworth's romances, he was finally run to earth, and captured at his lodging in a back street of the Trasterere district disguised as a Roman. He was then put on his trial, released on bail, escaped to Switzerland, and while there was condemned to seven years' imprisonment for press offences. While refugee in that country, he was run as a "protest" candidate in a by-election, and placed at the head of the poll by the citizens of Parma. The professor was thus able, while his case was being reconsidered by the court of appeal, to return to Italy under the *ægis* of deputy, and to arrass in the Chamber the ministers whom he had slandered and blackmailed as journalist.

The constituents who cast their votes for Sbarbero showed themselves wanting in a due sense of their responsibilities and duties as electors, but their candidate was, at all events, a man of education and ability, and however unscrupulous and reckless was his own subsequent conduct, it was thought, and not without some reason, that he had in the first place been hardly used. His dismissal was certainly a harsh measure, a blunder if not a crime, and if he had taken justice into his own hands he had received much provocation.

But Professor Sbarbero's political career has since been quite thrown into the shade by another election, the incidents and actors in which are worth studying for the lurid light they cast on the temper of electors and the administration of justice in Italy, no less than on the type of man who comes to the front as leader of the cosmopolitan Socialistic movement on the Continent.

To appreciate the circumstances of the strange story, it is necessary to go back a few years and cast a glance over the early career of the man whom several thousand Italians honored with their votes. Hamilcas Cipriani was born in the year 1838 in the little fishing village of Porto d' Anzio, the "lovely Antium" of Horace. He soon discovered that the air of the pontifical states was uncongenial, and, migrating to north Italy, was enrolled in the Piedmontese army, in which, by 1859, he had earned the rank of corporal. In 1860 he deserted to join the reinforcements led by Bixio to Sicily in support of Garibaldi's "thousand." Under Garibaldi Cipriani served through the Sicilian and Neapolitan campaigns, and then returned to his regiment, where no notice was taken of an offence at which, under the circumstances, every one was disposed to wink.

In 1862, being then sergeant, he again deserted to join Garibaldi in his ill-starred expedition on Rome, and took part in the disastrous skirmish at Aspromonte, where Garibaldi was wounded and taken prisoner. Cipriani managed to escape from capture by the king's troops, but having no hope that this second offence would be overlooked, lay in hiding till he was able to make his way to Greece. There he took part in the revolution that led to the flight of King Otto, but being banished by the new government he drifted to Egypt.

In Alexandria he obtained a situation with Messrs. Dervieux and Co., and it might have been thought that his restless

spirit would at last follow the peaceful paths of civil life. But even there he managed to keep in touch with politicians of the more turbulent order, and was one of the founders of the Alexandrian branch of the Italian Democratic Society, and of a yet more aggressive Mazzinian society, — the "Sacred Phalanx."

In 1866 the war with Austria broke out, and Cipriani returned to Italy, and served through the campaign as a private in the volunteers. At the close of the war he returned to Alexandria, and there, in September, 1867, after a drinking-bout with some friends, he got into an altercation with one of them, Fortunato Santini, struck him down with a blow of his dagger, and then stabbed two Egyptian police who tried to arrest him. Such, at least, was the official account of the affair. Cipriani's own version was that Santini was the aggressor, that he had killed him in self-defence, and then, while trying to escape, had struck at the policemen under the impression that they were others of the party pursuing him to avenge the death of their companion. However that may be, all three men died of their wounds, and Cipriani, knowing that a warrant was out for his arrest, made good his escape to Crete. He landed in that island just in the nick of time to take part in the insurrection of 1867-68, and while there he struck up, with the Frenchman Gustave Flourens, a friendship that later had important consequences for him. When things had quieted down in Crete Cipriani took himself off to London, and thence, early in 1870, he accompanied Mazzini to Italy, to share in the abortive rising of March, which led to the arrest of Mazzini and many of his followers. Our hero managed, however, again to slip through the fingers of the police, and escaped to France just in time to get mixed up in the Blois plot to assassinate the emperor. He was arrested by the French police, but, his usual luck befriending him, was released for want of evidence, and was merely sent, under police escort, over the Swiss frontier. But fighting of every kind had an irresistible attraction for this stormy petrel of politics. As soon as the republic was proclaimed he hastened to Paris, joined his friend Flourens, and was soon by his side busy at his favorite pastimes of revolution and conspiracy. He was arrested, liberated, took part in the riot of the 31st of October, and the capture of General Trochu and Jules Favre, was within a few days again arrested and again released, enlisted in the republican

army, and fought his way up at the age of thirty-two to the rank of colonel of the 19th Regiment of the line. Now at last an honorable career seemed to lie open before him, but his revolutionary instincts were not to be denied. The Paris Commune was proclaimed in March; the civil war broke out. Cipriani was then at Lyons. His old associate Flourens summoned him to Paris, and offered him a commission as colonel on the staff. On the 3rd of April he was engaged in a sharp skirmish with a squadron of Loyalist cavalry; was dismounted, disarmed, and taken prisoner to Versailles. Cipriani's adventurous career promised at last to be cut short. He was tried by court-martial and condemned with four other prisoners to be shot. The five men mount the fatal tumbril, are driven to Sartori, and are called out in turn to stand before the firing party. Four have already been shot, and Cipriani's turn has come, when an express from the republican government rides up waving a white handkerchief. He is the bearer of an order to stay all further executions of the men sentenced to death on the 3rd and 4th of April. Cipriani, thus snatched out of the very jaws of death, is driven back to prison on the execution cart.

After this adventure he lay in prison for nine months, and was then shipped off to New Caledonia, where he remained till the 1880 amnesty set him free to return to France; but he had hardly set foot in Paris when he took part in a scuffle with the police who were dispersing one of Louise Michel's meetings, was arrested, imprisoned for a month, and then expelled from the territory of his adopted country.

Switzerland had by this time become the favorite trysting-ground of Nihilists and Socialists, and in Switzerland Cipriani settled down for a time to watch events and await the next opportunity for getting into mischief. Nor had he to wait long. At the close of 1880 the more turbulent Italian Socialists and republicans published their intention of holding a monster meeting in Rome, and summoned delegates from all parts of Italy. Though the government eventually proclaimed the meeting, there seemed to be a fair chance of a few heads being broken on the Capitol, and Cipriani determined to be present. On his way he stopped at Rimini, and there he was recognized, and arrested on the old charge of desertion that had been hanging over him for twenty years, and as a conspirator against the internal peace of the kingdom. It did not seem likely that

either of the charges would be pressed against him with harsh insistence, but Cipriani's old good fortune had now deserted him. Justice, though with halting foot, had been on his track, and his old crime of Egyptian days found him out at last by a chance almost as strange as that which had led to his escape on the plain of Sartori.

It was early in 1881. In Ancona Cipriani's trial was dragging out its slow length. At the Italian club in Alexandria a party of members, among whom was Signor Macchiavelli, the Italian consul, were lounging in the smoking-room, when one of them, who was reading a newspaper, exclaimed, —

"Well, here's a pretty go! They've arrested Hamilcas Cipriani at Rimini."

"What!" said another; "not the man who was clerk at Dervieux? He's never had the face to go back to Italy after all he's done!"

"Why, what was it he did?" asked a new-comer.

"Did you ask? Why, merely killed three men like so many flies," answered the first speaker; and then he went on to tell the story of the murder.

The consul listened sceptically. "That's impossible," was his comment. "He would have been condemned, or at any rate brought to trial, and there would be traces of the crime in the consulate." The consul was fresh to Egypt and Egyptian ways.

"Oh! that's all you know about it," rejoined the other. "Dead men here lie quiet in their coffin, and no one rakes up unpleasant stories against the survivor."

Unfortunately for Cipriani the consul was a new broom, and winced under the slur cast on his office. Going home, he searched high and low in the records, but found nothing. However, he determined that something must be done, and the next day telegraphed to his superior in Rome. "I hear that a certain Hamilcas Cipriani has been arrested at Rimini. Here the report runs that he is the man who some years ago committed a triple murder in Alexandria." In reply came an official snub for his overzeal, and an expression of surprise that he should have thought it worth while to telegraph home mere bazaar scandal.

Signor Macchiavelli, now more piqued than ever, ransacked every pigeon-hole of the office to find some papers that would justify him, and at last discovered a dust-covered envelope with a double endorsement: "*Trial of Cipriani for the murder*

of Santini;" and, at a later date: "*The trial was broken off because Cipriani died in France.*" Here was, at all events, sufficient evidence to excuse his interference. On examining the papers, however, it turned out that there had not really been any trial. The documents were merely copies of the depositions made by the witnesses of the scuffle that had led to Santini's death. Such as they were the consul sent them off to Rome, and on the evidence thus provided a prosecution for murder was successfully carried through, and a verdict of guilty brought in. But in stay of proceedings Cipriani's counsel raised a point of law. In Italy, under the present criminal code, there is prescription for all offences varying in time according to the gravity of the crime. For capital offences the prescription is ten years. For instance, a man has committed murder. If he can for ten years escape being brought to trial he has secured immunity, and however clear and cogent evidence may subsequently be forthcoming against him, however notorious his guilt, he cannot be punished, cannot even be indicted. More than this; though he had been tried, found guilty, and had sentence recorded against him, if he can escape and keep in hiding for twenty years, the offence is condoned by lapse of time, and though the justice of the sentence be indisputable he has secured an amnesty.

Now it was urged on behalf of Cipriani, that as more than ten years had elapsed since the murder, if murder it was, and he had never been brought to trial, sentence could not now be passed against him. The crown lawyers, however, made a twofold answer: 1. That the inquiry instituted in Egypt was tantamount to a trial, and that, therefore, the lapse of twenty years was required to complete prescription; 2. That the recently published criminal code had not a retrospective action; that the murder had been committed under the old code, under which prescription was established only after the lapse of twenty and thirty years according to the circumstances. The court accepted this view, and Cipriani was condemned to twenty years penal servitude.

If the subject were not so serious there would be something exquisitely funny in this anxiety on the part of legislators to give criminals the fullest latitude of fair play, but this indulgence in sentimental humanitarianism is out of place in Italy, where the yearly average of murders reaches the terrible proportion of one for

every twelve thousand of the population, and it is time that effectual sympathy should be diverted from the criminals to their victims. It is simply astounding to hear lawyers and men of sense, with the full knowledge that the percentage of murders to population in Italy stands manyfold higher than in any other civilized country, argue that if a man has been living in voluntary exile for ten or twenty years he may be held to have expiated his crime, and that though the punishment of that crime would, theoretically, have been death. By committing the further offence of breaking prison the convict is able to pass himself through a sort of criminal insolvency court, and returns to his country after an interval legally whitewashed.

It is curious to contrast this indulgent procedure and the insuperable reluctance to inflict capital punishment, which has practically abolished executions, and the indulgence shown to convicts, even to those convicted of the worst offences, with the harsh treatment of prisoners awaiting their trial. Hundreds, if not thousands, of these lie one, two, or even three years in prison, under rules of discipline differing but little from those of convicted criminals. The subject is full of interest as a problem in national psychology; but, involving, as it does, the whole sphere of criminal procedure in Italy, is too large to be dealt with at the fag end of an article.

To return to Cipriani. After his condemnation and removal to the prison of Portolongone, came what is perhaps the most curious part of all this curious story.

Cipriani had been tried and found guilty of murder. No attempt had been made to disprove the charge, and the jury obviously thought his case a bad one, as they had not found, as is usual in murder trials in Italy, when there is any loophole for doing so, that the prisoner had acted under irresistible provocation. It was only by a legal quibble that his lawyers had tried to get him off from the punishment which he so richly deserved. Yet no sooner was he convicted than this vulgar murderer began to be, in a small way, a popular hero. His health was drunk at public meetings, resolutions denouncing his condemnation were passed, and petitions were largely signed for his release. Soon his friends got bolder. His name was used as a rallying-point for the more extreme wing of the Radical opposition, and attempts were even made to secure his return to the Chamber of Deputies, though without success till the general elections of last May. Then, taking ad-

vantage of the coquetting that went on between the leaders of the constitutional opposition and the Socialistic republican element, of the reaction against the Depretis administration, and of the angry, sullen discontent produced by the hard times, his supporters managed to secure his election by considerable majorities in the two important constituencies of Forlì and Ravenna. As a matter of course, the election was annulled as soon as the House met, but, none the less, the episode was one that gave serious cause for thought to those who see that in Italy, as elsewhere, Parliamentary government is on its trial.

E. STRACHAN MORGAN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SUNDERLAND AND SACHARISSA.

THERE is always a pathetic attraction in the lives of men who have been forced by the stress of circumstances into situations foreign to their nature. The scholar torn from his favorite studies to plunge into the whirl of court intrigues, the painter compelled to lay down the brush and draw the sword in his country's defence, the philosophic prince leaving his meditations to wage war upon barbarian hordes — these all appeal to our sympathy and awaken our interest in a peculiar manner. And when these victims to honor and duty bear themselves well at the inaccustomed post, when we see them reveal sparks of heroic temper and fight bravely or die nobly, the pathos deepens, and the light of immortality rests upon their brows.

Such in an eminent degree was the philosopher who sleeps in an unknown grave under the limes of Great Tew: such, again, was another victim of the civil wars, who fell on the same fatal field as Falkland, — Henry Spencer, Lord Sunderland. Dying at the early age of three-and-twenty, this ancestor of our two great houses of Spencers and Churchills deserves to be remembered among those whose worth is not to be measured by the number of their years. He lived long enough to make himself known and valued by a large circle of friends, and his death was lamented by men of all parties. Even Clarendon, in his grief for the friend who was dear to him as his own soul, pauses to record the loss sustained by the king's cause in the death of this young man "of tender years and an early judg-

ment." In many ways Sunderland's career bears a close resemblance to that of the elder and more illustrious nobleman who fell at Newbury. Like Falkland, the young lord at first took the popular side; but when the breach widened and war became imminent, a chivalrous sense of honor made him devote his life to the king's service. Like Falkland, he was one of the few who labored in vain for peace, and tried with all their might to effect a reconciliation between the court and the Parliament. Like him, he grew weary of life in the hopeless task; and like him, too, an early death soon set him free from the turmoil and the strife that vexed his generous soul.

Fortunately the preservation of certain letters which he wrote to his wife during the first year of the war admit us to a closer acquaintance with this admirable young man; and although few in number, and written in a cipher not always legible, they are sufficient to inspire us with the deepest interest in the writer and in her to whom they were addressed. For that wife was Dorothy Sidney, the eldest daughter of Robert, Earl of Leicester, whose beauty and virtues Waller celebrated, and whose fair features Vandyke's art has made familiar to us. At Petworth, at Althorp, at Penshurst, we see her painted at different periods of her life, and always, in Horace Walpole's words, "charmingly handsome."

The family of Spencer, to which Sunderland belonged, were wealthy sheep-owners, who from the time of Henry the Eighth owned immense flocks and vast estates, both in Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. In 1603 Sunderland's grandfather, Sir Robert Spencer, gave Queen Anne of Denmark and her son Prince Charles a splendid reception at his house at Althorp, on which occasion a masque of fairies, written by Ben Jonson, was performed in the park. A few months later Sir Robert was raised to the peerage as Baron Spencer, and on his death, in 1627, was succeeded by his son William, who some years before had married Penelope Wriothesley, the daughter of Henry, Lord Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare and friend of Essex. This second Lord Spencer died in 1636, leaving his widow and thirteen children inconsolable for the loss of the best of husbands and fathers. These were the words inscribed by Penelope on the splendid monument which, at her bidding, Nicholas Stone raised to her lord's memory in Brington church.

Henry, Lord Spencer, the eldest son of this noble pair, inherited the cultured tastes of his mother's family, together with the regular features which we notice in her sepulchral effigy, and in the fine full-length portrait of her still to be seen in that gallery at Althorp which Horace Walpole called "a collection of all one's acquaintance by Vandyke and Lely."

Born in 1620, he was educated under his parents' eyes by a careful tutor, and afterwards at Magdalen College, where he received his degree of master of arts at the same time as Prince Rupert, on the visit of Charles the First to Oxford. After his father's death, in the same year, he spent most of his time at Althorp, where he devoted himself to the task of improving his estates and studying the welfare of his tenants, under the guidance of his uncle and guardian, Thomas, Lord Southampton, one of the truest and most faithful of all Charles's servants. Wise and thoughtful beyond his years, he kept aloof from the licentious habits which were held to be indispensable companions of wit and good-fellowship in the gilded youth of his day, and both his own conduct and that of his household were ordered on the strictest pattern.

Such was the young Lord Spencer who, before he had yet completed his nineteenth year, became the accepted suitor of the Lady Dorothy Sidney, who had as yet found no one to her taste among all the many admirers whom her charms had attracted.

Her father Robert, second Earl of Leicester, one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his day, and, as Clarendon owns, a man of the highest honor and fidelity, if he was not always held in great esteem at court, had been sent as ambassador to France in 1636, to negotiate a treaty for the recovery of the Palatinate. During his absence his wife, Dorothy Percy, "in whose vigilancy and discerning spirit," wrote Sir John Temple, "your lordship is so incomparably happy," lived at Penshurst with her large family, administering her husband's estate, and keeping a watchful eye over his interests and those of her children. Through her brother, Lord Northumberland, and her intriguing sister Lucy, Lady Carlisle, with whom, however, she had little in common, and of whom she certainly had not at all a good opinion, Lady Leicester was informed of all that was passing at court, and kept her husband well supplied with news. Nothing can be more natural than the letters in which she retails every scrap of political

gossip that she can glean, and mingles it with family affairs and expressions of anxiety for the success of his labors, and regret at his prolonged absence. Sometimes she cannot repress a sigh at her solitude and straitened means, when she hears of her friends' gay doings at Whitehall. "But I will content myself as best I can," she quickly adds, "with this lonely life, without envying their greatness, their plenty, or their jollity." Only in her lord's absence, even fair Penshurst, "and a sweeter place was never seen," cannot please her. "Neither can any other place give me a perfect contentment in your absence, so dearlie is your companie beloved by your D. LEYCESTER."

Many are the allusions to their children, to the seven girls and Robin who were at home, and to Philip and Algernon, the two elder sons, who had gone to Paris with their father. Naturally, Dorothy, the eldest of the thirteen, was above all the object of her parents' affectionate solicitude, and from the day that her grandfather, the old lord, speaks of her as a two-year-old child at the time of her brother Algernon's birth in 1621, "Doll" is constantly mentioned in the family correspondence. We find her growing up good and beautiful, but timid and retiring in disposition, taking pleasure in the companionship of a few girl friends, and inheriting all the studious tastes of her father and of his uncle and aunt, the author of the "Arcadia," and the Countess of Pembroke. "Learned and fair and good as she," young Lady Dorothy found admirers at an early age, and had, like Sidney's sister, a poet to celebrate her charms in song. For while she was yet a child, her grace and loveliness captivated Edmund Waller, then a young and wealthy widower, in high favor at court, and the intimate friend of the scholars and fashionable ladies of the day. He was in an especial manner the poet of the Sidneys, and had already more than once addressed Lady Carlisle in strains of poetic flattery. But Dorothy, if we are to believe his verse, was the object of a more real and enduring devotion, and countless are the poems in which he sang of her beauty and of the cruel scorn with which she rejected his addresses:—

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa loved, but loved in vain;
Like Phœbus sang the no less amorous boy,
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.

It is to these poems inspired by Sacharissa that Waller owes whatever share of immortality he has obtained. For her sake

the shades of Penshurst became musical with song; the oak which bears Sir Philip Sidney's name, the lofty beeches of the avenue where she took her daily walk, were all invoked in turn as witnesses of his love and of his despair. He addressed an epistle to her father imploring his return that he might decide on the choice of his bright nymph; and tried to approach her, now through verses inscribed to her friends, now to her maid, Mrs. Braughton. But of all his poems to Sacharissa, none are so beautiful and none so exactly describe Dorothy's charming and modest nature as the exquisite song to the rose.

Go lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth;
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

How far this passion was of a merely poetic order is hard to tell. It is not likely that Waller suffered deeply from Lady Dorothy's rejection of his suit, although he does not seem to have thought of another marriage until she had become the wife of Lord Sunderland. Lady Leicester, it is said by Aubrey, would have been well content to give him another of her daughters, but had more ambitious designs for Dorothy, whose own dislike to Waller seems to have been invincible. Perhaps she had clear enough eyes to read the poet's true character; and no one who knows how unworthy was his subsequent career will blame her that she did not, as Johnson says, "think every excellence comprised in wit."

In the mean while Waller's verses and the occasional visits of Lady Leicester's illustrious relatives to Penshurst had spread abroad the fame of Dorothy's charms; and when she was seventeen we find one of her uncles, Henry Percy, begging his sister to tell my lady Dorothy,

"with his humble service, that she must go into France, so what her beauty and her father's wisdom will do, the Lord knows." Already the gossips of the court had been finding a husband for the young lady, and towards the close of 1636, Lord Russell, the heir of the house of Bedford, was talked of as a suitable match for her. But this notion had to be abandoned, since the young lord soon fell in love with Ann Carr, the daughter of the notorious Countess of Essex. Perhaps it is to this rumor that Lady Leicester alludes when she writes that Christmas to her husband: "It would joy me much to receive some hope of that lord's addresses to Doll which you write of to me; for next to what concerns you, I confess she is considered by me above anything of this world." Or the young man in question may have been Lord Devonshire, lately returned from his travels and now suggested as a match for Lady Dorothy by one of Lady Carlisle's confidants, the Earl of Holland. This very eligible suitor was likely to be the more acceptable since his only sister, Ann Cavendish, the wife of Holland's nephew, Lord Rich, was Dorothy's most intimate friend, as we learn from the verses addressed to Sacharissa by Waller on the sudden death of her lovely and beloved companion. Unfortunately, although both Lord Devonshire's mother and sister were full of affection for Dorothy, the young man himself was apparently less eager, and a few years later married Elizabeth Cecil, Lord Salisbury's daughter, whose portrait by Vandyke, along with those of Lady Rich, Lady Ann Carr, and Dorothy herself, hang side by side in the beauties' room at Petworth. Lady Leicester, who was anxious for the marriage, felt her disappointment keenly and complained bitterly of Lord Holland's duplicity, concluding that either "his lady's sister, Lady Carlisle commands him to hinder Doll, or else he is so weak and so unfaithful as his friendship is not worthy the least rush."

A fortnight later we find a new lover coming forward. This was Lord Lovelace, whom with this intention Lord Danby presented to Lord Northumberland at St. George's feast at Windsor, in April, 1637, and who was introduced to Dorothy and her mother at Leicester House, where they came to pay their respects at court in the May of that year. The new suitor had considerable advantages to recommend him; he had a pretty person, was very wealthy, and just out of his mother's wardship, and the marriage was strongly

approved of by all the Percies. But there were serious drawbacks in the eyes of Lady Leicester, who, with all her impatience to see her daughter settled, was a good and affectionate mother. He had kept, she heard, "extreme ill companie, and was given to drinking," a foul fault, which would have prevented her thinking of him at all had she not hoped that good example and advice would cure him of this bad habit. For a while, accordingly, the young man was admitted to Lady Dorothy's society, and the marriage was confidently expected. But soon it became evident that Dorothy herself was altogether averse to the idea. "From the first," her uncle, Henry Percy, complained to Lord Leicester, "she abhorred him;" either because her mind had been poisoned beforehand, or else her natural goodness made her shrink from him as she had shrunk before from Waller. Her mother before long came to the conclusion that the young lord was so uncertain and idle, so fond of low company, and so easily drawn to debauchery, that she "dared not venture to give Doll to him." It was in vain that Henry Percy himself went down to Penshurst that summer in hopes of renewing the marriage; both his sister and niece, he declared to Lord Leicester, were utterly unreasonable, and there was no means of pleasing them, since, "if the ill be taken upon trust, and the good be strictly examined, she or her friends will with difficulty be satisfied with anybody."

Poor Lady Leicester's temper was sorely tried with these repeated failures, and she wrote to inform her husband of Lord Lovelace's wildness and Lord Devonshire's hesitation in a melancholy strain, concluding with the words: "My dear heart, let not these cross accidents trouble you, for we do not know what God has provided for her." Her anxieties were increased by the intrigues of her husband's enemies at court, and the difficulties in which he constantly found himself owing to the irregularity with which his salary was paid and the scarcity of public money. But in the spring of 1639 the tide suddenly turned. Lord Leicester was summoned home, and received with marks of the highest approval at court. He was made a privy councillor and commanded to attend the king on his progress to York. And almost at the same moment a new suitor presented himself for Lady Dorothy's hand, a young man whose high rank, great wealth, and stainless character made him an altogether desirable match.

This was the young Lord Spencer, who,

as the grandson of the Lord Southampton who had been so intimately connected with Lady Leicester's own uncle Essex, and with all the Sidney's, was the more welcome son-in-law. In June Sir John Temple, writing from the north, congratulates Lord Leicester on my Lady Dorothy's most happy match, and on the twentieth of July the marriage took place at Penshurst, where Lord Leicester's respected friend, Dr. Hammond, was then rector. Great were the rejoicings in connection with this auspicious event, and the poet Waller distinguished himself by writing his famous letter to the bride's youthful sister, Lady Lucy Sidney, surely the wittiest effusion ever penned by rejected lover.

MADAM,—In this common joy at Penshurst, I know none to whom complaints may come less unreasonable than to your ladyship, the loss of a bed-fellow being almost equal to that of a mistress, and, therefore, you ought at least to pardon, if you consent not to, the imprecations of the deserted, which just heaven no doubt will hear! May my Lady Dorothy (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much and have the like passion for this young lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her! And may this love, before the years go about, make her taste the first curse imposed on womankind—the pains of becoming a mother! May her firstborn be none of her own sex, nor so like her, but that he may resemble her lord as much as herself! May she that always affected silence and retiredness have the house filled with the noise and number of her children, and hereafter of her grandchildren! and then may she arrive at that great curse so much declined by fair ladies—old age! May she live to be very old and yet seem young, be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal may her lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, that being there divorced we may all have an equal interest in her again! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their posterity to the world's end and afterwards! To you, madam, I wish all good things, and that this loss may in good time be happily supplied with a more constant bed-fellow of the other sex. Madam, I humbly kiss your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble from your ladyship's most humble servant,

EDMUND WALLER.

Lord Leicester was present at the marriage of his "dear Doll," but returned to Paris immediately afterwards, and was followed at Michaelmas by his wife with her two unmarried daughters, Lucy and Anne, and "my new son-in-law and my daughter," as Lord Leicester records in

his journal. During the next two years they all lived happily together in Paris, and there Lady Spencer's first child, a daughter, named Dorothy after her, and Lady Leicester's youngest boy, Henry Sidney, afterwards Lord Romney, were both born.

The storm which Leicester and the more far-sighted of Charles's courtiers had long dreaded was now about to burst, and in September, 1640, the ambassador received what he calls in his journal the worst news he had ever heard in his life—the advance of the Scots. Upon Stratford's fall Leicester received a promise of the post of lord deputy of Ireland, an office which his friends had long coveted for him, and in the following October, 1641, he left Paris and returned with his family to London. A few days afterwards Lord Spencer, now of age, made his first appearance in the House of Lords and spoke on the popular side with a moderation and wisdom which commanded general attention. His wife's uncle, Lord Northumberland, who had already taken a prominent part in resisting the king's unwise counsellors, showed him marked kindness; and in the following spring the young nobleman was appointed lord lieutenant of Northamptonshire by the Parliament, who hoped thus to secure his services. But as the language of the popular leaders grew more violent Lord Spencer hesitated. In common with his own relative Southampton, and a few others, he did his utmost to heal the daily widening breach, and called upon the lords with great vigor and eloquence to come to terms with the king. He was often heard to say that in his opinion seven years would show that the king was the true commonwealth-man; and in the last speech which he made within the walls of the House he concluded by saying, "We had been satisfied long ere this if some men had not shuffled demands into our propositions on purpose that we may have no satisfaction." He, for one, declared that no power on earth would ever induce him to draw the sword against the king, and moved by that spirit of chivalrous loyalty which governed many who had been the boldest in urging reforms Lord Spencer joined the king at York, and was present at the raising of the standard on the 22nd of August, 1642. The die was cast, and henceforth he was pledged to the king's cause for good or ill; but we learn from his letters how much it cost him to plunge into a struggle which he held to be the worst misfortune which could befall his country. Of him, as of Falkland, it might have been said with

truth, "His condition of life before the war was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement." He was young and handsome, with great connections and vast wealth, and had just entered on the enjoyment of his large estates. He had a wife after his own heart, a lady not only celebrated for her beauty and virtues, but whose tastes were in complete harmony with his own, whose soul was bound up with his in a rare and perfect union. "I know," said Lord Leicester, in that touching letter written to his daughter when the tale of her short married life was forever ended, "I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it." Already, as Waller had foretold, the bliss of their wedded life had been increased by the birth of two children, the daughter, whom her father often mentions in his letters by the pet name of Popet, and a son called Robert after Lord Leicester.

And now he had to leave all this — the quiet country home, the wife and child he loved so well — and mingle among men whose society was for the most part utterly distasteful to him, in a cause which, however preferable of the two it might seem to him, was still in his eyes but a choice of evils. "Publicans and sinners on the one hand," his friend Chillingworth said, "on the other scribes and Pharisees." From the first this dislike for his new surroundings is evident. "The discontent that I and many other honest men receive daily is beyond expression," he writes to his wife from Shrewsbury, a month after the raising of the standard. "How much I am unsatisfied with the proceedings here I have at large expressed in several letters; neither is there wanting daily occasion to retire, were it not for gaining honor; for let occasion be never so handsome, unless a man fight on the Parliament side, than which for my part I had rather be hanged, it will be said a man is afraid to fight." The hope of peace becomes in his opinion every day more dim and distant. "People are much divided. The king is of late much averse to peace, by the persuasions of 202 and 211 [probably Rupert and Lord Digby]. Nevertheless the honest men will take all occasions to procure an accommodation, which the king when he sent the late messages [the mission of Southampton and Falkland to Parliament] did heartily desire, and would still make offers but for 202 and 211, and the expectation of the queen and fear of the Papists." His fears proved true, as he says in his second letter, written on the march to Birmingham on the four-

teenth of October. The king's cause, he believes, is in a prosperous condition, and he has little doubt but they will reach London; yet he sees that if this is the case the war party will have it all their own way. Then "they will be insupportable to all, but most to us who have opposed them, so that if the king prevails by force I must not live at home, which is grievous to me but more to you." Here follow some undeciphered sentences, ending with the words, "I apprehend I shall not be suffered to live in England." He goes on to say that his uncle, Southampton, has "lain in the bed-chamber," and doubtless made the best use of this opportunity to urge moderate measures, while he himself had above an hour's discourse with the king about the treaty, which he knows his wife will be glad to hear, but which he cannot fully retail in cipher and dares not send without. And then he continues:—

Pray let my Lady Leicester know that to write news with or without a cypher is inconvenient; ill compliments I dare not, having heard her so often declaim against good ones, so that out of my respect I forbear writing often to her. I hope 134 [Northumberland] is in no danger, for besides the relation to him by you, I have been so obliged to him that I very often think of him. The Parliament's confidence, which you spake of in your letter, is put on, for really they are in ill condition, and it is impossible but they must know it. I never saw the king look better; he is very cheerful, and by the discourse I thought I had been in the drawing-room. Money comes in beyond expectation. The foot are reasonably well paid; the horse have not been paid, but live upon the country. The king is very good of himself, and would be so still were it not for evil counsellors, for he gives very strict order that as little spoil be made as possible. To-morrow we march to Birmingham, and so on the road to London, from whence, by the grace of God, I will come to Penshurst, when I hope to see you past all your pains. I wrote to you last to desire you to invite all my sisters to you, for I doubt London will be shortly a very ill place.

A week after that letter was written Lord Spencer was present at the first great battle of the civil war on Edge Hill. The night before he received Prince Rupert at his own "faire house" at Wormleighton, a stately structure of which some portions still remain. On the following day he fought gallantly among the king's guards, nicknamed from their splendid appearance the Show Troop, who that day obtained the king's permission to leave his person and charge in the front of the battle.

In the following winter he paid his wife

a short visit at Penshurst, where she gave birth to a daughter, who only lived a few days. The beautiful portrait at Althorp was evidently painted about this time. It was the work of Walker, Cromwell's favorite artist and a friend of the Sidney family, and is the best representation we have of Dorothy's husband. We see him in the suit of armor worn by the Show Troop, with a broad lace collar falling over his steel cuirass, and flowing love-locks. The brow is grave and thoughtful, the blue eyes full of tenderness, and the handsome features touched with a melancholy expression, as if the shadow of the end were already upon him and he heard the voice that was so soon to summon him away.

Early in the following summer we find him with the king at Oxford, and here, in June, 1643, he was created Earl of Sunderland, in recognition of his distinguished services. But nothing could reconcile him to his present position; and writing to his wife from the trenches before Gloucester, during the king's siege of that city, he repeats how much he envies all who can go to their own houses, and how passionately he desires her company and that of his little daughter "Popet," who he hopes will soon be able to join him at Oxford. He reflects sorrowfully, "how infinitely more happy I should esteem myself, notwithstanding your mother's opinion of me, quietly to enjoy your company at Althorp than to be troubled with the noises and engaged in the factions of the court, which I shall ever endeavor to avoid." The inconveniences and delays of the siege, he confesses, are yet preferable to that court life which he disliked so much, and he owns that he is not ill pleased at the variety, more especially that he finds himself in good company and enjoys the society of Lord Falkland and Mr. Chillingworth, as he proceeds to tell his wife:—

MY DEAREST HART,—Just as I was coming out of the trenches on Wednesday I received your letter of the 20th, which gave me so much satisfaction that it put all the inconveniences of this siege out of my thoughts. At that instant, if I had followed my own inclinations, I had returned an answer to yours, writing to you and hearing from you, being the most pleasant entertainment that I am capable of in any place, but especially here, where, but when I am in the trenches (which place is seldom without my company) I am more solitary than ever I was in my life, this country being very full of little private cottages, in one of which I am quartered, where my Lord Falkland did me the honor last night to sup. Mr. Chillingworth is now here with me in Sir Nicholas Selwyn's place, who has been this week at Oxford; our little engineer comes not

hither so much out of kindness to me as for his own conveniency, my quarter being three or four miles nearer the leaguer than my Lord Devonshire's, with whom he staid till he was commanded to make ready his engines with all possible speed. It is not to be imagined with what diligence and satisfaction (I mean to himself) he executes his command: for my part I think it not unwisely done of him to change his profession, and I think you would have been of my mind if you had heard him dispute last night with my Lord Falkland in favor of Socinianism, wherein he was by his lordship so often confounded that really it appears he has much more reason for his engines than for his opinions.

August 25th, before Gloucester.

A week later Charles was forced to abandon the siege on the approach of Essex's army, and Sunderland's next letter is written on the 16th of September from Oxford. He had gone there for a few days, as there seemed no probability of an immediate battle; and had joined Lord Leicester, who had been summoned thither from Chester as he was on the point of embarking for Ireland, and had taken up his quarters at Queen's College.

As soon as I came I went to your father's, where I found Alibone (the servant who brought Lady Sunderland's letters) — with whose face I was better pleased than with any of the ladies here. The expression is so much a bolder thing than charging Lord Essex, that should this letter miscarry and come to the knowledge of our dames, I should, by having my eyes scratcht out, be cleared from coming away from the army from fear, where if I had stayed it's odds if I had lost more than one. Last night the king sent the queen word he would come hither upon Monday or Tuesday, upon one of which days, if he alter his resolution, I shall not fail to return to the army, and I am afraid our setting down before Gloucester has hindered us from making an end of the war this year, which nothing could keep us from doing if we had a month's more time which we lost there, for we never were in a more prosperous condition; and yet the divisions do not at all diminish, by which we receive prejudice. . . . Since I came here I have seen no creature but your father and my uncle, so that I am altogether ignorant of the intrigues of the place. Before I go hence I shall have a letter for you. I take the best care I can about my economical affairs: I am afraid I shall not be able to get you a better house, everybody thinking me mad for speaking about it. Pray bless Popet for me, and tell her I would have writ to her but that upon mature deliberation I found it uncivil to return an answer to a lady in another character than her own, which I am not yet learned enough to do. I beseech you present his servants to my ladie, who is most passionatellie and perfectlie yours

SUNDERLAND.

My humble services to Lady Lucy, and the other little ladies.

It was the last letter he ever wrote. A few days more and that loyal and constant heart had ceased to beat, and the wife who had been continually present to his mind was left widowed and desolate.

The news reached Oxford that a battle was imminent, and Sunderland hurried back to join the king just in time to take part in the fight at Newbury. That night the two armies lay in the fields under a bright starlight sky, "impatient," writes an officer in the Puritan camp, "of sloth and darkness, wishing for the morning light to exercise their valor, incapable of sleep, their enemy being so nigh." Falkland's heart we know was heavy with the weary longing for peace which was soon to be stilled forever, and Sunderland's thoughts were turning to the green shades of his home and the pleasant memory of his wife. At break of day the king's horse appeared marshalled in battle array on the brow of the hill, and presently dashed in magnificent confusion on the pikes of the London train-bands, "men till then held in too cheap an estimation, but who now presented an invincible rampart to the cavalier charge." "Officers and commanders," says the same eyewitness, "did many of them leave off their doublets, and with daring resolution did bring on their men, as if they came rather to triumph than to fight." Three times they rode to the charge, and each time were met by the same serried barrier of pikes, standing fast and immovable, "like a grove of pines in a day of wind and tempest." Three times the horsemen wheeled round, and charged again. Three times they went reeling back among a cloud of bullets, which made fearful havoc both of man and horse.

In the brilliant company which that day charged with "a kind of contempt" upon the enemy, rode Lord Sunderland, conspicuous among so many brave men by his heroic bearing. Again and again he returned to the attack, and was in the act of gathering up his reins to charge once more when he fell mortally wounded by a bullet from the Puritan muskets. Calmly and nobly he met his end, and those about him wondered to see him die with so few regrets. In the confusion which followed, his body fell into the hands of the enemy and was rifled by them, but Lord Leicester succeeded in recovering it afterwards, and redeemed his watch from the Parliamentary soldiers. His heart was taken to Althorp, and buried with his forefathers in the mortuary chapel of the Spencers at Brington. Far and wide men lamented his early death, for he had almost as many

friends on the Parliamentary side as on that of the king, and a speaker at Westminster observed that "except in the occasion of his death he had always been a good patriot."

The beautiful letter which Dorothy's father addressed to her a fortnight afterwards bears witness to the devoted love which she bore her dead lord, and to the overwhelming bitterness of her grief. In the most touching language Lord Leicester entreats his dear Doll to moderate her sorrow, and implores her by the very power of that "affection for him whom she loved so dearly" to lift her thoughts to that blessed state of happiness "far beyond any that he did or could enjoy on earth, such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer any diminution."

Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers and how sorry for anything that troubled you. Imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe that he looks upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you and think you forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself who was so dear to him.

And then he goes on to remind her that she owes it to her husband's memory to take care of herself and her children.

For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they have all need of you, and one especially whose life as yet doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means of procuring it for you. That now is past and I will not flatter you so much as to think you can ever be so happy in this life again; but this comfort you owe me, that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. . . . I doubt not but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to Him that He will be pleased to give His grace to you, to your mother, and myself, that all of us may resign and submit ourselves entirely and cheerfully to His pleasure. So nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whose number I wish as great as of any mortal creature, and that through them all you may find such comforts as are best and most necessary for you, it is, and shall ever be, the constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly, LEYCESTER.

A few days after this letter was written Lady Sunderland gave birth to a son, who received his father's name, but died while he was still a child. She herself lived,

and after the first violence of the shock had passed, faced her desolate lot bravely. The sweet idyll of her young married life was ended; she had seen its joy and beauty fade with the rose, and share too soon "the common fate of all things rare."

But that strong power of love which had brought her so much of joy and pain was her best stay now. She lived for her children and her father's sake, and to lighten the burden of others by her goodness and her sympathy. In later years she ministered with pitying tenderness to the orphaned and captive Princess Elisabeth during the year she lived at Penshurst; and made her house at Althorp a home for evicted clergy and sufferers in the king's cause. Afterwards, probably to please her parents, she consented to take a second husband, and became the wife of Sir Robert Smyth, of Bounds in Kent, who was connected with the Sidneys, and whose family portrait we see with her own in the gallery at Althorp.

On the ninth of July, 1652, Mr. Evelyn, who was staying at Tunbridge Wells for his wife's health, went over to Penshurst and "found a great company assembled to celebrate the marriage of my Lady Sunderland with my own fellow-collegian Robert Smythe."

This husband too Dorothy survived, and had by her second marriage an only son, afterwards governor of Dover Castle. Of her other children Robert, Lord Sunderland, became notorious as the prime minister who served three kings in turn, and who had no ambition but to be "safe, rich, and great;" while Dorothy, the Popet of her father's letters, married Lord Halifax, another leading statesman of the day, but one of a far higher type than Sunderland. Waller's revenge was satisfied, and Lady Sunderland lived to be old and to see grandchildren growing up around her. But we learn, from her letters of this period, that to the last her spirit was as bright and kindly, her heart as true and tender as of old. Troubles enough she had; her son's unscrupulous conduct cost her many a sigh; the old home at Penshurst was sadly changed, her sisters for the most part dead, her brothers estranged and divided by family quarrels. In December, 1683, she saw the best of them. Algernon Sidney, die on the scaffold, condemned to a traitor's doom by the son of the king in whose cause her husband had laid down his life. Her tender heart felt the shock keenly, and she did not long survive him but died herself early in the following year. Then, as she lay dying, her thoughts turned to the far-off days of

her youth, and she asked to be buried, not in London where she died, not at Penshurst with her father and mother, or with the Smyths in Kent, but in the chapel at Brington, where Sunderland slept with his fathers.

There, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1684, her ashes were laid in the quiet Northamptonshire church on the brow of the hill looking over the grassy banks and wooded slopes of Althorp, and the long-parted lovers were at length united. In that chapel the Spencers of past generations sleep, each in his stately tomb. There they rest under marble canopies, knight and baron, lord and lady, clad in splendid armor and ermine-trimmed mantles, with their richly embroidered robes, their jewelled necklets and chains of gold. Their names and titles are recorded in many a long inscription; their armorial bearings are emblazoned on the walls about them; but among all this pomp of heraldry we look in vain for some memorial of the young hero who fell at Newbury, and of his fair Sacharissa. No stone marks their resting-place, no inscription records their names. It is enough to know they sleep there side by side, joined together again by that stern hand which alone had power to part them; enough to feel that we can say of them, they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

"LOCKSLEY HALL" AND THE JUBILEE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE nation will observe with warm satisfaction that, although the new "Locksley Hall" is, as told by the calendar, a work of Lord Tennyson's old age, yet is his poetic "eye not dim, nor his natural force abated." The date of "Waverley" was fixed by its alternative title "Tis Sixty Years Since;" but the illustrious author told of years not all included within his own span of life; and his decease saddened the world of letters and of man soon after his sixth decade was complete. It was in 1842 that the genius of Lord Tennyson blazed in full orb upon the world. But he had long before* worn the livery of the Muse, and braved the ordeal of the press, so that it is hardly an exaggeration to treat of the whole period of threescore years as already included within a literary life. And now that he

* Poems by Two Brothers (Alfred and Charles Tennyson). Simpkin, 1837.

gives us another "Locksley Hall" "after sixty years," the very last criticism that will be hazarded, or if hazarded will be accepted, on his work will be, that it betrays a want of tone and fibre. For my own part I have been not less impressed with the form, than with the substance. Limbs will grow stiff with age, but minds not always; we find here all undiminished that suppleness of the poet which enables him to conform without loss of freedom to the stringent laws of measured verse. Lord Tennyson retains his conspicuous mastery over the trochaic metre, and even the least favorable among the instantaneous, or "pistol-graph," criticisms demanded by the necessities of the daily press, stingily admits that the poem "here and there exhibits the inimitable touch."

Another article, produced under the same rigorous conditions, but of singular talent,* states rather dogmatically that any criticism which accepts Lord Tennyson as a thinker is now out of date. I venture to demur to this proposition; and to contend that the author of "In Memoriam" (for example) shows a capacity which entitles him to a high place among the thinkers of the day; of thinkers, too, on those subjects, which have the first and highest claim to the august name of philosophy. It does not follow that we are to regard all the productions of Lord Tennyson as equally the fruit of the "thinker" that is in him. A great poet is commonly of a richly diversified nature; and as the strong man of the gospel is ejected by a stronger man, so the strong faculty of the poet may rock or swerve under the encroaching pressure of a faculty which is even, if only for the time, stronger still. The passionate or emotional part of nature comes into rivalry with the reflective organ, and it is our own fault if because in a given work the one predominates, we deny the existence of the other; or again, if we assume that the balance of powers can never shift, and that all faculties are equally represented at all times, was to exalt the individual human mind, subject to all the incidents of life, up to the level of a perfect intelligence.

In the work, however, that is now before the world, Lord Tennyson neither claims the authority, nor charges himself with the responsibility, of one who solemnly delivers, under the weight of years, and with a shortened span before him, a confession of political or social faith. The poem is strictly a dramatic monologue. In its pages we have before us,

though without the formal divisions of the drama, a group of personages, and the strain changes from the color of thought appropriate for one to that which befits another. In the one supreme poem of the first person singular, the "Divina Commedia," we know at first hand the precise relation of sympathy in which the poet stands to each of the persons brought upon the scene. But this is a case by itself. When it is not the intention of the piece that the poet shall himself appear, the greater is his power, the more completely he is shrouded behind the veil his art has woven; and we can but speculate, in Homer or in Shakespeare, on the question which among his creations were the favorites of the maker himself. These two superlative masters are more nearly allied than might be supposed; for Homer, although in form epic, is in essence also a great dramatist, and contains within him seminally the drama of his country. Lord Tennyson gives his reader, in form at least, even less help, since each of us has to discover the transitions for himself. The method in the old "Locksley Hall," and in the new, is the same. In each the maker is outside his work; and in each we have to deal with it as strictly impersonal. Were it otherwise, were we to seek political knowledge at the lips of our author, we should not be in difficulty; for this is he who in his official verses of 1851, addressed to the queen, and in the poem "Love thou thy Land," has supplied us with a code of politics as sound, as comprehensive, and as exactly balanced, as either verse or prose could desire.

The connection of the two "Locksley Halls" lies in the continuous identity of the hero, he supplying the thread on which the subject and its movement hang. The teaching of half a century ago, proceeding immediately from the poet's lips, inculcated above all things impartiality of view. He

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes.*

And the strain of the personage then young, whom the famous poem set before us, was not one-sided. He then saw a mercenary taint upon the age:—

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but
to golden keys.

He had glimpses of a vaunting temper
and of words outrunning deeds:—

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at
each other's heels.

* *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 14, 1886, p. 5.

* From "Love thou thy Land," *Poems*, p. 179.

Yet he shook off depression and taught the doctrine of a tempered progress, in lines which the language itself cannot outlive :—

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of man are widened with the process of the suns.

And what those suns had already done was first fruit ; the harvest was behind :—

Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

And not only was there no fear of onward movement—witness the line which may well make a nervous man giddy as he reads it—

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change ;

but the dauntless eye of the prophet has seen, down the long avenue, all the way—I fear the immeasurable way—to the great result :—

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Such is the voice that rings as well as warbles from the chambers of the old "Locksley Hall." On the whole, if an account be strictly taken, the coloring was something sanguine. A bias in that direction was not unsuited to the speaker's youth, especially if, as England has unflinchingly believed, his lessons of hope were, upon the whole, the lessons of wisdom. The labor of life is cheered by the song of life. The sweat of man's brow, and the burden on his back, produce better practical results, if he can be encouraged to reckon with a reasonable confidence on his reward.

As the junior changes into a senior at the command of the bard of the new "Locksley Hall," he does not forget to look at the reverse as well as the obverse of the medal, or to recommend the persevering performance of daily duty as the best medicine for paralyzing doubts, and the safest shelter under the storms either of practical or of speculative life. So speaks the eulogy* on the successful suitor of the first "Locksley Hall," to whom a gentle reparation is now made, and who served God in his generation :—

Strove for sixty widowed years to help his homelier brother men,
Served the poor, and bu't the cottage, raised the school, and drained the fen.

* Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After, p. 36.

But the voice of our prophet in this poem, if taken as a whole, has undergone a change. Such a change was in the course of nature.

The clouds, that gather round the setting sun,
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.*

Perhaps the tone may even, at times, be thought to have grown a little hoarse with his years. Not that we are to regard it as the voice of the author. On the earlier occasion he supplied in "Love thou thy Land" whatever correction was required to bring the scales of anticipation back to equilibrium. He has not now given us his own personal forecast of the actual or the coming time ; and in withholding it he allows us a yet greater freedom to estimate the utterances of the prophet in the new "Locksley Hall" by the rules of truth and soberness, but "without respect of persons."

For much indeed that he teaches we ought to feel obliged to him. Each generation or age of men is under a twofold temptation ; the one to overrate its own performances and prospects, the other to undervalue the times preceding or following its own. No greater calamity can happen to a people than to break utterly with its past. But this proposition in its full breadth applies more to its aggregate, than to its immediate past. Our judgment on the age that last preceded us should be strictly just. But it should be masculine, not timorous ; for, if we gild its defects and glorify its errors, we dislocate the axis of the very ground which forms our own point of departure. This rule particularly applies to the period which preceded our own. The first three decades of this century were far from normal. They suffered, both morally and politically, from the terrible recoil of the French Revolution, and of the means employed for counteracting it. That period gave us military glory. It made noble and immortal additions to our literature. In fine art, though there had been a sunset, the sun still illumined the sky. But the items of the account *per contra* are great indeed. One of the lightest among them is, that it brought our industrial arts to the lowest point of degradation. Under the benign influence of protection, there was a desert of universal ugliness. It also charged the inheritance of our countrymen with a public debt equal to more than a fourth, at one time more nearly touching a third, of the aggregate value

* Wordsworth, Ode on the Recollections of Childhood.

all their private property. Would that it had been all! It taxed the nation for the benefit of class. It ground down the people by the Corn Law, and debased them by the Poor Law. In Ireland, Parliament refused through one generation of men to fulfil the promise of Roman Catholic emancipation, without which promise even the devilish enginery of the other means employed would have sufficed to bring about the legislative union between the two countries. But in 1815 they legislated, with a cruel severity which the Irish Parliament might never have wished, and would never have dared, against the occurrences, that is to say, against the people, of the "sister island." On this side the channel, the Church was quietly suffered to remain a wilderness of rank abuse. But activity was shown enough and to spare, by the use of legislative and executive power, to curtail the traditional freedom of the people. The law had been made hateful to the nation; and both our institutions and our empire had been brought to the brink of a precipice, when in 1830 the king dared not dine with the Lord Mayor, and the long winter nights were illuminated by the blaze of Swing fires, in southern counties which have flown into Toryism under the beneficent influence of reformed government and legislation. On the other hand, the beginning of the period had the solitary glory of ending a long series of continuous crime by the abolition of the slave trade. Nearer the close, there were marked tendencies towards good, and even some noble beginnings of improvement; but these were mainly and conspicuously due to suggested and reviled minorities, and were in many instances resented, as well as retorted, with a bitterness almost savage, and hardly known to our more modern and sufficiently lively contentions. Such were the backwaters (so to call them) of the French Revolution and of the struggle against it, and such was the later Georgian era, on which it is necessary to be plainness of speech, because it now reveals the benefit of the glorifying hues of distance, as well as of military triumph; and none survive, except a dwindling handful, to speak of it from recollection. It though it was a time which can ill stand comparison with most others of our history, there still remained for us that glorious inheritance of Britons which, though it imperilled and defaced, it did not destroy.

It was manifestly from the point marked the close of this period that the old

"Locksley Hall" took its measurements, and found in the survey of the years which had succeeded 1830, that their good outweighed their evil. In his admirable verses to the queen, too, Mr. Tennyson — this time in person and not through a *persona* — looked at the Ship of State, and gave her his benediction on her way, as Longfellow's master blessed the ship of the Union: —

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee.

During the intervening half-century, or near it, the temper of hope and thankfulness, which both Mr. Tennyson and the young prophet of "Locksley Hall" so largely contributed to form, has been tested by experience. Authorities and people have been hard at work in dealing with the laws, the policy, and the manners of the country. Their performances may be said to form the play, intervening between the old prologue, and the new epilogue which has just issued from the press. This epilogue, powerful as it is, will not quite harmonize with the evergreens of Christmas. The young prophet, now grown old, is not, indeed (though perhaps, on his own showing, he ought to be), in despair. For he still stoutly teaches manly duty and personal effort, and longs for progress more, he trows, than its professing and blatant votaries. But in his present survey of the age as his field, he seems to find that a sadder color has invested all the scene. The evil has eclipsed the good, and the scale, which before rested solidly on the ground, now kicks the beam. For the framing of our estimate, however, prose, and very prosaic prose, may be called in not less than poetry. The question demands an answer, whether it is needful to open so dark a prospect for the future; whether it is just to pronounce what seems to be a very decided censure on the immediate past. And there is this peculiar feature in the case. In most countries and most periods of the world, governments may bear their own faults, and in proportion the peoples may go scot-free. Not so in this country, and at this time. In the words of the prince-consort, "Our institutions are on their trial," as institutions of self-government; and if condemnation is to be pronounced, on the nation it must mainly fall, and must sweep away with it a large part of such hopes as have been either fanatically or reflectively entertained that, by this provision of self-government, the fu-

ture might effect some moderate improvement upon the past, and mitigate in some perceptible degree the social sorrows and burdens of mankind.

I will now, with a view to a fair trial of this question, try to render, rudely and slightly though it be, some account of the deeds and the movement of this last half-century. I shall reserve until the close what must be put down to its debit. For the present I will only shut out from the review important divisions of the subject with which I am not competent to deal; those of literature, of research, of science, of morals. These great subjects would resent summary treatment even by a competent hand; and my hand is not competent, nor my opinions worth record. What I have to say bears upon them, but mainly in the way of exterior contact. I shall only venture to refer to those portions of the case which can as it were be inventoried; the course and acts of public authority, and the movement, so closely associated with them, of public opinion, and of the most palpable forms of voluntary action.

The prophet of the new "Locksley Hall" records against us many sad, and even shameful, defaults. They are not to be denied; and the list probably might be lengthened. The youngest among us will not see the day in which new social problems will have ceased to spring as from the depths, and vex even the most successful solvers of the old; or in which this proud and great English nation will not have cause, in all its ranks and orders, to bow its head before the Judge Eternal, and humbly to confess to forgotten duties, or wasted and neglected opportunities. It is well to be reminded, and in tones such as make the deaf man hear, of city children who "soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime;" of maidens cast by thousands on the street; of the sempstress scrimped of her daily bread; of dwellings miserably crowded; of fever as the result; even of "incest in the warrens of the poor." On the last-named item, and the group of ideas therewith associated, scarcely suited for discussion here, I am not sure that the warrens of the poor have more to fear from a rigid investigation than other and more spacious habitations. But a word on the rest. Take first the city child as he is described. For one such child now there were ten, perhaps twenty, fifty years back. A very large, and a still increasing proportion of these children have been brought under the regular training and discipline of the school. Take the maidens, who are now, as they were then, cast by thousands on the street.

But then, if one among them were stricken with penitence and sought for a place in which to hide her head, she found it only in the pomp of paid institutions, and in a help well meant, no doubt, yet carrying little of what was most essential, sympathetic discrimination, and mild, nay even tender, care. Within the half-century a new chapter has opened. Faith and love have gone forth into the field. Specimens of womankind, sometimes the very best and highest, have not deemed this quest of souls beneath them. Scrimping of wages, no doubt, there is and was. But the fair wage of to-day is far higher than it was then, and the unfair wage is assumably not lower. Miserable and crowded dwellings, again, and fever as their result, both then and now. But legislation has in the interval made its attempts in earnest; and if this was with awkward and ungainly hand, private munificence or enterprise is dotting our city areas with worthy dwellings. Above all have we not to record in this behalf martyred lives, such as those of Denison and Toynbee? Or shall we refuse honorable mention to not less devoted lives, still happily retained, of such persons as Miss Octavia Hill? With all this there has happily grown up not only a vast general extension of benevolent and missionary means, but a great parochial machinery of domestic visitation, charged with comfort and blessing to the needy, and spread over so wide a circle, that what was formerly an exception may now with some confidence be said to be the rule. If insufficiencies have come to be more keenly felt, is that because they are greater, or because there is a bolder and better-trained disposition to feel them? The evils which our prophet rightly seeks to cauterize with his red-hot iron, were rank among us even in the days when Hogarth, a pioneer of reformation, drew his Beer Street and his Gin Lane. They grew with population and with wealth; but they grew unnoticed, until near the period when the earliest "Locksley Hall" cheered the hearts of those who sought to mend the world. If fifty years ago censure was appeased and hopefulness encouraged, is there any reason now why hope should be put under an extinguisher and censure should hold all the ground?

About twenty years ago, and towards the close of his famous and highly honored life, Lord Russell spoke the much-noted words, "Rest and be thankful." And right well had his rest been earned. But the nation, which we may hope was thankful, yet rested not. As a nation, it has labored

harder than ever before ; harder, perhaps, than any nation ever labored. True, it has a greater number of leisured men, and moreover of idle men, than it had sixty years back. It must be left to them to state what is the final cause of their existence, and what position it is that the Almighty destined them to fill upon this ever-whirling planet. But, even after deducting them as a minus quantity from our sum total, it still remains true not only that the nation labors hard, but that it has discovered, for itself at least, the perpetual motion. For it has built up an empire, and no insignificant part of it since the first "Locksley Hall" was written, of such an exacting though imposing magnitude, and of such burdensome though glorious responsibilities, that it must perforce keep to its activity like Sisyphos with his stone, or Ixion on his wheel. It would be little to say that the practical legislation of the last fifty years has in quantity far exceeded that of the three preceding fifties taken together. The real question is on its quality. Has this great attempt in an old country at popular government, when brought to trial by relative, not abstract standards, failed, or has it not? I remember being told by Kingsley how, when an old friend of his had rushed unadvisedly into verse, he plucked up all his courage for the needful emphasis and told him, "My dear friend, your poems are not good but bad." Will it be too audacious to submit to the prophet of the new "Locksley Hall" that the laws and works of the half-century he reviews are not bad but good?

I will refer as briefly as may be to the sphere of legislation. Slavery has been abolished. A criminal code, which disgraced the statute-book, has been effectually reformed. Laws of combination and contract, which prevented the working population from obtaining the best price for their labor, have been repealed. The lamentable and demoralizing abuses of the Poor Law have been swept away. Lives and limbs, always exposed to destruction through the incidents of labor, formerly took their chance, no man heeding them, even when the origin of the calamity lay in the recklessness or neglect of the employer; they are now guarded by preventive provisions, and the loss is mitigated, to the sufferers or their survivors, by pecuniary compensation. The scandals of labor in mines, factories, and elsewhere, to the honor, first and foremost, of the name of Shaftesbury, have been either removed, or greatly qualified and reduced. The population on the seacoast is no

longer forced wholesale into contraband trade by fiscal follies; and the game laws no longer constitute a plausible apology for poaching. The entire people have good schools placed within the reach of their children, and are put under legal obligation to use the privilege, and contribute to the charge. They have also at their doors the means of husbanding their savings, without the compromise of their independence by the inspection of the rector or the squire, and under the guarantee of the State to the uttermost farthing of the amount. Living in a land where severance in families is almost a matter of course, they are no longer barred from feeding and sustaining domestic affection by prohibitory rates of postage, sternly imposed upon the masses, while the peers and other privileged classes were exempt through franking from the charge. In this establishment of cheap communications, England has led the world.* Information through a free press, formerly cut off from them by stringent taxation, is now at their easy command. The taxes which they pay are paid to the State for the needful purposes of government, and nowhere to the wealthy classes of the community for the purpose of enhancing the prices of the articles produced for their account. Their interests at large are protected by their votes; and their votes are protected by the secrecy which screens them from intimidation either through violence or in its subtler forms. Their admission into Parliament, through the door opened by abolishing the property qualification, has been accomplished on a scale which, whether sufficient or not, has been both sensible, and confessedly beneficial. Upon the whole, among the results of the last half-century to them are, that they work fewer hours; that for these reduced hours they receive increased wages; and that with these increased wages they purchase at diminished rates almost every article, except tobacco and spirits, of which the price can be affected by the acts of the legislature.

It seems to me that some grounds have already been laid for a verdict of acquittal upon the public performances of the half-century. The question now touched upon is that "condition of England question" on which Mr. Carlyle, about midway in his life, thundered in our ears his not unwar-

* Among the humanizing contrivances of the age, I think notice is due to the system founded by Mr. Cook, and now largely in use, under which numbers of persons, and indeed whole classes, have for the first time found easy access to foreign countries, and have acquired some of that familiarity with them, which breeds not contempt but kindness.

rantable but menacing admonitions. Some heed, it would appear, had been given to such pleading. Science and legislation have been partners in a great work. There is no question now about the shares of their respective contributions. It is enough for my purpose that the work has been done, and that the legislature has labored hard in it. Mr. Giffen, in a treatise of great care and ability, has estimated the improvement in the condition of the working population at fifty per cent. Would that it might be possible to add another fifty. But an accomplished fact of this character and magnitude is surely matter for thankfulness, acknowledgment, and hope. The discord between the people and the law is now at an end, and our institutions are again "broad-based" upon national conviction and affection.

I turn to another great category of contention. It is in the nature of religious disabilities to die hard. Stirred at a sore point into spasmodic action in the Parliament of 1880, they are now practically dead. The signs of inequality obtruded upon Nonconformists by the Church rate, and by the unequal laws of marriage, and of registration upon births and burials, have been put away. In just satisfaction to a civil right, free access has been given to the churchyards of the country; and the sinister predictions which obstructed the change have proved to be at least as shadowy as the beings commonly supposed to haunt those precincts. The old universities have opened wide their august portals to the entire community; and they have more than doubled the numbers of their students. If the oath is not now universally revered, at least a great provocation to irreverence in the needless and perfunctory use of it has been carefully removed.

It would be endless to recite all the cases in which relief has been afforded, during the period under review, to suffering industry and imperilled capital. One case at least must not be left wholly without notice. The farmers of the country have suffered for a series of years with their landlords, but usually beyond their landlords, and from causes which it is not altogether easy to trace. The law cannot give prosperity; but it can remove grievance. By changes in the law, the occupiers of the soil have been saved from the ravages (such they often were) of ground game. In the repeal of the malt tax there has disappeared what had been commonly proclaimed to be their heaviest wrong. The tithe-owner, clerical or lay, no longer abstracts the tenth sheaf, which

may often have represented the whole net value of an improvement. Claims of the landlord for the recovery of rent, which were found to operate unjustly (I refer particularly to the law of hypothec in Scotland) have been abolished. And more than all these, the title of the farmer to the fruit of his legitimate investments in his holding has, though only a few years back, obtained efficient protection.

Long as is this list, it is not less incomplete than long. Two or three of its gaps must be filled up. The new and stringent act for the reduction of the expenses of Parliamentary elections is both a law for virtue against vice of the most insinuating kind, and a law for the free popular choice of representatives as against the privilege and monopoly of the rich. Women have been admitted to new public duties, which they have proved their perfect capacity to discharge, and their property and earnings in the married state have been protected. Prying for a moment into a hidden corner of the statute-book, I remind the reader that at the date of the first "Locksley Hall" no woman could by law obtain the slightest aid towards the support of an illegitimate child, wherever the father was a soldier. This shameful enactment has been abolished. The members of the two Houses of Parliament used to find in that membership a cover from the payment of their lawful debts. This shelter they have lost. The application of the elective principle to municipal corporations has advanced our towns to a higher civilization, and has exhibited in many instances, of which Mr. Chamberlain is the most brilliant and famous name, the capacity of local government to develop the political faculty, and confer imperial education. The repeal of the navigation laws was effected in 1849, amidst a howl of prophecies that it would be found to have involved not merely the destruction of a "harassed interest," but the downfall of our national defence. The result of the new law, in combination with the great change in shipbuilding from wood to iron, was that the "harassed interest" has been strengthened, a noble art improved, the character of the service refined and reformed, the tonnage multiplied, and a new position given to Great Britain as the first among the shipbuilding countries of the world. If we look now to the vital subject of the relations between the two islands, we come on the brink of controversies I would rather avoid; and I do not forget that there is one epoch of our history with which the names of Pitt and Fox and Burke and every statesman of

ir day are alike associated, but which yet we have not rivalled. Drawing comparisons only from the time that followed 1782 and 1783, I venture to assert it only since 1829, and chiefly within the latter part of this period, has right begun, though with a chequered history, manly to assert itself against wrong, in the management and government of Ireland. This work of legislation, so vast and so varied, has been upon the whole an immortal work. Many and many a time, not only have its promoters had to face powerful and obstinate opposition, but they have not been cheered in their work by the public opinion of the moment, and have had their faith and patience exercised by reliance only on the future. And this has been seen in strengthening police and prison discipline, in legislation for public order, and in the radical reformation of the poor laws, that unpopular as well as popular work has been done, and well done, when it came to hand.

And the wholesome breath of the nation has, during this period, purified not only the legislative but the administrative atmosphere. Let me record to the honor of Lord Liverpool a great practical reform. He dealt a deadly blow at the fatal mischief of Parliamentary influence in the departmental promotions of the Civil Service, by placing them under the respective heads. Sir Robert Peel, as I knew him, was a thorough and inflexible practical reformer. Sir James Graham was a true genius of administration. I look upon the quarter of a century preceding the Crimean war as the best period of all our story with regard to economy, purity, and administrative energy. But there were very great subjects, then scarcely touched, on which only the *afflatus* of the nation could dissipate the hostile forces of profession and of clique. Good work is being done in many ways; but it required time. We had had the press-gang used at discretion as the ultimate instrument of supplying men, when wanted, for the navy; incredible, but true. It is now a thing of the past. We had flogging as a standing means of maintaining the discipline of the army, and destroying the self-respect of the soldier. Despite professional authority, which in certain cases of question is the worst of guides, the profane hands of uninstructed reformers have pulled this Gagon to the ground, and he has shivered into splinters. The Government at its discretion, opened, when it chose to see cause, letters confided to the post-office. This bad practice has been put out. The officers of the army were

introduced and promoted by purchase; and that system, under which at one time the Duke of Wellington so desponded as to military promotion that he wished for a commissionership in a revenue department, made the business of supplying brains for the army the property of the long purses of the country. The Parliamentary defenders of the system, which involved the daily practice of patent and gross illegality, held their ground with a persistency which would have been worthy even of the British officer in the field. But it was swept away by an act of the executive; the army became the nation's army, and what was done in vindication of the law has received a splendid vindication in point of policy from a conspicuous and vast advance in military efficiency since the date of the great army reforms. So also in the civil establishments of the country. The members of the House of Commons have freely given up their respective shares of the patronage, which the friends of each successive administration habitually exercised through the Treasury; and a wide career of unequalled security, with emoluments undoubtedly liberal for the average of good service, and with the moral certainty of fair play in promotion, has been opened to character and talent throughout the land without distinction of class.

If, now, we look to what has happened over sea, and to our country's share in it, the view is in many respects satisfactory, and the period is in all remarkable. I speak with respect of the East India Company, and with a deep admiration of the statesmen who were reared under its shade. The transfer of the government of the vast dominion in 1858 was not an unmingled good. But upon the whole it was the letting in of a flood of light upon a shadowed region. If since that time evil things have been done, it has not been at the instigation or with the sanction of the country. The Company had the merits and the faults of a conservative institution. The new feeling and new methods towards the natives are such as humanity rejoices in. They are due to the nation, and are intimately associated with the legislative change. It is no small matter if, though much may yet remain to do, progress has been made in the discharge of a debt, where the creditors are two hundred and fifty millions of our fellow-creatures, each of them with a deep and individual concern. With respect, again, to the great and ever-growing colonial empire of the queen, the change has been yet more marked. Before Lord

Grey's Reform Act, colonies were governed in and from Downing Street. An adherence to the methods then in use would undoubtedly before this time have split the empire. The substitution of government from within for government from without has brought all difficulties within manageable bounds, and has opened a new era of content which is also consolidation.

But the period has also been a great period for Europe. The Treaty of Vienna, in the main, had consecrated with solemn forms a great process of reaction, and had trampled under foot every national aspiration. The genius of Mr. Canning moved upon far other lines; and his efforts, especially in Portugal and Greece, made preparation for a better day, and for the vigorous action of his disciple Lord Palmerston. Nationalities have suffered, and in some places suffer still. But if we compare this with other periods of history, never have they had such a golden age. Belgium set free, Germany consolidated, Portugal and Spain assisted in all such efforts as they have made for free government, Italy reconstituted, Hungary replaced in the enjoyment of its historic rights, Greece enlarged by the addition of the Ionian Islands and of Thessaly, ten millions of Christians under Ottoman rule in communities that once had an historic name, restored in the main to freedom, to progress, and to hope; to say nothing of reforms and changes, many of them conspicuously beneficial, in other vast populations.—these are events, of which we may reverently say, "Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their voices unto the ends of the world."* If these things are as good as they are unquestionably great, nay if, being so great, they have real goodness at all to boast of, then it is comforting to bear in mind that in by far the greater number of them the British influence has been felt, that in some of them it has held a foremost place, and that if in any of them the note uttered has not been true, it has belied the sentiment of the nation, made known so soon as the forms of the constitution allowed it an opportunity of choice. Wars have not been extinguished; they have been too frequent; and rumors of wars have grown to be scarcely less bad than the reality. Yet there have been manifestations, in act as well as word, of a desire for a better state

* I do not mention the important episode of the Crimean War, because it would require more space than this very summary statement would allow to exhibit its true character in point of policy; which I conceive to have been that it was an attempt, not wholly unsuccessful, to apply European authority towards keeping the peace of Europe.

of things; and we did homage, in the Alabama case, to the principle of a peaceful arbitration, at the cost, ungrudgingly borne by the people, of three millions of money.

I have not dwelt in these pages upon the commerce of the United Kingdom, augmented fivefold in a term of years not sufficient to double its population, or of the enormous augmentation of its wealth. One reference to figures may however be permitted. It is that which exhibits the recent movement of crime in this country. For the sake of brevity I use round numbers in stating it. Happily the facts are too broad to be seriously mistaken.* In 1870, the United Kingdom with a population of about 31,700,000 had about 18,000 criminals, or one in 1,760. In 1884, with a population of 36,000,000 it had 14,000 criminals, or one in 2,500. And as there are some among us who conceive Ireland to be a sort of pandemonium, it may be well to mention (and I have the hope that Wales might, on the whole, show as clean a record) that with a population of (say) 5,100,000 Ireland (in 1884) had 1,573 criminals, or less than one in 3,200.

If now I set out upon chronicling the actual misdeeds of the legislature during the last half-century, and deal not with temporary but with permanent acts, the task is a very easy one. Were I recording my own sentiments only, I should set down the Divorce Act as an error; but I conceive it has the approval of a majority. I should add the Public Worship Act, but that it is fast passing into desuetude; and the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, which ended its mute and ignominious existence in an early repeal. If these were errors, and some would deny it, what are they in comparison with the good laws of the time?

If we look for sins of omission, it is indeed undeniable that the public business is more and more felt to be behindhand. What we call arrears, however, were arrears in the beginning of the century; only they were then unfelt arrears. For my own part, I believe that the cause and prospective cure of these arrears lies in a single word. That word is Ireland. But Ireland at this moment means controversy, and for the purposes of this paper I regard it as forbidden ground.

There is one serious subject which, as it is commonly understood, falls neither under the head of legislation nor of administration, while it partakes of both. Within our memory, and especially within the last twenty years, we have seen a large

* The figures are subject to a small deduction on account of acts passed to extend the jurisdiction of minor courts.

d general growth of the public expenditure. It may now be stated in round numbers at ninety millions. It has grown, since 1830, much more rapidly than the population. Fully to exhibit this growth should deduct the charge for debt and payment of debt. After this has been done it will appear that what may be called optional expenditure has more than doubled within fifty years, while the population has less than doubled. Against this may be said that in the defensive services we have greater efficiency; that changes of armament have been costly; and that the vast augmentation in Continental forces compelled a certain degree of upward movement; while, in the civil services, provision has undoubtedly been made for a multitude of real wants, formerly undreamt of. Let all reasonable allowance be granted accordingly. It will still remain true, first, that this growth has been in many cases forced by the House of Commons, of which the first duty is to curtail it; secondly, that the appetite, to which it is, in my opinion, partly due, is as yet unsated and menaces further demands; thirdly, that promises of retrenchment given to the country on the abolition of purchase in 1871 by the government of the day have not been redeemed; fourthly, that the dangerous invasion by the House of Commons of the province of the executive with regard to expenditure betokens prevailing indifference to the subject in the country. It is true, however, that, though our expenditure is greatly swollen, our finance is not demoralized. The public credit has been vigorously maintained; our debt (since 1816) has been reduced by more than one hundred and fifty millions, and we no longer enjoy the melancholy distinction of being the most indebted people in the world. But on the whole I am unable to deny that the State and the nation have lost ground with respect to the great business of controlling the public charge, and I rejoice in any currency which may give a chance, however slender, of regaining it.

Let us not, however, overstate the matter. It is an item in the account, but an item only. There is an *ascensus Averni* before the nation, if it will face the hill. The general balance of the present survey is not disturbed.

It is perhaps of interest to turn from these dry outlines as may be sketched by the aid of almanacks to those more delicate gradations of the social movement, which in their detail are indeterminate and most fugitive, but which in their mass may be apprehended and made the sub-

ject of record. The gross and cruel sports, which were rampant in other days, have almost passed from view, and are no longer national. Where they remain, they have submitted to forms of greater refinement. Pugilism, which ranges between manliness and brutality, and which in the days of my boyhood on its greatest celebrations almost monopolized the space of journals of the highest order, is now rare, modest, and unobtrusive. But, if less exacting in the matter of violent physical excitements, the nation attaches not less but more value to corporal education, and for the schoolboy and the man alike athletics are becoming an ordinary incident of life. Under the influence of better conditions of living, and probably of increased self-respect, mendicity, except in seasons of special distress, has nearly disappeared. If our artisans combine (as they well may) partly to uphold their wages, it is also greatly with the noble object of keeping all the members of their enormous class independent of public alms. They have forwarded the cause of self-denial, and manfully defended themselves even against themselves, by promoting restraints upon the traffic in strong liquors. In districts where they are most advanced, they have fortified their position by organized co-operation in supply; and the capitalist will have no jealousy of their competition, should they succeed in showing that they can on a scale of sensible magnitude assume a portion of his responsibilities, either on the soil or in the workshop.

Not are the beneficial changes of the last half-century confined to the masses. Swearing and duelling, established until a recent date almost as institutions of the country, have nearly disappeared from the face of society; the first a gradual change; the second one not less sudden than it was marvellous, and one happily not followed by the social trespasses which it was not wholly unreasonable to apprehend from its abolition. Serious as opposed to idle life has become a reality, and a great reality, in quarters open to peculiar temptation; for example, among the officers of the army, and at our public schools, which are among the most marked and national of our institutions. The clergy of the Anglican Church have been not merely improved, but transformed; and have greatly enlarged their influence during a time when voluntary and Nonconforming effort, within their province and beyond it, and most of all in Scotland, has achieved its noblest triumphs. At the same time, that disposition to lay bare public mischiefs and drag them into the light of day,

which, though liable to exaggeration, has perhaps been our best distinction among the nations, has become more resolute than ever. The multiplication and better formation of the institutions of benevolence among us are but symptomatic indications of a wider and deeper change; a silent but more extensive and practical acknowledgment of the great second commandment, of the duties of wealth to poverty, of strength to weakness, of knowledge to ignorance, in a word of man to man. And the sum of the matter seems to be that upon the whole, and in a degree, we who lived fifty, sixty, seventy years back, and are living now, have lived into a gentler time; that the public conscience has grown more tender, as indeed was very needful; and that, in matters of practice, at sight of evils formerly regarded with indifference or even connivance, it now not only winces but rebels; that upon the whole the race has been reaping, and not scattering; earning, and not wasting; and that, without its being said that the old prophet is wrong, it may be said that the young prophet was unquestionably right.

But do not let us put to hazard his lessons, by failing to remember that every blessing has its drawbacks and every age its dangers. I wholly reserve my judgment on changes now passing in the world of thought, and of inward conviction. I confine myself to what is nearer the surface; and further, I exclude from view all that regards the structure and operation of political party. So confining myself, I observe that, in the sphere of the State, the business of the last half-century has been in the main a process of setting free the individual man, that he may work out his vocation without wanton hindrance, as his Maker will have him do. If, instead of this, government is to work out his vocation for him, I for one am not sanguine as to the result. Let us beware of that imitative luxury which is tempting all of us to ape our betters. Let us remember, that in our best achievements lie hid the seeds of danger; and beware lest the dethronement of custom to make place for right should displace along with it that principle of reverence which bestows a discipline absolutely invaluable in the formation of character. We have had plutocrats who were patterns of every virtue, as may well be said in an age which has known Samuel Morley; but let us be jealous of plutocracy, and of its tendency to infect aristocracy, its elder and nobler sister: and learn, if we can, to hold by or get back to some regard for

simplicity of life. Let us respect the ancient manners; and recollect that, if the true soul of chivalry has died among us, with it all that is good in society has died. Let us cherish a sober mind; take for granted that in our best performances there are latent many errors which in their own time will come to light; and thank our present teacher for reminding us in his stately words: *—

Forward, then, but still remember, how the course of Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward-streaming curve.

And now a closing word. There is a circle of elect spirits, to whom the whole strain of this paper will, it is most likely, seem to be beside the mark. A criticism on the new volume in the *Spectator*,† bearing the signs of a master hand, justly (as I think) praises the chief poem, in a temper unalloyed by the fears which weaker men may entertain, lest by other men weaker still it may be taken for a deliberate authoritative estimate of the time, and if so taken may be made and excused for the indulgence of the opposite but often concurring weaknesses of a carping and also of a morbid temper. If I understand the criticism rightly, it finds a perfect harmony, a true equation, between the two "Locksley Halls;" the warmer picture due to the ample vitality of the prophet's youth, and the colder one not less due to the stunted vitality of his age. In passing I may just observe that this stunted vitality can strike like a spent cannon-ball. But at all events must in this view not merely accept, must carry along with us in living consciousness, the proposition that the poem are purely subjective; that they do not deal with the outward world at all; that their imagery is like the perception of color by the eye, and tells us only our own impression of the thing, not at all the thing itself. Provided with this *molu*,‡ we can safely confront any Circe, and defy all her works. But it is not a specific that all men are able to "keep in stock;" and, for such as have it not, the minutes spent upon this roughly drawn paper will possibly not have been wasted, if it shall have helped to show them that their country is still young as well as old, and that in these latest days it has not been unworthy of itself. Justice does not require, nay rather forbids, that the jubilee of the queen be marred by tragic tones.

* New Locksley Hall, p. 32.

† Of December 18, 1886.

‡ *Odyssey* x. 309.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. THE ZENITH OF CONSERVATISM. By Matthew Arnold, ...	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , ...	323
II. THE LAND OF DARKNESS, ...	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , ...	333
III. BENVENUTO CELLINI'S CHARACTER. By J. Addington Symonds, ...	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , ...	345
IV. RURAL LIFE IN RUSSIA, ...	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , ...	354
V. THE STRANGE STORY OF MARGARET BEAUCHAMP. By George Fleming, ...	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , ...	363
VI. THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY: INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE AND LABORS, ...	<i>Leisure Hour</i> , ...	369
VII. FRENCH FINANCE, ...	<i>Spectator</i> , ...	376
VIII. AN ANCESTOR OF THE CZAR, ...	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> , ...	378
IX. PIO NONO'S WILL, ...	<i>Spectator</i> , ...	380
X. THE EXCAVATION OF THE GREAT SPHINX, ...	<i>Times</i> , ...	381
XI. ON A JURY, ...	<i>Globe</i> , ...	383

POETRY.

THE CHILDREN'S WEEK, ...	322	"I SAW MY LADY WEEP,"	322
CHRISTMAS SONNET, ...	322		

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THE CHILDREN'S WEEK.

(A Reply to some Verses hailing the Meeting of Old and Young at Christmas Time as a Boon to both.)

'Tis true you say,
Yule-tide is for the young,
The old with falt'ring tongue
Greet its array.

The mistletoe,
Kiss-raining on our girls,
Is strung with death-pale pearls
To widowed woe.

Holly appears,
Glossy to deck the dance,
To boys, to age its glance
Glistens with tears.

The Yule log's blaze
On chubby cheeks beams bright,
Wrinkles it tincts with light
Of other days.

And Christmas fare
That makes babes blithe and bold,
Dyspepsy brings the old,
And mickle care.

The New Year's eve,
The children's tiptoe time,
Bids those who've passed their prime
Lean back and grieve.

But tenfold sad
Would Christmas be to eld,
Were merry revels quelled
Of lass and lad.

And little mirth
Would it on young folks shed,
If old folks went to bed
At frolic's birth.

For twilight grey
And rosy dawn both lend
Each other charms, and blend
In perfect day.

'Tis in the flow
Of hope and mem'ry, we
Take heart to live and be
In this dull show.

Laughter and sighs
Make up a tranquil whole,
And reconcile the soul
To toilsome ties.

Long may't abide
That careworn faces smile,
On quip and wanton wile,
At Christmas tide.

That, clear from sin,
Young eyes then straight divine,
In age, through each stern line,
The love within.

Most wise your theme,
That Christmas should unfold

The young and peevish old
In one sweet dream;

Compact of joys,
Dulcamorous regrets,
Babble of rivulets,
Old Ocean's voice;

Of trees in flames,
And belfries tossing chimes
Across the snow, and mimes,
And festive games.

While Astrolabe
Faith sees one star afield,
And Magi homage yield
The manger Babe.

The children's week,
That comes in winter's heart,
Shall then, warmed, clothed, depart,
And leave us meek.

Academy.

J. C.]

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

I HEARD the children crying from the stair
"A merry, merry Christmas to you all
I saw down gentle cheeks a teardrop fall
And on the weeper's head was silver hair

But the sweet babe, high-perched within
chair,
His dimpled hand upon the painted ba
With unconcern, mute and majestical,
Almost rebuked our Christmas joy and c

I turned in thought to that old weary inn
By Bethlehem's gate, and there with
der spied
That other babe, and round him s
and fears,
He too was heedless; but the Cherubin
Unto the Seraphin in glory cried,
"This babe shall deepen joy and qu
tears!"

Spectator.

H. D. RAWNSL

I SAW my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so
In those fair eyes where all perfections
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins
hearts

Than Mirth can do with her enticing pai

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful tl
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness
As made my heart at once both griev
love.

Elizabethan Songs.

JOHN DOWLA

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE ZENITH OF CONSERVATISM.

THERE was a favorite saying of Ptolemy the astronomer, which Lord Bacon quotes in its Latin version thus: *Quum ni appropinquas, bonum cum augmento perare* — "As you draw near to your utter end, redouble your efforts to do good." From time to time I have ventured to criticise the action of our great political parties. The professional politicians are always apt to be impatient of the intervention in politics of a candid outsider, and he must expect to provoke contempt and resentment in a good many of them. Still the action of the regular politicians continues to be, for the most part, so very far from successful, that the outsider is perpetually tempted to brave their anger and to offer his observations, with the hope of possibly doing some little good by saying what many quiet people are thinking and wishing outside of the strife, phrases, and routine of professional politics. Declining years supply a motive, Ptolemy tells us, to an aged outsider for more than ever trying to do this, and so, at the present moment of crisis, I find myself drawn back to politics. Before the defeat of the Liberals I criticised the performance and situation of the Liberal party under Mr. Gladstone, and said that his great party seemed to have at that moment pretty well reached its nadir, or lowest. The other great political party, the party of the Conservatives, might on the contrary before the recent sudden surprise of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation have been said to stand at its zenith, or highest. Before Parliament meets, and it is decided whether the fortunes of Conservatism shall remain prosperous or shall take a turn to decline and fall, I want to inquire how things look to plain people outside of the rivalry of parties, and on what the standing or falling of the Conservative fortunes seems to depend.

When one thinks of the weakness of the Conservatives, in the last Parliament, the confidence of Mr. Gladstone and his followers that in the elections for the present Parliament they would sweep the Conservatives from the field, and how this

confidence proved false and the Conservatives from very weak in Parliament became very strong; when one thinks, next, of the prophesying of the Liberals that the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists would instantly dissolve, and how false, too, this prophesying proved; when one considers, finally, how the Conservatives in their resistance to Mr. Gladstone had and have the mind of the country with them, or at least the mind of England, of the far greatest, most civilized, and most influential part of the country, the part, too, where the mere trade or game of politics least absorbs men, where there is to be found the largest number of people who think coolly and independently, — when one considers all this, one must surely own that the Conservatives might until just now have been said to be at their zenith.

Certainly there have been appearances of danger. We heard at one time that Mr. Chamberlain was consenting to an attack on the home secretary's seat at Birmingham, at another that Sir George Trevelyan was going himself to contest a Conservative seat at Brighton. Then, too, there was Mr. Gladstone's friendly proposal that the Liberal Unionists should join with him to force the hand of the Conservative leaders at the beginning of this coming session, and to make them at once produce their plans for dealing with Ireland. But these former appearances of danger passed off. Mr. Chamberlain was staunch, Sir George Trevelyan was staunch. Mr. Gladstone's friendly call to co-operation was received by Lord Hartington with a coldness which reminds one irresistibly of the attitude of the prince in "Rasselas": "His old instructor officiously sought opportunities of conference, which the prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford."

Now, however, has come the startling surprise of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation. Of course, that resignation is a grave event, throwing a very serious responsibility upon Lord Randolph Churchill, a very serious responsibility upon Lord Salisbury. So long, however, as the Liberal Unionists continue staunch, and the

majority remains unimpaired, the gravity of the event is ministerial and Parliamentary, rather than national. But the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain, agitated by Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation, has become equivocal. More than ever is it important that the mind of the country, the great power of quiet, reasonable opinion in England, should make its force felt. Parliaments, parties, and politicians, are more or less discredited; that force is at bottom sound, and affords our best guarantee of national strength and safety. It placed the Conservatives in office, and, if not alienated, it will for the present keep them there. Questions of persons sink into insignificance beside the paramount question, whether ministers will, by their policy on two or three matters now of main concern, carry the mind of the country with them. It is favorable to them at present, in spite of Lord Randolph Churchill's defection and of Mr. Chamberlain's signalings to the enemy. It is favorable to them at present, and shows no signs of withdrawing from them its good-will. But how are they to keep it favorable? How are they to retain the good-will of that great body of quiet, reasonable people, who thought the course attempted by Mr. Gladstone and his Liberals a false and dangerous one, and rejoiced at the success of the Conservatives in stopping it?

Well, what the Conservatives, having been themselves successful, have now above all to do, is to make their country too, in its turn, *succeed*. There can be no doubt that for this good while past our country has not been, in the judgment of any cool-headed person, succeeding; that it has seemed somehow, as has been said, to flounder and to beat the air; to be finding itself stopped on this line and on that, and to be threatened with a sort of standstill. People carried away by party spirit will say anything; they will say that Mr. Gladstone succeeded in Egypt, that he was successful with his Land Act, successful with procedure. But that great body of plain, reasonable people, whose good-will at present makes, I say, the strength of the Conservative government, know better. Perhaps party writers on the Tory side will say that Lord Salisbury's gov-

ernment, since it has been in power, has already been succeeding; but dispassionate observers will hardly agree to that either. The Conservatives have done little or nothing hitherto, since they came into power, to make their country *succeed*, to make things go happily for us, any more than the Liberals did. I do not say that the Conservatives are to be blamed for this; perhaps they have not had time, perhaps they have been reserving themselves for the meeting of Parliament. But the fact remains; they have not yet made their country visibly recover itself and succeed, and to make it do this is what is wanted of them. If they are to remain at the zenith, they must do it; and both for their own sake and for the sake of the country it is most important for them, and now since Lord Randolph Churchill's defection more important than ever, to consider by what sort of proceedings when Parliament meets, since they seem to be waiting for the meeting of Parliament, they are likely to do it.

Soon enough will the occasions come to the Conservative government, the occasions for standing or falling; and in what fashion soever they may meet them they will have plenty of party foes sure to tell them that they do ill, and plenty of party friends to tell them that they do well. But the verdict which will decide whether they and the great Conservative party led by them shall really stand or fall is, I repeat, the great force of fair and reasonable English opinion independent of party. This force is what they must keep in view and seek to satisfy. It will go with them in not permitting questions to be raised which ought to be postponed to matters more urgently pressing now. But with three matters of urgent present importance the government will, as every one knows, have to deal: procedure, the state of Ireland, local government. It is probable also that some branch or other of the question of Church disestablishment will force itself under the notice of Parliament and compel discussion. On perhaps four matters, therefore, the government will, we may expect, have to declare itself: procedure, the state of Ireland, local government, Church disestablishment. On

these it will have to carry with it, if it is to stand and not to fall, the great body of independent reasonable opinion in England.

Let us take procedure first. Probably no member of Parliament quite knows how scandalous and intolerable the present state of the House of Commons appears to the great body of quiet, reasonable people throughout the country. Party men may find their account, one way or another, in that state of things; the excitement of it, and self-importance, may make many members of Parliament blind to the actual truth. But the actual truth is that plain, reasonable people outside the House of Commons regard the confusion into which it has fallen, and its apparent helplessness to extricate itself, with ever-deepening disgust and shame; it is a relief to them when Parliament is not sitting; they are uneasy and apprehensive as soon as it meets again, for they know that the time for humiliation has returned. A minister said solemnly, after a scandalous scene: "The country will judge;" the *Times* sounded its eternal warning: "If this sort of thing continues, it will become necessary to apply some very stringent remedy." The country *has* judged, judged and condemned. It has judged that the stringent remedy ought to have been long before now applied, and has condemned the House of Commons of impotence for not applying it. Factious men in the House of Commons may from party interest oppose a stringent reform of procedure, vain men may oppose it in the interest of their own importance; pedants, both inside and outside the House of Commons, may oppose it on the strength of stock phrases which perhaps had force and truth once but which have them no longer. But the body of quiet, reasonable opinion throughout the country is in favor of a most stringent reform; and this opinion will heartily approve the government if it undertakes such a reform and carries it through, will be displeased and alienated if it does not. Plain people will not be impracticable and insist on having closure by a bare majority, if the government finds that time and labor are saved through accepting closure by a

majority of three-fifths, or of two-thirds; but the more stringent a closure the government can carry, the better will plain people be pleased. I presume it will hardly now be Lord Randolph Churchill who will propose closure; but to imagine that we should have been so stiff as not to accept closure from Lord Randolph Churchill because he of old intemperately inveighed against it, is to think us foolish indeed. The *Saturday Review* objects to my quoting Bishop Wilson, but really I have a maxim of his which fits Lord Randolph Churchill's duty in this matter exactly: "Let us not afflict ourselves with our failings; our perfection consists in opposing them."

The subject of Ireland I will leave to the last, because it requires to be treated at most length. We come next, therefore, to the question of local government. It cannot be said that the opinion which the Conservative ministry is so concerned to satisfy, the opinion of quiet, reasonable people throughout the country, has as yet much addressed itself to this question of local government, or feels a keen interest in it. Such people are indeed bent, as I believe, on giving to the Irish the due control of their own local affairs, just as the Scotch have it, or the English themselves. Through the Parliament at Westminster Scotchmen and Englishmen do in the main get this control, though by an imperfect and inconvenient method; Irishmen, however, fail to get it, and a plan of local government is necessary in order to give it to them. The necessity is recognized; it is known, moreover, that other nations have reformed their system of local government to meet modern needs, whilst ours remains chaotic and inefficient. And the more the advantage of the reforms effected elsewhere comes to be understood, the greater will be the impatience at our unreformed chaos. Difficulties are raised, it is objected that a thorough system of local government, such as we see, for instance, in the United States, implies a federal organization of the people concerned. But the kingdom of Prussia is not organized federally any more than the kingdom of Great Britain; and in Prussia the Liberals have reformed almost the

whole system of the local governments, and established a system new and thorough; it is the one success of the Prussian Liberals. Prussia has thirteen provinces and four hundred and sixty-nine circles or districts, each with its assembly elected by a very simple and wide suffrage; after these come all the municipalities, urban and rural, each of them with its own elective assembly too. The system works well. I have most examined it in connection with the elementary schools. These have far more to do with the district and provincial governments than with the central government. They are gainers thereby, they are managed with less of what we call *red tape*, with much more understanding of local needs. Furthermore, in monarchical Prussia just as in republican and federal America, the district and provincial assemblies afford a wholesome training in public affairs to their members, a training which both informs and raises them, and of which the middle class in our country is destitute. The more that all this comes to be known and considered, the more will the force of quiet, reasonable opinion here be engaged in favor of creating a thorough system of local government. At present our people do, as I have already admitted, chiefly think of it as a remedy for the Irish difficulty. Whether as a system for Ireland only, or for the entire kingdom, it is important that it should be built on sufficiently large lines, not too complicated, not fantastic, not hesitating and suspicious, not taking back with one hand what it gives with the other. Why? Because a measure of that kind cannot possibly win general and cordial acceptance, cannot therefore, really succeed; and *success*, clear and broad success, is what the general sentiment demands from measures produced by the government. People are become very impatient of seeing their country fumble and fail, the efforts of government turn awry, our affairs go amiss. If ministers do not see their way to producing a full and frank measure of local government at the present moment, they would surely do well to put off the production of their measure rather than produce a lame one; most especially if, as is rumored, Ireland is thought to be not in a proper state for the immediate introduction there of any such measure at all.

Next we have the question of Church disestablishment, which is likely to come under discussion in connection with Wales. Here it is above all important

that ministers should not only think of defeating their party opponents and of gratifying their party supporters, but also of carrying with them the mind of the country, the force of quiet, reasonable opinion in the nation. Admit reforms they must; but Conservatives are always saying that it is their principle to make needful reforms, only without destroying. I will add that they can afford to disregard entirely their adversaries' reproach of stealing the Liberal reforms. The important reforms which the Liberal party, the party of movement and change, has brought about, are almost entirely reforms demanded — legitimately, I will add, demanded — by the instinct of expansion in our community, reforms among which the extension of the suffrage, with the ballot, may stand as chief. But these are reforms of machinery, requiring not much insight or thought to make them; comparatively easy, and tempting in proportion to their ease. For the more vital and constructive kinds of reform the Liberal party has shown, except in the single and doubtful case of free trade, little disposition and no faculty. What is the Liberal policy in Ireland? Throwing up the game there, the virtual abandonment of the Union. What is the Liberal policy with regard to the Church? Mere destruction of a great and old national agency. What with regard to the House of Lords? Very much the same thing. Sir George Trevelyan seems inclined, Unionist though he is, to make the Liberal party his religion, just as the religion of Gambetta, Mr. Frederic Harrison tell us, was France; and I must say that neither the one nor the other object for religion seems to me adequate. When the Liberal party proposes to reform without destroying, its proposals are commonly childish. Take the well-known Liberal proposition to expel the bishops from the House of Lords. One can hardly imagine sensible men planning a second chamber which should not include the Archbishop of Canterbury for the time being, or which should include the young gentlemen who now flock to the House of Lords when pigeon-shooting is in question. But our precious Liberal reformers are for retaining the pigeon-shooters and for expelling the Archbishop of Canterbury.

No; if the Conservatives can produce vital and constructive reforms, there is no fear of our finding them to be plagiarisms from the Liberals. But vital and constructive reforms, such as may so properly come from the party of stability and

prominence—reforms which possess, as Burke finely says, “all the benefits which may be in change without any of the inconveniences of mutation,” these the Conservatives must produce, or must at least show themselves capable of producing; and nowhere more than in Church matters.

Twenty years and more have now gone by, since in a lecture at Oxford I quoted the declaration of a member of Parliament, a friend of mine, that a thing's being an anomaly was in his opinion no objection to it whatever, and I remarked that at any rate, perhaps the labors of the friends of light might be trusted to prevail so far as this: that in twenty years' time it should be thought, even in England, an objection to a thing that it is absurd. And this is what has really come about. The epoch of concentration has ended for us, the ice has broken up, things are no longer looked upon as a part of the order of creation merely because we find them existing. If they are absurd, this is now a positive objection to them: they become impossible as well, and have to be got rid of. Apply this to Church matters. The American newspapers have all been saying with wonder lately, and our newspapers have repeated it after them, that the present Earl of Lonsdale has forty Church livings in his gift, and nominates their incumbents. Perhaps he has not really so many as forty, but certainly he has a good number. Well, twenty years ago, if a like thing had been mentioned, the stale old hacks in politics and religion, whose business it was to talk plausibly on these topics but to prevent all innovation, would have said that the thing was unfortunate, but that it could not possibly be helped, and our society at large would have greatly acquiesced. But now the mention of a thing of this kind startles people, raises their impatience. They feel that Lord Lonsdale's having the presentation to these livings is an absurdity. The body of quiet, reasonable people throughout the country, whose good-will is so essential to the government, have come, I say, to perceive, when a thing of this kind is brought to their notice, that it is absurd; it is felt to be absurd, and its long continuance henceforth, therefore, becomes impossible. The government must in questions of Church patronage be in concert with this force of reasonable opinion, not lagging behind it or in conflict with it.

The same as to the maintenance of the Church establishment on its actual footing, under circumstances such as those

which we see presenting themselves in Wales. To maintain the establishment in Wales for the sole benefit of a small minority of the population is an absurdity there, just as it was in Ireland. When it comes before the mind of reasonable people, it is felt by them to be an absurdity. The thing being felt to be an absurdity, its long continuance becomes impossible. Does that necessitate disestablishment, secularization of Church revenues, giving to roads and bridges what was meant for religion? Not by any means. The sterile programme of our actual party Liberalism has no better solution than this to offer, but a better solution may be found, and it is the business of a truly Conservative government to find it. The mind of the country will be heartily with them if they can produce and apply it.

And now I come, lastly, to that which is, after all, both the great opportunity and the great danger for the Conservatives at present—Ireland. If they succeed here, they will be at the zenith beyond all doubt or question, and whatever Lord Randolph Churchill or Mr. Chamberlain may do or say; if they fumble and fail, if their efforts go awry and affairs in Ireland go amiss, then inevitably must come the turn of Cleon and his democracy, who will resume in triumph the game which the country cut short once, but will then reluctantly leave them free to pursue. All that will be left for the Conservatives will be to cry out, like the Abbé Sieyès: *Ruit irrevocabile vulgus*.

Now, however, ministers have the mind of the country thoroughly with them in resisting Home Rule—Home Rule as Mr. Gladstone and his followers understand it. There prevails, apparently, in the ideas of many people who think and talk about Home Rule, the most astonishing laxity and confusion. Home Rule, for many people, means just the same thing as local government. Whoever is for local government, for giving the Irish people the control of their own local affairs, is for Home Rule, only his opposition to Mr. Gladstone makes him choose a different form of expression! I have seen Sir Redvers Buller called a Home Ruler because he is, or is supposed to be, for putting pressure on harsh and impracticable landlords. But Home Rule has for Mr. Gladstone and his followers a certain definite, fixed meaning, which they have again and again declared to us, and it is this: *A separate Parliament for Ireland, with an Irish executive responsible to that Parliament*. I know they reserve imperial af-

fairs, and withhold them from the control of the Irish Parliament and Irish executive. But the point is, that by Home Rule they mean one separate Parliament for the Irish, with a separate executive responsible to it. Local government may mean many things, but Home Rule has now come to mean this particular, definite thing, which Mr. Gladstone and his followers declare themselves to understand by it. And the question is, is the thing expedient, or is it dangerous and to be resisted? There can be no doubt that the Conservatives think it dangerous and to be resisted, that the mind of the country has gone with them in their resistance to it hitherto, and still goes with them in resistance to it now.

Treatises might be written—treatises *are* written, treatises very ingenious, very elaborate, and very long—on the dangers of Home Rule as Mr. Gladstone and his followers understand it. But I have here in view the opinion and disposition of the great body of plain, reasonable people throughout the country, whose favor has brought the Conservatives to their zenith, and must be retained if they are to stay there. For general use by plain, reasonable people the apparatus of argument employed against Home Rule is excessive; it is much too full and too vast. And it is not required; a single apposite and clear illustration brings the state of the case home to their minds better than scores of long speeches and treatises, with all their elaborate apparatus of argument. This is why I have so much insisted on an illustration afforded by the United States of America. Lord Spencer, having apparently, in his strange courses of late, got hold of a formula of Jacobinism by mistake for a formula of Whiggery, asks with earnestness: "Is there not a mandate from the Irish people to the British Parliament to give Home Rule?"—and seems to think that this settles the matter. Ireland could address no stronger mandate to Parliament to give Home Rule than the Southern States addressed to the North to give them a separate Congress and a separate executive. If that mandate ought to have settled the matter for the Americans, then the Irish mandate ought to settle the matter for us. If it would have been the same thing for the United States to grant to the South a separate Southern Congress and executive at Richmond as to grant them provincial governments at Montgomery, Atlanta, and all the rest of the Southern chief

towns, then to grant Gladstonian Home Rule to Ireland is the same thing as granting local government to it. If it would have been dangerous to grant a Southern Congress and a Southern executive, then it would be dangerous to grant an Irish Parliament, and an executive responsible to it. If a Southern Congress, with whatever restrictions you might have surrounded it, would have been sure to pose sooner or later as an independent Parliament and to threaten and embarrass the North, so would an Irish Parliament—take what securities now you please, devise and apply every safeguard you can—inevitably act towards Great Britain. It is in the nature of things that it should be so, and in the case of Ireland even more than in the case of the Southern States of America. If these States were left confronting the North, after their bitter conflict, with feelings of irritation and estrangement, what were those feelings compared with the rage, hatred, and scorn with which the Irish, as they themselves are every day telling us, regard Great Britain? To be a thorn in Great Britain's side, to make alliance with its rivals, to turn against it in a crisis of danger, would be more tempting to the Irish by far (I judge them, again, simply from what they themselves say) than a similar conduct towards the Northern States would have been to the South. The abundance of political talent and energy in the South, however, would have of itself been enough, without fierce hatred to help it, to impel a Southern Parliament to make itself independent and formidable. The love for the game of politics, and the talent for it, are as strong in the Irish as in the men of the South; Bishop Berkeley long ago remarked the "general parturiency in Ireland with respect to politics and public counsel." And to make Irishmen extend the scope, importance, and power for mischief of their Parliament, they have all the stimulus of fierce hatred as well.

What has been here said touches only, an Irishman may urge, the interest of Great Britain in the matter. A separate Parliament may still, he will say, be for the advantage of Ireland, and an Irishman may desire it, though it might prove embarrassing to Great Britain. Burke, we now continually hear it alleged, was for retaining the Irish Parliament, and against such a union with Great Britain as *was* afterwards established. It is most important to have Burke's very words on this matter. Thus he writes in 1792:—

I have heard a discussion concerning such a union amongst all sorts of men ever since I remember anything. For my own part I have never been able to bring my mind to anything clear and decisive upon the subject. There cannot be a more arduous question. As far as I can form an opinion, it would not be for the mutual advantage of the two kingdoms. Persons, however, more able than I am, think otherwise.

Was ever disapprobation more cautious, more candidly doubtful of itself? I have so much respect for Burke's judgment that I am willing to share his doubt whether in 1792 the projected Union may have been advisable. But I am quite sure that to go back upon it in 1886, after it has been established for nearly a hundred years, and to return to a separate Parliament for Ireland, is a retrograde step inexpedient and dangerous, and for Ireland not less than for England; and I am sure that Burke would have thought so too. For in our present circumstances, and with tempers as they are now, a separate Parliament for Ireland would assuredly, as we have seen, of itself supply fresh occasions for conflict between Ireland and Great Britain, and increase the alienation and distrust already too prevalent. And "the closest connection between Great Britain and Ireland is essential," Burke thought, "to the wellbeing, almost to the very being, of the two kingdoms." He thought that "by the separation of Ireland Great Britain, indeed, would be ruined; but as there are degrees even in ruin, it would fall the most heavily on Ireland. By such a separation Ireland would be the most completely undone country in the world, the most wretched, the most distracted, and, in the end, the most desolate part of the habitable globe."

The Irish mandate for Home Rule, therefore, on which Lord Spencer relies, is really a mandate for increased alienation; and increased alienation means increased misery, for Ireland above all. If the Irish have set their affections on this, it is surely a case for telling them, with Shakespeare, that

your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil;

for telling them, in the words of the Frenchwoman who observed the troubles of the Fronde, that *ce qu'ils demandent n'est pas ce qu'il faut pour les apaiser*, "what they ask for is not what is wanted to bring them peace." Mr. Gladstone may fail to perceive this, because, with all his wonderful gifts, he yet lacks so

signally the crowning gift of wisdom and insight. Mr. Morley may fail to acknowledge it, because he despairs of the English people and Parliament. But the mind of the country at once instinctively perceived it, instinctively felt that the separate Irish Parliament and Irish executive means a lull for an instant, to be followed by increased contention and misery in the near future. Lord Hartington's sound judgment is shown by his having from the first signalized this proposal of Mr. Gladstone as the specially dangerous one, and never wavered in doing so. The Conservative party, as a whole, has staunchly taken and held the same view. The mind of the country is with them in it, the great body of quiet, reasonable opinion in England wishes them continued success in their resistance to Gladstonian Home Rule.

But what, now, shall we say of the set and disposition of this great force of opinion, in the questions which arise as to acts of firm government in Ireland? It is entirely favorable to such acts. The language of certain eager and impassioned Liberal newspapers on this topic is such as to show a sheer absence of all instinct of government, and finds no response at all in the mind of plain, reasonable Englishmen generally. "What might be a fair rent to pay?" Mr. Sheehy asks an Irish crowd. A voice responded, "*Nothing!*" followed by a burst of laughter and applause. "I like your music," says Mr. Sheehy, "and I hope that many will learn it." "We will march on from victory to victory," says Mr. O'Brien, "until we shall have liberated this land from the two curses of landlordism and English rule." "In the day of our power we will remember the police," says Mr. Dillon. O'Connell was prosecuted in 1824 for saying: "If Parliament will not attend to the Catholic claims, I hope that some Bolivar will arise to vindicate their rights." That was excess on the side of government. But now we have changed all that, and if Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien are prosecuted when they use language such as that which I have just quoted, the *Pall Mall Gazette* exclaims that this is "arbitrary interference with the ordinary liberties of the subject." Surely this is excess on the side of anarchy. It finds, I say, no response in the minds of quiet, reasonable Englishmen generally. Rather they are indisposed by what looks like weakness, hesitation, and pedantry enfeebling the mind and hand of the executive government, suffering disorder to grow to a

height, and the public authority to be scorned and set at naught. Far from thinking that the interference of government with Irish liberty of speech and action has been excessive, the majority of fair-minded and peaceable Englishmen think that it has been insufficient. It is fatal for the Irish themselves to acquire the habit of setting government and law at defiance. Merely to break down this habit of defiance is not all that we have now to do in Ireland; that is quite true, and most important it is to insist upon it. But the habit of defiance must not be allowed to establish itself, must be quelled when it seeks to establish itself. Whatever fanatics or party politicians may say, the mind of the country is clear and firm on this matter, and will uphold government in quelling anarchy.

But there must be *success* in quelling it. The executive must not give to the world, and to the Irish themselves, in trying to quell it, the spectacle of fumbling and failure, of efforts going awry, of justice defeated, of authority made ridiculous. Days spent by a sheriff and his men in vainly trying to get possession of a barricaded house, the sheriff's men maltreated and blinded, the crowd jeering and yelling, with a force of police and soldiers looking on and doing nothing—this is not quelling anarchy. Bringing offenders before juries who are delighted to show their enmity to government by acquitting them, is not quelling anarchy. In general, administrative action is what is now required against anarchy in Ireland, not recourse to proceedings at law. "Trial by jury in Ireland," said Sir James Graham as long ago as 1844, "is the weak place which renders the civil government of that country all but impossible." Changing the venue to England would be at least as odious to the Irish as firm administrative action. Administration may do a great deal; "He who administers, governs," says Burke; but then the administration must not be punctilious, dilatory, and vacillating. There are surely some kinds of speeches, some kinds of meetings, some kinds of newspaper writing, which in the present circumstances of Ireland should not be permitted there and should be stopped. Political adversaries will of course reproach the administration with being, in Mr. Morley's phrase, "so ready to go before the law instead of waiting to see what the law is." But there is no doubt what the law is. The judges have just pronounced the Plan of Campaign to be "an absolutely illegal organization." It was

perfectly well known to be so, Mr. Morley himself knew it to be so, before this last pronouncement of the judges. It was perfectly well known, Mr. Morley himself knew it, that such language as that used by Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Sheehy is, as the judges now again tell us, language "liable to lead to crime and outrage." The thing is, for the administration to act with firmness, intelligence, and consistency, on this very clear knowledge. I remember saying to Mr. Forster that it was utterly useless to be shutting up "village ruffians," or even Mr. Parnell himself, while *United Ireland* was inflaming and infuriating the Irish people all day long with impunity. Of course only the administration can deal with such an incitement to crime and outrage as *United Ireland*; an Irish jury at present will not. But administrative action, steady and resolute, in repressing this and other undoubted incitements to crime and outrage in Ireland, the great body of plain, reasonable opinion in England would see with hearty approval.

What, however, as to Mr. Dillon's contention that he is "endeavoring to bring pressure to bear upon bad landlords to get rack-rents reduced, and to save the tenants, who cannot possibly pay them, from destitution and misery"? The answer, for whoever is not infected with the Jacobinical temper and passions, is clear. Grant that there are bad landlords in Ireland, and rents which ought to be reduced; grant also that concessions have often been wrung from government only by the fear of disturbance, crime, and outrage. Never, for all that, let us forget or deny for a moment that unswerving firmness in repressing disturbance, crime, and outrage, or whatever plainly leads to them, is always a government's duty. If there is wrong to be redressed, and the government, after repressing disorder, does not redress it, the government leaves a part, a great part, of its duty undone. Let us diligently train ourselves, and train public opinion, to make government do this part of its duty also; but do not let us ever approve of its leaving the other part of its duty, the quelling of anarchy, undone. The temper of the English people is not Jacobinical; more than most communities, the body of quiet people here are capable of grasping and holding firm the indispensable truth that under no circumstances may a government be irresolute in repressing disorder.

Still the redressing of wrong is assuredly part of a government's duty as well,

as the repressing of disorder. And there are very bad landlords in Ireland. So there are, it may be said, everywhere. But in Ireland, they represent, as I have often urged, a system; they represent to the Irish a system which has made peace and prosperity impossible, and which strikes at the root of order. The Duke of Wellington, with his deep practical good sense, warned the Irish landlords, warned them earnestly; 'Croker says, in his valuable "Sketch of the State of Ireland," that it was "concocted with Sir Arthur Wellesley," then Irish secretary. And let us hear Croker, that most unsuspected witness, on the cause of "the constant warfare between the landlords and their tenants by which for fifty years past Ireland had been disturbed and disgraced." Here is the cause : —

A landlord is not mere land-merchant; he has duties to perform as well as rents to receive; and from his neglect of the former springs his difficulty in the latter, and the general misery and distraction. The combinations of the peasantry against this short-sighted monopoly are natural and fatal. Whoever assembles the Irish, disturbs them; disturbance soon coalesces with treason.

But we were then, and for long afterwards, living in an epoch of concentration. Nothing could be done. The Duke of Wellington himself seems to say mournfully under his breath, *Non possumus*! The stale old hacks, plausible and proper as usual, protested that it was unfortunate, but that nothing could by any possibility be done. Ministers left the sufferers to "general sympathy." But general sympathy was then timid and hide-bound, at any rate where the land was concerned, and the land, moreover, with Papists to occupy it. But now there has come a change. We are living in an epoch of expansion; with the loss of some salutary restraints, there has been gain in an enlarged and heightened power of sympathy; with the fading of the theological and distant view of Christianity, the practical and direct view of it has certainly strengthened, and has quickened our sense of sympathy. The nature, rights, and duties of property are freely canvassed; those of property in land above all. Well, the change has gone so far that at this moment, not to the populace only, not to Jacobins, not to Socialists, not to newspaper declaimers, not to Radical demagogues, not to these only, but to the great body of quiet, reasonable people throughout the country, Lord Clanricarde with his fifty thousand acres in Galway is, like Lord

Lonsdale with his forty livings in the Church, an absurdity. Lord Clanricarde, "mere land-merchant," living, we are told, in the Albany, contemptuous and neglectful, never going near his tenants, never hearing what they have to ask or say, doing nothing at all for them, is an absurdity, and therefore cannot now long be maintained. Being felt to be absurd, he is become or is fast becoming, impossible. That same great force of reasonable opinion in this country which is now favorable to ministers, and makes their chief force, will not suffer this sort of landlord to be long maintained. True, if his tenants are evicted, they are to be evicted without the spectacle of a siege in which the sheriff's people are maltreated and scalded all day amid the yells of a mob, while the police and soldiers are kept looking on, doing nothing. But that he should be long maintained is impossible.

Ministers should consider that the general opinion is not without sympathy for Mr. Dillon personally, and for much which he thinks and says, although it wishes his defiance of law to be firmly stopped. If Lord Clanricarde's tenants are evicted, it wishes them evicted without rioting; but it has its own thoughts about Lord Clanricarde. Lord Salisbury's figure of the highwayman, Mr. Goschen's of the garrotter, are smart rhetoric rather than sound statesmanship, if the tenants in conflict with Lord Clanricarde do not really at all present themselves to the mind of the country as highwaymen and garrotters, and cannot be made so to present themselves. Samson's pulling down of the court-house at Gaza upon himself and the Philistine lords was a violent, irregular, and unlawful proceeding. But we do not in the least think of Samson as a garrotter and highwayman, nor will quiet people in general think of Lord Clanricarde's tenants under this figure. Garrotters and highwaymen have only to be brought under the strong hand of the law; Lord Clanricarde's tenants have to be firmly stopped, indeed, from rioting, but then something further has to be done for them, some relief afforded. The land question has indeed to be dealt with, and there can be no peace in Ireland until it has been dealt with successfully; that is most true.

The Land Act of 1881 unsettled everything; it introduced or confirmed a divided ownership full of inconvenience, full of elements of dispute. But its chief fault was that whereas the Irish tenant had two grievances, a material grievance and a

moral grievance, the Land Act, which dealt after a fashion with the material grievance, left the moral grievance, the grievance of bad landlordism carried to lengths hardly exemplified elsewhere and striking at the root of order, wholly untouched. How very great a force moral grievance has in human affairs we all know. But the Land Act recognized no difference whatever between good landlords and bad, between landlords who had always done their duty and landlords who had never done it at all. I insisted, at the time when the Land Act was passing, upon this its capital defect; I urged that the great and passionately felt moral grievance of the Irish peasantry could be met and wiped out best, could be met and wiped out only, by a direct moral satisfaction, by some measure distinguishing between good landlords and bad, and telling on the bad with severity. I said that if we liked to suppose one of our chief judges and one of our chief philanthropists authorized to establish, on due inquiry, the distinction demanded, and then a measure of expropriation founded on the distinction so reached, that would give us the sort of equity, the sort of moral satisfaction, which the case needed. By Mr. Gladstone's recent Purchase Bill the landlords were to be bought out; but again no distinction was recognized between good and bad landlords, all were to get the same terms. The Purchase Bill is said to have reconciled Lord Spencer to the Home Rule Bill; the majority of Mr. Gladstone's followers would probably have rejected it after they had carried Home Rule. But the Purchase Bill, like the Land Act before it, left the moral grievance of the Irish tenantry wholly untouched; and it may be confidently affirmed that no bill for buying out the Irish landlords will really *succeed* which does not touch this grievance, does not distinguish between good landlords and bad, does not give better terms to the good landlords, worse to the bad.

The mind and conscience of the country, not only Irish malcontents and their Liberal allies, will demand this, and would be alienated, I most sincerely believe, by the government's declaring against it. Meanwhile ministers have promised to put what pressure they can upon bad landlords in order to make them reasonable. Administrative action is here again of extreme value and importance. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir Redvers Buller have been sharply attacked on the supposition that they were putting pressure on bad land-

lords. Under present circumstances they perform a high public duty in applying it; and they are, moreover, the very best persons by whom it can be applied. Their own interests are known to be naturally with the landlords; what they do to press them will therefore be done simply for the public safety. It is asked, why may Sir Michael Hicks-Beach put pressure on bad landlords, when Mr. Morley might not? I have often expressed my high esteem for Mr. Morley, and wherever his course may lead him I shall always feel for him regard and affection. But in despair of the good sense and justice of England he has surrendered to Mr. Parnell and his party; and to complain of its being thought unsafe to let Mr. Morley put pressure on the landlords, is like complaining of its being thought unsafe, in the War of Secession, to let Mr. Jefferson Davis put pressure on the abolitionists. The same as to Mr. Dillon and Mr. Parnell. Why not let Mr. Dillon put pressure on bad landlords, since pressure on them is needed? why not have accepted Mr. Parnell's bill for putting it? Why? Because Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon are Separatists and Home Rulers, and it is not consistent with public safety to let them usurp the functions of government in Ireland, in the midst of a struggle whether Home Rule and separation are or are not to be conceded. But functionaries who are the strong opponents of Home Rule and separation, and whose interests, too, are naturally with the landlords, are just the people whom we may well trust, if they put pressure upon landlords, to put it so far as the public good imperatively requires, and no further.

May they to that extent put it freely, and may government uphold them in putting it, as the general opinion of the country most certainly will! May government also, when it comes to deal by legislation with the land question in Ireland, make good the Land Act's great omission, and regard equity! May the Conservative leaders also produce a good measure of local government, and rescue procedure from chaos; may they likewise be reasonable on Church questions; then the opinion and favor of the country will remain with them, as that opinion is with them now. Let them therefore be strong and of a good courage. A government not brilliant, but with an open mind, and quite honest and quite firm, may serve our present needs much better than a government far more brilliant, but which is not perfectly honest or not perfectly firm.

But on no account must ministers give cause for saying, as Mr. Chamberlain has hastened to say already, that Lord Randolph Churchill's retirement marks the victory, in the Conservative government, of the stupid and noxious Toryism opposed to all serious improvement. They must "be up and doing, and doing to good purpose;" they must keep friends with the mind of the country. And in the present unripe state of the Liberals of the nadir, we Liberals of the future, who happen to be grown, alas, rather old, shall then probably have to look forward to the Conservative ministry, whether with or without Lord Randolph Churchill, lasting at least our time, and shall be able to look forward to this without much repining or dissatisfaction. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAND OF DARKNESS.

[THE following narrative forms a necessary part of the Little Pilgrim's experiences in the spiritual world, though it is not her personal story, but is drawn from the archives of which, in their bearing upon the universal history of mankind, she was informed.]

I FOUND myself standing on my feet, with the tingling sensation of having come down rapidly upon the ground from a height. There was a similar feeling in my head, as of the whirling and sickening sensation of passing downward through the air, like the description Dante gives of his descent upon Geryon. My mind, curiously enough, was sufficiently disengaged to think of that, or at least to allow swift passage for the recollection through my thoughts. All the aching of wonder, doubt, and fear which I had been conscious of a little while before was gone. There was no distinct interval between the one condition and the other, nor in my fall (as I supposed it must have been) had I any consciousness of change. There was the whirling of the air, resisting my passage, yet giving way under me in giddy circles, and then the sharp shock of once more feeling under my feet something solid, which struck yet sustained. After a little while the giddiness above and the tingling below passed away, and I felt able to look about me and discern where I was. But not all at once; the things immediately about me impressed me first — then the general aspect of the new place.

First of all the light, which was lurid,

as if a thunderstorm were coming on. I looked up involuntarily to see if it had begun to rain; but there was nothing of the kind, though what I saw above me was a lowering canopy of cloud, dark, threatening, with a faint reddish tint diffused upon the vaporous darkness. It was, however, quite sufficiently clear to see everything, and there was a good deal to see. I was in a street of what seemed a great and very populous place. There were shops on either side, full apparently of all sorts of costly wares. There was a continual current of passengers up and down on both sides of the way, and in the middle of the street carriages of every description, humble and splendid. The noise was great and ceaseless, the traffic continual. Some of the shops were most brilliantly lighted, attracting one's eyes in the sombre light outside, which, however, had just enough of day in it to make these spots of illumination look sickly; most of the places thus distinguished were apparently bright with the electric or some other scientific light; and delicate machines of every description, brought to the greatest perfection, were in some windows, as were also many fine productions of art, but mingled with the gaudiest and coarsest in a way which struck me with astonishment. I was also much surprised by the fact that the traffic, which was never stilled for a moment, seemed to have no sort of regulation. Some carriages dashed along, upsetting the smaller vehicles in their way, without the least restraint or order, either, as it seemed, from their own good sense, or from the laws and customs of the place. When an accident happened, there was a great shouting, and sometimes a furious encounter, but nobody seemed to interfere. This was the first impression made upon me. The passengers on the pavement were equally regardless. I was myself pushed out of the way, first to one side, then to another, hustled when I paused for a moment, trodden upon and driven about. I retreated soon to the doorway of a shop, from whence with a little more safety I could see what was going on. The noise made my head ring. It seemed to me that I could not hear myself think. If this were to go on forever, I said to myself, I should soon go mad.

"Oh no," said some one behind me, "not at all; you will get used to it; you will be glad of it. One does not want to hear one's thoughts; most of them are not worth hearing."

I turned round and saw it was the mas-

ter of the shop, who had come to the door on seeing me. He had the usual smile of a man who hoped to sell his wares; but to my horror and astonishment, by some process which I could not understand, I saw that he was saying to himself, "What a d——d fool! here's another of those cursed wretches, d—— him!" all with the same smile. I started back, and answered him as hotly, "What do you mean by calling me a d——d fool?—fool yourself, and all the rest of it. Is this the way you receive strangers here?"

"Yes," he said, with the same smile, "this is the way; and I only describe you as you are, as you will soon see. Will you walk in and look over my shop? Perhaps you will find something to suit you if you are just setting up, as I suppose."

I looked at him closely, but this time I could not see that he was saying anything beyond what was expressed by his lips, and I followed him into the shop, principally because it was quieter than the street, and without any intention of buying—for what should I buy in a strange place where I had so settled habitation, and which probably I was only passing through?

"I will look at your things," I said, in a way which I believe I had, of perhaps undue pretension. I had never been over-rich, or of very elevated station; but I was believed by my friends (or enemies) to have an inclination to make myself out something more important than I was. "I will look at your things, and possibly I may find something that may suit me; but with all the *ateliers* of Paris and London to draw from, it is scarcely to be expected that in a place like this——"

Here I stopped to draw my breath, with a good deal of confusion; for I was unwilling to let him see that I did not know where I was.

"A place like this," said the shopkeeper, with a little laugh which seemed to me full of mockery, "will supply you better, you will find, than—any other place. At least you will find it the only place practicable," he added. "I perceive you are a stranger here."

"Well—I may allow myself to be so—more or less. I have not had time to form much acquaintance with—the place; what—do you call the place?—its formal name, I mean," I said, with a great desire to keep up the air of superior information. Except for the first moment I had not experienced that strange power of looking into the man below the surface which had frightened me. Now there occurred an-

other gleam of insight, which gave me once more a sensation of alarm. I seemed to see a light of hatred and contempt below his smile, and I felt that he was not in the least taken in by the air which I assumed.

"The name of the place," he said, "is not a pretty one. I hear the gentlemen who come to my shop say that it is not to be named to ears polite; and I am sure your ears are very polite." He said this with the most offensive laugh, and I turned upon him and answered him, without mincing matters, with a plainness of speech which startled myself, but did not seem to move him, for he only laughed again. "Are you not afraid," I said, "that I will leave your shop and never enter it more?"

"Oh, it helps to pass the time," he said; and without any further comment began to show me very elaborate and fine articles of furniture. I had always been attracted to this sort of thing, and had longed to buy such articles for my house when I had one, but never had it in my power. Now I had no house, nor any means of paying so far as I knew, but I felt quite at my ease about buying, and inquired into the prices with the greatest composure.

"They are just the sort of thing I want. I will take these, I think; but you must set them aside for me, for I do not at the present moment exactly know——"

"You mean you have got no rooms to put them in," said the master of the shop. "You must get a house directly, that's all. If you're only up to it, it is easy enough. Look about until you find something you like, and then—take possession."

"Take possession"—I was so much surprised that I stared at him with mingled indignation and surprise—"of what belongs to another man?" I said.

I was not conscious of anything ridiculous in my look. I was indignant, which is not a state of mind in which there is any absurdity; but the shopkeeper suddenly burst into a storm of laughter. He laughed till he seemed almost to fall into convulsions, with a harsh mirth which reminded me of the old image of the crackling of thorns, and had neither amusement nor warmth in it; and presently this was echoed all around, and looking up, I saw grinning faces full of derision, bent upon me from every side, from the stairs which led to the upper part of the house and from the depths of the shop behind—faces with pens behind their ears, faces in workmen's caps, all distended from ear to ear, with a

sneer and a mock and a rage of laughter which nearly sent me mad. I hurled I don't know what imprecations at them as I rushed out, stopping my ears in a paroxysm of fury and mortification. My mind was so distracted by this occurrence that I rushed without knowing it upon some one who was passing, and threw him down with the violence of my exit; upon which I was set on by a party of half-a-dozen ruffians, apparently his companions, who would, I thought, kill me, but who only flung me, wounded, bleeding, and feeling as if every bone in my body had been broken, down on the pavement — when they went away, laughing too.

I picked myself up from the edge of the causeway, aching and sore from head to foot, scarcely able to move, yet conscious that if I did not get myself out of the way one or other of the vehicles which were dashing along would run over me. It would be impossible to describe the miserable sensations, both of body and mind, with which I dragged myself across the crowded pavement, not without curses and even kicks from the passers-by; and avoiding the shop from which I still heard those shrieks of devilish laughter, gathered myself up in the shelter of a little projection of a wall, where I was for the moment safe. The pain which I felt was as nothing to the sense of humiliation, the mortification, the rage with which I was possessed. There is nothing in existence more dreadful than rage which is impotent, which cannot punish or avenge, which has to restrain itself, and put up with insults showered upon it. I had never known before what that helpless, hideous exasperation was; and I was humiliated beyond description, brought down — I, whose inclination it was to make more of myself than was justifiable — to the aspect of a miserable ruffian beaten in a brawl, soiled, covered with mud and dust, my clothes torn, my face bruised and disfigured; all this within half an hour or thereabout of my arrival in a strange place where nobody knew me or could do me justice! I kept looking out feverishly for some one with an air of authority to whom I could appeal. Sooner or later somebody must go by, who, seeing me in such a plight, must inquire how it came about, must help me and vindicate me. I sat there for I cannot tell how long, expecting every moment that, were it but a policeman, somebody would notice and help me. But no one came. Crowds seemed to sweep by without a pause — all hurrying, restless; some with anxious faces, as if any

delay would be mortal; some in noisy groups intercepting the passage of the others. Sometimes one would pause to point me out to his comrades, with a shout of derision at my miserable plight; or if by a change of posture I got outside the protection of my wall, would kick me back with a coarse injunction to keep out of the way. No one was sorry for me — not a look of compassion, not a word of inquiry was wasted upon me; no representative of authority appeared. I saw a dozen quarrels while I lay there, cries of the weak, and triumphant shouts of the strong; but that was all.

I was drawn after a while from the fierce and burning sense of my own grievances by a querulous voice quite close to me. "This is my corner," it said. "I've sat here for years, and I have a right to it. And here you come, you big ruffian, because you know I haven't got the strength to push you away."

"Who are you?" I said, turning round horror-stricken; for close beside me was a miserable man, apparently in the last stage of disease. He was pale as death, yet eaten up with sores. His body was agitated by a nervous trembling. He seemed to shuffle along on hands and feet, as though the ordinary mode of locomotion was impossible to him, and yet was in possession of all his limbs. Pain was written in his face. I drew away to leave him room, with mingled pity and horror that this poor wretch should be the partner of the only shelter I could find within so short a time of my arrival. I who — It was horrible, shameful, humiliating; and yet the suffering in his wretched face was so evident that I could not but feel a pang of pity too. "I have nowhere to go," I said. "I am — a stranger. I have been badly used, and nobody seems to care."

"No," he said; "nobody cares — don't you look for that. Why should they? Why, you look as if you were sorry for *me*! What a joke!" he murmured to himself — "what a joke! Sorry for some one else! What a fool the fellow must be!"

"You look," I said, "as if you were suffering horribly; and you say you have come here for years."

"Suffering! I should think I was," said the sick man; "but what is that to you? Yes; I've been here for years — oh, years! — that means nothing, — for longer than can be counted. Suffering is not the word — it's torture — it's agony. But who cares? Take your leg out of my way."

I drew myself out of his way from a sort of habit though against my will, and asked, from habit too, "Are you never any better than now?"

He looked at me more closely, and an air of astonishment came over his face. "What d'ye want here?" he said, "pitying a man! That's something new here. No; I'm not always so bad, if you want to know. I get better, and then I go and do what makes me bad again, and that's how it will go on; and I choose it to be so, and you needn't bring any of your d——d pity here."

"I may ask, at least, why aren't you looked after? Why don't you get into some hospital?" I said.

"Hospital!" cried the sick man, and then he too burst out into that furious laugh, the most awful sound I ever had heard. Some of the passers-by stopped to hear what the joke was, and surrounded me with once more a circle of mockers. "Hospitals! perhaps you would like a whole Red Cross Society, with ambulances and all arranged?" cried one. "Or the *Misericordia!*" shouted another. I sprang up to my feet, crying, "Why not?" with an impulse of rage which gave me strength. Was I never to meet with anything but this fiendish laughter? "There's some authority, I suppose," I cried in my fury. "It is not the rabble that is the only master here, I hope." But nobody took the least trouble to hear what I had to say for myself. The last speaker struck me on the mouth, and called me an accursed fool for talking of what I did not understand; and finally they all swept on and passed away.

I had been, as I thought, severely injured when I dragged myself into that corner to save myself from the crowd; but I sprang up now as if nothing had happened to me. My wounds had disappeared, my bruises were gone. I was, as I had been when I dropped, giddy and amazed, upon the same pavement, how long — an hour? — before? It might have been an hour, it might have been a year, I cannot tell. The light was the same as ever, the thunderous atmosphere unchanged. Day, if it was day, had made no progress; night, if it was evening, had come no nearer; all was the same.

As I went on again presently, with a vexed and angry spirit, regarding on every side around me the endless surging of the crowd, and feeling a loneliness, a sense of total abandonment and solitude which I cannot describe, there came up to me a man of remarkable appearance. That he

was a person of importance, of great knowledge and information, could not be doubted. He was very pale, and of a worn but commanding aspect. The lines of his face were deeply drawn, his eyes were sunk under high arched brows, from which they looked out as from caves, full of a fiery impatient light. His thin lips were never quite without a smile; but it was not a smile in which any pleasure was. He walked slowly, not hurrying, like most of the passengers. He had a reflective look, as if pondering many things. He came up to me suddenly, without introduction or preliminary, and took me by the arm. "What object had you in talking of these antiquated institutions?" he said.

And I saw in his mind the gleam of the thought, which seemed to be the first with all, that I was a fool, and that it was the natural thing to wish me harm, — just as in the earth above it was the natural thing, professed at least, to wish well — to say, good-morning, good-day, by habit and without thought. In this strange country the stranger was received with a curse, and it woke an answer not unlike the hasty "Curse you, then, also!" which seemed to come without any will of mine through my mind. But this provoked only a smile from my new friend. He took no notice. He was disposed to examine me — to find some amusement perhaps — how could I tell? — in what I might say.

"What antiquated things?"

"Are you still so slow of understanding? What were they? hospitals; the pretences of a world that can still deceive itself. Did you expect to find them here?"

"I expected to find — how should I know?" I said, bewildered — "some shelter for a poor wretch where he could be cared for — not to be left there to die in the street. Expected! I never thought. I took it for granted —"

"To die in the street!" he cried, with a smile, and a shrug of his shoulders. "You'll learn better by-and-by. And if he did die in the street, what then? What is that to you?"

"To me!" I turned and looked at him amazed; but he had somehow shut his soul, so that I could see nothing but the deep eyes in their caves, and the smile upon the close-shut mouth. "No more to me than to any one. I only spoke for humanity's sake, as — a fellow-creature."

My new acquaintance gave way to a silent laugh within himself, which was not so offensive as the loud laugh of the crowd,

but yet was more exasperating than words can say. "You think that matters? But it does not hurt you that he should be in pain. It would do you no good if he were to get well. Why should you trouble yourself one way or the other? Let him die — if he can — That makes no difference to you or me."

"I must be dull indeed," I cried, — "slow of understanding, as you say. This is going back to the ideas of times beyond knowledge — before Christianity —" As soon as I had said this I felt somehow, I could not tell how, as if my voice jarred, as if something false and unnatural was in what I said. My companion gave my arm a twist as if with a shock of surprise, then laughed in his inward way again.

"We don't think much of that here; nor of your modern pretences in general. The only thing that touches you and me is what hurts or helps ourselves. To be sure, it all comes to the same thing — for I suppose it annoys you to see that wretch writhing; it hurts your more delicate, highly cultivated consciousness."

"It has nothing to do with my consciousness," I cried angrily; "it is a shame to let a fellow-creature suffer if we can prevent it."

"Why shouldn't he suffer?" said my companion. We passed as he spoke some other squalid, wretched creatures shuffling among the crowd, whom he kicked with his foot, calling forth a yell of pain and curses. This he regarded with a supreme, contemptuous calm which stupefied me. Nor did any of the passers-by show the slightest inclination to take the part of the sufferers. They laughed, or shouted out a gibe, or, what was still more wonderful, went on with a complete, unaffected indifference, as if all this was natural. I tried to disengage my arm in horror and dismay, but he held me fast, with a pressure that hurt me. "That's the question," he said. "What have we to do with it? Your fictitious consciousness makes it painful to you. To me, on the contrary, who take the view of nature, it is a pleasurable feeling. It enhances the amount of ease, whatever that may be, which I enjoy. I am in no pain. That brute who is" — and he flicked with a stick he carried the uncovered wound of a wretch upon the roadside — "makes me more satisfied with my condition. Ah! you think it is I who am the brute? You will change your mind by-and-by."

"Never!" I cried, wrenching my arm from his with an effort, "if I should live a hundred years."

"A hundred years — a drop in the bucket!" he said with his silent laugh. "You will live forever, and you will come to my view; and we shall meet in the course of ages, from time to time, to compare notes. I would say good-bye after the old fashion, but you are but newly arrived, and I will not treat you so badly as that." With which he parted from me, waving his hand, with his everlasting horrible smile.

"Good-bye!" I said to myself, "good-bye — why should it be treating me badly to say good-bye —"

I was startled by a buffet on the mouth. "Take that!" cried some one, "to teach you how to wish the worst of tortures to people who have done you no harm."

"What have I said?" I meant no harm. I repeated only what is the commonest civility, the merest good manners."

"You wished," said the man who had struck me, — "I won't repeat the words: to me, for it was I only that heard them, the awful company that hurts most — that sets everything before us, both past and to come, and cuts like a sword and burns like fire. I'll say it to yourself, and see how it feels. God be with you! There! it is said, and we must all bear it, thanks, you fool and accursed, to you."

And then there came a pause over all the place — an awful stillness — hundreds of men and women standing clutching with desperate movements at their hearts as if to tear them out, moving their heads as if to dash them against the wall, wringing their hands, with a look upon all their convulsed faces which I can never forget. They all turned to me, cursing me, with those horrible eyes of anguish. And everything was still — the noise all stopped for a moment — the air all silent, with a silence that could be felt. And then suddenly out of the crowd there came a great, piercing cry; and everything began again exactly as before.

While this pause occurred, and while I stood wondering, bewildered, understanding nothing, there came over me a darkness, a blackness, a sense of misery such as never in all my life, though I have known troubles enough, I had felt before. All that had happened to me throughout my existence seemed to rise pale and terrible in a hundred scenes before me, all momentary, intense, as if each was the present moment. And in each of these scenes I saw what I had never seen before. I saw where I had taken the wrong instead of the right step — in what wantonness, with what self-will it had been

done; how God (I shuddered at the name) had spoken and called me, and even entreated, and I had withstood and refused. All the evil I had done came back, and spread itself out before my eyes; and I loathed it, yet knew that I had chosen it, and that it would be with me forever. I saw it all in the twinkling of an eye, in a moment, while I stood there, and all men with me, in the horror of awful thought. Then it ceased as it had come, instantaneously, and the noise and the laughter, and the quarrels and cries, and all the commotion of this new, bewildering place, in a moment began again. I had seen no one while this strange paroxysm lasted. When it disappeared, I came to myself emerging as from a dream, and looked into the face of the man whose words, not careless like mine, had brought it upon us. Our eyes met, and his were surrounded by curves and lines of anguish which were terrible to see.

"Well," he said, with a short laugh, which was forced and harsh, "how do you like it? that is what happens when — If it came often, who could endure it?" He was not like the rest. There was no sneer upon his face, no gibe at my simplicity. Even now, when all had recovered, he was still quivering with something that looked like a nobler pain. His face was very grave, the lines deeply drawn in it, and he seemed to be seeking no amusement or distraction, nor to take any part in the noise and tumult which was going on around.

"Do you know what that cry meant?" he said. "Did you hear that cry? It was some one who saw — even here once in a long time, they say, it can be seen —"

"What can be seen?"

He shook his head, looking at me with a meaning which I could not interpret. It was beyond the range of my thoughts. I came to know after, or I never could have made this record. But on that subject he said no more. He turned the way I was going, though it mattered nothing what way I went, for all were the same to me. "You are one of the new-comers?" he said; "you have not been long here —"

"Tell me," I cried, "what you mean by *here*. Where are we? How can one tell who has fallen — he knows not whence or where? What is this place? I have never seen anything like it. It seems to me that I hate it already, though I know not what it is."

He shook his head once more. "You will hate it more and more," he said;

"but of these dreadful streets you will never be free, unless —" And here he stopped again.

"Unless — what? If it is possible, I will be free of them, and that before long."

He smiled at me faintly, as we smile at children, but not with derision.

"How shall you do that? Between this miserable world and all others there is a great gulf fixed. It is full of all the bitterness and tears that come from all the universe. These drop from them, but stagnate here. We, you perceive, have no tears, not even at moments —" Then, "You will soon be accustomed to all this," he said. "You will fall into the way. Perhaps you will be able to amuse yourself, to make it passable. Many do. There are a number of fine things to be seen here. If you are curious, come with me and I will show you. Or work — there is even work. There is only one thing that is impossible — or if not impossible —" And here he paused again, and raised his eyes to the dark clouds and lurid sky overhead. "The man who gave that cry! if I could but find him — he must have seen —"

"What could he see?" I asked. But there rose in my mind something like contempt. A visionary! who could not speak plainly, who broke off into mysterious inferences, and appeared to know more than he would say. It seemed foolish to waste time when evidently there was still so much to see, in the company of such a man. And I began already to feel more at home. There was something in that moment of anguish which had wrought a strange familiarity in me with my surroundings. It was so great a relief to return out of the misery of that sharp and horrible self-realization, to what had come to be, in comparison, easy and well known. I had no desire to go back and grope among the mysteries and anguish so suddenly revealed. I was glad to be free from them, to be left to myself, to get a little pleasure perhaps like the others. While these thoughts passed through my mind, I had gone on without any active impulse of my own, as everybody else did; and my latest companion had disappeared. He saw, no doubt, without any need for words, what my feelings were. And I proceeded on my way. I felt better as I got more accustomed to the place, or perhaps it was the sensation of relief after that moment of indescribable pain. As for the sights in the streets, I began to grow used to them. The wretched crea-

tures who strolled or sat about with signs of sickness or wounds upon them disgusted me only, they no longer called forth my pity. I began to feel ashamed of my silly questions about the hospital. All the same, it would have been a good thing to have had some receptacle for them, into which they might have been driven out of the way. I felt an inclination to push them aside as I saw other people do, but was a little ashamed of that impulse too; and so I went on. There seemed no quiet streets, so far as I could make out, in the place. Some were smaller, meaner, with a different kind of passengers, but the same hubbub and unresting movement everywhere. I saw no signs of melancholy or seriousness; active pain, violence, brutality, the continual shock of quarrels and blows; but no pensive faces about, no sorrowfulness, nor the kind of trouble which brings thought. Everybody was fully occupied, pushing on as if in a race, pausing for nothing.

The glitter of the lights, the shouts, and sounds of continual going, the endless whirl of passers-by, confused and tired me after a while. I went as far out as I could go to what seemed the outskirts of the place, where I could by glimpses perceive a low horizon all lurid and glowing, which seemed to sweep round and round. Against it in the distance stood up the outline, black against that red glow, of other towers and housetops, so many and great that there was evidently another town between us and the sunset, if sunset it was. I have seen a western sky like it when there were storms about, and all the colors of the sky were heightened and darkened by angry influences. The distant town rose against it, cutting the firmament so that it might have been tongues of flame flickering between the dark, solid outlines; and across the waste open country which lay between the two cities, there came a distant hum like the sound of the sea, which was in reality the roar of that other multitude. The country between showed no greenness or beauty; it lay dark under the dark overhanging sky. Here and there seemed a cluster of giant trees scathed as if by lightning, their bare boughs standing up as high as the distant towers, their trunks like black columns without foliage; openings here and there, with glimmering lights, looked like the mouths of mines; but of passengers there were scarcely any. A figure here and there flew along as if pursued, imperfectly seen, a shadow only a little darker than the space about. And in contrast with

the sound of the city, here was no sound at all, except the low roar on either side, and a vague cry or two from the openings of the mine — a scene all drawn in darkness, in variations of gloom, deriving scarcely any light at all from the red and gloomy burning of that distant evening sky.

A faint curiosity to go forward, to see what the mines were, perhaps to get a share in what was brought up from them, crossed my mind. But I was afraid of the dark, of the wild, uninhabited, savage look of the landscape; though when I thought of it, there seemed no reason why a narrow stretch of country between two great towns should be alarming. But the impression was strong and above reason. I turned back to the street in which I had first alighted, and which seemed to end in a great square full of people. In the middle there was a stage erected, from which some one was delivering an oration or address of some sort. He stood beside a long table, upon which lay something which I could not clearly distinguish, except that it seemed alive and moved, or rather writhed with convulsive twitchings, as if trying to get free of the bonds which confined it. Round the stage in front were a number of seats occupied by listeners, many of whom were women, whose interest seemed to be very great, some of them being furnished with note-books; while a great unsettled crowd, coming and going, drifted round — many, arrested for a time as they passed, proceeding on their way when the interest flagged, as is usual to such open-air assemblies. I followed two of those who pushed their way to within a short distance of the stage, and who were strong, big men, more fitted to elbow the crowd aside than I, after my rough treatment in the first place, and the agitation I had passed through, could be. I was glad, besides, to take advantage of the explanation which one was giving to the other. "It's always fun to see this fellow demonstrate," he said, "and the subject to-day's a capital one. Let's get well forward, and see all that's going on."

"Which subject do you mean?" said the other; "the theme or the example?" And they both laughed, though I did not seize the point of the wit.

"Well, both," said the first speaker; "the theme is nerves; and as a lesson in construction and the calculation of possibilities, it's fine. He's very clever at that. He shows how they are all strung to give as much pain and do as much harm as can be; and yet how well it's all managed,

don't you know, to look the reverse. As for the example, he's a capital one—all nerves together, lying, if you like, just on the surface, ready for the knife."

"If they're on the surface I can't see where the fun is," said the other.

"Metaphorically speaking; of course they are just where other people's nerves are; but he's what you call a highly organized nervous specimen. There will be plenty of fun. Hush! he is just going to begin."

"The arrangement of these threads of being," said the lecturer, evidently resuming after a pause, "so as to convey to the brain the most instantaneous messages of pain or pleasure, is wonderfully skilful and clever. I need not say to the audience before me, enlightened as it is by experiences of the most striking kind, that the messages are less of pleasure than of pain. They report to the brain the stroke of injury far more often than the thrill of pleasure; though sometimes that too, no doubt, or life could scarcely be maintained. The powers that be have found it necessary to mingle a little sweet of pleasurable sensation, else our miserable race would certainly have found some means of procuring annihilation. I do not for a moment pretend to say that the pleasure is sufficient to offer a just counterbalance to the other. None of my hearers will, I hope, accuse me of inconsistency. I am ready to allow that in a previous condition I asserted somewhat strongly that this was the case. But experience has enlightened us on that point. Our circumstances are now understood by us all, in a manner impossible while we were still in a condition of incompleteness. We are all convinced that there is no compensation. The pride of the position, of bearing everything rather than give in, or making a submission we do not feel, of preserving our own will and individuality to all eternity, is the only compensation. I am satisfied with it, for my part."

The orator made a pause, holding his head high, and there was a certain amount of applause. The two men before me cheered vociferously. "That is the right way to look at it," one of them said. My eyes were upon them, with no particular motive, and I could not help starting, as I saw suddenly underneath their applause and laughter a snarl of cursing, which was the real expression of their thoughts. I felt disposed in the same way to curse the speaker, though I knew no reason why.

He went on a little further, explaining what he meant to do; and then, turning

round, approached the table. An assistant, who was waiting, uncovered it quickly. The audience stirred with quickened interest, and I with consternation made a step forward, crying out with horror. The object on the table writhing, twitching, to get free, but bound down by every limb, was a living man. The lecturer went forward calmly, taking his instruments from their case with perfect composure and coolness. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said; and inserted the knife in the flesh, making a long, clear cut in the bound arm. I shrieked out, unable to restrain myself. The sight of the deliberate wound, the blood, the cry of agony that came from the victim, the calmness of all the lookers-on, filled me with horror and rage indescribable. I felt myself clear the crowd away with a rush, and spring on the platform, I could not tell how. "You devil!" I cried, "let the man go. Where is the police?—where is the magistrate?—let the man go this moment! fiends in human shape! I'll have you brought to justice!" I heard myself shouting wildly, as I flung myself upon the wretched sufferer, interposing between him and the knife. It was something like this that I said. My horror and rage were delirious, and carried me beyond all attempt at control.

Through it all I heard a shout of laughter rising from everybody round. The lecturer laughed, the audience roared with that sound of horrible mockery which had driven me out of myself in my first experience. All kinds of mocking cries sounded around me. "Let him a little blood to calm him down." "Let the fool have a taste of it himself, doctor." Last of all came a voice mingled with the cries of the sufferer whom I was trying to shield—"Take him instead; curse him! take him instead." I was bending over the man with my arms outstretched, protecting him, when he gave vent to this cry. And I heard immediately behind me a shout of assent, which seemed to come from the two strong young men with whom I had been standing, and the sound of a rush to seize me. I looked round, half mad with terror and rage; a second more and I should have been strapped on the table too. I made one wild bound into the midst of the crowd, and struggling among the arms stretched out to catch me, amid the roar of the laughter and cries, fled—fled wildly, I knew not whither, in panic and rage and horror, which no words could describe. Terror winged my feet. I flew, thinking as little

of whom I met, or knocked down, or trod upon in my way, as the others did at whom I had wondered a little while ago.

No distinct impression of this headlong course remains in my mind, save the sensation of mad fear such as I had never felt before. I came to myself on the edge of the dark valley which surrounded the town. All my pursuers had dropped off before that time, and I have the recollection of flinging myself upon the ground on my face in the extremity of fatigue and exhaustion. I must have lain there undisturbed for some time. A few steps came and went, passing me; but no one took any notice, and the absence of the noise and crowding gave me a momentary respite. But in my heat and fever I got no relief of coolness from the contact of the soil. I might have flung myself upon a bed of hot ashes, so much was it unlike the dewy, cool earth which I expected, upon which one can always throw one's self with a sensation of repose. Presently the uneasiness of it made me struggle up again and look around me. I was safe; at least the cries of the pursuers had died away, the laughter which made my blood boil offended my ears no more. The noise of the city was behind me, softened into an indefinite roar by distance, and before me stretched out the dreary landscape in which there seemed no features of attraction. Now that I was nearer to it, I found it not so unpeopled as I thought. At no great distance from me was the mouth of one of the mines, from which came an indication of subterranean lights; and I perceived that the flying figures which I had taken for travellers between one city and another, were in reality wayfarers endeavoring to keep clear of what seemed a sort of pressgang at the openings. One of them, unable to stop himself in his flight, adopted the same expedient as myself, and threw himself on the ground close to me when he had got beyond the range of pursuit. It was curious that we should meet there, he flying from a danger which I was about to face, and ready to encounter that from which I had fled. I waited for a few minutes till he had recovered his breath, and then: "What are you running from?" I said; "is there any danger there?" The man looked up at me with the same continual question in his eyes — Who is this fool?

"Danger!" he said. "Are you so new here, or such a cursed idiot, as not to know the danger of the mines? You are going across yourself, I suppose, and then you'll see."

"But tell me," I said; "my experience may be of use to you afterwards, if you will tell me yours now."

"Of use!" he cried, staring; "who cares? Find out for yourself. If they get hold of you, you will soon understand."

I no longer took this for rudeness, but answered in his own way, cursing him too for a fool. "If I ask a warning I can give one; as for kindness," I said, "I was not looking for that."

At this he laughed, indeed we laughed together — there seemed something ridiculous in the thought; and presently he told me, for the mere relief of talking, that round each of these pit-mouths there was a band to entrap every passer-by who allowed himself to be caught, and send him down below to work in the mine. "Once there, there is no telling when you may get free," he said; "one time or other most people have a taste of it. You don't know what hard labor is if you have never been there. I had a spell once. There is neither air nor light, your blood boils in your veins from the fervent heat, you are never allowed to rest. You are put in every kind of contortion to get at it, your limbs twisted, and your muscles strained."

"For what?" I said.

"For gold!" he cried with a flash in his eyes — "gold! there it is inexhaustible; however hard you may work there is always more, and more!"

"And to whom does all that belong?" I said.

"To whoever is strong enough to get hold and keep possession — sometimes one, sometimes another. The only thing you are sure of is that it will never be you."

Why not I as well as another? was the thought that went through my mind, and my new companion spied it with a shriek of derision.

"It is not for you nor your kind," he cried. "How do you think you could force other people to serve *you*? Can you terrify them or hurt them, or give them anything? You have not learnt yet who are the masters here."

This troubled me, for it was true. "I had begun to think," I said, "that there was no authority at all — for every man seems to do as he pleases; you ride over one, and knock another down; or you seize a living man and cut him to pieces" — I shuddered as I thought of it — "and there is nobody to interfere."

"Who should interfere?" he said.

"Why shouldn't every man amuse himself

as he can? But yet for all that we've got our masters," he cried with a scowl, waving his clenched fist in the direction of the mines; "you'll find it out when you get there."

It was a long time after this before I ventured to move—for here it seemed to me that for the moment I was safe—outside the city, yet not within reach of the dangers of that intermediate space which grew clearer before me as my eyes became accustomed to the lurid, threatening afternoon light. One after another the fugitives came flying past me,—people who had escaped from the armed bands whom I could now see on the watch near the pit's mouth. I could see, too, the tactics of these bands—how they retired, veiling the lights and the opening, when a greater number than usual of travellers appeared on the way, and then suddenly widening out, throwing out flanking lines, surrounded and drew in the unwary. I could even hear the cries with which their victims disappeared over the opening which seemed to go down into the bowels of the earth. By-and-by there came flying towards me a wretch more dreadful in aspect than any I had seen. His scanty clothes seemed singed and burnt into rags; his hair, which hung about his face unkempt and uncared for, had the same singed aspect; his skin was brown and baked. I got up as he approached, and caught him and threw him to the ground, without heeding his struggles to get on. "Don't you see," he cried with a gasp, "they may get me again." He was one of those who had escaped out of the mines; but what was it to me whether they caught him again or not? I wanted to know how he had been caught, and what he had been set to do, and how he had escaped. Why should I hesitate to use my superior strength when no one else did? I kept watch over him that he should not get away.

"You have been in the mines?" I said.

"Let me go!" he cried; "do you need to ask?" and he cursed me as he struggled, with the most terrible imprecations. "They may get me yet. Let me go!"

"Not till you tell me," I cried. "Tell me and I'll protect you. If they come near I'll let you go. Who are they, man? I must know."

He struggled up from the ground, clearing his hot eyes from the ashes that were in them, and putting aside his singed hair. He gave me a glance of hatred and impotent resistance (for I was stronger than he), and then cast a wild, terrified look

back. The skirmishers did not seem to remark that anybody had escaped, and he became gradually a little more composed. "Who are they!" he said hoarsely; "they're cursed wretches like you and me; and there are as many bands of them as there are mines on the road; and you'd better turn back and stay where you are. You are safe here."

"I will not turn back," I said.

"I know well enough; you can't. You've got to go the round like the rest," he said, with a laugh which was like a sound uttered by a wild animal rather than a human voice. The man was in my power, and I struck him, miserable as he was. It seemed a relief thus to get rid of some of the fury in my mind. "It's a lie," I said; "I go because I please. Why shouldn't I gather a band of my own if I please, and fight those brutes, not fly from them like you?"

He chuckled and laughed below his breath, struggling and cursing and crying out, as I struck him again, "*You* gather a band! What could you offer them?—where would you find them? Are you better than the rest of us? Are you not a man like the rest? Strike me you can, for I'm down. But make yourself a master and a chief—you!"

"Why not I?" I shouted again, wild with rage and the sense that I had no power over him, save to hurt him. That passion made my hands tremble; he slipped from me in a moment, bounded from the ground like a ball, and with a yell of derision escaped, and plunged into the streets and the clamor of the city from which I had just flown. I felt myself rage after him, shaking my fists with a consciousness of the ridiculous passion of impotence that was in me, but no power of restraining it; and there was not one of the fugitives who passed, however desperate he might be, who did not make a mock at me as he darted by. The laughing-stock of all those miserable objects, the sport of fate, afraid to go forward, unable to go back, with a fire in my veins urging me on! But presently I grew a little calmer out of mere exhaustion, which was all the relief that was possible to me. And by-and-by, collecting all my faculties, and impelled by this impulse, which I seemed unable to resist, I got up and went cautiously on.

Fear can act in two ways: it paralyzes and it renders cunning. At this moment I found it inspire me. I made my plans before I started, how to steal along under the cover of the blighted brushwood which

broke the line of the valley here and there. I set out only after long thought, seizing the moment when the vaguely perceived band was scouring in the other direction intercepting the travellers. Thus, with many pauses, I got near to the pit's mouth in safety. But my curiosity was as great as, almost greater than, my terror. I had kept far from the road, dragging myself sometimes on hands and feet over broken ground, tearing my clothes and my flesh upon the thorns; and on that further side all seemed so silent and so dark in the shadow cast by some disused machinery, behind which the glare of the fire from below blazed upon the other side of the opening, that I could not crawl along in the darkness, and pass, which would have been the safe way; but with a breathless hot desire to see and know, dragged myself to the very edge to look down. Though I was in the shadow, my eyes were nearly put out by the glare on which I gazed. It was not fire; it was the lurid glow of the gold, glowing like flame, at which countless miners were working. They were all about like flies, some on their knees, some bent double as they stooped over their work, some lying cramped upon shelves and ledges. The sight was wonderful, and terrible beyond description. The workmen seemed to consume away with the heat and the glow, even in the few minutes I gazed. Their eyes shrank into their heads, their faces blackened. I could see some trying to secrete morsels of the glowing metal, which burned whatever it touched, and some who were being searched by the superiors of the mines, and some who were punishing the offenders, fixing them up against the blazing wall of gold. The fear went out of my mind, so much absorbed was I in this sight. I gazed, seeing further and further every moment, into crevices and seams of the glowing metal, always with more and more slaves at work, and the entire pantomime of labor and theft, and search and punishment, going on and on — the baked faces dark against the golden glare, the hot eyes taking a yellow reflection, the monotonous clamor of pick and shovel, and cries and curses, and all the indistinguishable sound of a multitude of human creatures. And the floor below, and the low roof which overhung whole myriads within a few inches of their faces, and the irregular walls all breached and shelved, were every one the same, a pandemonium of gold, — gold everywhere. I had loved many foolish things in my life, but never this; which

was perhaps why I gazed and kept my sight, though there rose out of it a blast of heat which scorched the brain.

While I stooped over, intent on the sight, some one who had come up by my side to gaze too was caught by the fumes (as I suppose); for suddenly I was aware of a dark object falling prone into the glowing interior with a cry and crash which brought back my first wild panic. He fell in a heap, from which his arms shot forth wildly as he reached the bottom, and his cry was half anguish yet half desire. I saw him seized by half-a-dozen eager watchers, and pitched upon a ledge just under the roof, and tools thrust into his hands. I held on by an old shaft, trembling, unable to move. Perhaps I cried too in my horror — for one of the overseers who stood in the centre of the glare looked up. He had the air of ordering all that was going on, and stood unaffected by the blaze, commanding the other wretched officials, who obeyed him like dogs. He seemed to me, in my terror, like a figure of gold, the image, perhaps, of wealth or Pluto, or I know not what; for I suppose my brain began to grow confused, and my hold on the shaft to relax. I had strength enough, however, for I cared not for the gold, to fling myself back the other way upon the ground, where I rolled backward, downward, I knew not how, turning over and over, upon sharp ashes and metallic edges, which tore my hair and beard, — and for a moment I knew no more.

This fall saved me. I came to myself after a time, and heard the pressgang searching about. I had sense to lie still among the ashes thrown up out of the pit, while I heard their voices. Once I gave myself up for lost. The glitter of a lantern flashed in my eyes, a foot passed, crashing among the ashes so close to my cheek that the shoe grazed it. I found the mark after, burned upon my flesh; but I escaped notice by a miracle. And presently I was able to drag myself up and crawl away. But how I reached the end of the valley I cannot tell. I pushed my way along mechanically on the dark side. I had no further desire to see what was going on in the openings of the mines. I went on, stumbling and stupid, scarcely capable even of fear, conscious only of wretchedness and weariness, till at last I felt myself drop across the road within the gateway of the other town — and lay there, with no thought of anything but the relief of being at rest.

When I came to myself, it seemed to

me that there was a change in the atmosphere and the light. It was less lurid, paler, gray, more like twilight than the stormy afternoon of the other city. A certain dead serenity was in the sky—a black paleness, whiteness, everything faint in it. This town was walled, but the gates stood open, and I saw no defences of troops or other guardians. I found myself lying across the threshold, but pushed to one side, so that the carriages which went and came should not be stopped or I injured by their passage. It seemed to me that there was some thoughtfulness and kindness in this action, and my heart sprang up in a reaction of hope. I looked back as if upon a nightmare on the dreadful city which I had left, on its tumults and noise, the wild racket of the streets, the wounded wretches who sought refuge in the corners, the strife and misery that were abroad, and, climax of all, the horrible entertainment which had been going on in the square, the unhappy being strapped upon the table. How, I said to myself, could such things be? Was it a dream? was it a nightmare? was it something presented to me in a vision—a strong delusion to make me think that the old fables which had been told concerning the end of mortal life were true? When I looked back it appeared like an allegory, so that I might have seen it in a dream; and still more like an allegory were the gold mines in the valley, and the myriads who labored there. Was it all true? or only a reflection from the old life, mingling with the strange novelties which would most likely elude understanding, on the entrance into this new? I sat within the shelter of the gateway, on my awakening, and thought over all this. My heart was quite calm—almost, in the revulsion from the terrors I had been through, happy. I persuaded myself that I was but now beginning; that there had been no reality in these latter experiences, only a curious succession of nightmares, such as might so well be supposed to follow a wonderful transformation like that which must take place between our mortal life and—the world to come. The world to come! I paused and thought of it all, until the heart began to beat loud in my breast. What was this, where I lay? Another world; a world which was not happiness, not bliss? Oh no—perhaps there was no world of bliss save in dreams. This, on the other hand, I said to myself, was not misery; for was not I seated here, with a certain tremulousness about me, it was true, after all the experiences

which, supposing them even to have been but dreams, I had come through,—a tremulousness very comprehensible, and not at all without hope?

I will not say that I believed even what I tried to think. Something in me lay like a dark shadow in the midst of all my theories; but yet I succeeded to a great degree in convincing myself that the hope in me was real, and that I was but now beginning—beginning with at least a possibility that all might be well. In this half conviction, and after all the troubles that were over (even though they might only have been imaginary troubles), I felt a certain sweetness in resting there, within the gateway, with my back against it. I was unwilling to get up again, and bring myself in contact with reality. I felt that there was pleasure in being left alone. Carriages rolled past me occasionally, and now and then some people on foot; but they did not kick me out of the way or interfere with my repose.

Presently as I sat trying to persuade myself to rise and pursue my way, two men came up to me in a sort of uniform. I recognized with another distinct sensation of pleasure that here were people who had authority, representatives of some kind of government. They came up to me and bade me come with them in tones which were peremptory enough; but what of that?—better the most peremptory supervision than the lawlessness from which I had come. They raised me from the ground with a touch, for I could not resist them, and led me quickly along the street, into which that gateway gave access, which was a handsome street with tall houses on either side. Groups of people were moving about along the pavement, talking now and then with considerable animation; but when my companions were seen there was an immediate moderation of tone, a sort of respect which looked like fear. There was no brawling nor tumult of any kind in the street. The only incident that occurred was this: when we had gone some way, I saw a lame man dragging himself along with difficulty on the other side of the street. My conductors had no sooner perceived him than they gave each other a look and darted across, conveying me with them, by a sweep of magnetic influence, I thought, that prevented me from staying behind. He made an attempt with his crutches to get out of the way, hurrying on—and I will allow that this attempt of his seemed to me very grotesque, so that I could scarcely help laughing; the other lookers-on in the street laughed too,

though some put on an aspect of disgust. "Look, the tortoise!" some one said; "does he think he can go quicker than the orderlies?" My companions came up to the man while this commentary was going on, and seized him by each arm. "Where were you going? Where have you come from? How dare you make an exhibition of yourself?" they cried. They took the crutches from him as they spoke and threw them away, and dragged him on until we reached a great grated door, which one of them opened with a key, while the other held the offender, for he seemed an offender, roughly up by one shoulder, causing him great pain. When the door was opened, I saw a number of people within, who seemed to crowd to the door as if seeking to get out. But this was not at all what was intended. My second companion dragged the lame man forward, and pushed him in with so much violence that I could see him fall forward on his face on the floor. Then the other locked the door, and we proceeded on our way. It was not till some time later that I understood why.

In the mean time I was hurried on, meeting a great many people who took no notice of me, to a central building in the middle of the town, where I was brought before an official attended by clerks, with great books spread out before him. Here I was questioned as to my name and my antecedents, and the time of my arrival, then dismissed with a nod to one of my conductors. He led me back again down the street, took me into one of the tall, great houses, opened the door of a room which was numbered, and left me there without a word. I cannot convey to any one the bewildered consternation with which I felt myself deposited here; and as the steps of my conductor died away in the long corridor, I sat down, and looking myself in the face as it were, tried to make out what it was that had happened to me. The room was small and bare. There was but one thing hung upon the undecorated walls, and that was a long list of printed regulations which I had not the courage for the moment to look at. The light was indifferent, though the room was high up, and the street from the window looked far away below. I cannot tell how long I sat there thinking, and yet it could scarcely be called thought. I asked myself over and over again, Where am I? is it a prison? am I shut in, to leave this enclosure no more? what am I to do? how is the time to pass? I shut my eyes for a moment and tried to realize all that

had happened to me; but nothing save a whirl through my head of disconnected thoughts seemed possible, and some force was upon me to open my eyes again, to see the blank room, the dull light, the vacancy round me in which there was nothing to interest the mind, nothing to please the eye, a blank wherever I turned. Presently there came upon me a burning regret for everything I had left, for the noisy town with all its tumults and cruelties, for the dark valley with all its dangers. Everything seemed bearable, almost agreeable, in comparison with this. I seemed to have been brought here to make acquaintance once more with myself, to learn over again what manner of man I was. Needless knowledge, acquaintance unnecessary, unhappy! for what was there in me to make me to myself a good companion? Never, I knew, could I separate myself from that eternal consciousness; but it was cruelty to force the contemplation upon me. All blank, blank, around me, a prison! And was this to last forever?

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BENVENUTO CELLINI'S CHARACTER.

BY J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE translator of an autobiography, especially if it be a long one like Cellini's, or like Rousseau's "Confessions," enjoys very special opportunities for becoming acquainted with the mind and temper of its writer. No other method of study, however conscientious, can be compared in this particular respect with the method of translation; in no other way is it possible to get such knowledge of a man's mental and emotional habits, to judge the value of his accent and intonation so accurately, or to form by gradual and subtle processes so sympathetic a conception of his nature. The translator is obliged to live for weeks and months in close companionship with his author. He must bend his own individuality to the task of expressing what is characteristic in that of another. He tastes and analyzes every turn of phrase in order to discover its exact significance. He taxes the resources of his own language, so far as these may be at his command, to reproduce the most evasive no less than the most salient expressions of the text before him. In the case even of a poem or a dissertation he ought, upon this method, to arrive at more precise conclusions than the student who

has only been a reader. But when the text is a self-revelation, when it is a minute and voluminous autobiography, he will have done little short of living himself for a while into the personality of another. Supposing him at the same time to be possessed of any discernment, he will be able afterwards to speak of the man whose spirit he has attempted to convey, with the authority of one who has learned to know him *intus et in cute* — bones, marrow, flesh, and superficialities. Nor is the translator exposed to the biographer's weakness for over-valuing his subject. He pretends to no discoveries, has taken no brief for or against the character it is his duty to reproduce, has set up no full-length portrait on the literary easel, to be painted by the aid of documents, and with a certain preconceived conception of pictorial harmony. In so far as it is possible to enter into personal intercourse with any one whose voice we have not heard, whose physical influences we have not been affected by, in whose living presence we have not thought and felt and acted, in so far the translator of a book like Cellini's "Memoirs" or Rousseau's "Confessions" can claim to be familiar and intimate with its author.

Now I have recently put myself into these very confidential relations with Cellini, having made a completely new English version of his incomparably vivid autobiography; and I think that I am therefore justified in once more handling a somewhat hackneyed subject, and in rectifying what I have previously published concerning it.* A book which the great Goethe thought worthy of translating into German with the pen of "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister," a book which Auguste Comte placed upon his very limited list for the perusal of reformed humanity, is one with which we have the right to be occupied not once or twice, but over and over again. It cannot lose its freshness. What attracted the encyclopædic minds of men so different as Comte and Goethe to its pages, still remains there. This attractive or compulsive quality, to put the matter briefly, is the flesh and blood reality of Cellini's self-delineation. A man stands before us in his "Memoirs" unsophisticated, unembellished, with all his native faults upon him, and with all his potent energies, portrayed in the veracious manner of Velasquez, with bold strokes and animated play of light and color. No one was less intro-

spective than this child of the Italian Renaissance. No one was less occupied with thoughts about thinking or with the presentation of psychological experience. Vain, ostentatious, self-laudatory, and self-engrossed as Cellini was, he never stopped to analyze himself. He attempted no artistic blending of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*; the word "confessions" could not have escaped his lips; a *Journal Intime* would have been incomprehensible to his fierce, virile spirit. His autobiography is the record of action and passion. Suffering, enjoying, enduring, working with restless activity; hating, loving, hovering from place to place as impulse moves him, — the man presents himself dramatically by his deeds and spoken words, never by his ponderings or meditative broodings. It is this healthy externality which gives its great charm to Cellini's self-portrayal and renders it an imperishable document for the student of human nature. In addition to these solid merits, his life, as Horace Walpole put it, is "more amusing than any novel." We have a real man to deal with — a man so realistically brought before us that we seem to hear him speak and see him move; a man, moreover, whose eminently characteristic works of art in a great measure still survive among us. Yet the adventures of this potent human actuality will bear comparison with those of Gil Blas or the Comte de Monte Cristo or Quentin Durward or Les Trois Mousquetaires, for their variety and ever-pungent interest. In point of language, again, Cellini possesses an advantage which places him at least upon the level of the most adroit romance-writer. Unspoiled by literary training, he wrote precisely as he talked, with all the sharp wit of a born Florentine, heedless of grammatical construction, indifferent to rhetorical effects, attaining unsurpassable vividness of narration by pure simplicity. He was greatly helped in gaining the peculiar success he has achieved, by two circumstances: first, that he dictated nearly the whole of his memoirs to a young amanuensis; secondly, that the distinguished academical writer to whose correction he submitted them refused to spoil their ingenuous grace by alterations or stylistic improvements. While reading his work, therefore, we enjoy something of that pleasure which draws the folk of Eastern lands to listen to the recitation of Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

But what was the man himself? It is just this question which I have half promised to answer, implying that, as a trans-

* Renaissance in Italy, vol. iii., ch. viii.

lator, I have some special rights to speak upon the topic.

Well, then: I seem to know Cellini first of all as a man possessed by intense, absorbing egotism; violent, arrogant, self-assertive, passionate; conscious of great gifts for art, physical courage, and personal address. Without having read a line of Machiavelli, he had formed the same ideal of *virtù*, or manly force of character, as the author of "The Prince." To be self-reliant in all circumstances; to scheme and strike, if need be, in support of his opinion or his right; to take the law into his own hands for the redress of injury or insult: this appeared to him the simple duty of an honorable man. But he had nothing of the philosopher's calm, the diplomatist's prudence, the general's strategy, or the courtier's self-restraint. On the contrary, he possessed the temperament of a born artist, blent in almost equal proportions with that of a born bravo. Throughout the whole of his tumultuous career these two strains contended in his nature for mastery. Upon the verge of fifty-six, when a man's blood has generally cooled, we find that he was released from prison on bail, and bound over to keep the peace for a year with some enemy whose life was probably in danger; and when I come to speak about his homicides, it will be obvious that he enjoyed killing live men quite as much as casting bronze statues.

Both the artist and the bravo were characteristic and typical products of the Italian Renaissance. The genius of the race expressed itself at that epoch even more saliently in the fine arts than in scholarship or literature. At the same time the conditions of society during what I have elsewhere called "the Age of the Despots" favored the growth of lawless adventurers, who made a practice of violence and lived by murder. Now these two prominent types of the nation and the period were never more singularly combined than in Cellini. He might stand as a full-blown specimen of either. Sensitive, impulsive, rash of speech, hasty in action, with the artist's susceptibility and the bravo's heat of blood, he injured no one more than himself by his eccentricities of temper. Over and over again did he ruin excellent prospects by some piece of madcap folly. Yet there is no trace in any of his writings that he ever laid his misadventures to the proper cause. He consistently poses as an injured man, whom malevolent scoundrels and malignant stars conspired to perse-

cute. Nor does he do this with any bad faith. His belief in himself remained as firm as adamant, and he candidly conceived that he was under the special providence of a merciful and loving God, who appreciated his high and virtuous qualities.

On one occasion, after more than a customary outbreak of violent speech, the Lucchese ambassador remarked to his patron, Cosimo de' Medici, "That Benvenuto of yours is a terrible man!" "Yes," answered the duke, "he is far more terrible than you imagine; well were it for him if he were a little less so, for then he would have possessed much which he now lacks." * Cellini reports this speech with satisfaction; he is proud to be called terrible—a word which then denoted formidable vehemence. On another occasion he tells us how Pope Paul III. was willing to pardon him for an outrageous murder committed in the streets of Rome. One of the pope's gentlemen submitted that this was showing unseasonable clemency. "You do not understand the matter as well as I do," replied his Holiness. "I must inform you that men like Benvenuto, unique in their profession, are not bound by the laws." † That sentence precisely paints Cellini's own conception of himself; and I believe that it may really have been spoken by Pope Paul. Certainly, our artist's frequent homicides and acts of violence were condoned by great princes, who wished to avail themselves of his exceptional ability. Italian society admired the bravo almost as much as imperial Rome admired the gladiator; it also assumed that genius combined with force of character released men from the shackles of ordinary morality. These points are so clear to any student of the sixteenth century that I need not here enlarge upon them. It is only necessary to keep them steadily in mind while forming an estimate of Cellini's temperament and conduct; at the same time we must not run to the conclusion that people of his stamp were common, even at that time, in Italy. We perceive plainly from his self-complacent admissions that the peculiar hybrid between the gifted artist and the man of blood which he exhibited was regarded as something not quite normal.

Such being the groundwork of Cellini's nature, it follows as a necessary consequence that his self-conceit was prodigious. Each circumstance of his life

* Vita de Benvenuto Cellini, lib. ii., ch. c.

† Ibid., lib. i., ch. lxxiv.

appeared to him a miracle. Great though his talents were, he vastly overrated them, and set a monstrously exaggerated value on his works of art. The same qualities made him a fierce and bitter rival; he could not believe that any one with whom he came into collision had the right to stand beside him. This did not prevent him from being a clear-sighted and impartial critic. His admiration for Michelangelo Buonarroti amounted to fanaticism. He properly appreciated Raphael, and gave the just amount of praise to Sansovino, Primaticcio, and Rosso — three artists with whom he was not on the best of terms. Nor will any one deny that his unfavorable estimates of Bandinelli and Ammanati were justified. Indeed, contemporaries acknowledge the wholesomeness of his sound, outspoken criticism. When Vasari's abominable frescoes on the cupola of the Florentine cathedral were exposed to view, the witty Lasca wrote as follows: —

Pur fra color, che son di vita privi,
Vivo vorrei Benvenuto Cellini,
Che senza alcun ritegno o barbezzale
Delle cose malfatte dicea male,
E la cupola al mondo singolare
Non si potea di lodar mai saziare;
E la solea chiamare,
Alzandola alle stelle,
La meraviglia delle cose belle:
Certo non capirebbe or nella pelle,
In tal giusa dipintala veggendo;
E saltando e correndo e fulminando,
S' andrebbe querelando,
E per tutto gridando ad alta voce,
Giorin d'Arezzo metterebbe in croce.*

In spite of his vehemence and passion, Cellini had not depth or tenacity of feeling. His amours were numerous, but volatile and indiscriminate. As a friend he showed himself uncertain; not treacherous, indeed, but wayward. If anything, either in love or comradeship, crossed his humor, he sacrificed emotion to vanity. Like many egotistical people, he extended the affection he felt for himself to the members of his immediate family. On the whole, he was a good and dutiful son, although he caused his poor old father great uneasiness by running away from home because one of his sisters had given

his new suit of clothes to his only brother. For this brother, a brave soldier of the same stormy sort as Benvenuto, he entertained a really passionate love. The young man, named Cecchino, assassinated a constable in the streets of Rome, and was wounded in the squabble which ensued. He died of the wound; but though the officer who fired his arquebuse had done this only in self-defence, Benvenuto tracked him down one night and murdered him. Not a syllable of remorse escapes his lips. Men like himself and Cecchino had the right to slay; and if their opponents managed to checkmate such virtuous fellows, they must be punished. The best recorded actions of Cellini concern his conduct toward a sister and six daughters, for whose sake he quitted a splendid situation in France, and whom he supported by his industry at Florence; yet he does not boast about this sustained and unselfish exercise of domestic piety. He was, finally, much attached to his legitimate children, though almost brutally indifferent about a natural daughter whom he left behind in Paris.

The religious feelings of this singular personage deserve to be considered. They were indisputably sincere, and I have no doubt that Cellini turned, as he asserts, in all his difficulties with hearty faith to God. But, like the majority of Italians in his age, he kept religion as far apart from morality as can be. His God was not the God of holiness, chastity, and mercy, but the fetish who protected him and understood him better than ungrateful men. He was emphatically, moreover, the God who "aids such folk as aid themselves" — a phrase frequently used in these memoirs. The long and painful imprisonment which Cellini endured without just cause in the Castle of St. Angelo made a deep and, to some extent, a permanent impression on his mind. He read the Bible and composed psalms, was visited by angels and blessed with consolatory visions. About the truth of these experiences there is no doubt. The man's impressible, imaginative nature lent itself to mysticism and spiritual exaltation no less readily than to the delirium of homicidal excitement. He was just as inclined to see heaven opened when dying of misery in a dungeon as to "see red," if I may use that French term, when he met an enemy upon the burning squares of Rome in summer. The only difference was, that in the former case he posed before himself as a martyr gifted with God's special favor, in the latter as a righteous and

* Fain would I recall to life Benvenuto Cellini, who without reserve or restraint spoke evil of things ill done; he used to exalt our cupola with indefatigable praise as something unique in the world; he called it the miracle of beauteous masterpieces. Assuredly that man would jump out of his skin with rage to see it thus bedaubed; leaping and running and fulminating, he would go about the city uttering his indignation at the top of his voice, and would crucify this little George of Arezzo.

wronged hero, whose hand and dagger God would guide. There was nothing strange in this mixture of piety and murder. The assassin of Lorenzino de' Medici — whose short narrative, by the way, reads like a chapter of Cellini's memoirs — relates how, while he was running drenched with blood through Venice after the event, he took refuge in a crowded church, and fervently commended himself to the divine protection. Homicide, indeed, was then considered a venial error, and several incidents might be cited from this autobiography proving that men devoted to the religious life screened murderers red-handed after the commission of what we should regard not merely as criminal, but also as dastardly deeds of violence.

Among Cellini's faults I do not reckon either baseness or lying. He was not a rogue, and he meant to be veracious. This contradicts the commonplace and superficial view of his character so flatly that I must support my opinion at some length. Of course, I shall not deny that a fellow endowed with such overweening self-conceit, when he comes to write about himself, will set down much which cannot be taken entirely on trust. His personal annals will never rank as historical material with the Venetian Despatches, however invaluable the student of manners may find them. Men of his stamp are certain to exaggerate their own merits, and to pass lightly over things not favorable to the ideal they present. But this is very different from lying; and of calculated mendacity Cellini stands almost universally accused. I believe that view to be mistaken.

So far as I have learned to know him, so far as I have caught his accent and the intonation of his utterance, I hold him for a most veracious man. His veracity was not of the sort which is at present current. It had no hypocrisy or simulation in it, but a large dose of vain-glory with respect to his achievements, and a trifle of suppression with respect to matters which he thought unworthy of his fame. Otherwise, he is quite transparent after his own fashion; the fashion, that is to say, of the sixteenth century, when swaggering and lawlessness were in vogue, which must be distinguished from the fashion of the nineteenth century, when modesty and order are respectable.

What I have called the accent and the intonation of Cellini strike genuinely upon my ear in the opening sentences of a letter to Benedetto Varchi. It should be premised that this distinguished historian,

poet, and critic was an intimate friend of the great artist, who sent him his autobiography in MS. to read. "It gives me pleasure to hear from your worship," writes Cellini, "that you like the simple narrative of my life in its present rude condition better than if it were filed and retouched by the hand of others, in which case the exact accuracy with which I have set all things down might not be so apparent as it is. In truth I have been careful to relate nothing whereof I had a doubtful memory, and have confined myself to the strictest truth, omitting numbers of extraordinary incidents out of which another writer would have made great capital." In a second letter to Varchi he describes himself as "bad at dictating, and worse at composing." He clearly thought that his imperfect grammar and plebeian style were more than compensated by the sincerity and veracity of his narration.

His own attitude with regard to truth can well be studied in the somewhat comic episode of the Duchess of Tuscany's pearls.* She was anxious to coax her husband into buying some pearls for her, and entreated Cellini to tell a fib or two in their favor for her sake. "Now," says Cellini, "I have always been the devoted friend of truth and the enemy of lies; yet I undertook the office, much against my will, for fear of losing the good graces of so great a princess." Accordingly, he went with "those confounded pearls" to the duke, and having once begun to lie, exaggerated his falsehoods so clumsily that he raised suspicion. The duke at last begged him, as he was an honest man, to say what he really thought. This appeal upset him: "I blushed up to the eyes, which filled with tears;" and on the instant he made a clean breast of the whole matter, losing thereby the favor of the duchess, who had been shown in an displeasing light to her lord and master. The minute account he has left of all his negotiations for the payment of the Perseus prove in like manner that the one thing Cellini could not do was to gain his ends by artifice and underhand transactions. On the contrary, he blurted out the bitter truth, as he conceived it, in hot blood, and clamored with egregious presumption for what his vanity demanded. Not lying, not artfulness, but arrogance and overweening self-importance, are the vices of his character.

His portrait is drawn in this light by contemporaries. Vasari describes him as

* Vita di Benvenuto Cellini, lib. ii., ch. lxxxiii.

"in all his doings of high spirit, proud, lively, very quick to act, and formidably vehement; a person who knew only too well how to speak his mind to princes." Bembo, Caro, Martelli, Varchi, speak of him always in terms which would be quite inapplicable to a rogue or a liar. During his imprisonment in St. Angelo, Annibale Caro, who had known him well for several years, wrote thus to his friend Luca Martini: "I have still some hope for Benvenuto, unless his own temper should do him mischief, for that is certainly extravagant. Since he was in prison, he has never been able to refrain from saying things in his odd way which, in my opinion, makes the prince (Pier Luigi Farnese) uneasy as to what he may do or utter in the future. These follies, far more than any crime he has committed in the past, now compromise his safety." That passage strongly corroborates the view I have presented of Cellini's character. I might quote another letter written by Niccolò Martelli to Benvenuto in France. It begins by paying a tribute to his "distinguished talents and gracious nature," saying that any favors he may receive at the French court will not be equal to his merits, "both as a rare goldsmith and admirable draughtsman, and also as a man of liberal and open conversation with his fellows, free-handed not only to artists and friends, but also to all who seek him out; esteeming mighty cardinals no more than noble spirits in a humble station, which is really worthy of a nature so generous as yours." These phrases might pass for merely complimentary, did they not so exactly confirm Cellini's own narrative. They give us good reason to believe that what he spoke about himself was the truth.

In the next place I will adduce the opinions of two Italian critics who have been occupied with Cellini's autobiography. Antonio Cocchi, its first editor (Naples, 1730), says in his preface: "I will not conceal my belief that there are some things scattered through his narrative in blame of contemporaries to which we ought to lend a somewhat doubting ear. It is not that the author was not an impassioned friend of truth; but he may have accepted vague reports or yielded to conjectures." This admission is too cautious. It is certain that Cellini wrote his memoirs in no critical spirit; and what Cocchi calls "his habit of excessive frankness, his harsh manners, readiness to take affront, and implacable hatreds," exposed him to great unfairness when dealing

with people whom he disliked. This does not, however, imply of necessity that he fabricated falsehoods against the folk he could not tolerate. Truth is even a more trenchant weapon than mendacity in most cases. When Aretino, that unscrupulous gladiator of the pen, was asked how men might best speak evil of their neighbors, he replied: "By telling the truth, by telling the truth." And Cellini understood with keen sagacity this force of plain, unvarnished statement. I take it that the most disagreeable things he said of Paul III., of Luigi Pulci, and of Giorgio Vasari, were crude verities. The manners of the period and his method of narration justify this conclusion.

Taking a wider sweep and survey of this subject, Baretti sums up the impression left upon his mind by Cellini's self-portraiture thus: "He has painted himself as brave as a French grenadier, as vindictive as a viper, superstitious to the last degree, full of eccentricity and caprice; a pleasant companion among friends, but not susceptible of affectionate attachments; rather loose in sexual relations, a bit of a traitor without being aware of it; slightly tainted with spite and envy, a braggart and vain without suspecting himself to be such; a madcap who firmly believed he was wise, circumspect, and prudent. Fully persuaded that he was a hero, he dashed this picture of himself upon the canvas without a thought of composition or reflection, just as his fiery and rapid fancy prompted. We derive from it something of the same pleasure which we feel in contemplating a terrible wild beast which cannot get near enough to hurt us."

After these general considerations upon the limits within which Cellini's veracity may be trusted, I pass to some particulars that have been always challenged in his statements. Upon the very first pages of the book we are met with an astounding legend relating to the foundation and the name of Florence. Having shown familiarity with previous speculations on the subject, he rejects all other hypotheses in favor of a pure myth, by which the origin of the city is referred to an imaginary ancestor of his own, Fiorino da Cellino, a captain in the army of Julius Cæsar. It is needless to say that there is no ground whatever for the legend; and we can hardly believe that Cellini thought it would impose on any one's credulity. That it flattered his own vanity is certain; and I suspect from his way of introducing it that the story formed part of some

domestic gossip regarding his ancestry which he had heard in boyhood. Many of the so-called Norman pedigrees of our aristocracy used to begin with fables hardly less ridiculous. To call this one of Cellini's lies would be as absurd as to deny that it confirms our belief in his childish self-conceit and uncritical habit of mind.

A more important piece of boasting is usually cast in his teeth. He tells us how he went, upon the 6th of May, 1527, to the ramparts of Rome, at the moment when the assault of the Imperial troops was being hotly pressed, and how he slew a captain with a well-directed musket-shot. This captain, as he afterwards learned, was the Constable of Bourbon. Now there is nothing to prove whether he did or did not shoot the constable. He only mentions the fact himself on hearsay, and when he enumerated his past services before the judges who sent him to prison in 1538 he did not mention this feat.* That he wounded the Prince of Orange by the discharge of a culverin from the Castle of St. Angelo has never been disputed. Indeed, it is quite certain that he performed more than yeoman's duty as a gunner all through the period of the sack of Rome. In consequence of his excellent soldier-ship, Orazio Baglioni offered him the captaincy of a band in the army he was collecting for the defence of Florence. Now Bourbon had been shot dead in the assault of Rome upon that foggy morning, and Cellini had certainly discharged his arquebuse from the ramparts. Always posing as a hero in his own eyes, he was gratified to obtain some color for the supposition that one of his unerring balls had done the deed. If it were possible to put his thoughts about this event into a syllogism, it would run as follows: "Somebody shot Bourbon; I shot somebody; being what I am, I am inclined to think the somebody I shot was Bourbon."

Many of the odd things related by Cellini can be classified as things which really took place, like the accident of the scorpion and the tremendous hail-storm he encountered in the neighborhood of Lyons; others may be referred to common superstition. I will choose the instance of the salamander, which has often been brought up against him. Here he only informs us that his father gave him a good box on the ears, in order that he might not forget the occasion when he saw something in a wood fire which his father took for a sala-

mander. Not a few of the most striking of his presumed lies turn out, upon inspection, like those of Herodotus, to be simply the best evidence of his veracity. That is to say, when we examine them we find that he has been recording actual phenomena with more than usual powers of observation, but without the power of scientifically accounting for them. Being vividly conscious of the fact as he observed it, and at the same time subject to a wrong method of interpretation, he unconsciously proved his veracity by accurately describing what he saw, and then referring it to such causes as were current at his epoch. I will select two examples bearing on this point; both shall be recorded in his own words. The first relates to a portent in the heavens, which he regarded as a sign sent for some fateful warning. After relating how he and his friend Felice had been shooting all day on the Roman Campagna, he proceeds as follows:† "We mounted and rode rapidly towards Rome; and when we reached a certain gently rising ground—night then had fallen—looking in the direction of Florence, both with one breath exclaimed in the utmost astonishment: 'Oh, God of heaven! what is that great thing one sees there over Florence?' It resembled a huge beam of fire, which sparkled and gave out extraordinary lustre. I said to Felice: 'Assuredly we shall hear to-morrow that something of vast importance has happened in Florence.'" In effect they did hear that Alessandro de' Medici had been murdered by his cousin Lorenzino. Yet, meanwhile, Cellini has left a striking, though brief, picture of the aurora borealis which he happened to have noticed. The second of these examples is more curious and far more confirmatory of his truth. After those half-delirious experiences in the dungeon of St. Angelo, when he saw visions and thought that angels ministered to his sick body, he fancied himself under God's special guidance. As a sign of this peculiar grace, he relates the following circumstance:‡ "Since that time till now an aureole of glory (marvellous to relate) has rested on my head. This is visible to every sort of men to whom I have chosen to point it out; but these have been very few. This halo can be observed above my shadow in the morning, from the rising of the sun for about two hours, and far better when the grass

* Ibid., lib. I., ch. ciii.

• Ibid., lib. i., ch. lxxxix.

† Ibid., lib. i., ch. cxxviii.

is drenched with dew. It is also visible at evening about sunset. I became aware of it in France, at Paris; for the air in those countries is so much freer from mist that one can see it there far better manifested than in Italy, mists being far more frequent among us. However, I am always able to see it, and to show it to others, but not so well as in the country I have mentioned." Critics have taken for granted that this is a mere piece of audacious mendacity meant to glorify himself, whereas it is really the record of a very accurate but misinterpreted observation. Any one who walks abroad in grassy places when the light is low, as at sunrise or at sunset, can satisfy himself that his shadow cast on dewy sward is surrounded with a rim of glory like a lunar rainbow. But if he goes with companions, he will not see their shadows encircled with the same light, because his own body is the point which focuses the diffused rays. He therefore might well imagine that the aureole is given to himself alone; and in order to exhibit it, he must make his comrade take a place behind him, where the halo becomes at once visible to both. Long before I attended to the above passage in Cellini, I noticed this phenomenon, and pointed it out to friends, finding that some of them were too deficient in powers of observation to perceive it, while others at once recognized the singular and beautiful effect. What makes the example interesting for the light it casts on Cellini's habit of mind is that he starts by saying the aureole surrounds his head, and then very ingenuously proceeds to tell us that it only surrounds the shadow of his head at certain times and in certain places. Those times and places are just what the experience of one who has observed the same phenomenon would lead him to expect. Again, he sets up a false theory to explain why he could see it better in France than in Italy. It is not that there is more mist in the latter than the former country, but that low-lying humidity of atmosphere and heavy dews on deep grass are favorable to the production of the appearance, and these conditions may be met with more frequently in a country like France than in the provinces of middle Italy. It was upon the Alpine meadows, where I am now writing, at the season of early autumn frosts that I first noticed it; and I can predict with some confidence when it is pretty certain to be reproduced. In my opinion, the very hesitations of Cellini in this test passage are undesigned corroborations of his general veracity. A

man who deliberately invents something to glorify himself and mystify the world, does not go about his work in this fashion. He does not describe a natural phenomenon so exactly that all the limiting conditions, which he regarded as inexplicable imperfections in the grace conferred upon him, shall confirm the truth of his observation.

A similar line of reasoning might be adopted with regard to the extraordinary night scene in the Coliseum. Cellini went thither, firmly believing in ghosts and fiends, in order to raise devils, with a necromancer. A bonfire was lighted and drugs were cast upon the coals, which rolled forth volumes of murky smoke. In the smoke legions of demons appeared. Imagination and the awe-inspiring influences of the place, even if we eliminate a possible magic lantern among the conjuror's appurtenances, are enough to account for what Cellini saw. He was credulous, he was superstitious; he was readily exalted to the fever point of delirium (as in the vision of Charon, during his Roman illness, the visions of St. Angelo when his leg was broken, and the apparition of the gravedigger during his short fever on the night of casting Perseus); but there is nothing in his confidences to make us suppose that the phantasmagoria of the Coliseum was a deliberate invention.

The most convincing proofs of Cellini's trustworthiness are not, however, to be sought in these minor details. I find them far stronger and far more abundant in the vast picture-gallery of historical portraits which he has painted. Parini, while tracing the salient qualities of his autobiography, remarked: "He is peculiarly admirable in depicting to the life by a few salient touches the characters, passions, personal peculiarities, movements, and habits of the people with whom he came in contact." Only one who has made himself for long years familiar with the history of Cellini's period can appreciate the extraordinary vividness and truth of Cellini's delineation. Without attempting to do more than record his recollection of what happened to himself in commerce with men of all sorts, he has dramatized the great folk of histories, chronicles, and diplomatic despatches, exactly as our best authorities in their more colorless and cautious style present them to our fancy. He enjoyed the advantages of the alcove and the ante-chamber; and without abusing these in the spirit of a Voltaire or a valet, he has greatly added to our conception of Clement VII., Paul

III., Francis I., and Cosimo de' Medici, grand duke of Tuscany. Clement driven to his wits' end for cash during the sack of Rome; Paul granting favors to a cardinal at the end of a copious repast, when wine was in his head; Francis interrupting the goldsmiths in their workshop at the Petit Nesle; Cosimo indulging in horse-play with his buffoon Bernardone, — these detach themselves, as living personages, against the grey historic background. Yet the same great people, on more ceremonious occasions, or in the common transactions of life, talk, move, and act precisely as we learn to know them from the most approved documentary sources. Take for example the singular interview between Paul III. and the Marquis del Vasto, which Cellini interrupted, and when he was used by the former to exhaust the patience of the Spanish envoy.* Our authorities tell us much about the fox-like, shifty nature of the pope; and we know that, precisely at this moment, he was eager to preserve his own neutrality between the courts of France and Spain. Cellini, thinking only of his personal affairs, withdraws the curtain from a scene which we feel at once to be the very truth and inner life of history.

It was not only in dealing with the greatest actors on the world's stage that Cellini showed this keen fidelity to fact. His portraits of the bestial Pier Luigi Farnese, of the subtle and bizarre Lorenzo de' Medici, of the Ferrarese minister Giliolo, of the Florentine majordomo Ricci, of the proud Comte de St. Paul, correspond exactly to what we learn otherwise about them, adding slight significant touches from private information. Madame d'Etampes and the Duchess Eleonora of Tuscany move across his pages as they lived, the one with the vivacity of an insolent king's mistress, the other with the somewhat sickly and yet kindly grandeur of the Spanish consort to an astute Italian prince. Lesser folk, with whom we are equally acquainted through their writings or biographical notices, appear in crowds upon a lower plane. Bembo, in his polished retreat at Padua; Torrigiano, swaggering about the Florentine workshops; Giulio Romano, leading the debauched society of Roman artists; Maître Roux, in his Parisian magnificence; Alamanni, the humane and gentle nobleman of letters; Sansovino, expanding at ease in Venetian comfort; old Michelangelo, with his man Urbino, in

their simple Roman dwelling; Bandinelli, blustering before the Duke of Florence in a wordy duel with Cellini, which Vasari also has reported, — all these, and how many more besides, are portrayed with an evident reality, which corresponds in each particular to the man as he is otherwise revealed to us by independent evidence. Yet Cellini had no intention of describing such folk for our benefit. As they happened to cross his life, so he sketched them with sharp, pungent quill-strokes, always thinking more about his own affairs than their personality. Nothing inspires a firmer confidence in his accuracy as an observer and his veracity as a narrator than the undesigned corroboration given to his portraits by masses of external and less vivid testimony.

This forces me to accept as genuine many of those powerful and humorous descriptions of character which we cannot check. How true to life is the history of young Luigi Pulci, who came to grief in Rome, after wasting exceptional talents in disgraceful self-indulgence! That episode reads like a *pièce justificative* in illustration of Aretino's "Dialogo delle Corti." The story too of the mad castellan of St. Angelo, who thought he was a bat, deserves like credence. The ruffianly postmaster at Siena, shot dead by Cellini in a quarrel; the Milanese simpleton who entreated the surgeon, while sewing up a wound in his mouth, not to close the whole orifice out of spite; the incomparable *dilettante* at Ferrara, Alfonso de' Trotti, who made such a fool of himself about some old models from Cellini's vases; Tribolo, the quaking coward; Busbacca, the lying courier; Cellini's father, with his fixed idea about Benvenuto's flute-playing; Ascanio and his sweetheart hidden in the head of the great statue of Mars at Paris, — hundreds of such rapidly traced silhouettes, with all the force of life and all the comicality of satiric genius, cross these pages and enliven them at every turn. We have faith in their veracity, partly because they correspond to human nature in the times which Cellini knew, and partly because his descriptions of character, when verified by external evidence, are found so faithful.

The trustworthiness of Cellini's "Memoirs" might be submitted to yet another test. Numerous details, as for instance the episode of his brother's death, and what he says about Foiano's starvation in St. Angelo, are supported by Varchi's "History of Florence." His own private memoranda and official petitions to the

* Ibid., lib. i., ch. xcii.

Duke of Florence confirm the main records of his life in that city. The French letters of naturalization and the deed conferring on him the lordship of Le Petit Nesle are in existence. But it would occupy too much space to pursue this line of investigation with the scrupulous thoroughness without which such arguments are unconvincing. Enough has perhaps been said in this place upon the topic of the man's veracity. What I have attempted to demonstrate is that he did not mean to lie, and that we possess strong confirmatory testimony to the truth of his statements and the accuracy of his observation. This does not imply that a man of his violent passions and egregious vanity is always to be trusted, either when he praises his own performance or depreciates his sworn foes.*

* This article will form part of an introductory essay to my translation of Cellini's autobiography into English, which Mr. John Nimmo is about to publish.

From The Nineteenth Century.
RURAL LIFE IN RUSSIA.

THE system of land tenure in Russia at present combines in a singular manner the results of the scheme of a benevolent despot for supplying each peasant with sufficient land to live upon, and the remains still unbroken of the rigid rule of the old village communities to which he continues subject. These, as Mr. Seeböhm shows, at one time occupied the whole of Europe, but are now only to be found surviving in the Russian *mir*.

The amount of territory given up to the serfs by the Emancipation Act of 1861 was about one-half of the arable land of the whole empire, so that the experiment of cutting up the large properties of a country, and the formation instead of a landed peasantry, has now been tried on a sufficiently large scale for a quarter of a century to enable the world to judge of its success or failure. There is no doubt of the philanthropic intentions of Alexander the First, but he seems to have also aimed (like Richelieu) at diminishing the power of the nobles, which formed some bulwark between the absolute sway of the crown and the enormous dead level of peasants.

The serfs belonged soul and body to the landowner; even when they were allowed to take service or exercise a trade in distant towns, they were obliged to pay a due, *obrok*, to their owner, and to return home if required; while the instances of

oppression were sometimes frightful, husbands and wives were separated, girls were sold away from their parents, young men were not allowed to marry.* On the other hand, when the proprietor was kind, and rich enough not to make money of his serfs, the patriarchal form of life was not unhappy. "See now," said an old peasant, "what have I gained by the emancipation? I have nobody to go to to build my house, or to help in the ploughing-time; the seigneur, he knew what I wanted, and he did it for me without any bother. Now if I want a wife, I have got to go and court her myself; he used to choose for me, and he knew what was best. It is a great deal of trouble, and no good at all!" Under the old arrangement three generations were often found living in one house, and the grandfather, who was called "the big one," bore a very despotic sway. The plan allowed several of the males of the family to seek work at a distance, leaving some at home to perform the *corvée* (forced labor) three days a week; but the families quarrelled among themselves, and the effect of the emancipation has everywhere been to split them up into different households. A considerable portion of the serfs were not really serfs at all. They were coachmen, grooms, gardeners, gamekeepers, etc., while their wives and daughters were nurses, ladies-maids, and domestic servants. Their number was out of all proportion to their work, which was always carelessly done, but there was often great attachment to the family they served. The serfs proper lived in villages, had houses and plots of land of their own, and were nominally never sold except with the estate. The land, however, was under the dominion of the *mir*; they could neither use it nor cultivate it except according to the communal obligations.

The outward aspect of a Russian village is not attractive, and there is little choice in the surrounding country between a wide, gray plain with a distance of scrubby pine forest, or the scrubby pine forest with distant gray plains. The peasants' houses are scattered up and down without any order or arrangement, and with no roads between, built of trunks of trees, unsquared, and mortised into each other at the corners, the interstices filled with moss and mud, a mode of building warmer than it sounds. In the interior there is always an enormous brick stove,

* "I sold two capital girls last year as laundresses for two hundred roubles each," says an old lady in Gogol's story.

five or six feet high, on which and on the floor the whole family sleep in their rags. The heat and the stench are frightful. No one undresses, washing is unknown, and sheepskin pelisses with the wool inside are not conducive to cleanliness. Wood, however, is becoming very scarce, — the forests are used up in fuel for railway engines, for wooden constructions of all kinds, and are set fire to wastefully — in many places the peasants are forced to burn dung, weeds, or anything they can pick up; fifty years, it is said, will exhaust the present forests, and fresh trees are never planted.

The women are more diligent than the men, and the hardest work is often turned over to them, as is generally the case in countries where peasant properties prevail. "They are only the females of the male," and have few womanly qualities. They toil at the same tasks in the field as the men, ride astride like them, often without saddles, and the mortality is excessive among the neglected children, who are carried out into the fields, where the babies lie the whole day with a bough over them and covered with flies, while the poor mother is at work. Eight out of ten children are said to die before ten years old in rural Russia.

In the little church (generally built of wood) there are no seats, the worshippers prostrate themselves and knock their heads two or three times on the ground, and must stand or kneel through the whole service. The roof consists of a number of bulbous-shaped cupolas; four, round the central dome, in the form of a cross is the completed ideal, with a separate minaret for the Virgin. These are covered with tiles of the brightest blue, green, and red, and gilt metal. The priest is a picturesque figure, with his long, unclipped hair, tall felt hat largest at the top, and a flowing robe. He must be married when appointed to a cure, but is not allowed a second venture if his wife dies. Until lately they formed an hereditary caste, and it was unlawful for the son of a pope to be other than a pope. They are taken from the lowest class, and are generally quite as uneducated, and are looked down upon by their flocks. "One loves the pope, and one the popess," is an uncomplimentary proverb given by Gogol. "To have priests' eyes," meaning to be covetous or extortionate, is another. The drunkenness in all classes strikes Russian statesmen with dismay, and the priests, the popes, are among the worst delinquents. They are fast losing the authority

which they once had over the serfs, when they formed part of the great political system of which the czar was the religious and political head. A Russian official report says that "the churches are now mostly attended by women and children, while the men are spending their last kopeck, or getting deeper into debt, at the village dram-shop."

Church festivals, marriages, christenings, burials, and fairs, leave only two hundred days in the year for the Russian laborer. The climate is so severe as to prevent out-of-door work for months, and the enforced idleness increases the natural disposition to do nothing. "We are a lethargic people," says Gogol, "and require a stimulus from without, either that of an officer, a master, a driver, the rod, or *vodki* (a white spirit distilled from corn); and this," he adds in another place, "whether the man be peasant, soldier, clerk, sailor, priest, merchant, seigneur, or prince." At the time of the Crimean War it was always believed that the Russian soldier could only be driven up to an attack, such as that of Inkerman, under the influence of intoxication. The Russian peasant is indeed a barbarian at a very low stage of civilization. In the Crimean hospitals every nationality was to be found among the patients, and the Russian soldier was considered far the lowest of all. Stolid, stupid, hard, he never showed any gratitude for any amount of care and attention, or seemed, indeed, to understand them; and there was no doubt that during the war he continually put the wounded to death in order to possess himself of their clothes.

The Greek Church is a very dead form of faith, and the worship of saints of every degree of power "amounts to a fetishism almost as bad as any to be found in Africa." I myself am the happy possessor of a little rude wooden bas-relief, framed and glazed, of two saints whose names I have ungratefully forgotten, to whom if you pray as you go out to commit a crime, however heinous, you take your pardon with you — a refinement upon the whipping of the saints in Calabria, and Spanish hagiolatry. The icons, the sacred images, are hung in the chief corner, called "the beautiful," of a Russian *isba*. A lamp is always lit before them, and some food spread "for the ghosts to come and eat." The well-to-do peasant is still "strict about his fasts and festivals, and never neglects to prepare for Lent. During the whole year his forethought never wearies; the children pick up a

number of fungi which the English kick away as toadstools, these are dried in the sun or the oven, and packed in casks with a mixture of hot water and dry meal in which they ferment. The staple diet of the peasant consists of buckwheat, rye meal, sauerkraut, and coarse cured fish" (little, however, but black bread, often mouldy, and sauerkraut, nearly putrid, is found in the generality of Russian peasant homes). No milk, butter, cheese, or eggs are allowed in Lent, all of which are permitted to the Roman Catholic, and the oil the peasant uses for his cooking is linseed instead of olive oil, which last he religiously sets aside for the lamps burning before the holy images. "To neglect fasting would cause a man to be shunned as a traitor, not only to his religion, but to his class and country."

In a bettermost household, the samovar, the tea-urn, is always going. If a couple of men have a bargain to strike, the charcoal is lighted inside the urn, which has a pipe carried into the stone chimney, and the noise of the heated air is like a roaring furnace. They will go on drinking boiling-hot weak tea, in glasses, for hours, with a liberal allowance of vodka. The samovar, however, is a completely new institution, and the old peasants will tell you, "Ah, Holy Russia has never been the same since we drank so much tea."

The only bit of art or pastime to be found among the peasants seems to consist in the "circling dances" with songs, at harvest, Christmas, and all other important festivals, as described by Mr. Ralston. And even here "the settled gloom, the monotonous sadness," are most remarkable. Wife-beating, husbands' infidelities, horrible stories of witches and vampires, are the general subjects of the songs. The lament of the young bride who is treated almost like a slave by her father and mother in law, has a chorus: "Thumping, scolding, never lets his daughter sleep, 'Up, you slattern! up, you sloven, sluggish slut!'" A wife entreats: "Oh, my husband, only for good cause beat thou thy wife, not for little things. Far away is my father dear, and farther still my mother." The husband who is tired of his wife, sings: "Thanks, thanks to the blue pitcher (*i. e.*, poison), it has rid me of my cares; not that cares afflicted me, my real affliction was my wife," ending, "Love will I make to the girls across the stream." Next comes a wife who poisons her husband. "I dried the evil root and pounded it small;" but in this case the husband was hated because he had killed

her brother. The most unpleasant of all, however, are the invocations to vodka. A circle of girls imitate drunken women, and sing as they dance, "Vodki delicious I drank, I drank; not in a cup or a glass, but a bucketful I drank. . . . I cling to the posts of the door. Oh, doorpost, hold me up, the drunken woman, the tipsy rogue."

The account of the Baba Zaga, a hideous old witch, is enough to drive children into convulsions.

She has a nose and teeth made of strong sharp iron. As she lies in her hut she stretches from one corner to the other, and her nose goes through the roof. The fence is made of the bones of the people she has eaten, and tipped with their skulls. The uprights of the gate are human legs. She has a broom to sweep away the traces of her passage over the snow in her seven-leagued boots. She steals children to eat them.

Remains of paganism are to be found in some of the sayings. A curse still existing says, "May Perun (*i. e.*, the lightning) strike thee." The god Perun, the Thunderer, resembles Thor, and like him carries a hammer. He has been transformed into Elijah, the prophet Ilya, the rumbling of whose chariot as he rolls through heaven, especially on the week in summer when his festival falls, may be heard in thunder. There is a dismal custom by which the children are made to eat the mouldy bread, "because the Ruskas (the fairies) do not choose bread to be wasted." Inhuman stories about burying a child alive in the foundation of a new town to propitiate the earth spirit; that a drowning man must not be saved, lest the water spirit be offended; that if groans or cries are heard in the forest, a traveller must go straight on without paying any attention, "for it is only the wood demon, the lyeshey," seem only to be invented as excuses for selfish inaction. Wolves bear a great part in the stories. A peasant driving in a sledge with three children is pursued by a pack of wolves; he throws out a child, which they stop to devour; then the howls come near him again, and he throws out a second; again they return, when the last is sacrificed; and one is grieved to hear that he saves his own wretched, cowardly life at last.

The account of a rural Russian life given in a book called "Dead Souls," by Gogol, which is considered a Russian classic, is dismal in the extreme. Land in Russia has hardly any value in itself, and the property of the landowners was estimated by the number of serfs, called

"souls," whose labor alone had rendered the land valuable. It is a more human way of speaking of the peasants than our own counting of "hands" (the women, however, were not considered "souls"). The possessor of two or three hundred was a small man; two thousand seem to have placed the owner among the large proprietors. The hero Tchitchikof (it has been said, that to give a good sneeze and put "off" at the end makes a very tolerable Russian name) is a small functionary on the usual meagre salary, which is in all cases eked out by an unblushing receipt of bribes. As everybody, however, is bribed, he finds his share too small to get the luxuries for which he pants. Money, however, he knows, is lent by government on the serfs and land possessed by an owner. The serfs are only numbered in the census every ten years, while a tax is paid for them dead or alive; and it suddenly strikes him that he may buy the "dead souls," undertaking to pay the tax and then borrow on the security. "If it is objected that he has no estate to take them to, he says that he is going to colonize in the Taurus or the Chersonese, which is a very praiseworthy enterprise." He goes to a small country town, with his two serfs, one of them a coachman, three horses, and a britska, which appears to be almost indispensable for even so poor a man, and he gradually makes his way among the officials, getting introductions among the country owners. "The nobles possessed land, but did not live upon it; there was nothing like the life of an English country gentleman on his estate." He then goes from house to house, and the result is a description of every variety of village and estate, in a great part, at least, of Russia, which read like sketches from nature, and have all the exactness of photographs. They are melancholy indeed. An opening picture of the scenery is very vivid:—

As soon as he left the town the savage condition in which all the communications were left became apparent. On each side the road, ankle deep in dust in summer, knee deep in mud in bad weather, lay lines of mole-hills, fir woods, with tufts of shabby trees, stumps of old trunks which had been burnt by fire, wild heaths, bogs, etc. The villages here were in two perfectly parallel lines, looking like stacks of wood, with roofs of grey planks, the edges cut out as if in paper. The peasants as usual lounged about on planks raised on two blocks, yawning under their sheepskin pelisses. Women, their waists under their armpits, looked out of the unglazed windows, while a calf or a pig might be seen gazing

from the stable below. He comes to an owner's establishment. The Maniloff's house was perched on a bare hill, or rather slope, with scarcely a bush; an arbor, however, painted green, and called "Temple of Solitary Meditation," stood on the bank. A little farther off was a pond, or rather a mass of mud, green with weeds, in which two women, having turned up their clothes, were standing up to their knees, dragging out a net containing two crabs and a perch. More than two hundred little black hovels, without trees or bushes or green of any kind above them, with nothing but broken wood lying about darkened by the weather, lay beyond. Outside the house Tchitchikof finds the husband, lounging about in a dirty silk dressing-gown, smoking a long pipe touching the ground, and doing nothing from morning till night. Within reigned the greatest disorder; the cooking was abominable, the provisions always ran short, the household servants were dirty, and generally half tipsy, those in the courtyard slept twelve hours in the day, and committed all sorts of fooleries during the other twelve. And why? because Mme. Maniloff was *bien élevée*; and good education is given (as everybody knows) in young ladies' schools, and in young ladies' schools (as everybody knows) three things are taught, which constitute the basis of all human virtue: French, which is indispensable to the happiness of family life; the piano, to charm the leisure hours of the husband (when he shall come); and, finally, household management, properly so called, which consists in knitting purses and preparing pretty little surprises for birthdays, etc. There are different programmes and different schools; sometimes the first thing considered is the science of housekeeping, the cigar cases and bead work, and French and music only come afterwards, or music may be the first necessity. There are programmes and programmes, methods and methods, but nothing beyond these three.

At this house Tchitchikof gets his dead souls for nothing. He then visits a score of other properties, in most of which he makes himself useful and lives at free quarters while he negotiates his purchases.

One belongs to a miser, a man of large property and a thousand souls. The windows of the house are all shut up, excepting the two rooms which he inhabits. His peasants are so miserable that between seventy and eighty have run away. It was difficult, however, for serfs in such circumstances to keep clear of the police; they could not find work, and were often starved into returning to their misery. The master lives on sour cabbage and gruel, like his barefoot servants, who stand in rags about the courtyard. Tchitchikof offers to buy the fugitives at thirty-two kopecks (about tenpence) a head, and

gets them for fifty, after a great deal of bargaining.

Another picture of the country is striking.

The britska drove on. The country was flat and bare. What is seen on such occasions is that there is nothing to be seen. Milestones which show the kilometres of the past and announce the kilometres of the future, lines of carts, villages, grey masses varied with samovars, decrepit old men and women lounging in the roads, men shod with the bark of the lime or the birch, their legs swathed in rags. Little towns built with unhewn trunks, without planks—then open country with patches of ground green with meadows, yellow with gold, marked with furrows in the open desert. Then a peasant song heard in the farthest distance, peals of church bells, and further still clouds of flies, multitudes of grasshoppers, flights of crows, the tops of fir-trees, oceans of fog darkening a score of different points on a horizon which seems to have no other limits.

"Boundless as the sea" is not a comparison which occurs to a Russian.

Everywhere the lists of dead serfs which Tchitchikof obtains are made out for him with the utmost elaboration, their trades, their qualities, their height, the color of their eyes, and their nicknames, such as "Lazy Peter, the trough is near," "Ivan not in a hurry," "Slippery Nicholas," "Andreas the smith few words," etc.

The saddest story of all is of a proprietor who determined to go home from St. Petersburg, where he had spent all his life since childhood, and try to do his duty by his people.

He sees before him, at the end of his journey, a fine forest, and asks who is the owner, and the reply is his own name; and further on he inquires, "Whose are those fields and little hills?" The reply is again that they are his own. At length he sees the red roofs and gilded cupolas of his home. The peasants crowd round the carriage; square beards of every hue, red, black, cinder-colored, and white, welcome him with loud hurrahs. "Our father is come at last." The women in high red headdresses scream, "Oh, our little heart, our gold, our dear treasure." He is much moved at the sight of such excellent natures, and prepares to be their father indeed; he began by diminishing the number of days of forced service, abolished all the dues in linen, apples, mushrooms, nuts, and walnuts, and halves the other work which had been rigorously exacted from the women. He thought that they would become more careful of their houses, their husbands, and their children; instead of which, gossip, quarrels, and free fights between persons of the fair sex got to such a pitch, that the husbands, after months of woe, came up one after another and said,

"O Barine, deliver me from my wife, she is worse than an imp of hell, I can't live with her any longer." As for the land which he kept in his own hands, the hay dried up, the barley failed, the oats shed, while on that held by the peasants everything went on well. "Why are my crops worse than yours?" inquired he. "God knows, perhaps it is the fly," or "Surely there has been no rain at all;" but the fly had not eaten the peasants' crops, and the capricious rain had certainly singularly favored them. He tried to found a school, but the outcry was so great that he was obliged to give it up, and all his efforts after law and order, arbitrations, and regulation of property, failed one after the other, and at length he gave up society, sank into a torpid lethargic state, spent his time in solitary smoking, and soon sank to the level of his neighbors.

Here Tchitchikof made himself generally useful, and got ninety dead souls given him for nothing.

The mixture of luxury and barbarism in every account is remarkable. The ladies are described as dressed in the last Parisian fashion, smoking cigarettes, sitting in filthy rooms with broken furniture, and surrounded by drunken maids. "There were six laundresses in the house, and they were drunk four days in the week." The men with endless carriages and horses, drinking champagne like water over their cards (more champagne is consumed in Russia alone than is grown in the whole French province), but eating enormously like savages. One man consumes a sucking pig for his dinner, another a whole shoulder of mutton stewed in gruel, another slips into a supper before the guests arrive, and eats up a monstrous sturgeon, "leaving only the tail and the bones." Superstitions, such as "spitting three times on each side when death or any other unpleasant subject is spoken of, to ward off the devils," are mentioned casually. (There are four kinds of these—house devils, wood devils, stable devils, field devils—and a counter charm for each.) In a great house, with a magnificent array of servants, the ladies-maids and footmen sleep on the ground in passages, on a mat or the bare floor, and in large towns often in the street.* Tchitchikof on some grand occasion "passes a wet sponge all over him, which generally he did only on Sundays; but if he did not wash, he always used a great deal of eau de Cologne." The condition of society reminds one of a medlar, rotten before it is ripe.

* The clerk of a Jew broker in one story is described as being forced to sleep on the threshold in winter in a sheepskin.

At the end, Tchitchikof, who has obtained two hundred thousand roubles from the State Bank, is obliged to refund them, but he has borrowed sufficient money from his different acquaintances to enable him to purchase a large and rich estate in a distant part of the country. He marries the daughter of a neighboring mayor, a very decent man, and sets up himself for good. The author is so angry with his own creation, that he is barely able to finish the fortunes of his hero. After years of happiness, and having six children, he grows sick of so much repose, health, well-being, and calm. He finds respectability extremely tiresome, and proposes to his old coachman to start once more on their travels, as in his beloved Bohemian days. The man has grown old and fat, and resists to the uttermost; but Tchitchikof will listen to nothing, and they set out at daybreak in his celebrated britska. About twenty miles from home, however, the wheels break down, and the village blacksmith takes two days to mend them; he starts again the following evening, but while he is asleep the coachman and the horses drive back again quietly to the house. His wife wisely holds her tongue, and he has not the courage to go forth again once more. "He then reconciled himself to fate, was elected marshal of the nobles, went in for agriculture, subscribed to seven Russian papers, two French, and one German, although he did not know a word of French, and barely a hundred of German. "This good and great man," as the author perpetually calls him, "adored everything existing in Russia, and considered any reform as iniquitous, anti-social, and unchristian. As a man of order, and marshal, he enjoyed general esteem and consideration. He may truly be said to be one of the most perfect heroes of the past generation. Indeed, we believe that he is not dead, that such men must live forever, immortal as they are in their qualities." He was a good-natured rogue, and had always intended to treat his serfs well; "but this last point of his wishes was like the plates of dessert forever left untouched at the grand dinners laid out in railway stations."

The accounts in Ivan Tourgueneff's stories are still more sad. The note struck has a deeper sound of tragedy, and one painful scene after another shows the misery, vice, and barbarism of all classes alike. In one of the lighter sketches, the great musical capacity of the people mentioned by Haxthausen appears. Notwith-

standing his extraordinarily backward state of civilization, the peasant is a born musician, and the Russian bass is said to have two more low notes in his voice than the rest of Europe. A young peasant, Ivan, excels so greatly in the trills and shakes and variations, of which the race is very fond, that he is called "the nightingale." He hears of a rival in a distant village who trills and shakes to an even higher degree, and sets off for the place, to dare him to a trial of singing in the village dram-shop. The hut is full of bearded amateurs, who listen with all their might. Ivan begins the contest, and the beards wag approval. Next comes the rival's turn, and his performances are still finer, and so prolonged and delightful that he evidently is winning, and the beards wag faster than before. Poor Ivan asks for another trial, and this time he surpasses himself. He sings higher and higher, and deeper and deeper, and above all louder and louder, till at last he falls down in a fainting-fit, and is carried out, he knows not whether triumphant or not, but half-dying.

The emancipation was doubtless a great work. Twenty million serfs belonging to private owners, and thirty million more, the serfs of the crown, were set free. They had always, however, considered the communal land as in one sense their own. "We are yours, but the land is ours," was the phrase. The act was received with mistrust and suspicion, and the owners were supposed to have tampered with the good intentions of the czar. Land had been allotted to each peasant family sufficient, as supposed, for its support, besides paying a fixed yearly sum to government. Much of it, however, is so bad that it cannot be made to afford a living and pay the tax, in fact a poll tax, not dependent on the size of the strip, but on the number of the souls. The population in Russia has always had a great tendency to migrate, and serfdom in past ages is said to have been instituted to enable the lord of the soil to be responsible for the taxes. "It would have been impossible to collect these from peasants free to roam from Archangel to the Caucasus, from Petersburg to Siberia." It was therefore necessary to enforce the payments from the village community, the mir, which is a much less merciful landlord than the nobles of former days, and constantly sells up the defaulting peasants.

The rule of the mir is strangely democratic in so despotic an empire. The government never interferes with the

communes if they pay their taxes, and the ignorant peasants of the rural courts may pass sentences of imprisonment for seven days, inflict twenty strokes with a rod, impose fines, and cause a man who is pronounced "vicious or pernicious" to be banished to Siberia. The authority of the mir, of the Starosta, the Whiteheads, the chief elders, seems never to be resisted, and there are a number of proverbs declaring "What the mir decides must come to pass," "The neck and shoulders of the mir are broad," "The tear of the mir is cold but sharp." Each peasant is bound hand and foot by minute regulations; he must plough, sow, and reap only when his neighbors do, and the interference with liberty of action is most vexatious and very injurious.

The agriculture enforced is of the most barbarous kind. Jansen, professor of political economy at Moscow, says: "The three-field system—corn, green crops, and fallow—which was abandoned in Europe two centuries ago, has most disastrous consequences here. The lots are changed every year, and no man has any interest in improving property which will not be his in so short a time. Hardly any manure is used, and in many places the corn is threshed out by driving horses and wagons over it. The exhaustion of the soil by this most barbarous culture has reached a fearful pitch."

The size of the allotments varies extremely in the different climates and soils, and the country is so enormous that the provinces were divided into zones to carry out the details of the Emancipation Act—the zone without black soil; the zone with black soil; and, third, the great steppe zone. In the first two the allotments range from 2½ to 20 acres, in the steppes from 8½ to 34½. "Whether, however," says Jansen, "the peasants cultivate their land as proprietors at 1s. 9d. or hire it at 18s. 6d. the result is the same—the soil is scourged and exhausted, and semi-starvation has become the general feature of peasant life."

By the act and its consequences fifty-two millions of human beings, or 77 per cent. of the population, were converted into owners or perpetual tenants. In the Baltic provinces private owners still possess rather more than the peasants, but in three of the most northern and two of the most southern provinces peasant ownership prevails exclusively. The landed proprietors were nominally indemnified by the State for the land taken from them, but they were often greatly in debt, their

mortgages were deducted, and of the remainder only part was paid in cash, the rest in stock which was charged for the cost of administration. When the labor of the serfs was taken away from the owners who still held on, free labor was impossible to obtain, from peasants working their own land at seedtime and harvest. The nobles were therefore obliged to sell as much land as possible. They were allowed, if the peasants wanted a homestead, to oblige them to buy an allotment with it, and the State undertook to advance four-fifths of the purchase money. At the beginning of 1881 nearly 100,000,000*z.* had been thus advanced by the government to the ex-serfs. Only 34 per cent., however, applied for money to be helped to buy; the remaining 66 per cent. have done it by compulsion.

The result as given in all the reports from Russian authorities and English consuls agree that the Emancipation Act has been an utter failure. They repeat the same facts again and again. "The peasant proprietors of the zone without black soil are in a condition of bankruptcy, hopelessly in arrears with their poll tax, capitation rents, redemption dues." "The Russian peasants are now in reality with few exceptions mere paupers, as the land they cultivate does not yield enough to feed them. From one end of the country to the other, they are in a state of semi-starvation. In several of the Volga provinces there has been a widespread famine." The *Moscow Gazette* acknowledges that "nearly one-half of Russia is afflicted with famine to an extent hitherto unknown." Another report says: "The harvest has been failing in the south of Russia, not from drought, but from the ravages of beetles and worms produced by slovenly cultivation and shallow ploughing. In twenty-five years the experiment has reduced the Russian peasant to a lower level than when he was a serf, and exhausted the once rich soil of the country." The English consul at Taganrog repeats the same story. A quarter of a century has sufficed to ruin the once great and powerful nobles of Russia. One-fourth of their estates, indeed, of the whole agricultural soil of the country, is mortgaged to the land banks, who often step in and take possession. Another fourth has been sold outright.

In the black-earth zone, with a produce of 281 kopecks per *desiatine*, the interest takes 228, the taxes 15, leaving the proprietor only 38 kopecks. It being impossible to get labor at the most important seasons, the landlords

sometimes let land to the mir, receiving every third or fourth shock of corn as rent; the cost of ploughing, seed, and harvesting being borne by the peasants. The land considered enough in 1861 to support the peasants is now quite insufficient; village and communal taxes have increased as well as the Government imposts. The price of corn has gone down, the seasons have been bad, the agriculture is wretched, the produce is only 2.5 to 4.5 to the quantity of corn sown, whereas in England it is about 15 for winter and 20 for spring cereals. Although rent is only 2s. per acre for large holdings, and 11s. to 15s. for vegetable gardens, the peasants cannot at the present time live and pay their taxes, and their cattle and goods are often seized, which means ruin. No manure is used, corn is sown consecutively for years, after which the land is used for grazing.

A great part of the country has fallen into the hands of rapacious middle-men and speculators, the upper and middle classes are nearly ruined, and that without benefiting the masses.

Usury is the great nightmare of rural Russia at present, an evil which seems to dog the peasant proprietor in all countries alike. The "gombeen man" is fast getting possession of the little Irish owners. A man who hires land cannot borrow on it; the little owner is tempted always to mortgage it at a pinch. In Russia he borrows to the outside of its value, to pay the taxes and get in his crop. "The bondage laborers, *i.e.*, men bound to work on their creditor's land as interest for money lent, receive no wages and are in fact a sort of slaves. They repay their extortioners by working as badly as they can — a "level worst," far inferior to that of the serfs of old, they harvest three and a half or four stacks of corn where the other peasants get five. The koulaks and mir-eaters, and other usurers, often of peasant origin, exhaust the peasant in every way; they then foreclose the mortgages, unite the small pieces of land once more, and reconstitute large estates. A koulak is not to be trifled with; he finds a thousand occasions for revenge; the peasant cannot cheat the Jew as he does the landlord, and is being starved out — the mortality is enormous. In the rural districts of England the death rate is 18 per thousand. In the whole of central Russia it reached 62 per thousand at the last revision in 1882. "The famine now so frightfully common is not owing to barrenness of the soil, for the mortality is greatest where the land is best. The birth rate in these provinces is 45."

"The usurers are able to oppress the peasants by the help of the tax-gatherer, *e.g.*, they are obliged to sell their corn in September, when it is cheap, in order to

pay the tax, and buy it again in winter, when it is dear, to live." The tax-gatherer knows that if he sells up the peasant he becomes a beggar and can pay no more; flogging therefore is resorted to, and insolvent peasants are flogged in a body. Last winter an inspector of Novgorod reported that in one district fifteen hundred peasants had been condemned to be flogged for non-payment of taxes. Five hundred and fifty had already suffered, and the ministry was interceded with to procure a respite for the rest. "One-third of our peasants have become homeless, downtrodden, beggarly bat-raks." "The area of cultivated land has diminished by one-fifth and in some places by a quarter of its former amount." "Land yields nothing," is the general outcry. "It is abandoned to the wasteful cultivation of the cottiers," says Stepniak — no prejudiced witness against them. The Nihilist remedy is to give the peasants more land, *i.e.*, to enable them to mortgage further, and to divide still more as population increases. The other remedy proposed is to reconstitute large estates, which is being done already, but in the worst manner and by the worst men in the country; "A wage-receiving class would then be possible," it is said.

The artificial creation of a system of peasant proprietors in order to increase their well-being, it is allowed now on all hands, has failed entirely in Russia.

The two panaceas prescribed for Ireland have been the possession of land by the peasants, and local self-government, both of which have been enjoyed by the Russian peasant for centuries, although the particular form of it was changed. The proposals for Ireland by the late government are strangely like those employed in Russia to carry out emancipation — *i.e.*, the buying out of the landlords, the enormous advances of money to the peasants to purchase their land, the encouragement to the *morcellement* of property generally, and the extensive rights of self-government to be given to local communities. Moreover "the character of the Russian Slav is like that of the pure Irish Celt, with no steady habit of industry or tenacity of purpose, the chief object of life being to drink and be merry. The consequence of the measure has been that the upper and middle classes have been ruined, agriculture in a good sense has almost ceased to exist, and the peasant is at the last degree of misery and starvation, ground down by the usurers, who alone make it possible to pay the taxes."

The financial condition of Russia is thus described: "The government loses 5,000,000*l.* yearly by its administration of the railroads, about 3,500,000*l.* on the decline in value of the paper rouble.* She borrows enormous sums each year at high interest. An overwhelming economic crisis in Russia is expected, which will bring financial ruin more disastrous than the most sanguinary and costly war." It is a vicious circle; the empire cannot reduce its expenditure, the taxes cannot be remitted, and they can only be paid by help of the usurers. The knowledge of this will probably account for the hesitation lately shown at St. Petersburg. The malversations and peculations of the War Department are such, also, that the number of troops on paper is no real guide. It is told on the best authority that it was necessary to call out seven hundred thousand men in the last war with Turkey in order to place two hundred thousand in the field; the rest had either not obeyed the summons, had fallen sick on the way, been starved, or had deserted.

The motive of emancipation cannot be considered as quite disinterested. It was not the first time that the Russian government had posed as the protector of "the masses against the classes." Bulgaria is only the last instance of a policy which has long been the mainspring of Russian government. "Profiting by the difference of race between the peasants and the German landowners and merchants in Lithuania and the Baltic provinces, it has aggravated the discord between them. The attempt to crush the German element has indeed created great ill-feeling in Germany. The same policy has been followed in Finland, where the Finns have been set against the Swedes," while in Poland the ruin of the nobles, ousted in great part by the peasant proprietors (who are now mostly in the hands of the Jews), is a melancholy story. In Bulgaria the ill-will between the Mahomedan conquerors and landowners, and the Christian peasants, was such that Russia appeared as a deliverer; but as soon as she demands the price of her efforts, in a semi-protectorate, Bulgaria seems to feel as much

dislike towards her would-be lord as to the old Turk himself.

One result of emancipation has come about, probably foreseen by the benevolent despot. The peasant class comprises five-sixths of the whole population — a stolid, ignorant, utterly unprogressive mass of human beings. They have received in gift nearly half the empire for their own use, and cling to the soil as their only chance of existence. They consequently dread all change, fearing that it should endanger this valued possession. A dense solid stratum of unreasoning conservatism thus constitutes the whole basis of Russian society, backed by the most corrupt set of officials to be found in the whole world. The middle and upper classes are often full of ardent wishes for the advancement of society and projects for the reform of the State. These are generally of the wildest and most terrible description, but their objects are anything but unreasonable. They desire to share in political power and the government of their country, as is the privilege of every other nation in Europe, and they hope to do something for the seething mass of ignorance and misery around them. The Nihilists have an ideal at least of good, and the open air of practical politics would probably get rid of the unhealthy absurdities and wickedness of their creeds. But the Russian peasant cares neither for liberty nor politics, neither for education, nor cleanliness, nor civilization of any kind. His only interest is to squeeze just enough out of his plot of ground to live upon, and to get drunk* as many days in the year as possible. With such a base to the pyramid as is constituted by the peasant proprietors of Russia, aided by the enormous army, recruited almost to any extent from among their ranks, whose chief religion is a superstitious reverence for the "great father,"† the czar is safe in refusing all concessions, all improvements; and the hopeless nature of Russian reform hitherto, mainly hangs upon the conviction of the government that nothing external can possibly act upon this inert mass.

* England is now accused by Russia of every possible crime. "the fall in the paper rouble," the union of Roumelia which was hatched at Princess Beatrice's marriage, the refusal of the Mingrelian prince, etc. She takes the place of the Bonaparte of the past generation in England. See Canning's poem in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

† "Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Who makes the Luddites and the bread to rise?
Why he, who, forging for this land a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke," etc.

* "When God created the world he made different nations, and gave them all sorts of good things — land, corn, fruit. Then he asked them if they were satisfied, and they all said yes, except the Russian, who had got as much as the rest, but simpered. 'Please, Lord, some vodka!'" (Russian Popular Tale.)

† "The same word 'batushka' is used for father, the head of the mir, the serf-owner, and the czar," says Haxthausen; the sun and moon appear under the same word in the songs.

"Great is stupidity, and shall prevail."
But surely not forever!

F. P. VERNEY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE STORY OF MARGARET
BEAUCHAMP.

BY GEORGE FLEMING.

PART I.

SIR WILLIAM told us. We had been dining with him; Frazer, the Boy, and I, and the new man, H——; that same H—— whose paper on heredity and evolution so very nearly brought matters to a crisis at the last Social Science Congress. He was younger than any of us, always excepting the Boy—a quiet little fellow, with the keenest blue eye and odd parti-colored hair. He could not have been much more than twenty then, but one side of his head was thickly besprinkled with gray. The Boy used to call him the magpie; partly because of those curious locks, partly because he was always picking up things—odds and ends of information. But, of course, that was only behind his back. No one ever dreamed of taking a liberty with H——; he was perfectly good-natured, too, but in that respect he resembled Sir William himself more than any man I ever knew.

Perhaps I associate H——'s name so particularly with that evening because it was at his suggestion that we heard the story. We had been talking for half-an-hour or more about what is now, I am told, designated as psychical research. In those days we called it simply ghosts. And the Boy was affecting extreme terror over some anecdote of Frazer's,—an Aberdeenshire man, and very sensitive on the subject of a certain family apparition, which had, I believe, revealed itself to one of his aunts or cousins.

H—— had been keeping very quiet, turning his attentive bright glance from one speaker to another, as his way was, seldom committing himself by a word. At last, and as we were all laughing at some crowning absurdity of the Boy, he seemed to rouse himself a little, pushing back his wineglass and his plate: "I fancy, Sir William, you could tell us something worth hearing about all this? If there is anything solid in these supernatural warnings—communications—what not—you must have seen strange cases of it in your practice?" he said, looking across the table at our host.

"Something solid! You hear that, eh, Frazer?" echoed the Boy, beaming with disinterested satisfaction over the prospect of the fray.

For a minute or two Sir William scarcely seemed to be aware of the question. He was still in his own place at the top of the half-cleared table. He had pushed his chair a little to one side, and the lingering light of the summer evening fell full upon his massive head and shoulders, bent somewhat forward, as his manner was. I don't know how it happened, but we all sat there, watching the dear old man, and no one seemed inclined to break the silence. Even H—— did not press his question. He looked hard at Sir William for a minute, and then fell to tracing a regular pattern with olive-stones about the edge of his plate.

"I could tell you a story, gentlemen——" began Sir William.

He stopped, and filled up his glass.

Will you help yourself, Mr. Frazer—and pass the bottle? Thirty years ago, gentlemen, I was very nearly as young, and—we will say for the sake of argument—as wise as any one of you here. In one way you all have the advantage of me; I did not begin the study of medicine until after I left Oxford. Some of you may even have heard that I went in for honors there. In point of fact I took a second class. I had worked hard, especially in my last year; I had a certain reputation to keep up in our set; and I was disappointed. What partly consoled both my tutor and myself was the fact that one of our own men had done the old college more credit. That was Stanleigh Forbes, the cleverest man of his year, and my best friend.

We took our degree at the same time, and went down together. Forbes was the only man to whom I had confided my intention of taking up surgery seriously as a profession. He did his best to discourage the idea; partly, I think, from a sort of social prejudice, rather difficult now to understand; partly, as I have since believed, at the instigation of my father. Forbes was my senior by only six months, but there was a decision about him, a force of character, which often gave his opinion weight in the eyes of much older men. It was characteristic of his influence over those with whom he associated that I very seldom dreamt of protesting against this tacit assumption of his superiority. Twice in my life I have opposed him seriously; but thirty years of familiar

acquaintance have not altered my estimate of his cleverness and capacity — his power of using other men.

From Oxford we had come straight to London. We lived there together for some weeks in rather pleasant lodgings; old-fashioned rooms, overlooking the river and the Strand. Forbes had found out the place for us. We had run up to town with much the same vague undergraduate's acquaintance with the theatres and the parks; but a week after our arrival Stanleigh treated himself to the pleasure of explaining a short cut to his hansom driver. Sometimes he would amuse himself by pointing out to me all the faces "with stories attached" in the Row — it was before the days of society papers. How did he know these things? It was not through any family affiliation. He was extremely reserved in all matters relating to himself, but I knew that his parents and his only sister lived in Ireland — on a small, and, I fancied, very impoverished, estate.

My own father, as you know, was a rich Yorkshire manufacturer. Forbes had very little money, and I a good deal more than I knew what to do with. My tastes were much simpler than his; but he had a native magnificence about him, a manner of disposing of even the smallest sum, which impressed people. Add to that that he was genuinely indifferent to the opinion of those about him, and I think you will understand the sort of prestige he enjoyed among his contemporaries at college. As for me, I confess I could imagine nothing more flattering to my self-love than the daily familiarity in which we lived. I was never happier in my life than in that little lodging.

One night, coming home from the opera, where I had been to hear Grisi, I found our principal living-room in a state of great confusion. Candles were flaring in the draught on the chimneypiece and the table; Forbes's books (he had a great many) were piled high on every available chair, and through the open door leading into his bedroom I could see his portmanteau lying half packed on the floor.

He was sorting out some papers as I entered, and for a minute or two did not appear to be aware of my return. When he looked up — I can remember distinctly the expression of his face. He was extremely good-looking in those days, and possessed, when he chose to use it, the most winning manner of any man I ever met; but what struck me at that moment was his air of repressed triumphant

excitement. Never, at any time — no! not when he was waiting before the schools for the posting of the class-list — had I seen him look so moved.

He sat there staring at me for a minute or two with the blank, unseeing gaze of a visionary; then, as if yielding to some uncontrollable impulse, he got up from his chair, walked across the room to the long French window, and thrust it open with his foot.

"Well, young Cræsus! and so you have returned to the haunts of penniless mortals. And who was singing to-night in your gilded halls of luxury?"

I told him, Grisi.

"And was the house full? Did all the men look rich and sleek and prosperous? Were there shining lights and diamonds and beautiful women — beautiful, more dazzling than either?"

A suspicion flashed across my mind which must have showed itself on my face, for he burst out laughing. "No, old boy," he said, "you're mistaken, you're all wrong there; I have not been drinking — at least, nothing more material than —" He checked himself, that same indefinable expression of triumph still playing about his lips and eyes. "Come out on the balcony, I want to talk to you about business," he said.

He threw himself down on the nearest chair. "London grows hot. It is time to break up the encampment. I shall run down to Brighton to-morrow."

"But, I say, Forbes —"

"Oh! there is no reason you should not come down with me, if you care to. You like the sea; and there will be other people. We will sail; we will ride on the downs; we will lie on our backs in the sun; irresponsible, enjoying, like minor deities on Olympus."

I could not, in my own mind, avoid connecting the other people of whom he spoke with this unwonted excitement.

"Of course," I said, "I will go."

"Of course."

"But I did not know, Forbes, that you were so tired of London."

"Tired of it!" he echoed.

He got up and stood leaning over the iron railing of the balcony, staring down at the dark, glittering surface of the river. Below us Blackfriars Bridge crossed from shore to shore with its shining span of light. In the hot, still night the black water lapped audibly against the stones of the nearest pier. There was something almost awful, something evil in the old river's restlessness, its swiftness, its

depths of concealing waters under that quiet sky.

He turned and looked up stream towards the distant gas lamps of Westminster. "Tired of you, my great, beautiful city! Some day I shall come back to you and show you in what way I was tired. Some day, among all your foolish four millions, your eating, drinking, clothes-wearing citizens, I shall make you recognize *me*, make room for *me*, listen when I speak, turn to look after me when I pass. You shall learn to come to heel when I call to you, my beauty! for all your riches, all your forgetfulness, all your magnificent indifference now. For in all your great world there is nothing so big, so impossible, so immutable that it was not once an idea, a mere purpose, in some one man's brain. And if other men, why not I? Why not?"

I got up and stood beside him. "You will do it, Forbes," I said. At that moment, if he had told me to throw myself over the balcony into the river, I dare say I should have done it without a word.

"I shall do it, yes." His tone was that of a man who has measured and will conquer life. But almost immediately he laughed, shaking his head and pushing back his hair. "Meantime," he said lightly, "here we stand, two emancipated schoolboys, sending precepts to the Leviathan to come ashore."

Whatever had so stirred his nature to the depths, for that day the mood was ended. Not another reasonable word could I get him to speak. As for myself, it was long before I fell asleep. The music I had heard, Grisi's divine voice, the lights and crowded faces of the opera-house, my friend's attitude as, flushed with some secret security of success, he dominated the sleeping city, all these things came and went before me with irritant interchange of impression.

At last a sudden recollection flashed across my mind. The door between our two rooms stood open for coolness' sake. I raised myself from my hot, tumbled pillows.

"Are you asleep?"

"I say, confound it, no!"

His voice was as wakeful as my own.

"I say, Forbes, I never knew that you cared one jot about beautiful women."

He made no answer; but after a moment I heard him laugh.

The next afternoon found us settled at Brighton. Forbes had selected our rooms at the farther, unfashionable end of the town, on the road to Rottingdean. For three days after our arrival I scarcely saw

him. He would go out immediately after breakfast, and return late for the ill-cooked dinner which our landlady pronounced the very thing for two young gentlemen. The evening he passed for the most part lying on the hard little horsehair sofa reading a book. Of our rides together, our sails, the friends we were to make — not a word.

This was not at all what I had bargained for. I was willing enough to put up with the inconvenience of our lodgings, but at least I had counted upon the compensation of Forbes's companionship. I began to feel hurt, and then resentful. For a couple of days I tried to convey this fact to him by my manner, but Forbes was not the man to trouble himself about varying shades of cordiality. At least I made up my mind to speak out. It had been raining all day; the parade was empty; I was feeling insufferably bored. I marched back to our rooms feeling savagely inclined to have it out with Forbes for his selfishness and lack of consideration. But at the first word he stopped me short.

"Oh, that's all right. I know you have been having a dull time of it, old fellow, but never mind that now. I want you to come up with me to the station. I am expecting a — a party of ladies and children. Come along and make yourself useful, like the good fellow that you are!"

I followed him, still feeling rather aggrieved, into the square before our house. The tossing green and white sea was all shining in the light. The rain had ceased, and a bright red streak along the horizon seemed to promise better weather. As we climbed the hill Forbes explained to me that he had been busy finding and engaging a furnished house for his friends.

"Their name is Beauchamp — Somersetshire people. An aunt and her niece and two younger children. The smallest one has been ill — little Mabel; they are bringing her here for the sea air. The boy is to read with a tutor."

"And the niece? The other one?" I asked.

"Well, you'll see her," Forbes answered and then he laughed.

We reached the station just as the train was gliding in. Railways were not such an old story in those days. I was looking at that smoking engine (I can remember now the idle interest with which I was looking at it) when the door of the first-class carriage opposite me was opened by a sharp-eyed porter and — well, I saw her for the first time then.

Forbes was looking the other way. I touched him on the shoulder. "There

she is," I said. Who shall explain it? I barely knew her name; I had never seen her, and I only felt I was recognizing what I knew.

Forbes turned sharply round, and I saw them meet. I saw the splendid light and color flash across her face. She gave him her hand.

Some children had sprung out after her; a lad in an Eton jacket and a little girl carrying a bird-cage. "Tottie is asleep; aunt does not like to wake him," the boy announced with a laugh. At the same moment a servant in livery came running up, touching his hat. "See after Parker, Robinson, and then you may have the luggage put on the fly Mr. Forbes has engaged for us," the elder sister said in a clear voice. Forbes was helping another lady to descend — a tall, thin woman, with grey curls; she carried a fluffy white Maltese dog in her arms.

"Oh! let me take Tottie for you, aunt," the young girl added hastily. She looked at Forbes as she spoke, and a gleam of amusement passed over both their young faces. I stupidly reflected that they must have known one another for a long time; it was impossible to imagine her ever looking at a stranger — at me, for instance — like that.

"Here, Balfour, I want to introduce you to Miss Beauchamp, to her niece, Miss Margaret Beauchamp," said Forbes. "You've heard me speak of Balfour — at Champstead," he added without lowering his voice but looking at her steadily.

She gave him one glance and then turned to me, putting out her hand. She was dressed all in blue; in her left arm she held the white, woolly dog; every minute or two the brute nearly wriggled out of her clasp in his desperate efforts to lick her cheek.

I suppose she must have said something to me. I know a minute afterwards I found myself following in her wake, giving my arm to the elder Miss Beauchamp and carrying Margaret's shawl. To be doing something for her! — I believe I envied the porters who were lifting her boxes. The little girl, little Mabel, walked demurely beside me, hugging her precious bird-cage; I know I offered to carry that, but she only shook her head and looked up at me without speaking. She had big brown eyes, not so dark as her sister's but with something of the same clear, radiant glance, and the pale, pinched face of a sickly child.

We put them into their carriage; the boy scrambling up on the box beside the

driver. Then I saw Margaret hesitate; she looked at the empty seat, and at Forbes.

"You are not coming with us, then?" she said, leaning a little towards him.

"We will take the short cut down the hill, Balfour and I, and meet you at your own door. I feel all the pride and responsibility of your house agent. I want to be quite sure that you are pleased with my selection," Stanleigh said gaily, taking off his hat.

We started down the hill together at a great pace, and neither of us spoke. As for myself, I was only conscious of an insane wish to walk on and on, anywhere, to escape hearing that thing about Miss Beauchamp which, I felt sure, Forbes was going to tell me. But he never spoke until, at the foot of the hill, their carriage passed us; the aunt smiled at us through her curls, waving her hand.

"Well — you have seen them," Forbes said, drawing a long breath.

"Yes."

The house he had taken for them was at the same end of the town as our lodgings; a large, white house, with wooden pilasters and many green shutters, and balconies overlooking the sea. At the back there was an unusually large garden shut away from the street by high brick walls.

"It does not look like a place to let," I remarked, as we stood waiting by the front gate.

"It has been shut up for years, the agent told me. The last man came to grief over a woman; he shot himself through the heart at Paris, or somewhere abroad, and the present owner is still a ward in Chancery. I suppose his guardians want the rent," Forbes answered indifferently, and at that moment we saw the carriage turn the corner of the street.

Margaret was still holding the dog in her arms. As she stepped lightly out of the carriage, the wretched little beast gave a sudden snap and snarl and sprang out of her grasp.

"Good heavens! Miss Beauchamp, has he bitten you?"

"He has hurt you. Show me your wrist," said Forbes, putting his hand upon her arm.

"He did not touch me. It is nothing. See! he has not even torn my glove. But — oh, aunt! what can have happened to Tottie? Look at him! Can he be going mad? Oh pray, pray be careful!" she said, in tones of real distress.

For Miss Beauchamp had flung herself

down upon her knees on the wet gravel of the walk, and was endeavoring with many vain caresses to comfort the spoilt little animal, which crouched and cowered upon the ground, resisting every effort to carry it into the house, whining, scratching wildly at the earth, and exhibiting every symptom of the most abject terror.

"Was it the nasty iron railroad then, that frightened my pet, my beautiful wee white dog of doggies wif his govies on? There, dear, never mind, it shan't be taken in it any more. It shall have a nice big carriage all to itself to drive back to Champstead in, so it shall! There, there! Come to its own muzzer and be comforted — there, there!"

It was to a running accompaniment of such remarks that they finally entered the house, and even as we walked away we could still hear Tottie's thin, disconsolate howl.

After dinner, Forbes, as usual, picked up a book; but his reading was a pretence which would not have deceived a child. About nine o'clock he got up abruptly from the sofa and took his hat.

"Are you coming?" he asked, without looking at me.

"To call on the Beauchamps? I think not. I don't know them; they have seen enough of me for one day."

"As you please." He stood there for a minute or two in the doorway as if reflecting. Then he shrugged his shoulders slightly, with an impatient, half-foreign trick that he had when anything vexed him, and left the room.

It was eleven o'clock before he returned. He came into the room with something of that same air of repressed excitement which had struck me so much in London. "I am sorry you did not come, old fellow," he said cordially. "They both asked after you. Miss Beauchamp wishes particularly that you should know that Tottie is much better to-night. He has consented to drink a little warm milk, and she hopes to-morrow he may have completely recovered from his agitation. You may expect to find yourself in high favor there; I told her how devoted you are to dogs, especially to ladies' lap-dogs!" He laughed in his low, pleasant fashion. "To-morrow we must see about some riding-horses. We sat in the garden to-night," he added suddenly, turning and looking full at me with excited, smiling eyes. "As usual, I observe that you have fallen upon your feet. You will have the freedom of the city — the run of the house — since Margaret likes you."

"Oh — Margaret likes me," I repeated stupidly.

I went to my room, and threw open both windows. The cool breath of the salt wind, the sound of the sea, were like so many friendly but mysterious voices. I looked up at the stars; I could see the constellation of the Great Bear shining down placidly over the big, grassy shoulder of the down, over her house, over the whispering trees of her garden. I did not want to speak to Forbes. I did not want to remember her face. Each time that it rose before me I put the vision aside. I wanted to postpone everything. I asked nothing from the world but to sit there in the dark and silence, while life changed within and about me, with the slow, irresistible movement of those stars.

As usual, Forbes proved a competent prophet. In a week I had, as he phrased it, the entire freedom of the city. I came and went about the Beauchamps' house like one of themselves. Within the first forty-eight hours of our acquaintance, the aunt, as we called her, had told me what little I cared to know about their family affairs. Margaret Beauchamp was an heiress; an orphan brought up by an uncle and aunt, Sir John and Lady Beauchamp, of Champstead Court. I knew of Sir John vaguely by reputation; he was the sort of man whose name always figured largely in any public scheme for improving the dwelling-houses of the poor. I had an indistinct recollection of having once seen him at my father's; a short, thick-set man, very argumentative, and with a violent face. But Miss Beauchamp had stories to tell only of her brother's indulgence. "He spoils the children, Margaret in especial. She is his favorite, the queen of the house and village. Until last year I never knew him so much as contradict one of her fancies. Until last year" — Miss Beauchamp added, shaking her curls, with a sigh.

I knew that Forbes had spent his last long vacation in Somerset, but I asked no questions. I was living in a fool's paradise of my own creation. I was so happy I don't think it even occurred to me to envy my friend. It was impossible to see those two together for an hour without understanding their mutual attraction. At the very sound of his hand on the door her face would quiver and flush and soften into the look of a happy child. They were not demonstrative, either of them, but were very generous in their happiness. It was true that Margaret liked me; and day after day I, too, was allowed to ride beside

her across the grassy downs, to play to her, to listen to her singing, to sit for hours in the dear, old-fashioned garden while she worked and read.

The children, I think, were even fonder of me than of Stanleigh — little Mabel especially. She was a particularly delicate child; sensitive, reticent, and passionately devoted to her sister. When Margaret was within doors it was indeed rare to find those two apart. Always a small brown head, and big brown eyes, grown big out of all proportion, peeped out from behind the sheltering folds of the elder sister's dress. Sometimes, when she thought no one was looking, I have seen her cover a floating end of ribbon, or a forgotten glove, with a perfect storm of furtive jealous kisses; and, absurd as it may seem, I could almost fancy that a kind of understanding had grown up on the subject of our common love between this baby of six and myself.

One day, by some rare chance, I found her alone in the garden. She was playing with the little white dog on the grass, but she ran up to me at once, slipping her frail little fingers confidingly into mine.

"Sister Margaret will come soon," she said gravely. Then she added, "I think Sister Margaret is sad to-day."

I asked her why.

"Oh — I think she is sad," the child repeated wistfully, looking up into my face and swinging my hand between both of hers.

Then she said, "Mr. Balfour, can you keep a secret?"

"I think so, dear."

"Because Billy laughs at me for saying you are my own, own friend, but I will tell you something about Sister Margaret. Aunt does not know it, and Parker doesn't know it, and Billy doesn't know it — Billy doesn't dream of it, though he says I am only a girl."

"And does not Mr. Forbes know of it then?" I asked, picking her up and seating her on my knee.

"No!" she shook her head gravely and nestled her soft little cheek against mine. "Mr. Balfour, whisper! You remember the day we came here, how Tottie cried and would not come in?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I remember."

"And even aunt could not get him to move? He cried all night. When I woke up very early the next morning, while nurse was asleep, I heard him crying. And since then he has been so sad. If Margaret calls him he whines and runs away. He is so, so — melancholy." It

was a long word, but she got over it bravely. "And now," she went on, fixing me with her big, serious eyes, "now Sister Margaret is beginning to be just the same."

I confess that I burst out laughing.

"Oh, Mabel, you ungrateful small person!" I said; "and when you call her do you mean to say that Sister Margaret runs away from you?"

But at that she sprang off her own accord off my knee. She doubled up her little fists, her eyes flashing. "I do not like you to-day, Mr. Balfour. I shall not tell you any more secrets. Go away, you do not care for my Margaret. You are bad — you are as bad as Billy!"

She stamped her baby foot upon the gravelled walk; the wrath of the small creature was something amazing. I was still vainly attempting to propitiate her, to make amends for my mistake, when I caught sight of Margaret's white gown moving among the laurels.

Was it my fancy? Was it only the result of a passionate solicitude that even a baby's prattle could awaken? Certainly as she drew nearer to me I seemed to detect something, a shadow of weariness, an unaccustomed look of gravity upon her face. She moved languidly, with her eyes fixed on the ground. As she raised them, as her glance met mine, I saw it was full of trouble. But in one instant the smile that was part of her beauty swept like sunlight across her lovely lips. "I am so glad to see you," she said simply.

"I came on a mission of peace," I said, as she let me touch her hand. "Stanleigh sent me to tell you it is all right about the horses. He has arranged everything as you wish. But I have quarrelled with Mabel since I came, or rather I fear that I have sinned in her eyes past forgiveness; and now I am afraid, if I ask you something, that you, too, will be angry."

"Oh, I am not so implacable as Mabel," she said, smiling and turning to walk by my side. She was bareheaded, dressed all in white, with no ornament about her except a broad new band of gold around her left wrist. I noticed how new it looked and how it shone in the sun.

"You are looking at my bracelet," she said, observing the direction of my eyes. "It is — it is a whim of mine. You know I have my fancies." She tried to laugh, but her pale lips twitched, and a strange shade of fear came over her face.

I looked at her more closely. There was no doubt that within the last fortnight she had grown thin, and there were faint

dark marks like stains under her full white eyelids. Her great beauty was not lessened, but as it were veiled, sobered, overshadowed, by an air of trouble.

I stopped short. "Oh, Miss Beauchamp," I said abruptly, "are you ill?"

To my horror she shrank away from me as if I had struck her.

"Why—why do you ask?" she demanded in a voice that was not her own. With one hand she clutched at the thick bough of an old laurel, pressing the other against her breast. Her very lips were white, but her dark, menacing eyes never faltered or left my face. Even at that moment the child's absurd allusion to Tottie's panic darted across my brain. There was defiance, terror, a blind passion of terror, in every line of Margaret's rigid face. "Why?—why?" she said again in the same choked, hoarse whisper.

I was so inexpressibly shocked that I lost my head completely. "For Heaven's sake, Margaret," I cried, "out of pity, do not look at me like that! I meant nothing; I know nothing; I had no reason. None—none. Only if you look at me as if you hated me, upon my honor I shall go and drown myself! I spoke like a fool. I do not know what I meant. I *could* mean nothing. Only, out of very pity, do not look at me like that."

I doubt if she even heard what I was saying. But after a minute or more the dreadful tension of her face relaxed; the color crept back to her cheek and her lips began to quiver. She turned aside abruptly, walked away a few paces, and let herself fall, with hanging hands and sweet head drooped, upon a garden chair.

I followed her, hardly knowing if I dared approach her again. But as I drew near she looked up with piteous eyes.

"Ah, forgive me!" she said. "I was—I do not understand myself—I have hurt you. I have been unkind, and I must not—I cannot explain."

I saw her sweet eyes filled with tears.

"As for an explanation," I said briefly, "I think you know as well as—as Stanleigh does, that all I care for and live for is the hope of some day doing you some service. I don't want to trouble you with myself, Miss Beauchamp. If you can make use of me, there I am. When you don't want me any longer, you have only to send me away. I know what you are to Stanleigh, and I don't grudge him one bit of it. But I—I am like a thing belonging to you, that you can dispose of, or not, as the fancy takes you. I never lived until I knew you, and all my life won't be

LIVING AGE. VOL. LVII. 2936

long enough for me to thank you for what you have given me."

I spoke with still, deliberate desperation, using the strongest words I could think of, with a kind of savage joy in getting it said once for all. But when she lifted up her face I felt my heart die in me.

"Mr. Balfour"—she began. She looked at me. I dare say she understood some of the misery, for her voice suddenly softened and she hesitated a little as she went on. "Mr. Balfour, since you know—about Stanleigh—you must see how very much respect and esteem I have for your character since—after what you have just told me—I am still willing to trust you and treat you as *our* friend."

"Yes," I said; "and now, Miss Beauchamp, unless I can be of any service to you I think I should like to go."

She bent her head gravely in assent.

"Of course," I went on rather brokenly, "of course I know that I have spoken like a mad man, although every word I have told you I mean. And it is only your great goodness and mercy which make me feel fit ever to appear before your eyes again. I have no right to ask any favor from you. Only I wish you would believe me when I say that I am ready at any moment to let myself be cut into little pieces for you—or for Stanleigh either, for that matter."

"I believe you," Margaret said.

Then I went out of the garden, past the house where that infernal little dog was still barking. I shut the gate behind me and felt as if I had lost the world.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY:

INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

PART I.

EARLY YEARS.

IN the year 1815 a tall, thin, handsome schoolboy of fourteen was walking down Harrow Hill, when he was startled by hearing a great shouting and yelling in a side street, and the singing of a low Bacchanalian song. When the noisy party turned the corner of the street he saw to his horror that "four or five drunken men were carrying a roughly made coffin containing the mortal remains of one of their fellows for burial. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let their burden fall, and then they broke out into foul and

horrible language. It was a sickening spectacle. No solitary soul was there as a mourner. A fellow-creature was about to be consigned to the tomb with indignities to which not even a dog should be subjected."

The Harrow schoolboy gazed on the scene spellbound. Then he exclaimed, "Good heavens! can this be permitted simply because the man was poor and friendless?" Before the sound of the drunken songs had died away in the distance, that boy had faced the future of his life, and had determined that, with the help of God, he would from that time forth devote his life to pleading the cause of the poor and friendless.

Seventy years afterwards the Duke of Argyll, in a speech in the House of Lords on the political situation, told how that Harrow schoolboy had fulfilled his vow. "My lords," he said, "the social reforms of the last century have not been mainly due to the Liberal party. They have been due mainly to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man — Lord Shaftesbury."

It is not our intention to attempt to give a systematic outline of that remarkable career, now fully told in the three large volumes of Mr. Edwin Hodder, but merely to glance at some of its less known incidents.*

A fragment written towards the close of his life by Lord Shaftesbury, and given, as a memorandum, to his biographer, summarizes very clearly the story of his early years.†

"Born 28th April, 1801, at 24, Grosvenor Square. Very little or no recollection of my earliest years. Remember that I soon passed under the special care of the housekeeper, who had been my mother's maid before her marriage. She was an affectionate, pious woman. She taught me many things, directing my thoughts to highest subjects, and I can even now call to my mind many sentences of prayer she made me repeat at her knees. To her I trace, under God, my first impressions.

"I and my sisters — all three of them older than myself — were brought up with great severity, moral and physical, in respect both of mind and body, the opinion of our parents being that, to render a child obedient, it should be in a constant fear of its father and mother.

* The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. By Edwin Hodder. 3 vols. Cassell.

† This fragment Lord Shaftesbury took with him to Folkestone just before his last illness, intending to amplify the account of his early years.

"At seven went to school — a very large one at Chiswick. Nothing could have surpassed it for filth, bullying, neglect, and hard treatment of every sort; nor had it in any respect any one compensating advantage, except, perhaps, it may have given me an early horror of oppression and cruelty. It was very similar to Dotheboys Hall.

"Remained for five years, and then sent to Harrow and became the pupil and lived, with others, in the house of Dr. Butler, the head master of the school. Things were there on a very different footing compared with Chiswick.

"Left Harrow soon after fifteen years of age. Had reached the sixth form and had learned very little. But that was my own fault. Though I obtained some prizes, I was, on the whole, idle and fond of amusements, and I neglected most opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

"At about sixteen I went to reside with a clergyman in Derbyshire who had married my first cousin. I was sent there, in fact, to be got out of the way, for the clergyman never professed that he was able to teach me anything, nor, indeed, did my father require of him any such services. I had a horse, and there were dogs belonging to the house that constituted my great amusement; and a family in the neighborhood showed me abundant hospitality.

"I remained there about two years, and perhaps no two years were ever so mis-spent. I hardly ever opened a book, and seldom heard anything that was worth hearing; nevertheless, there were constantly floating in my mind all sorts of aspirations, though I never took a step to make their fulfilment possible.

"My father had resolved to put me in the army, but he was dissuaded from that purpose by the influence, I believe, of a friend, of whose kind act I shall always think with the deepest gratitude.

"My father then resolved to place me at Christ Church, Oxford, to which place he took me in 1819. The Rev. T. V. Short, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, was appointed to be my tutor; a kind man, and a worthy and a good one taken altogether. I remember well his first question, 'Do you intend to take a degree?' This was a strong demand upon one who had lost so many years in idleness and amusements, yet I answered at once, 'I cannot say, but I will try!'

He did try, and the result was that in 1822 he took a first class in classics.

FIRST ENTRY INTO PARLIAMENT.

AT the age of twenty-five Lord Ashley entered Parliament, and, although he joined the Conservatives, then led by Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, he held an attitude of independence; the support he gave to the government being general and not constant. This was his attitude ever afterwards.

No young man entered upon a public career with fairer prospects. When Mr. Canning was appointed successor to Lord Liverpool, he at once offered Lord Ashley a place in his administration, and though this was declined, he accepted the office of a commissioner of the India Board of Control soon afterwards, under the Duke of Wellington's government. It was here he acquired his knowledge of Indian matters, and his great interest in India, which never abated. His first act was to denounce Sutteeism, then prevalent in India, as "an outrageous cruelty and wrong," and he was put down as though he were "a madman, and was wondered at for ever daring to mention such a thing;" he busied himself in the establishment of scientific corporations for the institution and improvement of horticulture and husbandry throughout the provinces of India; he obtained the appointment of an astronomer for Bombay; took up the question of the salt monopoly; and, while he worked on these somewhat minor things, he dreamed dreams and laid plans for India which, had they been carried out, would have resulted in her regeneration. Lord Ashley's tenure of office on the India Board was brief, but it was long enough to give him a lifelong interest in everything that concerned the welfare of that country, an interest which took shape in after life in the passing of an Indian factory bill, in schemes for Indian irrigation and inland navigation, and in untiring labors for its moral and spiritual well-being.

Lord Ashley was not ambitious as a young man, and he coveted neither place nor power. He was singularly modest, and was wont to indulge in self-depreciation to almost a morbid degree. Thus we find him writing in his diary at the commencement of his career:—

"As for praises, they make me unhappy; the time will come, and that right soon, when I shall be found not only wanting, but contemptible in abilities. I should be far happier if I were indifferent to knowledge; the pursuit of it has engrossed my whole mind and attention, and much have I thrown away of calm

ease and unruffled contentedness to arrive at that which, after a long chase, I find to be more distant from me than it is from others who are mere dabblers or beginners. Would to heaven I could quit public life and sink down into an ambition proportionate to my capacity! But I am cursed with honorable desires (they are so) and by predestined failure. This keeps spurring me on to desperation. What a happy fate to lose all hope, all aspiring sentiment, all nobleness of thought, all daring of mind, all wish for greater things! I had rather be creeping and contented than aspiring and inefficient. It is a curse of tantalization; *vide* all my thoughts throughout this book."

This habit of analyzing his own motives, principles, and actions, of indulging in morbid self-depreciation, and of cherishing a nervous dread of failure, was mischievous in itself, and mischievous inasmuch as "happy occasions oft by self-distrust were forfeited." It was a habit which he never thoroughly conquered, however; and at seventy, as at twenty-seven, he is found standing in his own light on many occasions through nervous fear, and painting his character in dark colors through over-sensitiveness.

It was not until he had been nearly two years in Parliament that he made his first speech of any importance. But that speech marked an epoch in his history. It was on behalf of pauper lunatics—the most unfortunate, the most wretched, and the most ill-treated of his fellow-creatures. That speech sounded the key-note of his whole Parliamentary career; he stood forth as the friend of the friendless, the helper of the oppressed, and from that day forward his whole life was devoted to the great interests of suffering humanity. On the establishment of the Commission in Lunacy a few years later, he became chairman of the Commission, and, until the day of his death, his interest and zeal in the cause knew no abatement or change. What he was instrumental in accomplishing, and at what cost, few even of his closest associates ever knew.

THE TEN HOURS BILL.

IN 1830 Lord Ashley was married to Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper—he who at the beginning of the present century erected the mansion at Panshanger in Hertfordshire. It was in every respect a happy union, and for forty-two years he found in her "a wife as good, as true, and as deeply beloved, as God ever gave to man." The life upon which they

entered together was to be a life of no common trial to both of them. A year after their marriage Lord Ashley contested the county of Dorset in the anti-Reform interest, and after a fifteen days' struggle of unexampled vigor, and almost unexampled duration, he defeated his opponent. But it was done at a fearful expense, and the cost, which should have been borne by the anti-Reform party, fell, by a series of misunderstandings, on Lord Ashley, whose income was very limited, with the result that for many years he was involved in harassing and distressing financial difficulties.

In these days, when elections cost "next to nothing," and the Corrupt Practices Act of 1885 is in full force, it may astonish electors to know that the expenses amounted to £15,600 5s. 7d., of which £12,525 17s. 11d. was for bills of inns and public houses!

In that same year the great and comprehensive movement with which later on Lord Ashley was to be pre-eminently identified commenced—the agitation on behalf of factory operatives. A small body of men, horrified at the iniquities of the factory system, determined to endeavor to obtain a reduction of the hours of labor for children employed in the manufacture of textile fabrics throughout the kingdom. The terrible slavery, the abominable cruelties, the merciless greed of the factory system, seems almost incredible in these days of liberty and enlightenment. The story is fully told in the volumes before us, and to them we must refer our readers for the details of the iniquitous system.

One of the prime movers in the agitation was Mr. Michael Thomas Sadler, M. P. for Newark, who introduced his famous Ten Hours Bill into the House of Commons in 1831, and moved its second reading in March, 1832. The result was the appointment of a select committee, and while that committee was engaged in its labors the first Reform Bill came into operation, Newark was disfranchised, and Mr. Sadler failed to obtain another seat.

At this crisis of affairs Lord Ashley was asked to take up the cause in Parliament, and move Mr. Sadler's bill. What that request involved is told by Mr. Hodder in these words:—

"Lord Ashley now stood at the parting of the ways. On the one hand lay ease, influence, promotion, and troops of friends; on the other an unpopular cause, unceasing labor amidst every kind of opposition, perpetual worry and anxiety, estrangement of friends, annihilation of leisure, and a

life among the poor. It was between these he had to choose. Had he been ambitious of political distinction there can be no doubt that with his abilities, his popularity, and his great oratorical powers, he would have commanded a prominent position in his party. Already he had held an appointment in the government under the Duke of Wellington, whose confidence he enjoyed, and had shown such tact and ability, combined with so thorough a knowledge of the matters he had to deal with—relating principally to India—that he had made his mark.

"The alternative before him was voluntarily to cut himself off from these prospects, to associate himself with the most unpopular question of the day, to become the victim of a virulent opposition from all parties, and even from many able and enlightened men who were in thorough sympathy with every movement which they believed to be for the improvement of the working classes, but who looked upon the restriction of the hours of labor as an unjustifiable interference with the relations between employer and employed.

"But Lord Ashley was not a man to allow considerations of the baser sort to weigh heavily with him. Already he had won the confidence of the poor and the oppressed. Already he had passed through the strait gate of his path in life, and had entered the narrow way. He would not look back now. He remembered that day at Harrow, when he had vowed that he would fight against the monstrous cruelty that allowed the weak and the unfriended to suffer and be trampled upon simply because they were poor. But that vow had been made when he was a mere boy. Now he had a wife and a child, a home and a position. To espouse the factory cause was to give up home comfort and domestic leisure, to relinquish the scientific and literary pursuits which had for him such an intense fascination. Was it right for him so to disturb the natural course of his life, and to abandon the prospects it opened up? He laid the matter before his wife, painted in dark colors all the sacrifice it meant, weighed the burden it would place on her young shoulders, and waited for the verdict.

"'It is your duty,' she said, 'and the consequences we must leave. Go forward, and to victory!'"

For many long years, under hostile governments, leagued against by manufacturers, attacked unmercifully in the public press, made the victim of innumerable political stratagems, involved in enormous

personal expenses, through good report and evil report, Lord Ashley persevered, until, in the end, his labors were crowned with success. He had taken up the cause, as he believed, at "the call of God," and, although it cost him unexampled labor by day and by night, at home and abroad; though he carried on the work in the face of the fiercest opposition, from which his whole nature shrank, he dared not relinquish his task.

By the irony of fate the Ten Hours Bill was carried in the very session when Lord Ashley, having changed his views on the Corn Laws, felt it his duty to resign his seat in Parliament. But the victory was his, and he won for himself the deathless gratitude of thousands upon thousands, whose hours of toil he lightened, and into whose homes he brought happiness.

SEEING FOR HIMSELF.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with his labors in connection with the ten hours movement, Lord Ashley was engaged in a multitude of other important branches of factory legislation, too numerous even to glance at here. Had these been his only labors they would have been more than enough to have won for him a high place in the gratitude of the country. But there were other matters engaging his attention. In 1836 he had assisted materially in establishing the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and had come to be regarded as the lay leader of the Evangelical party, a title, however, which he invariably disclaimed. It is no exaggeration to say that, after this, there was scarcely a religious or philanthropic movement put in operation in this country in which he did not take a part. His advocacy of the claims of the poor, and his ardent sympathy with every effort to raise them and better their condition, made him the "ordained counselor" of others whenever any new enterprise was set on foot; his unique political position, as belonging to no party nor identifying himself with any clique, made him eligible to bring forward in Parliament and on public platforms every kind of abuse, of oppression, or of wrong. His strongly pronounced Protestantism made all classes turn to him as their champion in resisting every fresh encroachment of Rome, and at the time of the Maynooth controversy, the "Papal aggression," the persecution of the Madiari, and other outbursts of Protestant zeal, he was always to the front. In like manner his strongly pronounced Evangelical views imposed upon him the task of endeavoring to re-

sist the Tractarian movement and its subsequent developments into Puseyism and Ritualism on the one hand, and the advances of Neology on the other. Thus it came to pass that from the time when he was fairly launched out into his career until he closed it, still in harness, Lord Shaftesbury was one of the busiest men of his age. It was only by the strictest economy of time, by curtailing his hours of rest and cutting off his hours of recreation, that he was able to keep pace with his engagements.

It was a principle with him that he would "not offer to the Lord that which cost him nothing," nor would he engage in any work until he had made himself master of all its details. "I made it an inviolable rule," he said to his biographer, "to see everything with my own eyes, to take nothing on trust or hearsay. In factories, I examined the mills, the machinery, the homes, and saw the workers and their work in all its details. In collieries, I went down into the pits. In London, I went into lodging-houses and thieves' haunts, and every filthy place. It gave me a power I could not otherwise have had. I could speak of things from actual experience, and I used often to hear things from the poor sufferers themselves which were invaluable to me. I got to know their habits of thought and action, and their actual wants. I sat and had tea and talk with them hundreds of times."

It was in this way he prosecuted his early inquiries into the state of lunatic asylums and the treatment of lunatics. "He visited the asylums in many parts of London and the provinces, and saw the filthy condition, the horrible attendant circumstances, the misery and degradation of the inmates. He saw for himself that the lunatics were chained to their beds and left from Saturday afternoon to Monday without attendance, and with only bread and water within their reach. He saw the nature of the barbarities that were committed on the helpless sufferers; he saw that the violent and the quiet, the clean and the uncleanly, were shut up together in foul and disgusting cells, damp, dark, and unwholesome." And so shocked was he *by what he saw* that he vowed he would never stop in pleading the cause of these poor creatures till either death silenced him or the laws were amended. And he kept his vow. In like manner, when he was engaged on his Common Lodging-houses Bill, and other kindred measures, night after night he would, in the small hours, accompanied by a police-

man and a city missionary, enter into the lowest haunts and the most unsavory quarters to see the actual state of affairs before the passing of his bills, and afterwards to see that their provisions were strictly enforced.

This determination of his to "see for himself" demanded enormous self-sacrifice, and at times almost heroic courage. For example, when the Public Health Act of 1848 created a Central Board of Health, Lord Ashley was appointed chairman of the Board, an office he reluctantly accepted, but, having done so, he bent to it all the persistency of his strong will. In 1849 his labors were almost unprecedented in connection with the visitation of cholera, which, from the 1st of October, 1848, to the 13th October, 1849, resulted in the deaths of 14,497 persons. During the whole of the anxious time when the pestilence was at its worst, and every one who could do so was flying from the danger, he remained in the midst of it, searching into every infected place and bringing to bear every known means for its removal. Here is an extract from the diary on the subject: "Sept. 9, 1849. London is emptied. Cholera worse than ever; returns of yesterday quite appalling, and yet manifest that we do not receive more than two-thirds of the truth. Have been mercifully preserved through this pestilence. Have not, I thank God, shrunk from the hour of duty in the midst of this city of the plague, and yet it has not approached either me or my dwelling."

Although trusting in Providence for protection, he did not disregard any of the ordinary precautions, and we find, much later in life, an entry to this effect: "Vaccinated for the fifth time. The doctor said I should not otherwise have been safe."

In June, 1851, his father, Cropley, sixth Earl of Shaftesbury, died, and Lord Ashley succeeded to the title and the estates. On the day of his father's funeral he wrote: "And now I bear a new name, which I did not covet, and enter on a new career, which may God guide and sanctify. If I can by His grace make the new as favorably known as the old name, and attain under it but to the fringes of His honor and the welfare of mankind, I shall indeed have much to be thankful for."

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD SHAFTESBURY had determined, some time before his father's death, not to take his seat in the House of Lords, but as his two Lodging-houses Bills were at

that time passing the Commons, it was urged by his friends that he should pilot them through the House of Lords, and he yielded to their solicitations. But the Second Chamber never had any very great charm for him. His first impressions were unfavorable, and he never saw occasion to reverse them. On the day he took his seat, he wrote in his diary: "It seems no place for me—a 'statue gallery,' some say a 'dormitory.' Full half-a-dozen peers said to me within as many minutes, 'You'll find this very different from the House of Commons;' 'We have no order;' 'no rules;' 'no sympathies to be stirred.' Shall I ever be able to do anything? They are cold, short, and impatient. But God has willed it, and I must, and by His grace *will*, do my duty." Referring to the oft reiterated hope that he would continue in the Upper House the course he had followed in the House of Commons, he says: "It is, however, a totally different thing, far less stirring, far less gratifying. Success here is but a shadow of success there; little can be gained, little attempted. . . . One of the most striking effects to me on removal from the House of Commons is my absolute ignorance of the political movements, thoughts, and facts of the day. Everything of importance revolves round the centre of the Commons' House; unless you be there to see it, hear it, feel it, you get it at second hand, and then only half." A few days later he adds: "The difficulties of the House of Lords seem to thicken as I survey them. Everything must be done between four and half past six or you will have no auditory; consequently there is an unseemly scramble for the precedence and a terrible impatience after you have got it."

Lord Shaftesbury's first speech in the Upper House was a success notwithstanding his predictions to the contrary, and he recorded it in these words: "Wonderfully well received; their noble natures even cheered during the speech and after it. Many congratulations and thanks. My surprise knew no bounds. I had warmed 'Nova Zembla'!"

He was never able, however, to overcome his first impressions, and often in later life when engaged on great measures of public good he doubted his ability to pass them. "I should be certain, humanly speaking, were I in the House of Commons; but I shall have great difficulty in the Lords." "The House of Lords is terrible; there is a coldness, an inattention, and an impassibility which are

perfectly benumbing." "The House of Commons is the depository of power, and it is vain to hope to be an *effective* man out of it. You may experience much social civility, but no one accords you a hair's-breadth of political influence. 'Philanthropy,' combined with a peerage, reduces a man to the lowest point." Passages similar to these run through the later volumes of the work, and to the last, Lord Shaftesbury spoke of the House of Lords as "a vast aquarium of cold-blooded life."

LORD PALMERSTON.

SOME of the most interesting incidents in the work before us are those which relate to Lord Shaftesbury's intercourse with Lord Palmerston. From early youth they had been on terms of intimacy, which was increased in 1839 when Lady Cowper, Lord Shaftesbury's mother-in-law, was married a second time, to Lord Palmerston. From that time forth they were stauncher friends and companions than ever, and although on many points they were poles asunder, in others they were singularly united.

When Lord Palmerston became prime minister he left no stone unturned to induce Lord Shaftesbury to accept office in his government, but this was persistently declined. He was, however, to render him assistance in another way, namely, in his Church appointments. It will be remembered that a name by which Lord Shaftesbury was frequently known was that of "the bishop-maker." When Lord Palmerston first became premier, Lord Shaftesbury little thought that he would have any influence over him in ecclesiastical matters. In a letter to his son, the Honorable Evelyn Ashley, he says:—

"I much fear that Palmerston's ecclesiastical appointments will be detestable. He does not know, in theology, Moses from Sydney Smith. The vicar of Romsey, where he goes to church, is the only clergyman he ever spoke to; and, as for the wants, the feelings, the views, the hopes, and fears of the country, and particularly the religious part of it, they are as strange to him as the interior of Japan. Why, it was only a short time ago that he heard, for the first time, of the grand heresy of Puseyites and Tractarians!"

Yet among all his friends, advisers, and counsellors, there was no one on whom Lord Palmerston more completely relied than on Lord Shaftesbury, who entertained for no man living a more affection-

ate regard than he did for Lord Palmerston. It fell out therefore that in the administration of those affairs in which he was weakest, Lord Palmerston relied upon the aid of his friend and kinsman, who had made the affairs of the Church his own peculiar care from his youth upwards.

In 1865, at the age of eighty-one, Lord Palmerston—the *ultimus Romanorum*, as Lord Shaftesbury called him—passed away, his latest hours being cheered by the presence and counsel of his valued friend, who wrote in his diary the following tribute. After enumerating those who would feel his loss he says: "To none will the loss be as it is to myself. I lose a man who, I knew, esteemed and loved me far beyond every other man living. He showed it in every action of his heart, in every expression of his lips, in private and in public, as a man, as a relative, and as a minister. His society was infinitely agreeable to me; and I admired, every day more, his patriotism, his simplicity of purpose, his indefatigable spirit of labor, his unfailing good-humor, his kindness of heart, and his prompt, tender, and active considerateness for others, in the midst of his heaviest toils and anxieties. A great and mighty door for good is now closed upon me, as far as I can see, forever. This I may lament, while I bless God for such grand, such frequent, such prolonged opportunities of doing good service in my generation. . . .

"It was no slight interest to be so near the centre of all action in politics, the fountain-head of all information. He was very open and explicit with me at all times. In conversation he withheld nothing but what he could not, in honor, divulge, and though not given to voluntary communications, he imparted to me almost everything, if it arose in the order of our discourse."

The ecclesiastical appointments of Lord Palmerston, it is needless to say, gave great dissatisfaction in some quarters. It was an open secret that almost every one was virtually made by Lord Shaftesbury. The number and variety of those appointments during Lord Palmerston's ten years' tenure of office are historically curious. He had at his disposal twenty-five mitres and ten deaneries, including three appointments to English and two to Irish archbishoprics, sixteen English and four Irish bishoprics, and ten English deaneries, besides a considerable number of important livings in the gift of the crown.

From The Spectator.

FRENCH FINANCE.

TWELVE years ago, the fiscal condition of France was the wonder of Europe. In 1875, only four years had elapsed since she had experienced the most crushing financial blow ever inflicted on a nation. Yet the French had managed in that short space of time not only to redeem their land from the invader, to rebuild their ruined towns and railways, to reorganize the territories ravaged by the war, and to withdraw the forced paper currency, but actually to establish an equilibrium in the national finances. The budget for the year 1875 showed a surplus of £1,000,000 on an income of £108,000,000. The ease with which the nation was bearing its load of taxation was no less astonishing than the vastness of the sum received into the treasury. Statesmen and public writers in every quarter of the world were drawing comparisons between the riches of vanquished France and the poverty of her German conquerors. The conquerors, indeed, were beginning to wonder at their former moderation, and but for the unanimous warning of Europe, might have attempted a second destruction of a power and prosperity that seemed so menacing. It is deplorable that so hopeful a financial condition should have been brought to ruin by the folly and infatuation of successive governments. Since 1875, instead of a long series of surpluses, France has had a series of increasing deficits. For the last ten years, her budgets have exhibited an average annual deficiency of something like £24,000,000; or, to put the net result, during ten years of profound peace in Europe she has added the sum of £240,000,000 to her national indebtedness. The fearful mismanagement of the national resources which these figures indicate cannot find the slightest excuse in any want of vitality in the sources of national income. Such deficits might be excusable with a falling revenue. What can be said of them when the budget receipts are higher by nearly £12,000,000 than they were in the year of the last surplus? M. Henri Germain has lately republished from the *Temps* a series of letters dealing with the extremely grave financial crisis in which France is now placed. His analysis of the national income and expenditure seems most careful, and it is difficult to see how any possible apology can be found for the system under which the French finances have become

involved in ruin. M. Germain shows how it is not the ordinary budget — against which the financial enthusiasts of the Chamber tilt, and which is elaborately discussed in every item — that needs reform, but rather the extraordinary budget and the *dépenses extrabudgétaires*, which are, it would seem, invariably passed without comment. The ministerial plan of manipulating the budget is, indeed, so simple and so obvious, that it seems almost impossible that it has not been more generally recognized and exposed. In the ordinary budget are placed the great items of national defence, administration, and education, which about balance the annual income. Outside this, in the extraordinary budget, are placed the amounts to be expended on public works and other objects of national thriftiness. These, at the present time, as we have shown above, amount to some £24,000,000 or £28,000,000 a year, and annually go to build up a terrible edifice of unfunded debt. To show that the expenditure thus incurred is in every sense excessive and unnecessary, M. Germain compares the increase in the French budget with that in the budgets of other nations. While French expenditure has increased by £48,000,000, the English has in the same period of time only increased by £14,000,000, the Prussian by £8,000,000, the Russian by £22,000,000, the Austrian by £14,000,000, and the Italian by £10,000,000. Such figures speak for themselves, and show the reckless spirit of extravagance in which France is dealing with her resources.

The excuse for the expenditure of the extraordinary budgets and their accompanying deficits is, of course, the creation of public works and the development thereby of the internal wealth of France. There cannot be a more striking warning for the statesman who hankers after using the national resources in order to develop the wealth of a country than that contained in the results of the French policy. When M. de Freycinet first proposed his great scheme of public works, nothing could have sounded better in theory. In practice, however, nothing could have worked more deplorably. Every deputy has jobbed for his own constituency, and France has been covered with a network of unnecessary, unremunerative railways, not only without traffic, but without even the expectation of traffic or usefulness. There is a kind of grim humor in the fact that while the wealth of France is being sapped

by these worthless investments of her resources, the budget for public works is apparently diminishing each year. While in reality the expenditure has gone up by £18,000,000, it has in appearance been reduced by £3,200,000. The means by which this has been done, and by which the public has been hoodwinked appear to have been these: At first the sums needed for the public works were defrayed by a regular creation of floating debt. This means of raising money, however, attracted attention, and caused a certain amount of uneasiness in the public mind. Recourse was accordingly had to the ingenious device of spending by means of great companies, to whom have been given State guarantees for the interest on the sums expended by them. Of course, the giving of such guarantees is in reality nothing less than the raising of loans; but the change in name proves very useful in the manipulation of the items of an adroitly adjusted budget.

As we have pointed out above, the disgust and vexation caused to reasonable and prudent Frenchmen by the present state of affairs must be all the more acute, from the fact that France in reality is in an extremely prosperous financial condition. Thrift, energy, and commercial ability were never more conspicuous in her people than at the present day. She bears her fearful burden of taxation more easily than many nations do their far lighter loads. M. Germain tells us (and we presume his figures are accurate, though he gives here no details) that while with fixed taxation the French income had in ten years spontaneously increased by £30,000,000 a year, the English income had in the same period only improved by £14,000,000, the Prussian by £15,000,000, the Russian by £22,000,000, the Austrian by £20,000,000, and the Italian by £12,000,000. M. Germain naturally enough draws a comparison between the people and the government. While the nation has been showing itself the wealthiest and most wealth-producing in the world, its rulers have been proving themselves spendthrifts and muddlers utterly incapable of using to advantage the national wealth. We must not leave M. Germain's study without noticing the interesting way in which he shows how the bad fiscal policy pursued by France has operated on that most sensitive form of wealth, the national credit. In 1880, French three per cents. stood at 84. They are now at 82. In 1880, English consols were at 97. They

are now at 101. A comparison of French stock with those of the other great powers shows similar results. While they have been constantly rising, French stock has been falling. Even the small powers can compare favorably with France. In 1880, Belgian three per cents. stood at the same price as those of France, namely, 84. Since then, the Belgian stock has risen 11, while the French has fallen 2. On the whole, M. Germain calculates that the various governments of the last twelve years have managed to depreciate French Stock by about 14 per cent. It would be impossible here even to hint at all the evils caused by the ceaseless borrowings by the French government. M. Germain rightly points out, as not the least of them, the drawing of capital into government loans which should be spreading in a fertilizing stream throughout the land. Equally disastrous is the employment of a number of persons in the creation and maintenance of unremunerative public works. Not only are such persons doing useless work where they might be doing useful, but a class is created in the State whose interest it is, at all hazards, to keep open the breach through which the river of national wealth is running to waste. M. Germain's remedy is a simple one. He would ruthlessly cut down the extraordinary budgets until an equilibrium be obtained. He suggests also a readjustment of the duties on sugar. It is curious to notice the way in which he inveighs against the income tax as the most revolutionary of measures. It is obvious that if the mere idea is received in such a spirit by a reasonable financier, its introduction would be in France extremely difficult and dangerous. M. Germain has not a word to say on the subject of free-trade. Though he grows eloquent on the maxim that taxation must vary in direct proportion to wealth, it does not seem to occur to him that a highly protective tariff is probably the most inequitable system of taxation that it is possible to conceive. The discussion of free-trade, however, is not our object now. We can only wish M. Germain's pamphlet all the success that its lucidity and reasonableness deserve. Surely a state of things in which the thriftiest race in the world behave in the aggregate like a spendthrift heir, must sooner or later be brought to an end by the triumph of common sense. Let us trust, then, that the French electors will realize the true position of their finances before their floating debt gets

much larger. It was said of the proposal to erect a statue to Mr. Pitt: "Mr. Pitt's memory needs no statues. Six hundred millions of irredeemable debt are the eternal record of his fame." Even with our enlarged notions, two hundred and forty millions of debt incurred during ten years of peace and prosperity seems a monument amply sufficient for the fiscal ability of the ministers who have successively entangled and perplexed the finances of the third republic.

From St. James's Gazette.

AN ANCESTOR OF THE CZAR.

THE emperor Paul was the great-grandfather of the present czar, and reigned for four years (1796-1800). By the end of that time his insane and tyrannical caprices had made him so intolerable to his subjects that a conspiracy was formed for the purpose of deposing, which ended by murdering him.

Although, like some other miscreants, well-meaning and possessed of noble impulses, Paul was at the mercy of ungovernable fits of temper, during which he would inflict excessive and debasing punishments for any fancied transgression. In his sober moods he was a child; and in his angry moods he was a dangerous child. Fancying that some of the tunics in a regiment were brighter in tint than the rest, he signed an order banishing the vice-president of the Board of Manufactures. A curé of Livonia was condemned to the knout and the mines for having omitted from a list of his books one entitled "La Force de l'Amour." This sentence was carried out in spite of all entreaty. A secret inquisition was sent by the emperor on a tour of proscription. One of its victims was a colonel of Cossacks, who was imprisoned in an *oubliette*. His son begged the emperor for his father's release, or that he might be allowed to share his father's confinement. The latter part of the petition was granted; but the son was imprisoned in a separate cell. These instances could be multiplied indefinitely. Half society was under arrest or in Siberia; and hardly a family in all Russia seemed unaffected by the emperor's caprice. Dr. Clarke, who travelled in Russia during the last year but one of Paul's reign, declared that he had examined a catalogue of officers who had been dismissed the service or had voluntarily

resigned since 1796, and that the former were eighteen thousand and the latter twelve thousand in number.

In the management of his army the mind of this childish pedant was, perhaps, most clearly reflected. Before he came to the throne Paul had visited Germany, and had conceived an immoderate admiration for the great Frederick's system. And upon that system he drilled and clothed his little toy army at Gatchina; himself imitating Frederick in his dress, in his walk, and in his seat on horseback. Upon his accession, the Russian army, to the indignation of every man in it, was deprived of the grass-green uniform in which it had fought with so much glory, and was made to don a dark-green costume, Prussian in cut and very nearly so in color. The uniform of the Horse Guards was not at first altered. But when the treaty with England (with which country Paul had broken on his accession) was signed, the Horse Guards were Anglicized, and made to wear a uniform precisely like that of the English Horse Guards—red, with blue facings, embroidered in gold. Soon afterwards the emperor was made grand master of Malta, much to his delight. Purple was the color of the grand master of Malta; therefore into purple were the Horse Guards put. Of such changes this unlucky regiment had no fewer than nine during the four years of Paul's reign. Minute regulations respecting caps, queues, buttons, and gaiters were enforced with extravagant strictness. The emperor was his own drill-sergeant. Frequently, for trifling faults or mistakes in the words of command, officers were sent off from the parade-ground to other regiments at a great distance; and this occurred so frequently that one of the officers of the Imperial Guard relates that, when he and his companions mounted guard, they used to put a few hundred roubles, in bank-notes, into the breast of their coats, so as not to be left penniless if suddenly sent away. If things were not done to his satisfaction, Paul had no compunction in belaboring the soldiers or even their officers with his cane. He would take up a post in the palace where he could watch the sentinels with glasses, and, if he could spy a button awry, he would quickly bear down on the offender. One morning he met an officer trudging through the snow, and his soldier valet following, carrying his master's sword. The officer was made a private on the spot, and the private an officer.

Not only the army, but the whole population of the capital, was subjected to arbitrary and tyrannical regulation. Every one was ordered to wear hair-powder and a queue; was forbidden to wear a round hat, top-boots, trousers, or strings; buckles in both shoes and breeches were obligatory; and the hair was to be combed back and not suffered to cover the forehead. Carriages and sledges were no longer to be harnessed in the Russian but in the German fashion. These injunctions, and many others, were enforced by an army of police and detectives. The edict against *chapeaux ronds* was perhaps the funniest of them all, if it had not been so tyrannical. This was another Germanism: three-cornered hats were Frederick the Great's vogue. On one occasion Paul, in company with the empress, pounced down on a man with a round hat who had just been winding up the palace clocks. The emperor, after reading him a sermon, asked the empress for some pins, and with these pinned the hat into some sort of a three-cornered shape. When the ukase first appeared, the frolicsome son of an English merchant appeared in the streets of St. Petersburg wearing an English hunting-cap; at sight of which the police were puzzled. "It was not a cocked hat," they said; "neither was it a round hat." They therefore reported the matter to the emperor. A decree was accordingly promulgated against the hunting-cap; but, not knowing how to describe the anomaly, the emperor ordained that "no person should appear in public with the thing on his head worn by the merchant's son." The sledge of Count Razamovsky was broken into small pieces by the emperor's order, while he stood by and directed the work; the offence being that the horses had been found with it in the streets without their driver. It happened to be of a blue color, and the count's servants wore red liveries; therefore a ukase was published prohibiting throughout the empire of all the Russias, the use of red liveries and of blue color in ornamenting sledges.

Paul exacted the idolatrous homage to which the czars his ancestors had once been accustomed from their subjects, but which sovereigns since Peter the Great (who used to thrash would-be idolaters) had discouraged. Carriages and foot-passengers, whether native or foreign, were expected to stop in the streets when they met the imperial family. Those seated inside the carriages were to step out and stand to make obeisance. None were

allowed to approach the palace except with bared heads; and persons coming into the imperial presence were to prostrate themselves. In one of his furious passions, flourishing his cane about, Paul struck by accident the branch of a large glass lustre and broke it. As soon as he perceived what had happened, he attacked the lustre in good earnest, and did not give up until it was entirely demolished. His horse having stumbled with him, he ordered Markarow, his groom, to allow it to die of hunger. When Markarow, after eight days, reported to him that the poor beast had expired, his Imperial Majesty remarked "C'est bon!" Another horse committed the same offence in a street of St. Petersburg; whereupon he then and there held a sort of court-martial of his grooms, and the animal was condemned to receive fifty lashes.

At the commencement of his reign, Paul began to hear and adjudicate in person upon the petitions for redress presented to him. But this ardor to emulate the caliph Haroun al Raschid soon burnt out. He loved his wife sincerely; nevertheless, he was childishly jealous lest the empress should be treated with as much respect as himself. Twice he ordered her under arrest. Nor were his intrigues few or refined. Mlle. Nelidoff and Mme. Gargarin had eventually to give way to a German kitchen wench, who was given an apartment adjoining his own. His sons, the grand dukes Alexander and Constantine, had a moral terror of their father, and if he looked in the least angry would tremble and turn as pale as death. They acquiesced in the conspiracy which led to his assassination. While he was temporarily at variance with Austria, a messenger arrived bearing the news of the death of his daughter, who was married to the Archduke of Austria. He had the messenger arrested and expelled.

Not until the people at large had been thoroughly alienated by his police measures, spies, and arbitrary cruelties; until the nobles had been exasperated by humiliating punishments and by the sight of lackeys promoted to be privy councillors; and until the loyalty of his own guards, officers, and men, had been changed to hatred by capricious arrest, was the fatal conspiracy formed. That, of course, is a well-known story. His apartments were surrounded at midnight by men of a regiment of guards which he had capriciously disbanded, and a mob of the chief conspirators broke into his bedroom. After

some moments, the czar was discovered hiding behind the chimney-screen, and dragged from his concealment. He asked "what they all came for in that way?" Prince Platon Zouboff, the latest favorite of the deceased empress Catherine, acted as spokesman. He replied that his Majesty's despotism had become intolerable to the nation, and that they came to demand his renunciation of the throne. The emperor, with a *mens conscia recti*, began an argument with Zouboff, which lasted about half an hour. Some of the conspirators, heated by champagne, became impatient, and, while the emperor was speaking loudly and gesticulating, Count Nicholas Zouboff, master of the horse, a man of gigantic stature and strength, struck the emperor on the hand, saying, *Tchto ti tak kritchich?* (Why do you shout so?) The emperor pushed away Zouboff's hand angrily; whereupon Zouboff, with his right fist, in which he clenched a massive gold snuff-box, struck Paul on the left temple, felling and stunning him. Zouboff's French *valet de chambre* then jumped with his feet on the emperor's stomach, and Scariatin, an officer of the Ismailofsky Regiment, took the emperor's sash down from over his bed and strangled him with it. In the early hours of the morning Alexander I. was proclaimed czar.

From The Spectator.

PIO NONO'S WILL.

THE will of Pius IX., which was translated, not always very intelligibly, in the *Daily News* of Wednesday, supplies one explanation of the singular change which has passed over average English opinion in regard to him. During a great part of his life, he shared with the king of Naples the distinction of being the best hated of foreign sovereigns. Since then, Englishmen have been taught by their experience in Ireland to be a little shy of criticising the relations of foreign governments to their subjects; but in those days they were, above all things, worshippers of Garibaldi, and it was no doubt difficult to be just to both Garibaldi and Pius IX. The common practice was to see no virtues in one of them, and no faults in the other. After the fall of the temporal power, things began to alter. There was a pretty general belief that the papacy was played out; and as we are, on the whole, a good-natured people, we took by

degrees to regarding Pius IX. as a man who had lost a fine property, and might be excused and pitied if he bemoaned his misfortunes rather too loudly. Possibly Mr. Cook had a hand in helping on this process. With his tickets, if not under his care, English people took more and more to visiting Rome, and to some of them at any rate the presence and voice of the late pope became familiar. They fell under the charm which he exercised over those who came into contact with him, and they contributed in their degree to give their countrymen a less inaccurate notion of him. By degrees his simple life and his unfailing good-humor took hold of the English imagination. It was plain that if on one side of his character he fully came up to the popular conception of the proud priest with whom England had been at war for more than three centuries, on another side he was singularly careless of state or splendor. If he asked for alms throughout the Christian world, and made Peter's pence once more a common phrase, no one could imagine that he spent them on himself. Even in his lifetime, if we remember rightly, he was never suspected of hoarding money, and the text of his will shows that he left very little behind him. The direction that the cost of his monument shall not exceed £100, the legacies of some £300 to a friend, of £600 to be divided among his servants, do not speak of wealth, yet they seem large in proportion to the sum—only £2,000—which remained to be divided among his relatives. If Pius IX. could be said to be rich in anything, it was in relics. Even after specific gifts of two pieces of the true cross and one of the crown of thorns, and of relics of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Damaso, there are still enough left for a residuary bequest to the "two relic-keepers of the Vicariate and Sacristan." These specific gifts are to various churches: to the Vatican Basilica, to St. John Lateran, to Santa Maria in Via Lata, to the Cathedrals of Senigallia, Spoleto, and Imola; while a crucifix is left to the Cathedral of Gaeta—the pope's refuge when exiled from Rome—and another to the Cathedral of San Giacomo, in Chili. The testamentary executor has a case of brilliants.

There is a curious contrast between the wealth of a pope now and his wealth even in the time of Pius IX.'s immediate predecessors. And this contrast coincides with another equally striking, between the position of the pope now and then. What-

ever may be said, with reason or without it, of the inconvenience the papacy has sustained by the loss of the temporal power, there can be no question that in point of dignity it has greatly gained. Pius IX. or Leo XIII. is a much more imposing personage than Gregory XVI. Some allowance, no doubt, must be made for the difference in their characters; but over and above this there is an enormous difference in the reverence with which they are regarded, in the influence they exercise over their spiritual subjects, and by a sort of derivative process in the impression they make upon those who are not their subjects. Even that eccentric interpretation of the Apocalypse which makes St. John in Patmos the first Protestant is now slightly reviving again, because the importance it attributes to the papacy no longer seems contradicted by its actual place in the world. The existence of the temporal sovereignty would have been, if not absolutely incompatible with this change, at least very inimical to it. The reason is to be looked for in the different estimates of monarchy now and even half a century ago. When kingship was a thing believed in, apart from the position of particular kings, the pope was a gainer by the circumstance that he was a temporal sovereign. He was thereby included in a class which was held in honor, quite apart from the character or condition of the individuals composing it. No matter how small the territory or how scanty the revenue, if their possession made their owner the equal of kings, there was a solid advantage attaching to it. It is hardly possible to say this now. The sovereigns of great kingdoms, large populations, vast resources, may occupy as large a place as ever in the popular imagination; but when the sovereign is poor, and rules over little land and few people, he gains nothing in popular estimation outside his own frontier — we may almost say outside his own palace — by the fact that he belongs to the sovereign caste. Now, the pope, if he had retained the temporal power, would have been but a very petty ruler. In days when everything is so increased in size, when kingdoms have grown into empires, and the only destiny in store for the weak seems to be partitioned by the strong, the sovereign of an Italian province would have counted for nothing among his brother sovereigns. Yet, among his contemporaries, he would have been judged by his temporal rather than by his spiritual char-

acter. His state would have been the state of a temporal ruler, his expenditure would have been the expenditure of a temporal ruler, his revenue would have been drawn from the same sources as that from which a temporal ruler draws his. In the first two particulars, he must have compared badly with almost every other sovereign in Europe; in the third, he could only have compared favorably by taxing his subjects very lightly, and this would necessarily have involved a further reduction in the state the world would have expected him to keep. A poor pope, now that he is nothing but a pope, is a greater man than a rich pope. His poverty is like Cardinal Manning's Abernethy biscuit, — it is a positive distinction. But then, poverty to be dignified must have no claims on it; and so long as the pope was a prince, he could not escape claims. There is the same difference between the two positions that there is between the position of an Archbishop of Canterbury and an Archbishop of Paris. When Cardinal Guibert died and left nothing behind him, no one had a right to complain, and so every one was free to praise. But if Archbishop Benson were to leave nothing behind him, he would be justly open to the condemnation St. Paul passes on those who provide not for their own household. It is the same with the pope. We do not deny that the loss of his temporal power may, under certain circumstances, make the exercise of his spiritual independence difficult; and now that Rome is fast becoming a great modern capital, there may be special incongruities about the pope's residence in it. But that he is in all respects a greater personage by reason of his ceasing to be a petty Italian prince seems to us absolutely certain, and that fact ought to carry some consolation to mourning Catholics.

From The Times.

THE EXCAVATION OF THE GREAT SPHINX.

THE last occasion on which the great Sphinx was cleared down to the level on which the paws rest was in honor of the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. The ever-drifting sands had, however, reburied it almost to the throat when Professor Maspero, during his last year of office at Boulak, began again the work of disinterment. This work has now been going on,

somewhat intermittently, for more than twelve months, and is at the present time in active progress under the direction of Professor Maspero's successor, M. Grébaut. A tramway has been laid down from the Sphinx to the edge of the pyramid plateau, passing close under the west face of the granite building popularly, though incorrectly, called the temple of the Sphinx. Along this tramway light trucks convey the sand to the point at which their contents are discharged, the trucks being loaded by Arabs of both sexes and all ages, who carry the sand upon their heads in large flat baskets, ascending and descending all day long from the excavations below to the tramway above and *vice versa*. The means look curiously inadequate, but the results are astonishing. Already the entire forepart of the great stone monster is laid bare, and already the huge chest, the paws, the space between the paws, the altar in front of them, and the platform upon which they rest, are once more open to the light of day. Nor is this all. Between the Sphinx and the edge of the pyramid plateau, a vast space has also been cleared, thus bringing to view a fine flight of steps some forty feet in width. These steps, which are described by Pliny, were uncovered by Caviglia in 1817, but have been entirely lost to sight for nearly seventy years. A second flight of steps and the remains of two Roman buildings were also found by Caviglia, and will again be brought to light if M. Grébaut continues the work in this direction.

To the right of the Sphinx — that is to say, in the direction of the granite temple, to the southward — a further excavation is in progress, the result of which will probably confirm the surmises of those who believe the Sphinx to stand in the midst of a huge artificial amphitheatre hewn out of the solid rock. This gigantic work would of course be contemporaneous with the Sphinx itself, which Mariette attributed to the mythic ages before the advent of Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, and which Maspero considers to be, if not actually pre-historic, at all events, the oldest monument in Egypt.

From the level of the area below the great flight of steps (which lead down, and not up, to the Sphinx) one now measures the whole height of the huge human-headed monster, whose battered countenance stands out against the cloudless sky one hundred feet above. The space between the paws is thirty-five feet long,

and ten feet wide. This space was anciently converted into a small sanctuary lined with votive tablets, only one of which — the famous stela of Thothmes IV. — yet remains *in situ*. This stela records how the king when upon one of his hunting expeditions, lay down to rest at mid-day in the shadow of the Sphinx. He there fell asleep, and dreamed a dream in which the venerable image conjured him to clear away the sand in which it was nearly buried. Then the prince awoke and "made silence in his heart," and vowed to do that which the god had commanded. The lower part of this tablet is obliterated, and Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, who visited the spot about a fortnight ago, reports that an important part of the fourteenth line, containing the name of Khafra (Chephren), has scaled off since the last time the inscription was copied. The tablet stands fourteen feet high, and is cut from a block of the same red granite of Assouan whereof the neighboring temple of Khafra is built. There seems, according to Mr. Petrie's report, to be very good reason for concluding that the pious Thothmes, notwithstanding his respect for the memory of Khafra, actually pilfered this very block from Khafra's own temple, for in the back of it there are two pivot holes, or rather "holes for letting in pivot blocks," precisely similar to the pivot holes which are to be seen in the lintel stones and doorsills of that building. The granite altar between the paws is of the same syenite, and most probably came from the same convenient quarry. This last, however, is of Roman work, very roughly executed.

The paws of the Sphinx, as they now appear, are a restoration of Roman date, being cased in comparatively small slabs, and to some extent hollow underneath. The breast of the Sphinx has likewise been faced with slabs, apparently in Roman times; and these slabs have again been repaired by cutting away the weathered surface and inserting a fresh facing. Like the legs of the Colossi of the Plain, and those of the great statues at Abou Simbel, the paws of the Sphinx are covered with the Greek scrawls of early travellers; but these *graffiti* are mostly of a late period and so slightly scratched that few are legible throughout. Such as they are, however, Professor Maspero has, it is understood, devoted himself to the ungrateful and difficult task of translating them.

M. Grébaut's excavations are not lim-

ited to the clearance of the Sphinx only. Various interesting tombs have lately been discovered in the vicinity of the Great Pyramid, and to the westward the face of the Libyan cliff has been reached where it forms the natural boundary of the pyramid plateau. Some good, early rock-cut tombs, with built forecourts, have been found in the face of this cliff, in two of which the walled-up recesses, or secret chambers, called *serdabs*, which were constructed for the safe keeping of funerary portrait statues, are yet intact with their contents. One contains a monolithic group of four figures representing the deceased, his wife, his brother, and a child. In another has been found a beautiful alabaster altar, sculptured in bas-relief with the likeness of one Ra-ur; and on the walls of another occurs the name of Aseska-f, the successor of Menkara (Mencheres), of the fourth dynasty. By far the most interesting of these recent tomb discoveries is that of the sepulchre of a certain *suten se*, or "royal son," named Kuhfu-kha-f ("the glory of Khufu"), who was probably the son of the builder of the Great Pyramid. The doorway of the inner chamber of this tomb is decorated in bas-relief with the earliest representation of a column yet discovered. The shaft is shown to be cylindrical, tapering slightly towards the top, where it ends in a ring surmounted by an everted capital resembling the usual lotus capital, but without the graceful curvature of outline which distinguishes the lotus order. The base of the shaft is finished by a rounded drum. In this interesting doorway we have the profile portrait of a perfect column, base, shaft, torus, and capital complete, thus showing that as an architectural feature the column with all its members was already fully developed at the time of the fourth dynasty. The celebrated tombs of Beni Hassan, in which occur the earlier columns previously known, belong to the twelfth dynasty, and are about twelve hundred years later than the era of Khufu.

From The Globe.

ON A JURY.

THE most disagreeable and irksome duty that falls to the lot of the British ratepayer is, perhaps, that of jurymen. It is bad enough for the idler in a community; what must it be, then, for the

active man of business, to whom time is money? Many of the jury live at a distance from the assize town, and, in order to be at the court by ten o'clock A.M., must be up at six o'clock, and are lucky if they catch the last train home in the evening. The case of a jurymen is a hard one. Not only is he unpaid for his services, but at the termination of the assizes — which, perhaps, have lasted from Monday morning until Saturday evening — he finds himself some pounds out of pocket. Naturally, then, he has no heart in the business, his only thought being as to how soon he can get away; and in order to expedite this, is somewhat prone to give his verdict with the majority, without reference to the justice of the case. In fact, anything seems preferable to being locked up in disagreement, with the chance of missing the last train home, and with the certainty of a portentous hotel bill. The unhappy juror fails to see why he should not be paid, or, at all events, why he should not receive his expenses, while the rest of the judicial army have their emoluments. The judge is paid, and pretty well, too; counsel do not give their services for nothing, nor do solicitors. The police receive their pay, as do the officials of the court. Even the wretched prisoner himself, if found guilty, meets with his reward. A discontented jurymen once proposed a scheme for the payment of jurors. He suggested that a roll should be kept of those who are liable to serve on juries, and that a liberal allowance should be made for expenses. In that case he had no doubt that many would be glad to volunteer their services, and that better juries would be obtained who would treat the assizes as a matter of business. He made a calculation that if £1 per diem were allowed to each juror, the extra expense to the rating of the county to which he belonged would be less than a farthing in the pound. An assize court shows phases of human nature in their worst form. Crimes too hideous to be described, and which might well be tried *in camera*, are brought in all their revolting nakedness before a crowded court, and it is lamentable to add that the more gross the crime the more crowded is the court. On the other hand, many cases are quite pathetic and some humorous. We will take the experience of the assizes at a county town, which, perhaps, is a fair sample of the rest. It is a roasting morning in August. The court assembles at ten o'clock. Jurymen, witnesses, and others, well know-

ing what the temperature will be inside, remain outside until the last moment, when stentorian shouts arise for the petty jury. With the fear of fines, imprisonment, and other dreadful contingencies before them, the jurors rush wildly in, and get into wrong places, from which they are pushed and hustled by policemen armed with theatrical javelins. Eventually they are packed away into the waiting-boxes — third-class compartments, with adamantine seats, the straightest of backs, and no room for the knees — until the time when names are called. The jury-box itself is a more comfortable apartment, furnished with cushions. Presently a blare of trumpets outside announces the arrival of the judge. In a few minutes the dread majesty of the law, clad in scarlet robes, and preceded by the high sheriff, brilliantly apparelled in velvet, ruffles, and steel, enters the court, which rises to receive his lordship. The judge bows first to the court and then to the jury, when the proceedings begin. One of the first cases tried is that of an unfortunate urchin described in the calendar as a laborer, although he can but just see over the bar of the dock. His heinous offence is having set fire to some furze on a common. The evidence of a stalwart policeman goes to show how the capture was made with great gallantry, and how he found on this bloodthirsty young Guy Fawkes, matches, tobacco, and a pipe. Other evidence follows, and the prisoner is asked what he has to say in his defence. In floods of tears he bubbles out, "Please, sir, t'other boy done it, and I runned away." A voice from the gallery calls out, "Don't cry, Charley, be a man," which ebullition of feeling from Charley's mother is promptly and sternly repressed. The jury then consult as to the verdict, by setting their heads together in bunches, four heads in each bunch. After a time the bunches separate, and a verdict of guilty is recorded, but sentence deferred until after luncheon. Then the judge, well known as being pitiless with murderers and burglars, shows that he has a soft place in his heart as he addresses the little lad in the dock, speaking to him as a father would to a delinquent son, and telling him how public property must be protected, but that if he will promise to

be a good boy in future, he shall go home with his mother this beautiful afternoon instead of going to prison. There is a general disposition in the gallery to throw caps in the air and cry "Well done," while perchance there may be in the body of the court, or among the jurymen themselves, some who feel a choking sensation as they listen to the kind words of the judge, and, as they look upon the forlorn, white-haired youngster in the dock, remember, perhaps, how in their youthful days they had been guilty of the same offence, but had not been caught — which made all the difference. So Charley promises to be of good behavior, leaving the court with his mother and, doubtless, a glad heart. More cases follow, some of them too dreadful for description, and others of a humorous nature. That the judge has a keen perception of the ludicrous cannot be doubted. For some reason the windows of the court are kept hermetically sealed all through the day, and the heat is very great. A perspiring juror asks if a little air may not be admitted. To him his lordship, blandly smiling, says, "Oh, you will soon get used to it, and find it quite comfortable." Again, a female witness speaks in such a low voice that she is quite inaudible. The judge expostulates in vain, and at last says that if she does not speak out he will disallow her expenses. The effect is magical, and the witness almost yells forth her evidence. Presently she again lapses into her former tone, but a simple warning, "Now, take care, you are becoming confidential again," has an immediate effect. And so the assizes drag their weary length along. For the rest of it, jurors might well be treated with a little more courtesy by the subordinates of the court, who would do well to take a lesson in politeness from the judge himself. The police seem to be unable to keep their hands off a jurymen. Let him but loiter for an instant, and he is instantly pushed and shoved, when there is no necessity for it. In some cases it may be the fault of jurymen themselves, some of whom condescend to bandy jokes familiarly with the guardians of the peace. That "familiarity breeds contempt" let those remember who have the misfortune to be on a jury.

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CONTENTS.

I. THE PRESENT POSITION OF EUROPEAN POLITICS, ...	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , ...	387
II. THE LAND OF DARKNESS. Part II., ...	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , ...	405
III. CHINA. By the Marquis Tseng, ...	<i>Asiatic Quarterly Review</i> , ...	417
IV. SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY, ...	<i>Temple Bar</i> , ...	421
V. RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN, ...	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , ...	426
VI. JUBILEE REIGNS IN ENGLAND, ...	<i>National Review</i> , ...	430
VII. SOME NARROW ESCAPES, ...	<i>All The Year Round</i> , ...	437
VIII. LORD IDDESLEIGH, ...	<i>Spectator</i> , ...	443
IX. FARM LIFE IN THE NORTH A CENTURY AGO, ...	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> , ...	444
X. THE PROGRESS OF SAVAGE RACES, ...	<i>Spectator</i> , ...	446
XI. IPECACUANHA CULTIVATION IN INDIA, ...	<i>Nature</i> , ...	448

POETRY.

A FROSTY SUNRISE, ...	386	AMONG THE TOMBS, ...	386
"REPARABIT CORNUA PHŒBE,"	386	EPITAPH ON AGNES JONES; BURIED IN	
THE OLD COTTAGE, ...	386	FAHAN CHURCHYARD, ...	386

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A FROSTY SUNRISE.

AH, bitter beauty! How the fair, false frost
 Burdens each leafless spray! The ice-buds
 grow
 Thick midst the crystal foliage of the snow,
 Heaping their mockeries on hid life. Em-
 bossed
 With pearly wreaths, the elms' high domes
 have lost
 Their latticed outlines, and their full curves
 glow
 From the up-climbing glory hid below
 The level bars of sunrise, vapor-crossed.

So let us stand, and bear right patiently
 The surface comment of the world's cold
 breath;
 Since its poor blame and undelightful
 praise
 Reflect the light of better things to be.
 So spread our roots in silence underneath,
 And garner sap to flow in summer days.
 Spectator. F. A. PRIDEAUX.

Ermington, Taunton, January 2nd.

"REPARABIT CORNUA PHOEBE." *

AH yes! the moonlight comes again;
 Twined still flows on by holm and hollow;
 But gone is Harden's warrior train,
 Nor longer they the raid shall follow.

The glad free life of bygone years
 Scarce lingers save in Border story;
 No wandering minstrel moves to tears,
 Or thrills with tales of battle's glory;

And when the mystic twilight falls,
 No wind of eve o'er moorlands blowing,
 Bears echo from the elfin halls,
 Or weirder song than Yarrow's flowing.

No Thomas by the Eildon Tree
 Hears bells on fairy bridles ringing;
 On Carterhaugh no glamourie;
 Of other years the streams are singing.

All gone: yet o'er the gulf of Time
 We stretch out hands of love and sorrow,
 And tune our ears to ballad rhyme,
 Some cadence from of old to borrow.

When Vesper, star that maidens love,
 Far in the fading west is gleaming,
 Those Border songs our spirits move,
 And lull us into blissful dreaming.

And still in Yarrow's haunted vale,
 Like dew upon our dry hearts falling,
 Come memories borne upon the gale,
 Sweet thoughts "too deep for tears" recall-
 ing.

Chambers' Journal.

JAMES WILKIE.

* Ancient motto of the Scotts of Harden.

THE OLD COTTAGE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

WE knew that the walls were battered
 And let in the wind and the rain;
 The children were gone and scattered,
 And ne'er would come back again;
 But the home seemed all the dearer
 For the signs of its swift decay,
 And the past grows ever clearer
 When lives are wearing away.

We listen to baby voices
 And the patter of baby feet;
 For the heart, grown old, rejoices
 In a life that was young and sweet;
 Though the nest is left forsaken,
 The echoes of music abide;
 And the joys that time has taken
 Are fairer than aught beside.

With grief that is past our telling,
 And hearts that are ready to break,
 We mourn for the dear old dwelling—
 So dear for the little ones' sake;
 And still, as the evenings darken,
 And clouds hang over the west,
 Our souls are waking, to hearken
 For God to call us to rest.

Good Words.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

SOMETIMES I do despatch my heart
 Among the graves to dwell apart:
 On some the tablets are erased,
 Some earthquake-tumbled, some defaced,
 And some that have forgotten lain
 A fall of tears makes green again.
 And my brave heart can over-tread
 Her brood of hopes, her infant dead,
 And pass with quickened footstep by
 The headstone of hoar memory,
 Till she hath found
 One swelling mound
 With just her name writ and beloved;
 From that she cannot be removed.
 Academy. MICHAEL FIELD.

EPITAPH ON AGNES JONES; BURIED IN
FAHAN CHURCHYARD.

ALONE with Christ in this sequestered place,
 Thy sweet soul learned its quietude of grace,
 On sufferers waiting in this vale of ours,
 Thy gifted touch was trained to higher powers;
 Therefore, when death, O Agnes! came to
 thee,
 Not on the cool breath of our lake-like sea,
 But in the workhouse hospital's hot ward,
 A gentle helper with the gentle Lord,
 Proudly as men heroic ashes claim,
 We asked to have thy fever-stricken frame,
 And lay it in our grass beside our foam,
 Till Christ the healer call his healers home.
 BISHOP ALEXANDER.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE PRESENT POSITION OF EUROPEAN
POLITICS.

PART I.
GERMANY.

THE present position of the European world is one in which sheer force holds a larger place than it has held in modern times since the fall of Napoleon. The complications which have arisen out of the kidnapping of the prince of Bulgaria and the mission of General Kaulbars, are only the most recent and obvious sign of the reign of force in European affairs, and the "colonizing" mania which has lately possessed several of the great powers is merely another indication of the same phenomenon. A few years ago there was perhaps the will to take and hold by force, but the intention was as completely wrapped up and concealed as now it is naked and undisguised; and as regards the extra-European affairs of the European powers, the desire to grab the lands of the weaker races is also less enveloped now than it was earlier in the century in such specious forms of words as "the blessings of civilization." It must be understood, then, that in the course of the present articles I shall not write so much of what I or others wish, or of what I or others may consider to be right or wrong, as of facts and tendencies — facts and tendencies which are not the less deplored because it would be wearisome to state that one deplores them in every line one writes.

The predominance of Germany in Europe may be said to date really from 1866, and nominally from 1870. The present reign of force in Europe dates from the period of the Treaty of Berlin, or 1878. Although the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany in 1871 was perfectly defensible, looking to the circumstances of the war, and necessary according to the opinion of the Prussian staff, not the less it must be considered to have been the real cause of that predominance of force-considerations which has been noted since 1878. The desire of France to profit by the first general war to recover her lost provinces, and the necessity as stated by Count Moltke for Germany to stand in

arms for fifty years to defend the provinces which it had taken so short a time to win, were the leading factors in creating that race in armaments which has successively drawn all the European powers into a rivalry, in numbers of men, numbers of ships, and figures of military expenditure. The Treaty of Berlin in itself was, like all treaties at the end of a great war, in form an act of restitution as well as of peace; but the signature of the treaty was accompanied by a number of conversations among powerful people, by secret agreements, some of which have since been published, and some not; by the virtual annexation by one great power of a Turkish island which had not been conquered; by the virtual annexation by another great power of two Turkish provinces which had not been conquered; by a hint given to a third great power (France), that she should occupy another province of that empire; by hints given to a fourth great power (Italy), that she should occupy either an island (British hint), or Tunis (German hint); and that which ought to have been the basis of a long-standing if not of a permanent peaceful settlement in Europe, became the opening of a period of despair to the disciples of Richard Cobden. There was nothing very new in these proceedings; what was new was that they were so little veiled or disguised. In 1866 — for the policy of *pourboire* was known then, although the name had not, I think, been invented — Italy asked at Paris whether she was to join Austria or Prussia in the war, as both of them had made to her the same promise, that Venice was to be the price of her alliance. Italy received, curiously enough, an answer from the emperor that as he intended to take the Rhine when the combatants were exhausted, what mattered most to him was that the war should last, upon pretty equal terms, and that Italy was to take the Prussian, which he, like the great majority of observers, believed to be the weaker side. In 1870, also, Italy was in some doubt as to her course, which also had its price, and Austria acted, or rather abstained from acting, with much deliberate violation of her word; yet not even in 1866 or 1870 was there that public avowal

of rapacity which in 1878 assembled Europe made eagerly, although in the name of peace.

It is useless to comment at any length upon the most recent development of the reign of force in Europe, because it is fresh in the reader's mind. The abduction of the prince of Bulgaria, whether by the actual contrivance of Russian agents or only with a Russia ready to profit by the action of the Russian party, an autocracy helping to use the methods of the dynamo-revolutionists, reminds us of mediæval Italy rather than of what were until recently the methods of modern Europe. Russia indeed has never shown much respect for her stipulations, but the repeated violations of her engagements—her defence for which we shall be able to consider when we come to the present position of Russia—violations of engagements in central Asia and elsewhere, which themselves pale before her recent acts at Batoum, are, central Asia, Batoum, and all of them, a trifle when compared with the audacity of her action against Prince Alexander and with the incidents of the Kaulbars mission. Napoleon the Great in his most ill-tempered moments appears to be the model that the tsar has in view. The principles which he professes at home are those of the Holy Alliance; the principles which his friends profess in Bulgaria appear to be, when necessary, those of the dynamite section; and the latest of his actions reminds us of those which were ignored by the earlier but have been fully related by the republican biographers of Napoleon.

To turn to very different portions of the world which I couple with Bulgaria as instancing the reign of force in European affairs, namely, the distant spots where the great powers of Europe have been undisguisedly laying their hands upon the countries of various independent peoples, we shall see how those powers, if any there were, who honestly did not desire to increase their territory and who did not believe that increase of territory was increase of strength, have been forced into following the example of others from the fact that violent hands were being laid upon all portions of the globe, with the

certainty in the case of France, and the possibility in the case of other powers, that differential duties would be placed upon their goods, and that their trade with all those parts of the world would thus be brought to a close. It is bad enough, by the way, to be robbed by those who rob, but it is harder still to be robbed of trade by ourselves. Perhaps it was poetic justice that made us suffer heavily through the putting on by Austria of differential duties in Bosnia, the occupation of which we ourselves proposed through our plenipotentiaries, while forgetting to make stipulations for our trade.

The powers themselves were aware of what was likely to be the result to Europe of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and both Austria and Russia sounded Great Britain upon the subject. Austria, indeed, had reasons of her own of a very special kind for so doing. When we come to deal with the weak points of alliances in considering the military position of Germany in the centre of Europe, I may have to return to this matter. It is not only the case that Austria had pledged herself to France to join her in the war by the despatch which the Duc de Gramont afterwards published, but what is not known, I believe, up to the present time is that the archduke Albert had actually made at Paris with the emperor Napoleon the arrangements for the campaign, and that General Le Brun had completed those arrangements at Vienna, passing indeed by way of Berlin in order to throw dust in the eyes of Germany. It is the fact that Austria and Russia both, but independently, proposed to us, at London through Baron Brunow, and at Vienna through Count Beust and the English ambassador, to stop the outbreak of war between France and Germany by guaranteeing to both parties their territory. The proposal was that Europe should say, "Fight as much as you please, gentlemen, but you must understand that the danger to European peace in the future, if one of you takes away territory from the other, will be so great that we cannot allow that particular result of war to take place in this case." The negotiations did not indeed break down upon the merits of the pro-

posals, but upon the mooted more or less indirectly by Russia at the same time of the question of the Black Sea clause of the Treaty of 1856, which it will be remembered she shortly afterwards denounced. Once for all let me say that in tracing the evils which have subsequently occurred in Europe to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, I am not blaming that annexation, which was perfectly justified no doubt by the immediate facts in view, but I am trying to point out that the indirect and ultimate results have been very different from those which alone the military advisers of the German Empire had foreseen.

I now come to calculate so far as may be the forces and the policy of that European power which is not only the most central in geographical position, but which is supposed to be the strongest—the power which certainly dominates politically the European situation. The first inquiry to be made is, who are the men who guide and direct its policy, and to this question in the case of Germany but one answer is possible, as not only at the present moment, but in my opinion whilst he lives, Prince Bismarck alone counts; and although it may seem a bold statement, looking to popular beliefs in Russia and in France, it is far from unlikely that his sons—that is, his name and his policy—alone will count after he is dead. One doubt which may fairly be held to exist upon this point is raised by considering the future position and the well-known opinions of the crown princess. It is no secret that at times the crown princess has been unfriendly to Prince Bismarck. They are perhaps two personalities too strong to co-exist easily in the same court; but in spite of perfect willingness to admit this future difficulty in Prince Bismarck's way, I am inclined to believe most confidently that when the crown princess of Germany becomes the German empress, complete accord will reign between Prince Bismarck and herself. His policy we shall have to consider in detail later on, but, roughly speaking, it may be stated to be a policy of maintaining that unity of Germany which is his work. For it, he is prepared when necessary, however

autocratic may be his language, to seek sufficient popularity among the people, even by favoring schemes of colonization, of which he never hesitates in private to express his disapproval, and semi-socialistic schemes which he imperfectly understands. The idea that the crown prince has a different policy from his father, and that this other policy will obtain after the old emperor's death, will suffice no doubt to send up stocks in one country and to send them down in another upon the news of the emperor's death, and to form the foundation of endless columns of big-type leaded leaders, but it has no foundation in fact. The crown prince, it must be admitted, intellectually speaking, is, largely by his own will, the crown princess; but that most able lady, when she shares the German throne, must inevitably have for her policy the Bismarck policy, the strength and glory of the German Empire. The princess royal is an interesting figure upon the European stage, of whom, in a political sense, it is necessary to speak. She belongs to a family in which there are many able members. Her mother is, considering the pressure of detail on her daily life, one of the most able persons, king or queen, that has ever sat upon a throne. But the princess royal is in some respects the ablest member of the family, and in all respects the ablest member of the family except her mother. And the princess royal has that which her mother's perpetual hard labor upon limited and special work has necessarily kept from her—much deep reading and great knowledge of literary and general affairs, which have made her as strong a Liberal in many matters as the queen is a powerful Conservative. The crown princess is not popular in Germany. The reasons of that unpopularity are upon the surface. She has been the patron of reputedly free-thinking clergymen, and popular gossip has accused her of being a complete free-thinker. This makes her unpopular in some quarters. She has often turned German prejudices into ridicule, and this makes her unpopular in others. She is very clever, a quality which in courts makes princes unpopular with fools. She

is somewhat learned, which everywhere makes people unpopular with the ignorant. Her Royal Highness once asked a certain Prussian general, before his friends, who was consul at Rome in a particular year. Naturally that distinguished officer has from that day been more Bismarckian than the *North German Gazette* or the *Post* itself. The crown princess at one time used to excite great hostility in Germany by proclaiming much admiration for France, but that practice is, I think, a matter of the past. She still on occasion ruffles the feelings of the court, as for example, in her strong sympathy with the English admiration for the Battenberg prince of Bulgaria, who is a member of a family by no means too popular at the German court. But surely there can be no doubt, whatever may be the dreams which have been cherished by some in France, that when she comes to reign in Germany she will come to the throne as a good German and reign as such. Political influence with her eldest son it is said the crown princess has not, but his reign is a long way off at present. The son is Bismarckian, and his wife is orthodox, and probably the difficulties which there may have been, were difficulties upon questions which affect these matters, and if so they are obviously difficulties which are likely to be softened or entirely removed by time. Those who best know the crown prince himself say that he is very conscious of the limitations of his own abilities, limitations which are not so much of the mind as of habit. It would be a mistake to exaggerate the difficulties which have existed between Prince Bismarck and himself. At times, as for example at the moment of the issue of a certain imperial rescript, against which the crown prince strongly protested, the differences have been sharp, but on the whole the crown prince has been content to defend his wife, and it is supposed that, like a good husband, he is pleased to be held by his more energetic consort in silken bonds. The most recent difficulties that have existed at the German court have been those which have concerned the choice of persons. For example, Count Eulenberg, for many years Hof-Marschall to the crown prince, was appointed chiefly because he was a strong Conservative and a strong Bismarckian, holding opinions which are much opposed on most points to those of the crown princess, and, in a less degree, therefore, opposed also to those held by the crown prince. Naturally the result for many

years was a good deal of friction, caused by the frequent conferences between Count Eulenberg and the chancellor. There were matters which arose in connection with the proposal to appoint Count Eulenberg to a post elsewhere which it is unnecessary to relate, but which at one time led to an open breach between Prince Bismarck and the crown princess. These difficulties, though still great, are not so considerable as they at one time were, and may be safely counted upon to disappear.

Prince Bismarck's figure is one so considerable that it is unnecessary to say very much about it. To ascribe to him the astuteness of a Machiavelli, or even of a Talleyrand, is to give him credit for, or perhaps to give him the discredit of, qualities which he does not possess. His strength is the strength of a man who knows what he wants, and who, having in years past played very boldly for high stakes, has happened to win, and having won is strong enough to hold his own. In 1866 Prince Bismarck risked everything, even the loss of his head, but he justified the proud words which he flung at the head of the Prussian Parliament, when for the sake of the army he broke the law, and told the members that within a year an indemnity would be voted. Since that victory he has been supreme in Europe, and in a position to have little occasion for the use of diplomatic artifice. It is now, and perhaps in the last years of his life, that through the growth of the military power of Russia and of France, and through the recent revelations of Austrian military weakness, Prince Bismarck will be called upon to make more serious diplomatic efforts than he has ever yet had occasion to put forth. Those who look upon him as a type-man of the race must regret the neuralgia and the indigestion, because above all he is a strong man, and an almost ideal representative of Prussian power. The story of the interview at five o'clock in the morning in which the completion of the evacuation arrangements of the Treaty of Frankfurt was brought about after much deliberation over a jug which contained champagne, porter, and various forms of ardent spirits, blended with a red hot poker by the German chancellor, and swallowed with a wry face by the Frenchman for his country's sake, is less familiar than the story of the Ferrières interview, as recounted by M. Jules Favre, and is perhaps not one of dignity, but it is one of those which complete the figure of the man; and I repeat

that the neuralgia and the other ailments of Prince Bismarck detract somewhat from that triumph of Prussia which he personifies. One of those paradoxes which possibly some day may come to look less like a paradox than it does at present, would consist in the confident assertion that Prince Bismarck after all was much such a man as his own son, who is well known in this country, Count Herbert Bismarck—that is, less an old-fashioned statesman than a strong and very decided person knowing exactly what he means to do and exactly how he means to do it. Prince Bismarck is not mortal, in the sense that his policy and even the impress of his peculiar personality will continue to direct Prussia after he in the flesh is no longer in this world. What is now said of the probable consequence of the death of the German emperor is not after all unlike what used to be said of the probable consequence in Russia of the death of the second Alexander, in the days when Aksakoff directed the political footsteps of the present tsar, and made him fine those who spoke German at his card-table—a fine which his august father had frequently to pay. It was generally expected that there would be war with Germany the day that he ascended the throne, but it will be noticed that affairs have gone on since he came to the throne much as they went on before; and so it will be in Germany.

Given the Bismarckian policy, which is clear, the means to the end shift and change day by day. The first point to be considered is that of the relations of Germany to France. Germany permanently alienated all France in 1871, and prevented the growth in France of a peace party, by taking Alsace against the will of the population, and giving a great shock to what those who do not like France call French vanity, or what I would call more politely French patriotic feeling. The European problem then and henceforward became a purely military one, which forces politicians of the present day who desire to serve their country truly, and to be anything more than vestrymen, to spend their time in studying works of military strategy, as though they were so many sucking Jominis or Napoleons. Germany occupies a vulnerable military position in the centre of Europe, with no strong natural frontier. Her territory is situate between that of three great military powers, of which only Austria is certainly inferior to her in military strength. She has bound herself in a defensive league to the weak-

est of the three, chiefly because she cannot bind to her permanently either of the other two. France, indeed, was willing for some years to take her policy humbly and submissively from Berlin, a fact which was either not known in France, or more probably known, but quietly and patriotically ignored as a horrible necessity; but France, so long as Alsace and half Lorraine are German, cannot be bound to Germany in such a way as not to turn upon her as soon as she is sufficiently strong. Russia, so far as alliances go, is not to be relied upon, because, shifty as may be alliances which rest upon the will of parliamentary majorities, they are stable by the side of those which depend upon the caprice of autocratic rulers. Germany is therefore bound to Austria. Tied thus to the weakest of the three, she is exposed to the attacks of the more powerful two, with this further consideration, that the military weakness of Austria has lately become apparent; and that although Italy is also a comparatively weak power, it is impossible to say for certain that the assistance of Austria might not be partially or even altogether neutralized by possible though improbable Italian hostility. Austria is mistress of the Trentino. Italy, which covets many things, especially covets the Trentino, and there is in this consideration an evident possibility of the neutralization of the Austrian forces at any given moment. The lesser powers may be left out of account, so small are the numbers of their forces in comparison with those of the great. England in a long war would count for much, but for little if anything in a short one. Not that any patriotic Englishman need feel that the blackness of the European sky at the present moment extends to Britain in an equal degree to that in which it darkens the Continent of Europe. Though might is right, Great Britain, too, in her way, is mighty, and it is my belief that England's power is as great, or even greater in proportion, than when she first went into the war against Napoleon Bonaparte, and as great in proportion as at the time of Waterloo. But, as I shall have presently to show, England is, though not weak, unready. Outside the ranks of the great powers the lesser powers, in a military sense, must be neglected. Some of them would throw in their lot with one or other group of great allies; but it may be safely said that even at the moment when he was sending the crown prince to Spain, to induce Spain to join the "League of Peace," which the Spaniards very prudently re-

all events with discretion. When the first Napoleon controlled the policy of Germany, he was never tired of letting the world know it, and at Waterloo he paid for his revelations. When Prince Bismarck for years controlled the foreign policy of France he kept the secret to himself. Moreover, in a military sense it is necessary for Germany to keep quiet. France is isolated unless she will accept a Russian alliance for purely Russian objects, but if Germany found herself at war, of course at any moment she might have France upon her back.

One of the great difficulties of the existing situation from the German point of view — that of avoiding a defeat for Austria and of keeping Austria in her place as an effective member of the group of Continental powers — is that Russia is fully persuaded, and probably justly persuaded, that she can beat the Austrian armies in the field, and even beat Austria if allied to Britain before any help could reach her, and with the power to prevent that help in Europe being serious by making an effective diversion towards India. Russia is very timid about facing a European agreement, and the pressure put on by Prince Bismarck and the friendship between Italy and England have been very precious to the cause of peace. Austria therefore possibly after all was right in declining, at Prince Bismarck's suggestion, a more formal alliance with Great Britain, inasmuch as while Russia does not greatly fear Austria and England, she does very greatly fear an even less militant demonstration by the four powers.

It is on the simplicity of Prince Bismarck's policy that all who consider it carefully, have to insist. It is a plain and straightforward policy of the defence of the German Empire. People ask, is Prince Bismarck willing to see Russia incorporate the Slav States? will he allow her to establish herself at Constantinople, or does he mean Austria to prevent Russian extension? or is he willing that Russia should go to Constantinople on condition that *pari passu* Austria should obtain Serbia and part of Macedonia, and Salonica? The answer is that in the present state of Europe a prudent politician is unable to look very far ahead. Where all is somewhat evil, one may be allowed to use the old phrase, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," as singularly applicable to the state of Europe. At the present moment Russia is friendly with Turkey; therefore there is no immediate question of Russia going to Constantinople. Rus-

sia has been frightened by the secret lectures of Prince Bismarck, and by the public declarations of Count Robilant, the Italian prime minister, and does not intend even to occupy Bulgaria. Two or three months ago the danger of immediate war was greater than it is at present. Why face the difficulties, when they are of an intangible kind, until they meet us? Lord Beaconsfield once observed in conversation, "We make our lives miserable by the anticipation of evils which never happen;" and so it is with statesmen who are less gifted with solid strength than is Prince Bismarck. The answer to all the questions is that he will allow Russia to move if he cannot well help it, but that he would much sooner that she did not, and that he will do everything he can quietly to prevent her moving. If at any time she should insist upon doing so, he will have to consider whether he cannot best avert the destruction of the Austrian Empire as a great power by forcing upon Austria a compensation at which she grumbles. National vanity is often more important than national strength, and even though it may be the case that it would be a positive source of weakness and danger to Austria to extend her boundaries, yet it may be necessary that she should do so, in order to keep up the national pride of the people, humbled as it would be by a great increase of Russian territory and an apparent increase of Russian power. In the mean time there is something laughable, although inevitable, in the way in which Austria waits on England and England upon Austria, or, as some one has wittily observed, in which Austria declares that she would be delighted to take the first step, as Lord Salisbury proposes, if Lord Salisbury will begin by taking the second.

In considering from the point of view of Germany the policy of her neighbors, we must have firmly in our mind that the policy of Count Kálmoky has never varied for one moment since the first day when he came into power, and that while his public words are known to every one in Europe who is concerned in foreign affairs, his private words are to the effect that Austria not only has no desire to extend or add to the rights which she acquired under the Treaty of Berlin, but that the emperor personally, as well as the government, are of opinion that any such extension would be actually prejudicial to the Austrian Empire. If there is anything in words at all, this not only is an emphatic but sounds like a binding declaration.

by land, or lend effective land assistance to Austria in the earlier portion of the war. It would take England a month to place a single army corps in Turkey. It would take her much longer to place there the two army corps, fully equipped with guns, without which she would hardly enter upon a Continental struggle. England, indeed, could strike at Russia, and, in the course of a very long war, although unable to reach Russia either through the Black Sea, or the Baltic, or the White Sea, might bleed Russia to death by attacking her at her extremities, and by repeating at Vladivostock and on the Amoor the policy of the Crimea. But European statesmen look nowadays to rapid mobilization and to the first four weeks of a war. England is innocent of all knowledge of the rapid mobilization of large forces, and would not count for a feather's weight in the first months of a Continental conflict. In the mean time the Austrian army would probably be overwhelmed. It may be safely said that although France has been much mentioned in the Parliamentary debates upon the increase of the German army, that which was in the chancellor's mind, when he proposed it, was the report of the German staff upon the military weakness of the Austrian Empire as compared with that of Russia. If Germany were willing to stand by and let Austria be beaten, Russia could probably find causes for a virtual attack upon Austria which would be outside the scope of the defensive alliance between Austria and Germany. It is in part the danger of the Russians attacking Turkey by Erzeroum, but in part, also, the promise of the exclusion of Austria from Bosnia and the Herzegovina after the "coming war," that has lately made the sultan subservient to the wishes of the Russian ambassador; but the obstacle to any rash action on the part of Russia is that, autocrat though he be, the emperor of Russia cannot go to war unless he is fully supported by Moscow or national opinion, and that Moscow opinion is excited about Bulgaria, and furious at the ingratitude—as it is in Russia held to be—of the Bulgarians and southern Slavs, while it is indifferent for the moment to the grievances of the Armenians. Looking to the dislike of Russia which exists in Germany, and which unites even Prince Bismarck and the crown princess, and to the dislike of Germany which exists in Russia, it is at least possible that Germany would back Austria in any war with Russia into which Austria could be

driven. It is less certain that Austria would back Germany in any war into which she might be driven. I have resolved not to write more than I can help of history in these articles, but history is history after all, and I cannot forget that if dislike of Russia brings together even Prince Bismarck and the crown princess of Germany, knowledge of the hollowness of alliances unites two still more bitter enemies in the persons of the empress Eugénie and M. Ollivier, who must well remember not only the settling of the plans of the campaign with Austria, not only the promises of alliances recorded in the despatches, denied, and ultimately published by M. de Gramont, but the autograph letters from the emperor of Austria and the king of Italy which are, I believe, still in the empress's hands.

I have asked those who best know Prince Bismarck's views to tell me what they thought, not about the general principle of his policy, for that is obvious, but about its details. They reply, "We shall not allow Austria to do anything calculated to precipitate a war between her and Russia." The view put forward, that the treaty of alliance between Austria and Germany provides only for defence against a joint attack by two powers, is not true. This would have been a leonine contract to the benefit of Germany alone, for Germany is more exposed to such danger than is Austria. But it is true that it does not bind Germany to espouse every quarrel of Austria's. Prince Bismarck will not threaten or help to threaten Russia, and he will advise Russia that, if she wishes to advance, she must offer Austria her price, a price which, it may be added, Austria is at this moment most unwilling to receive. The Magyars, who govern the really ruling half of the dual empire, are honestly unwilling to add to the number of the Slav subjects of the emperor. Not only as against Russia, but generally, Prince Bismarck will not fall into the errors of the first Napoleon. He will not threaten or bluster; he will not dictate to people or help dictate to people; and he will not embark in a reckless policy of adventure. Personal likes and dislikes he shows very strongly, especially the latter, and he is not at all above that ill-temper with individuals which was one of the weaknesses of the first Napoleon; but the Corsican's greater weaknesses of swagger and theatrical declamation are altogether avoided by Prince Bismarck, who, during the many years that he has been the arbiter of Europe, has used his power at

all events with discretion. When the first Napoleon controlled the policy of Germany, he was never tired of letting the world know it, and at Waterloo he paid for his revelations. When Prince Bismarck for years controlled the foreign policy of France he kept the secret to himself. Moreover, in a military sense it is necessary for Germany to keep quiet. France is isolated unless she will accept a Russian alliance for purely Russian objects, but if Germany found herself at war, of course at any moment she might have France upon her back.

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In considering from the point of view of Germany the policy of her neighbors, we must have firmly in our mind that the policy of Count Kálmoky has never varied for one moment since the first day when he came into power, and that while his public words are known to every one in Europe who is concerned in foreign affairs, his private words are to the effect that Austria not only has no desire to extend or add to the rights which she acquired under the Treaty of Berlin, but that the emperor personally, as well as the government, are of opinion that any such extension would be actually prejudicial to the Austrian Empire. If there is anything in words at all, this not only is an emphatic but sounds like a binding declaration.

The relations of Germany to Turkey are rather indirect, through the bearing of the relations of Turkey to Austria upon Germany, than direct from court to court; still, from time to time Prince Bismarck has carefully considered the condition of the Turkish Empire. During the last few years Turkey has three times sent special missions to Berlin, and to the Turkish ambassadors Prince Bismarck's language has always been the same. The sultan's view of Germany is that he ought to seek for the help of German officers and of German financial guides, on the ground that all the other great powers want their pound of flesh from Turkey. France, which first took Algeria and then Tunis, and now desires to take Morocco from the Mahommedan world; Italy, which from time to time casts glances upon Tripoli and upon Albania; England, which took Cyprus and does not leave Egypt; Austria, which took Bosnia and the Herzegovina; and Russia, of which nothing need here be said, are, if friends of the Turkish Empire, hardly disinterested friends. Germany, on the other hand, in the sultan's view, from the very fact that she is not specially interested in the Mahommedan Mediterranean, will give him good advice, and may give him useful help. Prince Bismarck, in reply, is polite enough. He warns the Turks that while they may expect good advice from him, and any help which is not costly, he does not particularly value their alliance, because he knows that the sultan has promised the favors of his alliance to every one of the great powers in succession. Prince Bismarck has lent the sultan financiers, he has lent him officers to improve the Turkish army, although not to serve with it in the field; but he has told the sultan that he must not dream of regaining any hold on Tunis or any practical power in Egypt; he has warned the Turks that under no circumstances will Germany fire a shot for them, and has declared that Turkey must do the best she can with what is left to her, without attempting a grand policy. Prince Bismarck's advice at Constantinople for many years past has been friendly to this country, and England ought to view with pleasure the permanent character of German influence at Constantinople, which is always the second influence there, though Russia, France, or England each from time to time exerts the first. When the sultan's fancy exalts the value of Russia's friendship to the skies, and when he snubs England, as he did once about Mr. Goschen, and lately about Sir

William White — an almost incredible folly as regards the former, and a weak act of subservience to Russia's influence as regards the latter of these able and excellent ambassadors — he still keeps an eye on Germany. When, on the other hand, he is on the best of terms with England and is embracing Sir Drummond Wolff, and when Russia is a demon in Moslem eyes, Germany is still consulted. German influence at Constantinople, in a word, is friendly to England, and it is the only influence there that never wanes. The one point which has brought Prince Bismarck into conflict with England as regards the Turkish Empire has been his extreme dislike of what he considers our sentimental policy of forcing internal reform. The lectures he has addressed to successive English governments upon this subject have never been published, and never will be; but Prince Bismarck is not in the habit of making a secret of his opinions, and it is well known with what contemptuous language he continually speaks of the pressure exerted upon Turkey by Sir Henry Layard, by Mr. Goschen, and in a lesser degree ever since their time by all English ministers at home, ambassadors at Constantinople, and consuls in the Turkish Empire, to secure at all hazards internal reform. Prince Bismarck supports England in keeping the road to India clear, in keeping order in Egypt, in maintaining the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, but he despises England when she sacrifices her interests at Constantinople to what he thinks the dream of improving the domestic condition of the Macedonians or of the Armenians by haranguing the sultan at every turn. Prince Bismarck in speaking in public of course would defend himself from the charge of the possession of a hard heart by saying that he thinks that pressure at Constantinople does harm, in causing the Turks to resist the removal of bad functionaries, and in inducing them to delay reforms which, if left to themselves, they would probably introduce; but while mentioning this defence I do not wish to be supposed to share the view, for I am too deeply impressed by all that reaches me from Constantinople that the one necessity of the sultan is that of many people, namely funds, and that every other object is sacrificed to the desire to get money. Prince Bismarck has a certain admiration for the Turks as a military people, and considerable sympathy with their view that reforms must wait when there is not money enough to pay the

troops. As to that shortness of money, an anecdote is better than pages of statistics, and I will take leave to print two lines from the last letter I received from one of my ablest correspondents in Constantinople, who says, "The Turks *must* be hard up, for they cannot even afford now to buy necessities, such as new rifles." When political economists used to write on "necessaries," they meant food-stuffs, but no doubt in modern Europe torpedoes, new shells, and repeating guns are the necessities of life.

Prince Bismarck views with a smile the supposed recent increase of French influence at Constantinople. The giving of the grand cross of the Legion of Honor to the grand vizier and the marshal of the palace, and the promotion in the order of other leading Turkish officials, was less a reward for services accomplished than a demonstration. As a demonstration it was a cheap one, and a very pretty reply to the equally cheap demonstration made by Turkey when the sultan shortly before embraced a French admiral and ceased to mention Tunis. Prince Bismarck has not always been above suggesting the expediency of the occupation of various portions of the Turkish Empire to various of his friends among the powers, but he has always abstained from grabbing for himself, and this also is in his favor at Constantinople. The labors of the Berlin Congress, or its festivities, so greatly confused the minds of the plenipotentiaries of assembled Europe that they have never been quite clear who offered what to whom; but it at least seems plain, unless we are to believe that the diplomatists of the Europe of the day exceed Talleyrand himself in their powers of imagination, that a great deal of offering, as well as a certain amount of giving of other people's property, took place, and that some of those offers were suggested and others countenanced by Prince Bismarck. In one case, at least, the same thing was offered to two parties, which is an ingenious method of inducing complications which may sometimes lead to war. It is not known what view Prince Bismarck took of the league for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean which was proposed by Lord Beaconsfield in February, 1878. The Foreign Affairs Committee of the then Cabinet, consisting of Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Cairns, and Lord Salisbury, proposed at the instance of Lord Beaconsfield the creation of a Mediterranean league. It was, I believe, intended that France, Italy, and Greece

should be consulted, and then, if they were found to be agreed, that Austria should be asked to join. Italy, however, declined, and the matter went no farther. But the condition of the Mediterranean underwent immediately afterwards an essential change, and a fresh grouping of the Mediterranean powers became inevitable. Prince Bismarck most steadily resisted the temptation to fall into any anti-French alliance with regard to Tunis. France was, no doubt, furious, after her Tunisian occupation, at the suspicion that England, Italy, and Turkey tried to set Germany at her, but it was mere suspicion, which was not justified, and Prince Bismarck, as indeed is usual with him in great affairs, never held in secret any different language from that of which he made use in public. At a later period, when Prince Bismarck believed in the imminence of a league between the Balkan States, he warned, I believe, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece that if they entered into such a league he could not answer for the movements of Austria and of Russia, and that they could not be allowed to take steps which would produce a general European conflagration. Nothing, in short, could have been more straightforward and more uniform than the Turkish policy of Germany.

No doubt Prince Bismarck may view without dissatisfaction the jealousies between France and the United Kingdom arising out of Mediterranean questions, but he has never shown that satisfaction, and he has often done much to diminish friction. We shall have to consider the Egyptian difficulties between England and France when I write of France, and it is sufficient at this moment to say that they are not thought worthy of any great attention at Berlin, inasmuch as it is regarded as certain that they will not lead to war. A supposed circumstance which has perhaps caused more hostility in France towards England than even the Egyptian question, connects itself with Germany in a curious way. It is a ludicrous fact, but it is a fact, that of the several matters which have estranged France from England, of which the Egyptian question is not even the principal one, perhaps the chief is a belief in France that the queen is anti-French in feeling and especially anti-French-republican, and that her Majesty's feeling upon this point has dominated the foreign policy of this country. It is not necessary in writing in England to discuss seriously this French popular belief; but although dis-

like to France, if true, would be supposed to take the form of affection for, or at least, sympathy for Germany, there is no corresponding feeling of close ties on the part of the court and government of Berlin, because at Berlin the truth of the case is more exactly appreciated. In fact, some unpopularity at the German court is attached to certain ceremonial acts of the English government for which her Majesty has, in German opinion, most improperly been held responsible; as for example, the sending of Garter missions to small German courts. Moreover, their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cambridge and (in a less degree) the Prince of Wales are looked upon as friends of the Hanoverian particularists, and are said to be not too popular in certain circles at Berlin. Nothing is too trivial or, it may be added, too absurd to be taken into account in dealing with either national or personal likes and dislikes. It would be impossible to discover a more ideally perfect ambassador than is Lord Lyons, but the republic is not popular in Paris "smart" society, and while Lord Lyons himself does not "go out," the embassy is, like all embassies, in touch with smart society, which is in opposition, and not with the society, if society it may be called, of government. Just as in Spain, when Castelar came to power, the English Legation did "not know" Castelar, so in Paris, though Lord Lyons does his best by frequent hospitality to meet the difficulty, the British Embassy does not know the houses of the governing people. This is true, no doubt, of all the embassies, but as the English are in Paris most in view, and as the English have a reputation for being disagreeable, well established, though it is to be hoped not well founded, the estrangement which is the consequence fixes itself upon the government of England.

The relations between France and Russia are of the highest interest to Prince Bismarck. As I have already stated, M. de Freycinet told his friends that he would not be a party to the formal alliance with Russia which he left them to suppose she had solicited. In this he followed the policy of his great rival. M. Gambetta declared times without number to his intimates that Russia was always pulling him by the coat, but he would not stop to listen. There is this difference, however, between De Freycinet and Gambetta, that the latter was deeply prejudiced against Russia, and the former is not prejudiced. The latter would have joined an

alliance against Russia, even though, as he said, it should be "an alliance at Berlin," although no doubt he had his own hopes as to that restoration of territory which a possible war—in which France should save Germany—might bring about. M. Gambetta had been brought up in the old Polish republican traditions, which were popular at one time among the French republicans. His opinions had grown up with him in opposition, and the Poles were always popular with French oppositions. M. de Freycinet's public life has been spent in government, and he knows how necessary it is to France to make use of the dim figure of the Russian power, even if she does not actually ally herself with Russia. I mention merely to reject the supposition that M. de Freycinet while at the Quai d'Orsay deceived his friends in order to mislead the world, and that an actual alliance between France and Russia has been lately signed. Prince Bismarck knows well enough that there is no alliance between these powers, but still it suits France to show Russia in the background, as it suits Russia to show France, and while German writers point out that Russia would, if she could, only make use of France for her own ends, still the mere existence of two such military powers upon the two flanks of Germany cannot for one moment be out of the mind of the German staff.

Rumors of wars are bad enough, but it is not easy to see whence at this moment actual war is likely to come. France does not intend that war shall grow out of the Egyptian question. France is not going to attack Germany in a single-handed struggle. Germany is not going to attack France. Russia is the one power which is a comet of eccentric orbit rather than a planet in the European system. The power of Russia is wielded by a single man, or shall I say by two—the emperor, and the Moscow newspaper emperor, Katkoff. Single-handed war between the United Kingdom and Russia is unlikely, and were it to break out the other powers would be unlikely to be afterwards drawn in. This country has allowed Russia to violate her engagement of 1878 as to Batoum, and she probably would allow Russia to set at naught the Anglo-Turkish convention, and to violate her other engagement of 1878, if it can be held to be still binding. There are in Europe no secret engagements which are likely to endanger European peace. This country is not under any, as is known, and the engagements that Russia is under towards

us are pacific in their nature, though probably worth but little.

I have said that war is not likely to arise even out of that which is in itself improbable, a direct disregard by Russia of the conditions of the Anglo-Turkish convention. The *Standard* may denounce Lord Randolph Churchill's interference in foreign affairs, but Lord Randolph Churchill's power in the country is not merely dependent upon his personal ability and vigor, remarkable as these are. It is still more largely due to the fact that he more or less faithfully interprets, and almost invariably attempts to interpret, the prevailing opinion of the country. If Lord Randolph Churchill declares now, as he used to declare far and wide, that this country ought not to fight for the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, it is because he believes, and perhaps rightly believes, that the country would not fight for it. There remains Bulgaria.

I have already pointed out that while we may make confident prediction as to the course of action of other powers by calculating their necessities, and by taking into account their prejudices and their feelings, and arrive at so accurate a result that if we are far wrong the error is due to our own stupidity, as regards Russia it is impossible to predict what she will or will not do, because the destinies of Russia are practically in the hands of a single man whose temper is that which the temper of autocrats usually is, overweighted as they are with responsibility. Although the dominant feeling in Great Britain is all one way, still it has frequently and ably been pointed out of late that there is a good deal to be said upon the other or Russian side about Bulgaria. It is true that Bulgaria is politically the child of Russia, that Russian sacrifices during the last war with Turkey created Bulgaria, and that assembled Europe at the Berlin Congress agreed to allow her much power there. On the other hand, Bulgaria now for practical purposes virtually includes Eastern Roumelia, in which it was the intention of the Congress that the sultan's power should prevail, the result being that Turkey was given control of the militia, while the Balkans were to be held by her troops. But Russia answers that it is rather late to have regard to these provisions now, inasmuch as they all went by the board so long ago as 1879. On the other hand, Russia would not have lost her hold upon Bulgaria had she not abused the situation by first drilling the newly freed Bulgarians on autocratic lines, and

then, when she came to dislike the German prince, by applying to the revolutionary party. On the whole it seems likely, in the opinion of those who know the Russian emperor best, that Russia will not take any step in Bulgaria that is likely to force Austria into war. Should, however, war at any time prove the issue from the Bulgarian question, a good deal will turn upon the attitude of Italy. Russia is as unpopular in Italy as in Great Britain, and perhaps there is in Italy rather less dislike to the idea of actual fighting over the Bulgarian question than there is with us. Italian opinion has been utterly disgusted by the Bulgarian proceedings of Russia, and Italy is prepared for an alliance with England and Austria against Russia, though "not gratis." Italy would expect English moral assistance in the Harrar and possibly in Tripoli, and she would ask from Austria the Trentino, which Austria would of course refuse, but which would be refused in such a way as to enable the grant of a strip of territory in the form of an improved frontier line to be given if it could not be avoided.

I have said already that it is necessary for the politician in these days to consider power of armament, and it is impossible adequately to deal with the European position of Germany without taking an exact survey both of her absolute and of her relative military strength. Both Germany and France intend to keep out of war, but war between them will some day come, and it would come the sooner if there were an obvious disproportion of power between them on the one side or the other. France has done a fabulous amount of military work since 1870. She has built miles upon miles of fortresses behind which the least instructed of her men could fight. She believes that she has a force of 3,408,000 instructed, and 701,000 untaught men, or 4,109,000 in all. As I shall show when I go on to consider the military force of France in detail, partly in the present and partly in the next article in this series, these figures are subject to great deductions in the opinion of competent foreign critics, but, to summarize what I shall have to say, it is probable that France possesses an army of 2,500,000 men, with artillery and cavalry proper for an army of 2,000,000, able at once to stand in line upon the frontier, and to carry on simple, though not complicated, movements in the field. The Germans could put upon the ground a very inferior force in numbers, if we count the whole of the reserves upon both sides, but

the Germans have more thoroughly trained men, and they have, until lately, had more confidence. In the case of a complete mobilization the German forces would be more easily handled, because their regiments would consist less largely than the French of men not permanently with the flag, but it is doubtful, even in the opinion of the German staff, whether Germany could make any but a merely defensive war against France, except by a policy which I shall presently describe.

The recent speeches to the German Parliament upon the proposed increase of the army should go for nothing. In every country its own people explain the speeches of ministers by the home or parliamentary necessities of their position, but they seldom accept that simple explanation of what is said in other capitals by the ministers of other countries. If the German staff thought it necessary that a particular increase in the army should take place, the war minister and the head of the staff would be likely to use in Parliament the alarmist language by which it was most likely that that increase would be carried. Still, a careful examination of the subject has led foreign officers, looking to the present condition of the French army and also to that of those of Austria and Russia, to agree in the necessity for the increase. As has already been pointed out the most immediate cause for an increase in the German army was the recent discovery by the German staff of the deplorable military weakness of Austria, a factor to which I shall have to recur in the articles upon Russia and upon Austria. While the Austrian army is much weaker than was supposed a year ago, and while the Russian army has been enormously increased of late in numbers, and the French military system has been maturing itself by lapse of time, the army of Germany, though splendid, has comparatively speaking been standing still. Germany in a military sense has been living a little upon the prestige of her mobilizations in 1866 and 1870. In 1867, when the figure of 1,300,000 men for the Confederation was given, M. Thiers replied that the numbers were illusory; that if they were true, France must despair, but that luckily the accounts of the German army were all fables, and that the men could not be found. In 1870 they were found. Nearly a million of men were present in ten days, and the forces of the Confederation very soon reached the figure of the books. There can be no doubt that in 1874, at the moment when Russia prevented a war

between Germany and France, and England took credit for having done so, Germany could have crushed her rival. It is much more doubtful now. It is little known what efforts were suddenly made in 1874 with a view to war, but the time went past. Since that date the Germans have been able to keep the number of men present with the flag exactly equal on the average to the number of men nominally present. Every man who is sent away for any reason is immediately replaced, and the figures which were true in 1870 are equally true with regard to a far larger force in the present day. On the other hand, it is impossible to be certain what deduction upon this point has to be made in the case of France and Russia. The corruption which still exists in Russia, and the wastefulness which prevails in French finance, lead to a considerable shrinkage in the number of men present. It is difficult to find in France the real number of "days of men present" with the flag, but the point is one which is worth some care, inasmuch as it affects the national confidence, which is a serious matter in the case of France, and the solidity of the army under mobilization. A careful perusal of the German military budget and a comparison of it with the French is flattering to Germany in one respect and to France in another. France is entitled to credit for the enormous sacrifices which she has made to her ideal of national honor, and for the comparative cheerfulness with which the tremendous charges of her budget have been borne. In the case of Germany on the other hand, we find machine-like precision; also strict and rigid justice in paying to the last farthing, for example out of the military extraordinary budget—that is, out of the French funds obtained from the indemnity—the pensions of the French Legion of Honor and the French military medal to old French soldiers inhabiting Alsace and Lorraine. We find also that the German staff have made over £20,000 by writing a big book, which is more than most writers can say, and have speculated prudently with the indemnity funds, and greatly increased their sum by fortunate operations on the Stock Exchange. The reason for the difference lies partly no doubt in national character, partly in the fact that in Germany the men who are at the head of the army have spent their lives on the general staff. In France there is a perpetual change of ministers, and there is too much jealousy of individuals to allow much hope that any one man will be suf-

ferred very long to control the destinies of the French army. Germany has an enormous advantage in the fact that the German Parliament allows (it could hardly, if it would, prevent) permanence in military arrangements, and that the German emperor retains in military power a group of men who form a training-school of war, and who are at least as remarkable in their offices as upon the field of battle. At the same time, it is difficult to share the pessimism from a French point of view of the generality of French military writers. Their object is sometimes that which we have just been considering in the case of the German staff, namely, to obtain votes from an unwilling opposition. French military critics write that Germany really has, not 427,000 but 454,000 or 468,000 men actually with the flag, and that these are real figures, for if a man dies or falls ill another man is put in his place, which is not the case in France; that France only instructs 117,000 a year, while Germany instructs 151,000; that the Germans have 680,000 more instructed men than has France, and that the German cavalry exceeds the French by 6,000 sabres. Taking the French nominal figures at 523,000 men, they deduct officers and military police and thirteen per cent. as absent, and reduce their numbers to 414,000 with the flag, of whom they say 71,000 are abroad, chiefly in Algeria, Tunis, and Tonquin, while Germany has all hers at home, and they finally bring out as the result that France has only 343,000 men available in time of peace, to set against the far larger number which we have named for Germany. The errors committed by many of these pessimistic French military writers are obvious even to the uninstructed eye. They omit officers and military police upon the French side, and count the former, and sometimes the latter, upon the German, and so forth, but it must be conceded to them that, although Algeria has now ceased to be a source of military weakness to France, Tunis and Tonquin, to say nothing of Madagascar, will long continue to make a drain upon her strength in Europe. After the greatest care in the application of figures, it seems necessary, however, to conclude that, making every allowance for the ill effects of a foolish policy of so-called colonial annexation, and admitting that France in the event of a complete mobilization would have a larger number of half-trained men in her companies and a smaller proportion of fully trained men than Germany, and would therefore be

less able to undertake difficult operations in the field at the beginning of a war, nevertheless France could put a larger force of infantry in the field than Germany, and possesses cavalry and artillery enough for an army of two millions of men. If we pass from quantity to quality it is more difficult to speak. Most troops will fight well behind walls, and the French frontier is now one great earthwork. Some of those who are disposed to lay down general rules as to the aptitudes of foreign nations, declare that the French never fight well except when they are in good spirits, and that it is absolutely necessary for France that the first battles, however trivial, should prove a success; but Montmirail in old days and Faidherbe's campaigns of December and January, 1870-1, show that Frenchmen can sometimes fight splendidly a losing battle even with untrained troops.

The two great rivals of the Continent are now each too strong for the other. France, even with a Russian alliance, could not easily pass Metz and Strasburg, or cross the Rhine, could not pass through Switzerland, and could not safely pass through Belgium. Germany, on the other hand, except through Belgium, cannot now get into France at all. As late as 1879 France was open to the Germans up to the gates of Paris, and they could have occupied Champagne, fortified its cities against the French, and waited quietly, had they chosen to adopt that plan of campaign. Now Nancy alone is open, and a short distance behind the nominal frontier there is a real military frontier which is inexpugnable. The new French frontier has been made as strong by art as it is weak by nature and by the intention of the German staff who chose it. The French army has increased till it is superior in numbers to that of Germany, and rapidity of possible mobilization is now the same upon both sides. The powers of railway concentration are now equal. The French fortresses, like the Russian fortresses upon the east, are now superior to the German. For sixty miles in a stretch along the frontier every single spot is under defensive fire by heavy guns. Of a military frontier towards Germany of two hundred and seventy kilometres, two hundred are under fire, and the two gaps which are left are left on purpose, and in German military opinion are impassable. The French fortresses in the next war, it is safe to say, will be defended, if they are attacked, as Bitche and Belfort were in 1870, and not surrendered in the manner

in which all the others, from Metz and Strasburg down to Toul and Longwy, were handed over to the enemy. It was the civil population which demoralized the troops and forced the surrender of the fortresses in 1870. In the next war the fortresses will be detached forts, and there will be no civil population to be taken into account. There will probably, also, be the employment of the repeating rifle to be faced, and the repeating rifle is more important in the defence of earthworks than in the attack. At the worst, the French would lose Nancy in a direct attack, and the real problem—and it is one of singular importance to us in England—is whether the Germans will stand on the defensive upon the French as they will upon the Russian frontier, or whether they will pass through Belgium.

It is a singular fact that the most important point to the future of Britain for the next few years, namely, that of whether Belgian neutrality will be violated by Germany in the "coming war," and what England will do if it is violated, has never been discussed in England. One thing may safely be asserted, namely, that if Belgium would make proper preparations for her own defence her neutrality would not be violated; but these preparations have not been made. The idea of an attack through Switzerland may be rejected, as neither party would attempt it. But while an attack on Germany by France through Belgium is, in a military sense, improbable, an attack on France by Germany through Belgium is highly probable if the Belgians continue to keep so small an army as they do, and to contemplate its withdrawal under the guns of Antwerp. For Belgium to fortify Antwerp on an enormous scale, and practically to fortify nothing else, and to contemplate withdrawal there with the king and her Parliament and half her forces, for which read *all* her forces, is, if we leave foreign help out of account, much as though England should fortify a portion of the county of Sutherland as the best means for her defence. Antwerp is near the extreme northern extremity of the kingdom, and at the point most absolutely removed from all possibility of attack. Antwerp might be held by any number of troops—by the whole Belgian and the whole British army, for example—without the holding of it being very dangerous to an army of a million of men advancing upon Paris from Coblenz through the province of Namur. I am aware that the intelligence branch of the War Office defend in their latest vol-

umes, which are published for the benefit of the world, the selection of Antwerp as against Brussels; but Brussels itself lies towards the extremity of the kingdom, and if Belgian neutrality is to be safeguarded, it must be safeguarded at Liège or upon the upper Meuse. England, unless she turns over a new leaf in military matters and adopts a system more in accordance with modern ideas than her present old-fashioned military organization, could only place a single army corps at Antwerp in the time that it would take Germany to place nearly two millions and France to place two and a half millions of men in the field. Antwerp cannot be taken, and the defence of Antwerp is not worth thinking of. It is only necessary to consider an army which can fight in the open field or advance upon the communications of the army of the power which has violated the neutrality of Belgium. Great Britain, no doubt, could rapidly place a large number of infantry and some cavalry in Belgium, not properly organized for war, but in a position to make a demonstration in what would be a friendly country, where there would not be much difficulty about supplies; but no such force could advance, without the almost certainty of destruction, upon the line of the Meuse, and the war might be decided before two English army corps and a third corps composed of half of the Belgian army could appear in the neighborhood of Liège or of the upper Meuse. The temptation to the German staff is incredibly strong, and will remain so until the French frontier south of Maubeuge has been made as strong as the frontier towards Germany, which will take untold millions of money and many years. It must be remembered that the French frontier towards Germany is very short, while the French frontier towards Belgium is very long, for these countries have a common frontier of over three hundred and eighty miles. Of course I may be told that the present plan for the defence of Belgium is the best that can be adopted; that the razing of the fortresses on the Meuse was wise, because they could not have been held by Belgium against either Germany or France; that Belgium is guaranteed by all the great powers, which may be expected to come to her assistance; that Antwerp would be the point at which their troops would land; that when once a large force has been collected there the offensive could be taken towards the south; and that Germany is too strict an observer of international engagements to make it in the least

likely that she should violate the neutrality of Belgium, which even by my own admission it would be to the military advantage of France if possible to respect. Is it quite certain that in a duel between Germany and France any of the powers except England would think of coming to the assistance of Belgium? Would they not excuse themselves upon the ground that the old treaty is not in the most modern form, and that although in 1839 the country was declared by the powers to be neutral, when it was practically desired to safeguard that neutrality in 1870, special and temporary treaties were wanted for that purpose? In the event of a fresh war similar treaties would at once be entered into if it was not intended, for sufficient objects, to risk the violation; but if it were, delays would take place in the consultations of the powers during which the neutrality itself would be at an end.

The official English book upon the armed strength of Belgium gives as a reason for expecting the presence of a British army at Antwerp after the violation of Belgium's neutrality that England is supposed to have an interest in preventing the annexation of Antwerp by a great power. This is hardly a sufficiently wide view of the problem. If the defence of Belgium by Great Britain is only to be justified on the ground that it might be dangerous for England if either France or Germany were ultimately to hold Antwerp, it must be admitted that there would not be much more danger in their holding Antwerp than in France holding Cherbourg, and that the increase of danger would probably not be worth the running of the risks for England of taking part in a great Continental war. That England is bound by treaty to defend Belgium, and must maintain her treaty obligations, would have been a stronger argument for the compilers of the military handbook to have made use of, but in itself would hardly be a sufficient argument to induce the British Parliament to contemplate an isolated intervention. The public law of Europe is an important matter, but people would be inclined to answer that we ought not to stand forward by ourselves to be its guardians. Moreover, suppose the case of a sudden revelation at the beginning of a war of a kind of virtual acquiescence by the Belgian government in the occupation of a portion of their territory, which is not absolutely inconceivable. In that case it is certain that English opinion would not allow interference, unless all the powers were willing to interfere to-

gether, which under the circumstances of the case would not be probable, and certainly could not be arranged in time. The subject is a very serious one, because there can be no doubt that if certain statesmen who might be named were in actual and not merely nominal power at the time, England would be committed to war in defence of Belgian neutrality the moment it was threatened, whereas with other statesmen, such as, for example, it may be safely prophesied, Lord Randolph Churchill or Mr. Chamberlain, England would think twice as to the drift of public opinion before the fatal plunge was made. Now such a matter ought not to rest upon the question of any particular individual holding power in this country at the time, but some decision in advance ought to be taken upon the question if our foreign policy is not to be subject to perpetual shifts and doubts. Mistakes—and in such matters grave mistakes—loss of national dignity, destruction of belief in public faith, and risk of war, can only be avoided by firm adherence to the ground taken up beforehand. The course followed in 1870 by Mr. Gladstone for the defence of Belgian neutrality was approved by public opinion at the time, but it is far from certain, considering the change in the electorate that has since occurred, and the redistribution of political power, and looking to the growth of democracy in both the great parties in the State, that electoral and Parliamentary opinion now would be in accord with the opinion manifested then. Belgium is, whether justly or unjustly, not only considered less of a British interest now that the memories of Waterloo have become more dim, as well as the memories of the treaty of 1839, but Belgium, justly or unjustly, is not quite so popular in this country at the present moment as she was a few years ago. The Congo business, and the rumored secret negotiations of the king of the Belgians with France and Germany successively about the sale, or eventual sale, of his indefinite African territories, have robbed Belgium of some English sympathy. One point, however, there can be no doubt about, namely, that if we must fight for Belgium against Germany it will be well to lessen the chance of having to do so by inducing Belgium to keep up a proper army to defend her dangerous position, and to arrange with us upon a plan for defence which shall admit of the rapid concentration of a sufficient force within striking distance of the Meuse. Once Belgian neutrality is

violated by either party, whatever promises are made, her independence will be gone. I have ventured to forecast the probability in a military sense of German violation of the Belgian frontier as compared with the improbability of French violation. Belgium covers the longest and most vulnerable stretch of the French north-east frontier. It far more than halves the line which France would have to defend, and protects the half which nature has done nothing to guard for France. On the other hand, the shortest line from central Prussia to Paris goes through Belgium. The best and safest road runs through Belgium, down the Oise to Creil. The road and railway from Berlin through Maubeuge to Paris is at once the best line of attack and the safest line for retreat in the event of German defeat. But whichever party triumphed, Belgium would have to pay the cost, and either the whole or the greater portion of her territory would pass to one or other of the belligerents, or partition would be her lot. If the Belgians could be counted upon not to fall back at once upon Antwerp, but to fight sufficiently to force the hand of a possibly unwilling government in England, Germany would not make their country a battle-field. But the Belgians do not seem inclined to increase their army.

Surely this consideration ought to show the prudent among French politicians the folly of angering England against France by silly annexations, as in the New Hebrides, or by impossible demands; for to defend Belgium against Germany would be represented to the British electors by those who would object to war, as saving France from Germany, which would add to the unpopularity of the war itself if France were unpopular at the time in England. It is not that there is any desire in Germany to annex. The considerations which we have been discussing are military considerations, not political.

It is true in one sense, as has been assumed in recent discussions in Belgium with regard to the bill for establishing a wider military service there, that the greatest danger to Belgium comes, not from Germany, but from France. True in a sense, because there is little danger of the incorporation of the whole or greater part of Belgium in the German Empire, and the greatest possible danger of the incorporation of the whole or part in France. If once France should be attacked through Belgium, then, no doubt, in the event of ultimate French success,

Belgium, or part of Belgium, would go to France.

There remains the possibility that the next war between Germany and France may be a waiting war in which Germany and France may substantially both stand upon the defensive. In a military sense, the smaller powers do not count. The armies of Denmark, of Sweden and Norway, and of Spain are not large enough to cause anxiety to the greater powers, as the frontiers of France and Germany would be defended against the attacks of the smaller ones by territorial troops and fortresses. But suppose this policy were adopted by the great belligerents towards each other, they having drifted into war without either of them desiring to attack; which could best bear the strain? Had it not been for the French follies of Tonquin, and even, as I think, of Tunis, although Tunis is less distinctly folly than Tonquin, and for reckless expenditure upon all sides by France, there would have been no doubt that at present and for many years to come France would have been the better able to wait. It would be impossible for either to wait long in a complete mobilization. The next war will in all Continental countries suspend trade except in a few branches, and it becomes more important than ever to the Continental powers that it should be short. England alone of the great powers could maintain a long war, which is lucky for us when we remember how entirely unfit we are to play a part in a short one. Russia, curiously enough, in spite of what is said of her finances, comes next to England in ability to "last," for her army, enormous as it is, forms a smaller proportion of her working population than is the case in Germany, France, Austria, and Italy; and her population are used to hardship, and are moved by a patriotism which is simply marvellous. For any one of the four powers, a long war is a terrible calamity to contemplate. The dangers of war to Austria are well known in Austria, and they are both military and political. France, which could, were she prudent, best stand the strain, has allowed her finances to become deplorable, partly by spending too much money, and partly by wasting it in costly so-called colonial adventures. She would have it in her power to bring her finances into order and greatly to diminish the weakness of her army in trained troops were she boldly to abandon positions which would be lost to her in the event of any future war between England and

France. On the other hand, France is now, for the first time since 1870, fully aware of her strength upon her frontiers towards Germany, and, while unwilling to fight, full of spirit as regards a necessary war. Gambetta once said that his Cherbourg speech, which caused a stir in Europe, was the first glass of wine given to the convalescent. After Gambetta's death the convalescent had a relapse, and it is General Boulanger who has first made him hold up his head for good. The gratitude for his cure, due to Providence or to the strength of the patient's constitution, is, as often happens, bestowed by the patient upon the doctor.

In surveying once more the entire field, a fact that must strike the observer is that while the uncertainty of Russia's policy presents the principal danger to peace, there is one obvious consideration which makes against an attack by Russia upon Austria. In simple language it may be expressed by the phrase, "It is heads I win, and tails you lose," for Austria against Russia, for however completely beaten the Austrian forces might be, Germany could not, without an intolerable loss of prestige in Europe, allow Austria to be dismembered. It is the knowledge possessed in Russia of this fact which, more than the speeches of Austrian and English and Italian ministers, has caused Prince Bismarck's advice to be up to the present time followed at St. Petersburg in the main. Lord Salisbury's language, therefore, which seemed imprudent to many, both of his English and of his foreign critics, was a fairly safe example of the use of what is known to us as Jingo language when its use is wise. The new generation of Tory-democratic statesmen are believed to advocate as popular a combination of Beaconsfieldian language with Cobdenic secret action; "Talk Jingo, but act Manchester," is supposed to be their watchword. But Lord Salisbury is still supreme in the conduct of foreign affairs for the Tory party, although that supremacy may not long continue, and Lord Salisbury is not so imprudent a politician nowadays as he was some years ago. I have spoken throughout this article as though Lord Salisbury and not Lord Iddesleigh was our foreign minister; but I believe that I violate no confidence when I say that Lord Iddesleigh does not profess to carry out in the Foreign Office a policy of his own, and that upon all matters of importance he acts under the direction of Lord Salisbury. If I am to give an average outside opinion, free from

party bias, upon foreign questions, I ought to congratulate the country upon the fact that in the hands, under the Liberals of Lord Rosebery or under the Conservatives of Lord Iddesleigh and Lord Salisbury, the foreign affairs of the country are in highly skilled, competent, and wise control.

It now only remains to be discussed whether, besides those which have been mentioned, there are any special considerations affecting England which should be here named. Some few years back it was supposed that Prince Bismarck had taken such a dislike to the English Liberal party as to make the holding of office by that party a matter of danger to the country. It should be remembered that the London press is mainly hostile to the Liberal party, and that when the Liberals are "in" many quotations appear from German newspapers not friendly to this country, which are made to express a hostility seemingly confined to the Liberal party, when as a fact it applies to England under any rule. The *Cologne Gazette* in October last, with the Conservatives in power, was sneering as bitterly at England as it ever did in Mr. Gladstone's days, and declaring that before the Treaty of Berlin and up to the present time England had been of no account in Europe. If we look to the opinions of the German chancellor and not to the expressions of the German press, it is unnecessary to state that Prince Bismarck has never had any quarrel with the Liberal party as such, nor any love for the Conservative party as such. The new men, the men of the future, as regards foreign affairs, on the Liberal side—or shall I say Liberal sides?—Lord Rosebery on the one hand and Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain on the other, are as acceptable to Prince Bismarck as is Lord Salisbury. Prince Bismarck differs in one point from those about him; he does not rate too low the military capacity of England. The German staff, knowing the weakness of our force, the slowness of our mobilization, the fewness of our guns, the general imperfection of our equipment for rapidly entering upon war, distinctly underrate the power of this country. Prince Bismarck is aware that, although we may have rejected the repeating gun—the introduction of which by all the great powers has been slow, for the American cavalry was partly armed with it more than twenty years ago, and it has been occasionally used in war both by the Turks and the Chinese—and although we may not be

manufacturing the new shells, or taking any very active steps to fit ourselves for immediate war, we have such wealth, such energy, and such manufacturing power that, whatever may be the ultimate danger to our position in the world, we could crush in a lengthy war the greatest of the European powers, except Germany, which is absolutely invulnerable by us.

One point about which Prince Bismarck has in recent years come into collision with this country is that of the colonial system. It is a well-known fact that Prince Bismarck for many years was in the habit of expressing his profound disapproval of German colonization, but of late he has found it necessary to gratify the public taste for "running into something cheap." With singular prudence he has avoided the mistakes of France, and while the countries that he has acquired may not be of any immediate use, at all events their acquisition has been far from costly. They all are countries which have been refused by us, although probably, in the face of the imposition of differential duties against British goods by certain powers, the refusal was founded upon old-fashioned grounds unfortunately inapplicable to the circumstances of the day. The non-Dutch half of New Guinea we might have had at any time for the hoisting of a flag (Holland has hardly so good a tenure for its part); but half of the half has been allowed to go to Germany. The Cameroons were offered to England by their chiefs, and the offer had not been finally accepted at the moment at which the German annexation took place. The shadowy French and German country reachable by the Congo might have been English had not Lord Carnarvon refused to ratify the annexation of December, 1874; and Zanzibar's rights over the mainland might have been acquired by England without difficulty, inasmuch as the sultan has for many years, in one form and another, pressed for our protection. If these countries were not to remain unoccupied, and were not to be occupied by ourselves, it is not a bad thing for us that they should be occupied by Germany. A German annexation or a German protectorate must for England be preferable to a French, so long as Germany does not, like France, place differential duties upon foreign goods. The countries in which the German flag has recently been hoisted are really at present only nominally German. The view of the chancellor's opponents in favor of German colonies as necessary for the development of German trade, has

been modified by him into a system of paper annexations in districts where German trading houses were already flourishing, at Angra Pequena, in central Africa, on the Zanzibar coast, in northern New Guinea, and in some Pacific islands. We might have anticipated Germany by having recourse to the same system of paper annexations, against which Germany might have protested, but would not have fought. Still, it is impossible to view with much regret, except in cases which interfere with Australian interests, the nominal annexation by Germany of these territories. In the case of the Cameroons, the main ground upon which it was proposed that this country should accept the cession was that otherwise the territory would be taken by the French, whose commercial policy would destroy our trade; but as German and not French annexation has taken place, the English trade there will probably be safe enough. The point upon which alone any serious danger was likely to arise, namely, the gallant advocacy by Germany of land claims in the Pacific islands, which, though preferred by German subjects, are often of an utterly indefensible kind, has been tided over by commissions, and time, precious in such cases, has been gained. On the whole, therefore, with the reservation of Australian interests, far more threatened by France, with its commercial and its convict policy, than by Germany, little harm to English interests has been done by Germany since she became the foremost of Continental powers, and few occasions of serious difficulty between the countries are likely to arise.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAND OF DARKNESS.

I DO not know how long I sat, rapt in this gloomy vision; but at last it occurred to me to rise and try the door, which to my astonishment was open. I went out with a throb of new hope. After all, it might not be necessary to come back; there might be other expedients; I might fall among friends. I turned down the long echoing stairs, on which I met various people, who took no notice of me, and in whom I felt no interest save a desire to avoid them, and at last reached the street. To be out of doors in the air was something, though there was no wind, but a motionless, still atmosphere which nothing disturbed. The streets, indeed, were

full of movement, but not of life — though this seems a paradox. The passengers passed on their way in long regulated lines — those who went towards the gates keeping rigorously to one side of the pavement, those who came, to the other. They talked to each other here and there; but whenever two men in uniform, such as those who had been my conductors, appeared, silence ensued, and the wayfarers shrank even from the looks of these persons in authority. I walked all about the spacious town. Everywhere there were tall houses, everywhere streams of people coming and going, but no one spoke to me, or remarked me at all. I was as lonely as if I had been in a wilderness. I was indeed in a wilderness of men, who were as though they did not see me, passing without even a look of human fellowship, each absorbed in his own concerns. I walked and walked till my limbs trembled under me, from one end to another of the great streets, up and down, and round and round. But no one said, How are you? Whence come you? What are you doing? At length in despair I turned again to the blank and miserable room, which had looked to me like a cell in a prison. I had wilfully made no note of its situation, trying to avoid rather than to find it, but my steps were drawn thither against my will. I found myself retracing my steps, mounting the long stairs, passing the same people, who streamed along with no recognition of me, as I desired nothing to do with them; and at last found myself within the same four blank walls as before.

Soon after I returned I became conscious of measured steps passing the door, and of an eye upon me. I can say no more than this. From what point it was that I was inspected I cannot tell; but that I was inspected, closely scrutinized by some one, and that not only externally, but by a cold observation that went through and through me, I knew and felt beyond any possibility of mistake. This recurred from time to time, horribly, at uncertain moments, so that I never felt myself secure from it. I knew when the watcher was coming by tremors and shiverings through all my being; and no sensation so unsupportable has it ever been mine to bear. How much that is to say, no one can tell who has not gone through those regions of darkness, and learned what is in all their abysses. I tried at first to hide, to fling myself on the floor, to cover my face, to burrow in a dark cor-

ner. Useless attempts! The eyes that looked in upon me had powers beyond my powers. I felt sometimes conscious of the derisive smile with which my miserable subterfuges were regarded. They were all in vain.

And what was still more strange was that I had not energy to think of attempting any escape. My steps, though watched, were not restrained in any way, so far as I was aware. The gates of the city stood open on all sides, free to those who went as well as to those who came; but I did not think of flight. Of flight? Whence should I go from myself? Though that horrible inspection was from the eyes of some unseen being, it was in some mysterious way connected with my own thinking and reflections, so that the thought came ever more and more strongly upon me, that from myself I could never escape. And that reflection took all energy, all impulse, from me. I might have gone away when I pleased, beyond reach of the authority which regulated everything, — how one should walk, where one should live, — but never from my own consciousness. On the other side of the town lay a great plain, traversed by roads on every side. There was no reason why I should not continue my journey there. But I did not. I had no wish nor any power in me to go away.

In one of my long, dreary, companionless walks, unshared by any human fellowship, I saw at last a face which I remembered; it was that of the cynical spectator who had spoken to me in the noisy street in the midst of my early experiences. He gave a glance round him to see that there were no officials in sight, then left the file in which he was walking, and joined me. "Ah!" he said, "you are here already," with the same derisive smile with which he had before regarded me. I hated the man and his sneer, yet that he should speak to me was something, almost a pleasure.

"Yes," said I, "I am here." Then, after a pause, in which I did not know what to say — "It is quiet here," I said.

"Quiet enough. Do you like it better for that? To do whatever you please with no one to interfere; or to do nothing you please, but as you are forced to do it, — which do you think is best?"

I felt myself instinctively glance round, as he had done, to make sure that no one was in sight. Then I answered, faltering, "I have always held that law and order were necessary things; and the lawless-

ness of that—that place—I don't know its name—if there is such a place," I cried, "I thought it was a dream."

He laughed in his mocking way. "Perhaps it is all a dream—who knows?" he said.

"Sir," said I, "you have been longer here than I——"

"Oh," cried he, with a laugh that was dry and jarred upon the air almost like a shriek, "since before your forefathers were born!" It seemed to me that he spoke like one who, out of bitterness and despite, made every darkness blacker still. A kind of madman in his way; for what was this claim of age?—a piece of bravado, no doubt, like the rest.

"That is strange," I said, assenting, as when there is such a hallucination it is best to do. "You can tell me, then, whence all this authority comes, and why we are obliged to obey."

He looked at me as if he were thinking in his mind how to hurt me most. Then, with that dry laugh, "We have trial of all things in this world," he said, "to see if perhaps we can find something we shall like—discipline here, freedom in the other place. When you have gone all the round like me, then, perhaps, you will be able to choose."

"Have you chosen?" I asked.

He only answered with a laugh. "Come," he said, "there is amusement to be had too, and that of the most elevated kind. We make researches here into the moral nature of man. Will you come? But you must take the risk," he added, with a smile which afterwards I understood.

We went on together after this till we reached the centre of the place, in which stood an immense building with a dome, which dominated the city, and into a great hall in the centre of that, where a crowd of people were assembled. The sound of human speech, which murmured all around, brought new life to my heart. And as I gazed at a curious apparatus erected on a platform, several people spoke to me.

"We have again," said one, "the old subject to-day."

"Is it something about the constitution of the place?" I asked, in the bewilderment of my mind.

My neighbors looked at me with alarm, glancing behind them to see what officials might be near.

"The constitution of the place is the result of the sense of the inhabitants that order must be preserved," said the one

who had spoken to me first. "The lawless can find refuge in other places. Here we have chosen to have supervision, nuisances removed, and order kept. That is enough. The constitution is not under discussion."

"But man is," said a second speaker. "Let us keep to that in which we can mend nothing. Sir, you may have to contribute your quota to our enlightenment. We are investigating the rise of thought. You are a stranger; you may be able to help us."

"I am no philosopher," I said, with a panic which I could not explain to myself.

"That does not matter. You are a fresh subject." The speaker made a slight movement with his hand, and I turned round to escape in wild, sudden fright, though I had no conception what could be done to me. But the crowd had pressed close round me, hemming me in on every side. I was so wildly alarmed that I struggled among them, pushing backwards with all my force, and clearing a space round me with my arms. But my efforts were vain. Two of the officers suddenly appeared out of the crowd, and seizing me by the arms, forced me forward. The throng dispersed before them on either side, and I was half dragged, half lifted up upon the platform, where stood the strange apparatus which I had contemplated with a dull wonder when I came into the hall. My wonder did not last long. I felt myself fixed in it, standing supported in that position by bands and springs, so that no effort of mine was necessary to hold myself up, and none possible to release myself. I was caught by every joint, sustained, supported, exposed to the gaze of what seemed a world of upturned faces; among which I saw, with a sneer upon it, keeping a little behind the crowd, the face of the man who had led me here. Above my head was a strong light, more brilliant than anything I had ever seen, and which blazed upon my brain till the hair seemed to singe and the skin shrink. I hope I may never feel such a sensation again. The pitiless light went into me like a knife; but even my cries were stopped by the framework in which I was bound. I could breathe and suffer, but that was all.

Then some one got up on the platform above me and began to speak. He said, so far as I could comprehend in the anguish and torture in which I was held, that the origin of thought was the question he was investigating, but that in every previous subject the confusion of ideas

had bewildered them, and the rapidity with which one followed another. "The present example has been found to exhibit great persistency of idea," he said. "We hope that by his means some clearer theory may be arrived at." Then he pulled over me a great movable lens as of a microscope, which concentrated the insupportable light. The wild, hopeless passion that raged within my soul had no outlet in the immovable apparatus that held me. I was let down among the crowd, and exhibited to them, every secret movement of my being, by some awful process which I have never fathomed. A burning fire was in my brain, flame seemed to run along all my nerves, speechless, horrible, incommunicable fury raged in my soul. But I was like a child — nay, like an image of wood or wax in the pitiless hands that held me. What was the cut of a surgeon's knife to this? And I had thought *that* cruel! And I was powerless, and could do nothing — to blast, to destroy, to burn with this same horrible flame the fiends that surrounded me, as I desired to do.

Suddenly, in the raging fever of my thoughts, there surged up the recollection of that word which had paralyzed all around, and myself with them. The thought that I must share the anguish, did not restrain me from my revenge. With a tremendous effort I got my voice, though the instrument pressed upon my lips. I know not what I articulated save "God," whether it was a curse or a blessing. I had been swung out into the middle of the hall, and hung amid the crowd, exposed to all their observations, when I succeeded in gaining utterance. My God! my God! Another moment and I had forgotten them and all my fury in the tortures that arose within myself. What, then, was the light that racked my brain? Once more my life from its beginning to its end rose up before me — each scene like a spectre, like the harpies of the old fables rending me with tooth and claw. Once more I saw what might have been, the noble things I might have done, the happiness I had lost, the turnings of the fated road which I might have taken, — everything that was once so possible, so possible, so easy! but now possible no more. My anguish was immeasurable; I turned and wrenched myself, in the strength of pain, out of the machinery that held me, and fell down, down among all the curses that were being hurled at me — among the horrible and miserable crowd. I had brought upon them the evil which I shared,

and they fell upon me with a fury which was like that which had prompted myself a few minutes before. But they could do nothing to me so tremendous as the vengeance I had taken upon them. I was too miserable to feel the blows that rained upon me, but presently I suppose I lost consciousness altogether, being almost torn to pieces by the multitude.

While this lasted, it seemed to me that I had a dream. I felt the blows raining down upon me, and my body struggling upon the ground; and yet it seemed to me that I was lying outside upon the ground, and above me the pale sky which never brightened at the touch of the sun. And I thought that dull, persistent cloud wavered and broke for an instant, and that I saw behind a glimpse of that blue which is heaven when we are on the earth — the blue sky — which is nowhere to be seen but in the mortal life; which is heaven enough, which is delight enough, for those who can look up to it, and feel themselves in the land of hope. It might be but a dream; in this strange world who could tell what was vision and what was true?

The next thing I remember was, that I found myself lying on the floor of a great room full of people, with every kind of disease and deformity, some pale with sickness, some with fresh wounds, the lame, and the maimed, and the miserable. They lay round me in every attitude of pain, many with sores, some bleeding, with broken limbs, but all struggling, some on hands and knees, dragging themselves up from the ground to stare at me. They roused in my mind a loathing and sense of disgust which it is impossible to express. I could scarcely tolerate the thought that I — I! should be forced to remain a moment in this lazar-house. The feeling with which I had regarded the miserable creature who shared the corner of the wall with me, and who had cursed me for being sorry for him, had altogether gone out of my mind. I called out, to whom I know not, adjuring some one to open the door and set me free; but my cry was answered only by a shout from my companions in trouble. "Who do you think will let you out?" "Who is going to help you more than the rest?" My whole body was racked with pain; I could not move from the floor, on which I lay. I had to put up with the stares of the curious, and the mockeries, and remarks on me of whoever chose to criticize. Among them was the lame man whom I had seen thrust in by the two officers who had taken me from the gate.

He was the first to gibe. "But for him they would never have seen me," he said. "I should have been well by this time in the fresh air." "It is his turn now," said another. I turned my head as well as I could and spoke to them all.

"I am a stranger here," I cried. "They have made my brain burn with their experiments. Will nobody help me? It is no fault of mine, it is their fault. If I am to be left here uncared for, I shall die."

At this a sort of dreadful chuckle ran round the place. "If that is what you are afraid of, you will not die," somebody said, touching me on my head in a way which gave me intolerable pain. "Don't touch me," I cried. "Why shouldn't I?" said the other, and pushed me again upon the throbbing brain. So far as my sensations went, there were no coverings at all, neither skull nor skin upon the intolerable throbbing of my head, which had been exposed to the curiosity of the crowd, and every touch was agony; but my cry brought no guardian, nor any defence or soothing. I dragged myself into a corner after a time, from which some other wretch had been rolled out in the course of a quarrel; and as I found that silence was the only policy, I kept silent, with rage consuming my heart.

Presently I discovered by means of the new arrivals which kept coming in, hurled into the midst of us without thought or question, that this was the common fate of all who were repulsive to the sight, or who had any weakness or imperfection which offended the eyes, of the population. They were tossed in among us, not to be healed, or for repose or safety, but to be out of sight, that they might not disgust or annoy those who were more fortunate, to whom no injury had happened; and because in their sickness and imperfection they were of no use in the studies of the place, and disturbed the good order of the streets. And there they lay one above another, a mass of bruised and broken creatures, most of them suffering from injuries which they had sustained in what would have been called in other regions the service of the State. They had served like myself as objects of experiments. They had fallen from heights where they had been placed, in illustration of some theory. They had been tortured or twisted to give satisfaction to some question. And then, that the consequences of these proceedings might offend no one's eyes, they were flung into this receptacle, to be released if chance or strength enabled them to push their way

out when others were brought in, or when their importunate knocking wearied some watchman, and brought him angry and threatening to hear what was wanted. The sound of this knocking against the door, and of the cries that accompanied it, and the rush towards the opening when any one was brought in, caused a hideous, continuous noise and scuffle which was agony to my brain. Every one pushed before the other; there was an endless rising and falling as in the changes of a feverish dream, each man as he got strength to struggle forward himself, thrusting back his neighbors, and those who were nearest to the door beating upon it without cease, like the beating of a drum without cadence or measure, sometimes a dozen passionate hands together, making a horrible din and riot. As I lay unable to join in that struggle, and moved by rage unspeakable towards all who could, I reflected strangely that I had never heard when outside this horrible continual appeal of the suffering. In the streets of the city, as I now reflected, quiet reigned. I had even made comparisons on my first entrance, in the moment of pleasant anticipation which came over me, of the happy stillness here, with the horror and tumult of that place of unrule which I had left.

When my thoughts reached this point I was answered by the voice of some one on a level with myself, lying helpless like me on the floor of the lazar-house. "They have taken their precautions," he said; "if they will not endure the sight of suffering, how should they hear the sound of it? Every cry is silenced there."

"I wish they could be silenced within too," I cried savagely; "I would make them dumb had I the power."

"The spirit of the place is in you," said the other voice.

"And not in you?" I said, raising my head, though every movement was agony; but this pretence of superiority was more than I could bear.

The other made no answer for a moment; then he said faintly, "If it is so, it is but for greater misery."

And then his voice died away, and the hubbub of beating, and crying, and cursing, and groaning filled all the echoes. They cried, but no one listened to them. They thundered on the door, but in vain. They aggravated all their pangs in that mad struggle to get free. After a while my companion, whoever he was, spoke again.

"They would rather," he said, "lie on the roadside to be kicked and trodden on,

as we have seen; though to see that made you miserable."

"Made me miserable! You mock me," I said. "Why should a man be miserable save for suffering of his own?"

"You thought otherwise once," my neighbor said.

And then I remembered the wretch in the corner of the wall in the other town, who had cursed me for pitying him. I cursed myself now for that folly. Pity him! was he not better off than I? "I wish," I cried, "that I could crush them into nothing, and be rid of this infernal noise they make!"

"The spirit of the place has entered into you," said that voice.

I raised my arm to strike him; but my hand fell on the stone floor instead, and sent a jar of new pain all through my battered frame. And then I mastered my rage, and lay still, for I knew there was no way but this of recovering my strength, — the strength with which, when I got it back, I would annihilate that reproachful voice, and crush the life out of those groaning fools, whose cries and impotent struggles I could not endure. And we lay a long time without moving, with always that tumult raging in our ears. At last there came into my mind a longing to hear spoken words again. I said, "Are you still there?"

"I shall be here," he said, "till I am able to begin again."

"To begin! Is there here, then, either beginning or ending? Go on; speak to me; it makes me a little forget my pain."

"I have a fire in my heart," he said; "I must begin and begin — till perhaps I find the way."

"What way?" I cried, feverish and eager; for though I despised him, yet it made me wonder to think that he should speak riddles which I could not understand.

He answered very faintly, "I do not know." The fool! then it was only folly, as from the first I knew it was. I felt then that I could treat him roughly, after the fashion of the place — which he said had got into me. "Poor wretch!" I said, "you have hopes, have you? Where have you come from? You might have learned better before now."

"I have come," he said, "from where we met before. I have come by the valley of gold. I have worked in the mines. I have served in the troops of those who are masters there. I have lived in this town of tyrants, and lain in this lazaret-house before. Everything has happened

to me, more and worse than you dream of."

"And still you go on? I would dash my head against the wall and die."

"When will you learn," he said with a strange tone in his voice, which, though no one had been listening to us, made a sudden silence for a moment — it was so strange; it moved me like that glimmer of the blue sky in my dream, and roused all the sufferers round with an expectation — though I know not what. The cries stopped, the hands beat no longer. I think all the miserable crowd were still, and turned to where he lay. "When will you learn — that you have died, and can die no more?"

There was a shout of fury all round me. "Is that all you have to say?" the crowd burst forth; and I think they rushed upon him and killed him; for I heard no more; until the hubbub began again more wild than ever, with furious hands beating, beating, against the locked door.

After a while I began to feel my strength come back. I raised my head. I sat up. I began to see the faces of those around me, and the groups into which they gathered; the noise was no longer so insupportable — my racked nerves were regaining health. It was with a mixture of pleasure and despair that I became conscious of this. I had been through many deaths; but I did not die, perhaps could not, as that man had said. I looked about for him, to see if he had contradicted his own theory. But he was not dead. He was lying close to me, covered with wounds; but he opened his eyes, and something like a smile came upon his lips. A smile — I had heard laughter, and seen ridicule and derision, but this I had not seen. I could not bear it. To seize him and shake the little remaining life out of him was my impulse. But neither did I obey that. Again he reminded me of my dream — was it a dream? — of the opening in the clouds. From that moment I tried to shelter him, and as I grew stronger and stronger, and pushed my way to the door, I dragged him along with me. How long the struggle was I cannot tell, or how often I was balked — or how many darted through before me when the door was opened. But I did not let him go; and at the last, for now I was as strong as before — stronger than most about me — I got out into the air and brought him with me. Into the air! it was an atmosphere so still and motionless that there was no feeling of life in it, as I have said; but the change

seemed to me happiness for the moment. It was freedom. The noise of the struggle was over, the horrible sights were left behind. My spirit sprang up as if I had been born into new life. It had the same effect, I suppose, upon my companion, though he was much weaker than I, for he rose to his feet at once with almost a leap of eagerness, and turned instantaneously towards the other side of the city.

"Not that way," I said; "come with me and rest."

"No rest — no rest — my rest is to go on;" and then he turned towards me and smiled and said "Thanks" — looking into my face. What a word to hear! I had not heard it since — A rush of strange and sweet and dreadful thoughts came into my mind. I shrank and trembled, and let go his arm which I had been holding. But when I left that hold I seemed to fall back into depths of blank pain and longing. I put out my hand again and caught him. "I will go," I said, "where you go."

A pair of the officials of the place passed as I spoke. They looked at me with a threatening glance, and half paused, but then passed on. It was I now who hurried my companion along. I recollected him now. He was a man who had met me in the streets of the other city when I was still ignorant, who had convulsed me with the utterance of that name which, in all this world where we were, is never named but for punishment, — the name which I had named once more in the great hall in the midst of my torture, so that all who heard me were transfixed with that suffering too. He had been haggard then, but he was more haggard now. His features were sharp with continual pain, his eyes were wild with weakness and trouble, though there was a meaning in them which went to my heart. It seemed to me that in his touch there was a certain help, though he was weak and tottered, and every moment seemed full of suffering. Hope sprang up in my mind — the hope that where he was so eager to go there would be something better, a life more livable than in this place. In every new place there is new hope. I was not worn out of that human impulse. I forgot the nightmare which had crushed me before — the horrible sense that from myself there was no escape — and holding fast to his arm, I hurried on with him, not heeding where. We went aside into less frequented streets that we might escape observation. I seemed to myself the guide, though I was the follower. A great faith in this man sprang up in my breast. I was

ready to go with him wherever he went, anywhere — anywhere must be better than this. Thus I pushed him on, holding by his arm, till we reached the very outmost limits of the city. Here he stood still for a moment, turning upon me, and took me by the hands.

"Friend," he said, "before you were born into the pleasant earth I had come here. I have gone all the weary round. Listen to one who knows; all is harder, harder, as you go on. You are stirred to go on by the restlessness in your heart, and each new place you come to the spirit of that place enters into you. You are better here than you will be further on. You were better where you were at first, or even in the mines than here. Come no further. Stay — unless —" but here his voice gave way. He looked at me with anxiety in his eyes, and said no more.

"Then why," I cried, "do you go on? Why do you not stay?"

He shook his head, and his eyes grew more and more soft. "I am going," he said, and his voice shook again. "I am going — to try — the most awful and the most dangerous journey —" His voice died away altogether, and he only looked at me to say the rest.

"A journey? Where?"

I can tell no man what his eyes said. I understood, I cannot tell how; and with trembling all my limbs seemed to drop out of joint and my face grew moist with terror. I could not speak any more than he, but with my lips shaped, *How?* The awful thought made a tremor in the very air around. He shook his head slowly as he looked at me — his eyes, all circled with deep lines, looking out of caves of anguish and anxiety; and then I remembered how he had said, and I had scoffed at him, that the way he sought was one he did not know. I had dropped his hands in my fear; and yet to leave him seemed dragging the heart out of my breast, for none but he had spoken to me like a brother — had taken my hand and thanked me. I looked out across the plain, and the roads seemed tranquil and still. There was a coolness in the air. It looked like evening, as if somewhere in those far distances there might be a place where a weary soul might rest. Then I looked behind me, and thought what I had suffered, and remembered the lazar-house and the voices that cried and the hands that beat against the door; and also the horrible quiet of the room in which I lived, and the eyes which looked in at me and turned my gaze upon myself. Then I rushed after him,

for he had turned to go on upon his way; and caught at his clothes, crying—"Behold me, behold me! I will go too!"

He reached me his hand and went on without a word; and I with terror crept after him, treading in his step, following like his shadow. What it was to walk with another, and follow, and be at one, is more than I can tell; but likewise my heart failed me for fear, for dread of what we might encounter, and of hearing that name, or entering that presence, which was more terrible than all torture. I wondered how it could be that one should willingly face *that* which racked the soul, and how he had learned that it was possible, and where he had heard of the way. And as we went on I said no word—for he began to seem to me a being of another kind, a figure full of awe; and I followed as one might follow a ghost. Where would he go? Were we not fixed here forever, where our lot had been cast? and there were still many other great cities where there might be much to see, and something to distract the mind, and where it might be more possible to live than it had proved in the other places. There might be no tyrants there, nor cruelty, nor horrible noises, nor dreadful silence. Towards the right hand, across the plain, there seemed to rise out of the grey distance a cluster of towers and roofs like another habitable place—and who could tell that something better might not be there? Surely everything could not turn to torture and misery. I dragged on behind him, with all these thoughts hurrying through my mind. He was going—I dare to say it now, though I did not dare then—to seek out a way to God; to try, if it was possible, to find the road that led back—that road which had been open once to all. But for me, I trembled at the thought of that road. I feared the name, which was as the plunging of a sword into my inmost parts. All things could be borne but that. I dared not even think upon that name. To feel my hand in another man's hand was much, but to be led into that awful presence by awful ways, which none knew—how could I bear it? My spirits failed me, and my strength. My hand became loose in his hand; he grasped me still, but my hold failed, and ever with slower and slower steps I followed, while he seemed to acquire strength with every winding of the way. At length he said to me, looking back upon me, "I cannot stop; but your heart fails you. Shall I loose my hand and let you go?"

"I am afraid; I am afraid!" I cried.

"And I too am afraid; but it is better to suffer more and to escape than to suffer less and to remain."

"Has it ever been known that one escaped? No one has ever escaped. This is our place," I said, "there is no other world."

"There are other worlds—there is a world where every way leads to one who loves us still."

I cried out with a great cry of misery and scorn. "There is no love!" I said.

He stood still for a moment and turned and looked at me. His eyes seemed to melt my soul. A great cloud passed over them, as in the pleasant earth a cloud will sweep across the moon; and then the light came out and looked at me again. For neither did he know. Where he was going all might end in despair and double and double pain. But if it were possible that at the end there should be found that for which he longed, upon which his heart was set! He said with a faltering voice, "Among all whom I have questioned and seen there was but one who found the way. But if one has found it, so may I. If you will not come, yet let me go."

"They will tear you limb from limb—they will burn you in the endless fires," I said. But what is it to be torn limb from limb, or burned with fire? There came upon his face a smile, and in my heart even I laughed to scorn what I had said.

"If I were dragged every nerve apart, and every thought turned into a fiery dart—and that is so," he said; "yet will I go, if but, perhaps, I may see love at the end."

"There is no love!" I cried again, with a sharp and bitter cry; and the echo seemed to come back and back from every side, No love! no love! till the man who was my friend faltered and stumbled like a drunken man; but afterwards he recovered strength and resumed his way.

And thus once more we went on. On the right hand was that city, growing ever clearer, with noble towers rising up to the sky, and battlements and lofty roofs, and behind a yellow clearness, as of a golden sunset. My heart drew me there; it sprang up in my breast and sang in my ears, Come, and come. Myself invited me to this new place as to a home. The others were wretched, but this will be happy; delights and pleasures will be there. And before us the way grew dark with storms, and there grew visible among the mists a black line of mountains, perpendicular cliffs, and awful precipices,

which seemed to bar the way. I turned from that line of gloomy heights, and gazed along the path to where the towers stood up against the sky. And presently my hand dropped by my side, that had been held in my companion's hand; and I saw him no more.

I went on to the city of the evening light. Ever and ever, as I proceeded on my way, the sense of haste and restless impatience grew upon me, so that I felt myself incapable of remaining long in a place, and my desire grew stronger to hasten on and on; but when I entered the gates of the city this longing vanished from my mind. There seemed some great festival or public holiday going on there. The streets were full of pleasure-parties, and in every open place (of which there were many) were bands of dancers, and music playing; and the houses about were hung with tapestries and embroideries and garlands of flowers. A load seemed to be taken from my spirit when I saw all this — for a whole population does not rejoice in such a way without some cause. And to think that, after all, I had found a place in which I might live and forget the misery and pain which I had known, and all that was behind me, was delightful to my soul. It seemed to me that all the dancers were beautiful and young, their steps went gaily to the music, their faces were bright with smiles. Here and there was a master of the feast, who arranged the dances and guided the musicians, yet seemed to have a look and smile for new-comers too. One of these came forward to meet me, and received me with a welcome, and showed me a vacant place at a table, on which were beautiful fruits piled up in baskets, and all the provisions for a meal. "You were expected, you perceive," he said. A delightful sense of well-being came into my mind. I sat down in the sweetness of ease after fatigue, of refreshment after weariness, of pleasant sounds and sights after the arid way. I said to myself that my past experiences had been a mistake, that this was where I ought to have come from the first, that life here would be happy, and that all intruding thoughts must soon vanish and die away.

After I had rested, I strolled about, and entered fully into the pleasures of the place. Wherever I went, through all the city, there was nothing but brightness and pleasure, music playing, and flags waving, and flowers and dancers and everything that was most gay. I asked several people whom I met what was the cause of the

rejoicing; but either they were too much occupied with their own pleasures, or my question was lost in the hum of merriment, the sound of the instruments and of the dancers' feet. When I had seen as much as I desired of the pleasure out of doors, I was taken by some to see the interiors of houses, which were all decorated for this festival, whatever it was — lighted up with curious varieties of lighting, in tints of different colors. The doors and windows were all open, and whosoever would could come in from the dance or from the laden tables, and sit down where they pleased and rest, always with a pleasant view out upon the streets, so that they should lose nothing of the spectacle. And the dresses, both of women and men, were beautiful in form and color, made in the finest fabrics, and affording delightful combinations to the eye. The pleasure which I took in all I saw and heard was enhanced by the surprise of it, and by the aspect of the places from which I had come, where there was no regard to beauty nor anything lovely or bright. Before my arrival here I had come in my thoughts to the conclusion that life had no brightness in these regions, and that whatever occupation or study there might be, pleasure had ended and was over, and everything that had been sweet in the former life. I changed that opinion with a sense of relief, which was more warm even than the pleasure of the present moment; for having made one such mistake, how could I tell that there were not more discoveries awaiting me, that life might not prove more endurable, might not rise to something grander and more powerful? The old prejudices, the old foregone conclusion of earth that this was a world of punishment, had warped my vision and my thoughts. With so many added faculties of being, incapable of fatigue as we were, incapable of death, recovering from every wound or accident as I had myself done, and with no foolish restraint as to what we should or should not do, why should not we rise in this land to strength unexampled, to the highest powers? I rejoiced that I had dropped my companion's hand, that I had not followed him in his mad quest. Some time, I said to myself, I would make a pilgrimage to the foot of those gloomy mountains, and bring him back, all racked and tortured as he was, and show him the pleasant place which he had missed.

In the mean time the music and the dance went on. But it began to surprise me a little that there was no pause, that

the festival continued without intermission. I went up to one of those who seemed the masters of ceremony, directing what was going on. He was an old man, with a flowing robe of brocade, and a chain and badge which denoted his office. He stood with a smile upon his lips, beating time with his hand to the music, watching the figure of the dance.

"I can get no one to tell me," I said, "what the occasion of all this rejoicing is."

"It is for your coming," he replied, without hesitation, with a smile and a bow.

For the moment a wonderful elation came over me. "For my coming!" But then I paused and shook my head. "There are others coming besides me. See! they arrive every moment."

"It is for their coming too," he said, with another smile and a still deeper bow; "but you are the first as you are the chief."

This is what I could not understand; but it was pleasant to hear, and I made no further objection. "And how long will it go on?" I said.

"So long as it pleases you," said the old courtier.

How he smiled! His smile did not please me. He saw this, and distracted my attention. "Look at this dance," he said; "how beautiful are those round young limbs! Look how the dress conceals yet shows the form and beautiful movements! It was invented in your honor. All that is lovely is for you. Choose where you will, all is yours. We live only for this; all is for you." While he spoke, the dancers came nearer and nearer till they circled us round, and danced and made their pretty obeisances, and sang: "All is yours; all is for you;" then breaking their lines floated away in other circles and processions and endless groups, singing and laughing till it seemed to ring from every side. "Everything is yours; all is for you."

I accepted this flattery I know not why; for I soon became aware that I was no more than others, and that the same words were said to every new-comer. Yet my heart was elated, and I threw myself into all that was set before me. But there was always in my mind an expectation that presently the music and the dancing would cease, and the tables be withdrawn, and a pause come. At one of the feasts I was placed by the side of a lady very fair and richly dressed, but with a look of great weariness in her eyes. She

turned her beautiful face to me, not with any show of pleasure, and there was something like compassion in her look. She said, "You are very tired," as she made room for me by her side.

"Yes," I said, though with surprise, for I had not yet acknowledged that even to myself. "There is so much to enjoy. We have need of a little rest."

"Of rest," said she, shaking her head, "this is not the place for rest."

"Yet pleasure requires it," I said, "as much as —" I was about to say pain; but why should one speak of pain in a place given up to pleasure? She smiled faintly and shook her head again. All her movements were languid and faint; her eyelids drooped over her eyes. Yet, when I turned to her, she made an effort to smile. "I think you are also tired," I said.

At this she roused herself a little. "We must not say so; nor do I say so. Pleasure is very exacting. It demands more of you than anything else. One must be always ready —"

"For what?"

"To give enjoyment, and to receive it." There was an effort in her voice to rise to this sentiment, but it fell back into weariness again.

"I hope you receive as well as give," I said.

The lady turned her eyes to me with a look which I cannot forget, and life seemed once more to be roused within her. But not the life of pleasure; her eyes were full of loathing, and fatigue, and disgust, and despair. "Are you so new to this place," she said, "and have not learned even yet what is the height of all misery and all weariness; what is worse than pain and trouble, more dreadful than the lawless streets and the burning mines, and the torture of the great hall and the misery of the lazar-house —"

"Oh, lady," I said, "have you been there?"

She answered me with her eyes alone; there was no need of more. "But pleasure is more terrible than all," she said; and I knew in my heart that what she said was true.

There is no record of time in that place. I could not count it by days or nights; but soon after this it happened to me that the dances and the music became no more than a dizzy maze of sound and sight, which made my brain whirl round and round; and I too loathed what was spread on the table, and the soft couches, and the garlands, and the fluttering flags and orna-

ments. To sit forever at a feast, to see forever the merry-makers turn round and round, to hear in your ears forever the whirl of the music, the laughter, the cries of pleasure! There were some who went on and on, and never seemed to tire; but to me the endless round came at last to be a torture from which I could not escape. Finally, I could distinguish nothing—neither what I heard nor what I saw; and only a consciousness of something intolerable buzzed and echoed in my brain. I longed for the quiet of the place I had left; I longed for the noise in the streets, and the hubbub and tumult of my first experiences. Anything, anything rather than this! I said to myself; and still the dancers turned, the music sounded, the bystanders smiled, and everything went on and on. My eyes grew weary with seeing, and my ears with hearing. To watch the new-comers rush in, all pleased and eager, to see the eyes of the others glaze with weariness, wrought upon my strained nerves. I could not think, I could not rest, I could not endure. Music forever and ever—a whirl, a rush of music, always going on and on; and ever that maze of movement, till the eyes were feverish and the mouth parched; ever that mist of faces, now one gleaming out of the chaos, now another, some like the faces of angels, some miserable, weary, strained with smiling, with the monotony, and the endless, aimless, never-changing round. I heard myself calling to them to be still—to be still! to pause a moment. I felt myself stumble and turn round in the giddiness and horror of that movement without repose. And finally, I fell under the feet of the crowd, and felt the whirl go over and over me, and beat upon my brain, until I was pushed and thrust out of the way lest I should stop the measure. There I lay, sick, satiate, for I know not how long; loathing everything around me, ready to give all I had (but what had I to give?) for one moment of silence. But always the music went on, and the dancers danced, and the people feasted, and the songs and the voices echoed up to the skies.

How at last I stumbled forth I cannot tell. Desperation must have moved me, and that impatience which, after every hope and disappointment, comes back and back, the one sensation that never fails. I dragged myself at last by intervals, like a sick dog, outside the revels, still hearing them, which was torture to me, even when at last I got beyond the crowd. It was something to lie still upon the ground,

though without power to move, and sick beyond all thought, loathing myself and all that I had been and seen. For I had not even the sense that I had been wronged to keep me up, but only a nausea and horror of movement, a giddiness and whirl of every sense. I lay like a log upon the ground.

When I recovered my faculties a little, it was to find myself once more in the great vacant plain which surrounded that accursed home of pleasure—a great and desolate waste upon which I could see no track, which my heart fainted to look at, which no longer roused any hope in me, as if it might lead to another beginning, or any place in which yet at the last it might be possible to live. As I lay in that horrible giddiness and faintness, I loathed life and this continuance which brought me through one misery after another, and forbade me to die. Oh that death would come—death which is silent and still, which makes no movement and hears no sound! that I might end and be no more! Oh that I could go back even to the stillness of that chamber which I had not been able to endure! Oh that I could return—return! to what? to other miseries and other pain, which looked less because they were past. But I knew now that return was impossible until I had circled all the dreadful round; and already I felt again the burning of that desire that pricked and drove me on—not back, for that was impossible. Little by little I had learned to understand, each step printed upon my brain as with red-hot irons; not back, but on, and on. To greater anguish, yes; but on; to fuller despair, to experiences more terrible; but on, and on, and on. I arose again, for this was my fate. I could not pause even for all the teachings of despair.

The waste stretched far as eyes could see. It was wild and terrible, with neither vegetation nor sign of life. Here and there were heaps of ruin, which had been villages and cities; but nothing was in them save reptiles and crawling poisonous life, and traps for the unwary wanderer. How often I stumbled and fell among these ashes and dust-heaps of the past—through what dread moments I lay, with cold and slimy things leaving their trace upon my flesh—the horrors which seized me, so that I beat my head against a stone,—why should I tell? These were nought; they touched not the soul. They were but accidents of the way.

At length, when body and soul were low and worn out with misery and weariness,

ness, I came to another place, where all was so different from the last, that the sight gave me a momentary solace. It was full of furnaces and clanking machinery and endless work. The whole air round was aglow with the fury of the fires, and men went and came like demons in the flames, with red-hot, melting metal, pouring it into moulds and beating it on anvils. In the huge workshops in the background there was a perpetual whir of machinery—of wheels turning and turning, and pistons beating, and all the din of labor, which for a time renewed the anguish of my brain, yet also soothed it; for there was meaning in the beatings and the whirlings. And a hope rose within me that with all the forces that were here, some revolution might be possible—something that would change the features of this place and overturn the worlds. I went from workshop to workshop, and examined all that was being done and understood—for I had known a little upon the earth, and my old knowledge came back, and to learn so much more filled me with new life. The master of all was one who never rested, nor seemed to feel weariness, nor pain, nor pleasure. He had everything in his hand. All who were there were his workmen, or his assistants, or his servants. No one shared with him in his councils. He was more than a prince among them—he was as a god. And the things he planned and made, and at which in armies and legions his workmen toiled and labored, were like living things. They were made of steel and iron, but they moved like the brains and nerves of men. They went where he directed them, and did what he commanded, and moved at a touch. And though he talked little, when he saw how I followed all that he did, he was a little moved towards me, and spoke and explained to me the conceptions that were in his mind, one rising out of another, like the leaf out of the stem and the flower out of the bud. For nothing pleased him that he did, and necessity was upon him to go on and on.

"They are like living things," I said—"they do your bidding whatever you command them. They are like another and a stronger race of men."

"Men!" he said, "what are men? the most contemptible of all things that are made—creatures who will undo in a moment what it has taken millions of years, and all the skill and all the strength of generations to do. These are better than men. They cannot think or feel. They

cannot stop but at my bidding, or begin unless I will. Had men been made so, we should be masters of the world."

"Had men been made so, you would never have been—for what could genius have done or thought?—you would have been a machine like all the rest."

"And better so!" he said, and turned away; for at that moment, watching keenly as he spoke the action of a delicate combination of movements, all made and balanced to a hair's-breadth, there had come to him suddenly the idea of something which made it a hundredfold more strong and terrible. For they were terrible these things that lived yet did not live, which were his slaves, and moved at his will. When he had done this, he looked at me, and a smile came upon his mouth; but his eyes smiled not, nor ever changed from the set look they wore. And the words he spoke were familiar words, not his, but out of the old life. "What a piece of work is a man!" he said; "how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?" His mind had followed another strain of thought, which to me was bewildering, so that I did not know how to reply. I answered like a child, upon his last word.

"We are dust no more," I cried, for pride was in my heart—pride of him and his wonderful strength, and his thoughts which created strength, and all the marvels he did—"those things which hindered are removed. Go on, go on—you want but another step. What is to prevent that you should not shake the universe, and overturn this doom, and break all our bonds? There is enough here to explode this grey fiction of a firmament, and to rend those precipices and to dissolve that waste—as at the time when the primeval seas dried up, and those infernal mountains rose."

He laughed, and the echoes caught the sound and gave it back as if they mocked it. "There is enough to rend us all into shreds," he said, "and shake, as you say, both heaven and earth, and these plains and those hills."

"Then why," I cried in my haste, with a dreadful hope piercing through my soul—"why do you create and perfect, but never employ? When we had armies on the earth we used them. You have more than armies. You have force beyond the thoughts of man; but all without use as yet."

"All," he cried, "for no use! All in vain!—in vain!"

"O master!" I said, "great and more great, in time to come. Why?—why?" He took me by the arm and drew me close.

"Have you strength," he said, "to bear it if I tell you why?"

I knew what he was about to say. I felt it in the quivering of my veins, and my heart that bounded as if it would escape from my breast. But I would not quail from what he did not shrink to utter. I could speak no word, but I looked him in the face and waited—for that which was more terrible than all.

He held me by the arm, as if he would hold me up when the shock of anguish came. "They are in vain," he said, "in vain—because God rules over all."

His arm was strong; but I fell at his feet like a dead man.

How miserable is that image, and how unfit to use! Death is still and cool and sweet. There is nothing in it that pierces like a sword, that burns like fire, that rends and tears like the turning wheels. O life, O pain, O terrible name of God, in which is all succor and all torment! What are pangs and tortures to that, which ever increases in its awful power, and has no limit, nor any alleviation, but whenever it is spoken penetrates through and through the miserable soul? O God, whom once I called my Father! O thou who gavest me being, against whom I have fought, whom I fight to the end, shall there never be anything but anguish in the sound of thy great name?

When I returned to such command of myself as one can have who has been transfixed by that sword of fire, the master stood by me still. He had not fallen like me, but his face was drawn with anguish and sorrow like the face of my friend who had been with me in the lazaret-house, who had disappeared on the dark mountains. And as I looked at him, terror seized hold upon me, and a desire to flee and save myself, that I might not be drawn after him by the longing that was in his eyes.

The master gave me his hand to help me to rise, and it trembled, but not like mine.

"Sir," I cried, "have not we enough to bear? Is it for hatred, is it for vengeance, that you speak that name!"

"O friend," he said, "neither for hatred nor revenge. It is like a fire in my veins; if one could find him again——"

"You, who are as a god—who can make and destroy—you, who could shake his throne!"

He put up his hand. "I who am his
LIVING AGE. VOL. LVII. 2939

creature, even here—and still his child, though I am so far, so far——" He caught my hand in his, and pointed with the other trembling. "Look! your eyes are more clear than mine, for they are not anxious like mine. Can you see anything upon the way?"

The waste lay wild before us, dark with a faintly rising cloud, for darkness and cloud and the gloom of death attended upon that name. I thought, in his great genius and splendor of intellect, he had gone mad, as sometimes may be. "There is nothing," I said, and scorn came into my soul; but even as I spoke I saw—I cannot tell what I saw—a moving spot of milky whiteness in that dark and miserable wilderness,—no bigger than a man's hand, no bigger than a flower. "There is something," I said unwillingly; "it has no shape nor form. It is a gossamer web upon some bush, or a butterfly blown on the wind."

"There are neither butterflies nor gossamers here."

"Look for yourself then!" I cried, flinging his hand from me. I was angry with a rage which had no cause. I turned from him, though I loved him, with a desire to kill him in my heart; and hurriedly took the other way. The waste was wild; but rather that than to see the man who might have shaken earth and hell thus turning, turning to madness and the awful journey. For I knew what in his heart he thought, and I knew that it was so. It was something from that other sphere—can I tell you what? a child perhaps—oh, thought that wrings the heart! for do you know what manner of thing a child is? There are none in the land of darkness. I turned my back upon the place where that whiteness was. On, on, across the waste! On to the cities of the night! On, far away from maddening thought, from hope that is torment, and from the awful name!

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.
CHINA.

THE SLEEP AND THE AWAKENING.
BY THE MARQUIS TSENG.

THERE are times in the life of nations when they would appear to have exhausted their forces by the magnitude of the efforts they had made to maintain their position in the endless struggle for existence; and, from this, some have endeavored to deduce the law that nations, like men, have each of them its infancy, its manhood,

decline, and death. Melancholy and discouraging would be this doctrine could it be shown to be founded on any natural or inevitable law. Fortunately, however, there is no reason to believe it is. Nations have fallen from their high estate, some of them to disappear suddenly and altogether from the list of political entities, others to vanish after a more or less prolonged existence of impaired and everlessening vitality. Among the latter, until lately, it has been customary with Europeans to include China. Pointing to her magnificent system of canals silted up, the splendid fragments of now forgotten arts, the disparity between her seeming weakness and the record of her ancient greatness, they thought that, having become effete, the nineteenth-century air would prove too much for her aged lungs. Here is the opinion of a distinguished diplomatic agent* writing of China in 1849: "With a fair seeming of immunity from invasion, sedition, or revolt, leave is taken to regard this vast empire as surely, though it may be slowly, decaying."

This was the opinion of a writer whose knowledge of China and its literature is perhaps unequalled, and certainly not surpassed; nor was he alone in entertaining such an opinion at the date on which he wrote, for by many it was then considered that the death of Tau Kwang would severely try, if not shake the foundations of the empire. But, as events have shown, they who reasoned thus were mistaken. China was asleep, but she was not about to die. Perhaps she had mistaken her way, or what is just the same, had failed to see that the old familiar paths which many centuries had made dear to her did not conduct to the goal to which the world was marching.

Perhaps she thought she had done enough, sat down and fallen asleep in that contemplation which, if not always fatal, is at least always dangerous—the contemplation of her own greatness. What wonder if she had done so? Everything predisposed to such an attitude of mind. The fumes of the incense brought by many embassies from far-off lands, the inferiority of the subject races that looked up to her, the perfect freedom from the outer din ensured to her by the remoteness of her ample bournes—all predisposed her to repose and neglect to take note of what was passing in the outer world. Towards the end of the reign of Tau Kwang, however, the sleeper became

aware that her situation scarcely justified the sense of security in which she had been reposing. Influences were at work, and forces were sweeping along the coast very different from those to which China had been accustomed. Pirates and visitations of Japanese freebooters had occasionally disturbed the tranquillity of certain places on the seaboard; but the men who now began to alarm the authorities were soon found to be much more redoubtable than these. Wherever they came they wished to stay. Submissive at first, they engaged in trade with our people, and tempted them with strange merchandise. It was not long before troubles arose which showed that the white trader could fight as well as buy and sell. The Treaty of Nankin, in 1842, which was the result of these troubles, opened four more doors in the wall of exclusiveness with which China had surrounded herself. Amoy, Foochow, Ning Po, and Shanghai were added to Canton, thus making five points of touch between China and the West. This did something to rouse China from the Saturnian dreams in which she had been so long indulging; but more was wanting to make her wide awake. It required the fire of the Summer Palace to singe her eyebrows, the advance of the Russian in Kuldja and the Frenchman in Tonquin, to enable her to realize the situation in which she was being placed by the ever-contracting circle that was being drawn around her by the European. By the light of the burning palace which had been the pride and the delight of her emperors, she commenced to see that she had been asleep whilst all the world was up and doing; that she had been sleeping in the vacuous vortex of the storm of forces wildly whirling around her. In such a moment China might have been excused had she done something desperate, for there is apt to be a good deal of beating about and wild floundering on such a sudden awakening; but there was none in the case of China. A wise and prudent prince counselled China to pay the price of her mistakes, whilst the great Chinese statesman who is now in power, and who, since 1860, has rendered such incalculable services to his country, began that series of preparations which would now make it difficult to repeat the history of that, for China, eventful year. It is not a moribund nation that can so quietly accept its reverses, and, gathering courage from them, set about throwing overboard the wreckage, and make a fair wind of the retiring cyclone. The Summer Palace,

* The present Sir Thomas Wade.

with all its wealth of art, was a high price to pay for the lesson we there received, but not too high if it has taught us how to repair and triple fortify our battered armor; and it has done this. China is no longer what she was even five years ago; each encounter, and especially the last, has, in teaching China her weakness, also discovered to her her strength.

We have seen the sleep; we come now to the awakening. What will be the result of it? Will not the awakening of three hundred millions to a consciousness of their strength be dangerous to the continuance of friendly relations with the West? Will not the remembrance of their defeats and the consciousness of their new-discovered power make them aggressive? No; the Chinese have never been an aggressive race. History shows them to have always been a peaceful people, and there is no reason why they should be otherwise in the future. China has none of that land-hungering so characteristic of some other nations—hungering for land they do not and cannot make use of—and, contrary to what is generally believed in Europe, she is under no necessity of finding in other lands an outlet for a surplus population. Considerable numbers of Chinese have at different times been forced to leave their homes, and push their fortunes in Cuba, Peru, the United States, and the British colonies; but this must be imputed rather to the poverty and ruin in which they were involved by the great Taiping and Mohammedan rebellions than to the difficulty of finding the means of subsistence under ordinary conditions. In her wide domains there is room and to spare for all her teeming population. What China wants is not emigration, but a proper organization for the equable distribution of the population. In China proper, particularly in those places which were the seats of the Taiping rebellion, much land has gone out of cultivation, whilst in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan, there are immense tracts of country which have never felt the touch of the husbandman.

Not only for economical, but for military reasons the colonization of these immense outlying territories has become indispensable. And recognizing this, the imperial government has of late been encouraging a centrifugal movement of the population in certain thickly inhabited portions of the empire. But the occupation of waste lands is not the only agency to absorb any overflow of population which may exist in certain provinces. Another

and a more permanent one will consist in the demand which will soon be afforded by the establishment of manufactures, the opening of mines, and the introduction of railways. The number of hands which these industries will employ can only be conceived when we remember that hitherto they have contributed nothing to the support of the country, and that were they developed to only a tithe of the extent to which they exist in Belgium and England, amongst a population of three hundred millions, the number of mouths they would feed would be enormous. These considerations will explain the indifference with which the Chinese government has received the advances which at different times and by various powers have been made to induce China to take an active part in promoting emigration and engagements for the supply of labor. But, even had these reasons not existed, the outrageous treatment which Chinese subjects have received, and in some countries continue to receive, would have made the imperial government chary of encouraging its people to resort to lands where legislation seems only to be made a scourge for their especial benefit, and where justice and international comity exist for everybody, bond and free, except the men of Han. Were it not for the one-sided manner in which, in some of these countries, the law is administered, one might think, from their benevolent dispensation with the *lex talionis*, that the millennium was at hand there. There is no question of an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth, excepting when the unfortunate offender belongs to the nation of the almond eye.

If any one should consider this language is too strong, he must be strangely ignorant of the outrages committed on Chinese, and of the exceptional enactments directed against them, to which the press and the statute-book have so often borne testimony within the last three or four years. But, to render justice where justice is due, a disposition has of late been manifested by foreign governments to give Chinese adequate protection against the rowdy elements of their population, and to recognize the right of Chinese subjects to the same immunities as those which by the law of nations are accorded to the subjects of other powers. The United States government on a recent occasion energetically suppressed a hostile movement directed against Chinese, and awarded to them compensation for the losses to which they had been subjected. But if neither a spirit of aggression, springing

from and nurtured by the consciousness of returning strength, nor the necessity of an outlet for a surplus population, is likely to endanger the good relations which now exist between China and the treaty powers, is it equally certain that a desire on the part of China to wipe out her defeats is not to be dreaded? Such was not the opinion of many who watched the course of events during the Franco-Chinese struggle for the possession of Tonquin. On every side we used then to hear it said, even in circles which took the Chinese side, that it would be disastrous to foreign relations should France not emerge from it completely triumphant. Success, it was maintained, would intoxicate the Chinese, make them overbearing and impossible to deal with. But has this been the case?

China laughed to scorn the demands of France for an indemnity, exacted the restoration of her invaded territory, and made peace in the hour of victory. Did this make China proud? Yes, proud with a just pride. Did it change her bearing, or make her less conciliating in her intercourse with the foreign powers? No. At no time since her intercourse with the West commenced have her relations with the treaty powers, more particularly with England, been so sincerely friendly. At no time have their just demands been received with such consideration, and examined with such an honest desire to find in them grounds for an arrangement. China will continue the policy of moderation and conciliation which has led to this happy result. No memory of her reverses will lead her to depart from it, for she is not one of those powers which cannot bear their misfortunes without sulking. What nation has not had its Cannæ? Answer: Sadowa, Lissa, and Sedan. China has had hers, but she is not of opinion that it is only with blood that the stain of blood can be wiped out. The stain of defeat lies in the weakness and mistakes which led to it. These recovered from and corrected, and its invulnerability recognized, a nation has already reburnished and restored the gilding of its scutcheon.

Though China may not yet have attained a position of perfect security, she is rapidly approaching it. Great efforts are being made to fortify her coast and create a strong and really efficient navy. To China a powerful navy is indispensable. In 1860 she first became aware of this, and set about founding one. The assistance of England was invoked, and the nucleus of a fleet was obtained, which,

under the direction of Admiral Sir Sherard Osborn, one of the most distinguished officers of the Royal Navy, would long ere now have placed China beyond anything save a serious attack by a first-class naval power, had it not been for the jealousies and intrigues which caused it to be disbanded as soon as formed. Twice since 1860 China has had to lament this as a national misfortune, for twice since then she has had to submit to occupations of her territory which the development of that fleet would have rendered difficult, if not impossible.

China will steadily proceed with her coast defences and the organization and development of her army and navy, without, for the present, directing her attention either to the introduction of railways, or to any of the other subjects of internal economy which, under the altered circumstances of the times, may be necessary, and which she feels to be necessary; for, unlike Turkey, she will not fall into the mistake of thinking that when she has got a few ships and a few soldiers licked into form, she has done all that is required to maintain her position in the race of nations. The strength of a nation is not in the number of the soldiers it can arm and send forth to battle, but in the toiling millions that stay at home to prepare and provide the sinews of war. The soldiers are but the outer crust, the mailed armor of a nation, whilst the people are the living heart that animates and upholds it. Turkey did not see this, though it did not escape the keener vision of that Indian prince, who, when looking down on the little British force opposed to him, exclaimed, "It is not the soldiers before me whom I fear, but the people behind them—the myriads who toil and spin on the other side of the Black Water."

It is not the object of this paper to indicate or shadow forth the reforms which it may be advisable to make in the internal administration of China. The changes which may have to be made when China comes to set her house in order, can only profitably be discussed when she feels she has thoroughly overhauled, and can rely on, the bolts and bars she is now applying to her doors. It is otherwise with her foreign policy. Of the storms which ever and again trouble the political world, no nation is more master than it is of those which, from time to time, sweep over its physical horizon. Events must be encountered as they arise, and fortunate is the nation that is always prepared for them, and always ready to "take occasion

by the hand." The general line of China's foreign policy is, for the immediate future, clearly traced out. It will be directed to extending and improving her relations with the treaty powers, to the amelioration of the condition of her subjects residing in foreign parts, to the placing on a less equivocal footing the position of her feudatories as regards the suzerain power, to the revision of the treaties, in a sense more in accordance with the place which China holds as a great Asiatic power. The outrageous treatment to which Chinese subjects residing in some foreign countries have been subjected has been as disgraceful to the governments in whose jurisdiction it was perpetrated as to the government whose indifference to the sufferings of its subjects residing abroad invited it. A commission has recently been appointed to visit and report on the condition of Chinese subjects in foreign countries, and it is hoped that this proof of the interest which the imperial government has commenced to take in the welfare of its foreign-going subjects will suffice to ensure their receiving in the future the treatment which by the law of nations and the dictates of humanity is due from civilized nations to the stranger living within their gates.

The arrangements for the government of her vassal States, which, until the steamer and the telegraph brought the East and the West so near, had been found sufficient, having on different occasions of late led to misunderstandings between China and foreign powers, and to the loss of some of the most important of her possessions, China, to save the rest, has decided on exercising a more effective supervision on the acts of her vassal princes, and of accepting a larger responsibility for them than heretofore. The warden of the marches is now abroad, looking to the security of China's outlying provinces — of Corea, Thibet, and Chinese Turkestan. Henceforth, any hostile movements against these countries, or any interference with their affairs, will be viewed at Peking as a declaration, on the part of the power committing it, of a desire to discontinue its friendly relations with the Chinese government.

It is easier to forget a defeat than the condition of things resulting from it; the blow, than the constant falling of the fists. Any soreness which China may have experienced on account of events in 1860 has been healed over and forgotten long ago, but it is otherwise with the treaties which were then imposed on her. She

had then to agree to conditions and give up vestiges of sovereignty which no independent nation can continue to agree to, and lie out of, without an attempt to change the one and recover the other. The humiliating conditions imposed on Russia with regard to the Black Sea in 1856 had to be cancelled by the Treaty of London in 1871.

In the alienation of sovereign dominion over that part of her territory comprised in the foreign settlements at the treaty ports, as well as in some other respects, China feels that the treaties impose on her a condition of things which, in order to avoid the evils they have led to in other countries, will oblige her to denounce these treaties on the expiry of the present decennial period. China is not ignorant of the difficulties in which this action may involve her, but she is resolved to face them, rather than incur the certainty of some day having to encounter greater ones; evils similar to those which have led to the land of the fellah concerning nobody so little as the khedive.

It behoves China, and all the Asiatic countries in the same position, to sink the petty jealousies which divide the East from the East, by even more than the East is separated from the West, and combine in an attempt to have their foreign relations based on treaties rather than on capitulations.

In her efforts to eliminate from the treaties such articles as impede her development, and wound her just susceptibilities, without conferring on the other contracting parties any real advantages, China will surely and leisurely proceed to diplomatic action. The world is not so near its end that she need hurry, nor the circles of the sun so nearly done that she will not have time to play the rôle assigned her in the work of nations.

From Temple Bar.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

I HAVE always retained some especially pleasing and grateful recollections of the intercourse which I had during an academic year with Calverley of Christ's. He was an Oxford man, who had migrated to Cambridge, but without being allowed any benefit from his Oxford terms, and I, a Cambridge man, afterwards migrated to Oxford. I was a freshman and Calverley was in his second year; and at Cambridge

colleges there is a gulf, at least there was in my time, which is beyond the power of human language to describe, between first and second year men. This was intensified in Calverley's position towards his juniors by his previous Oxford experience and his unique position at Christ's College. For to use a popular term Calverley might have been called the king of the college. The master of the college was an extremely gentlemanly man, Dr. Cartwell, of whom there was a tradition that the prince consort had declared him to be the most gentlemanly man in Cambridge. I know that at the master's lodge, on the occasion of an evening party, when the dark wainscoted rooms were crowded with a large gathering, I considered that Calverley was every way a much more interesting man than the master; nor was I solitary in my opinion.

One day an old friend of mine, now a highly esteemed bishop of the Church, remonstrated with me on my extreme "cheek" in having, in my first year, called upon the illustrious Calverley. Let me illustrate this supposed *gaucherie*. About two years ago there was a Cambridge man who without any introduction or permission left a card on Prince Edward of Wales, at his rooms opposite the famous lime-walk of Trinity. This unforeseen call caused considerable perplexity in the highest quarters, but it was eventually decided that a card should be left in return. To call on Calverley uninvited would be as much "cheek" in my instance as the calling upon the prince. Happily I was able to assure my *custos morum* that I had not called upon Calverley till that prince of undergraduates had been twice at my rooms and more than once taken a ramble with me in the country.

How our acquaintance began I cannot recollect. I had come up, *non sine gloria*, from a Scottish university, which at that time was sending a number of good men to Cambridge, and I suppose that I was inadvertently set down among the number. Anyhow I saw a good deal of Calverley, who was not at all exclusive in confining himself to the men of his year at Christ's. He knew all the men of all the years. There was hardly any set of rooms in the college which he could not enter at will — whose owner would not be in the highest degree gratified by being honored with a call.

The principal associations which I connect with Calverley — at least in those days — were a cutty-pipe, a curly-tailed terrier, and a pewter pot. Both in Latin

and English verse, both by precept and example, he celebrated the praises of beer. Gradually there stole upon you the sense of the enormous brain-power by which he was distinguished from other men.

The tutor of Christ's College, the Rev. W. M. Gunson, was a scholar ripe and good, who had greatly raised the standard of scholarship at Christ's College, and indeed was a man whose influence was beneficially felt throughout the university. Many will recollect his not unpleasing north-country burr, and his pleasant scholarly aspect. There was something very unhappy in his case at the last. From a morbid sensitiveness he declined the mastership of the college, and was found drowned, it was feared by his own act. At this date he was at the zenith of a high university reputation. He told me one day that I should be surprised at what he was going to say, but he really preferred Calverley's Latin verse to Horace's. His Latin was as good as Horace's, and he had a peculiar feeling and beauty of style which Horace did not possess. When Calverley sat down to write Latin verse he simply took pen and paper, without using any books for reference and helps. Similarly when he read Aristophanes, he had nothing but Dindorf's "Poetæ Scenici Græci" before him, which he enjoyed as much as he did "Pickwick," which he knew almost by heart. We all believed that there was nothing which he could not do if he chose. Unfortunately Calverley did not choose to work. He read Greek and Latin as he might read English fiction — for his amusement; but there is a certain amount of hard study, without which Pericles himself could not have hoped to be at the head of the classical tripos. His friends saw that he had given up severe study as out of his line — if it had ever been in it. One day I said to him, "Well, Calverley, you will not be senior classic." "Who will?" "Brown." "Who's Brown?" — this with some little scorn.

Brown was senior classic and Calverley only second; a very fine degree, but one which we thought might with a little effort have been higher.

There was at that time however at Christ's a man who attained for the college the coveted distinction of senior classic. This was J. R. Seeley, who years afterwards broke suddenly upon the world as the author of "Ecce Homo." Mr. Gladstone wrote a set of articles about the book, and made its author professor of modern history at Cambridge. Mr. See-

ley wrote also a "Life of Stein," a work as much appreciated in Germany as in England. It was just a chance that Seeley and Calverley were not competitors for the same distinction, but Mr. Seeley having entered in a leg-term was entitled to go out later, and did so. The two men contrasted as much physically as mentally, and each was a very fine specimen in his way. There was this difference, however. Mr. Seeley seems always to have interested himself intensely in every high and serious subject, but Calverley, maybe to hide a deeper feeling, seemed almost incapable of looking at any subject except from a comic point of view. Once I told him his effort always seemed to be to "disillusionate" everything. He laughed heartily, and took the remark, as I certainly did not intend it, in the light of a compliment. There were other men of that time that have come to considerable distinction — Mr. Walter Skeat, our great Anglo-Saxon scholar; Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist and philanthropist; Mr. Sendall, who has edited some of Calverley's "Remains;" Dr. Gell, the Bishop of Madras. The fellowships of Christ's College were supposed to be very good, better than those of Trinity College — so far as information leaked out, about £330 a year. Of course Calverley became fellow and M.A., but to the last there was more of the undergraduate than of the magisterial element in him. Few men have passed through universities so inexpensively as he did. Both at Balliol and at Christ's, his academical income, even while an undergraduate, must have paid his academical expenses.

One one occasion I took what we used to call "a rise" out of Calverley. It had so happened that I had gone into his room, and found it empty. A sheet of white foolscap was lying on the table half-way covered with Latin poetry. One line struck my eye and pleased me very much,

Mira manus tangit citharam neque cernitur ulli.

In fact, I do not think that I read any other line. Going next into a room on the ground-floor of the near staircase there were a lot of men, and Calverley among them. The talk happened to be on the subject of weird and eerie things. I or some other man spoke of mysterious harp-like sounds that we fancy are heard at times in solitary places.

"Yes," I said, "that is an old idea found even amongst Latin poets. Do you remember this line?"

Mira manus tangit citharam neque cernitur ulli."

Calverley looked very puzzled, and said, —

"Would you mind repeating that line again, old man?"

I accordingly repeated it.

By-and-by Calverley moved across the room, and looked at me very earnestly and said, —

"Do you know, I really thought I had composed that line myself. Can you tell me where it comes from?"

"It is your own line, Calverley," I answered. "I happened to go into your room just now — you will find my card — and hardly knowing what I was doing I looked at some Latin lines lying on the table, and that was one which pleased me very much."

Calverley's Latin lines were always admirable. The ordinary writers of Latin verse must always contemplate them with admiring despair. Perhaps the most popular of his Latin verses was the tripos Latin poem, "*Carmen Seculare*," which he wrote one year. It was customary for the vice-chancellor to give a pair of gloves to the writer of such lines. Calverley, as I have been informed, asked for and obtained a pair of boxing-gloves from the vice. Many of the lines of his poems have passed almost into proverbs at Cambridge. His description of the youth who was going to set the Cam on fire and *junior optimus exit*; of the more fortunate youth —

Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu rixator eris.

Wrangler = *rixator*; the youth who goes to green fields, not of the country, but of the billiard table, *pollicitus meliora patri*; the translation of "unmentionables" *Crurum non enarrabile tegmen*; the warning to the lad who runs up bills at Bacon's the tobacconist, —

O fumose puer, nimium ne crede Baconi.
Manillas vocat; hoc prætextat nomine caules.

But the whole poem overflows with fun which has amused many of the fast-fleeting generations of the university. Calverley too was an admirable punster. Mr. Payn, the novelist, in his "Literary Recollections," tells the story that when he was left behind in a mountain excursion, Calverley quoted the line, "The labor we delight in physics Pain."

One evening one or two of us strolled down with Calverley to the Cambridge railway station. There was a very pretty

girl serving at the refreshment bar, and one of the men went up and asked her at what time the northern train came in. "Now," said Calverley somewhat severely to his companion, "if you come to think of it that's a sort of lie, you know."

I found when I went to Oxford that Blaydes was a tradition and the name of Calverley unknown. The author of "Alice in Wonderland" took me by the little path and showed me the forked tree through which Calverley took his dangerous and daring leap. It is not likely to be repeated, for this path, which used to be the short cut to the boats, is now entirely shut up since the dean of Christ Church has laid out his new path from the broad walk. I asked him once how he came to change his name to Calverley. He answered naively, that all his family had found out that they had been using the wrong name for a great many years. The change of name concurred opportunely with the change of university. I once asked him the exact circumstances under which he had left Oxford. The story was, that having got into trouble once or twice about climbing walls, he was warned about the very unpleasant consequences that would ensue if he was found doing it again. Alas, a tempting opportunity arose one night, and the forbidden climb was achieved. Calverley had no desire to hurt the feelings of the authority. It was only his playfulness. He wanted his joke and his jump. There was a great but unsuccessful effort to catch the truant, who might have escaped, but for his own wicked wit. He was heard to exclaim, "My enemies compassed me round about, but by the help of the Lord I leaped over the wall." This unguarded admission proved too much for him, and he was requested to take his name off the books. I repeated to Calverley the story as I had heard it, and asked him if it were correct. He nodded his head and said, "Something like it."

There was no boisterousness displeasing to the authorities during Calverley's undergraduate days at Cambridge. Nothing could be quieter, in better tone and taste than his conduct. I remember that there was a rumor among the "fast" men, of whom there were some, even at small Christ's College, that the college defences were not impregnable, and that there was a weak point; either that some gate could be opened or some wall be scaled. There were one or two men who declared that they had achieved this hazardous operation. To Calverley any matter of this sort

would not be of the slightest interest. He had left everything of this sort far behind. A man who could vault over a horse and cart in Petty Cury had no need to prove his prowess in an irregular and abnormal way. When "fast" men indulged their talk, Calverley would listen in an amused and quizzical way. I never myself heard him use a single expression which any child or lady might not hear. There was a sacred pond in the garden, near Milton's still more sacred mulberry tree, beneath whose "glassy, cool, translucent wave" I have a notion that he used to disport himself. This was no doubt by permission, or in the exercise of his undoubted rights.

Calverley once gave me two songs of his for publication. It was for a little provincial story which I published many years ago in a great Scottish city. The tale has been out of print for a great many years. One of these songs, "O a life in the country so joyous," as "Stanzas for Music," has been published in his "Remains," but I could never see much in it. The other, which is not at all known, is much more characteristic. It came out as —

MR. LESLIE'S SONG.

There is a rapture, exceeding all measure,
Left to enliven this sorrowful world;
Who does not think of that moment with
 pleasure,
When first round his lips the wreathing
 smoke curled?
Parents look grave or sick,
Call it a nasty trick,
Say it is ruinous — say it is wrong;
Happy indeed his lot,
Who, for these caring not,
Puffs like a chimney-pot
 All the day long.

Some, who are troubled with endless en-
 treaties,
Strive for a time this delight to forego;
Vain are their efforts, their failure complete
 is —
Life without smoking's unbearably slow.
Soon their mistake they find,
Leave all such thoughts behind,
Wise resolutions all vanish in *smoke*;
And to their cost they see,
That, if their life must be
Unfumigatory,
 'Twill be no joke.

Ladies may talk of their otto of roses —
Oh, there is something that's better by far!
Believe me, an odor more fragrant reposes
In a whiff from a pipe or a *penny cigar*!
Healer of every smart,
Soother of every heart,

Would I could tell all thy praises in song!
Incense at Pleasure's shrine,
Oh, that thy fumes divine
Curled round this nose of mine
All the day long!

Every generation of university men have their personal literary favorites. Now it is Tennyson, now Carlyle, now Browning, now Dickens. At this time it was Dickens, especially his "Pickwick." Those who took so ardently to "Pickwick" did not trouble themselves very much about Carlyle and Browning. We left the more serious side of things to Mr. Seeley and his friends. "Pickwick" was regarded as the highest achievement of the human mind, so far as the human mind has as yet gone. My own idea is that at this time the study of "Pickwick" gave a great impulse to the consumption of beer. There is hardly a chapter in the immortal work which does not bring in what Mr. Gladstone has called "that refreshing beverage." The morning began with beer, which continued, with proper or improper intervals, till dewy eve, and later still. When some one remarked to a don that the whole university might be divided into "reading" and "feeding" men, he expressed his regret that they washed down the feeding with such copious libations. Some men, who absolutely detested beer, thought it a proper thing to acquire the taste, as being thoroughly British and patriotic. There was an extraordinary knowledge of "Pickwick" among Christ's men in those days. It has been said that if the "Paradise Lost" had been lost, Macaulay could have revived it from his own memory. This is not exactly true. When Calverley was at Christ's, Macaulay came down to Cambridge to spend a few days with his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, at Cambridge. They started him on the "Paradise Lost," but the historian broke down. Tears rushed into his eyes when he found that his incomparable memory—a memory, however, which retained all the rubbish as well as all the precious things—was deserting him. There was Calverley, with two or three others, who could have gone a very long way towards reproducing "Pickwick." Calverley's famous examination paper on "Pickwick" is well known. I have seen, I will hardly say a rival, but another examination paper on "Pickwick," but it is "not a patch" upon Calverley's. It shows that there is such a thing as even a recondite knowledge of "Pickwick." Its chief charm is the admirable parody on the examination style

at Cambridge. I consider myself very well up in my "Pickwick," but I think I should have been floored at this examination. He offered two prizes, each consisting of a "first edition" of "Pickwick;" a "first edition" is worth money now, and it was a rarity in volume, I think, years ago. The prizes were obtained by Professor Skeat, who was famous for a marvellous power of pace in the covering of an examination paper; and Mr. Walter Besant, who was, no doubt, helped by his own kindred genius.

Some of these questions are reprinted by Mr. Payn in his "Literary Recollections." I include some excerpts not given by Mr. Payn. The paper is found in some editions of the "Fly Leaves." The first question is,—

Mention any occasions on which it is specified that the Fat Boy was not asleep; and that (1) Mr. Pickwick and (2) Mr. Weller, senior, ran. Deduce from expressions used on one occasion Mr. Pickwick's maximum of speed.

3. Who were Mr. Stokle, Goodwin, Mr. Brooks, Villam, Mr. Blenkin, "old Nobs," "cast-iron head," "young Bantam"?

4. What operation was performed on Tom Smart's chair? Who little thinks that in which pocket, of what garment, in where, he has left what, entreating him to return to whom, with how many what, and all how big?

6. Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar. Illustrate this by a reference to the facts.

8. Give in full Samuel Weller's first compliment to Mary, and his father's critique upon the same young lady. What church was on the valentine that first attracted Mr. Samuel's eye in the shop?

10. On finding his principal in the pound, Mr. Weller and the town-beadle varied directly. Show that the latter was ultimately eliminated, and state the number of rounds in the square which is not described.

20. Write down the chorus to each line of Mr. S. Weller's song, and a sketch of the mottle-faced man's excursus on it. Is there any ground for conjecturing that he (Sam) had more brothers than one?

21. How many lumps of sugar went into the Shepherd's liquor as a rule? And is any exception recorded?

24. How did Mr. Weller, senior, define the Funds, and what view did he take of Reduced Consols? In what terms is his elastic force described when he assaulted Mr. Stiggins at the meeting? Write down the name of the meeting.

27. In developing to P. M. his views of a proposition, what assumption did Mr. Pickwick feel justified in making?

28. Deduce from a remark of Mr. Weller, junior, the price per mile of cabs at the period.

29. What do you know of the hotel next the Bull at Rochester?

The examination paper must be taken as a whole to do justice to its clever parodies and infinite fun. Few *brochures* have been so popular and successful.

It is greatly to be regretted that Calverley never attempted any more serious work that would have brought out his great ability and large knowledge. The best-known pieces of his lyric verse are no doubt the light Cambridge pieces, and here he ought to be compared with his contemporary Sir George Trevelyan, the statesman, whose "Horace in Athens" is most delicious fooling. Sir G. O. Trevelyan says in a note to his poem, that its lines, dealing not very respectfully with the Trinity dons, was the dearest thing he ever composed, for they cost him a fellowship. On this point, however, we are able to assure Sir G. Trevelyan that he was quite mistaken. A Trinity fellowship is rarely ever given to a man on his first competition. He might have made quite safe for it on his second or third trial. He would have commanded it by his own merits, and the fellows would have been glad to welcome a worthy nephew of Macaulay's into their society. Sir G. Trevelyan has since won great honor in literature and politics. Calverley's ability and scholarship might have earned him perhaps no less distinguished a position. The only subject to which he deliberately applied his mind was that of translation. He studied it as an art, and as an art he published several gems of criticism on it. His own powers of translation from Greek and Latin into English, and from English into Greek and Latin, were unique. His version of "Theocritus," perhaps the best-known of his writings, is perhaps the best example of this. It is curious that Mr. Frederic Harrison, while discoursing at some length on the subject of translation in his "Choice of Books," and while mentioning one translation of Theocritus, does not seem to be acquainted with Calverley's. Life was made so smooth and easy for Calverley that he missed the great incentive of poverty, which causes most of the work of the world. He was not a man likely to work unless under the pressure of a strong incentive — a type of a very large class of men. Beyond most even he was devoid of ambition. He married and lived happy ever afterwards, until the last illness came, as it comes to all. In his Latin poem of "Australia" he contrasts the life of the gold-digger, and compares with it the happier and more careless life of the peasant who stays at home.

Felix qui tantos potuit perferre labores!
 Quique procellarum furiis, aestuque fameque
 Majorem se fassus, iter patefecit habendi!
 Fortunatus et ille, sui qui dives, et utens
 Sorte data, magnis non invidet! Improbis
 illum
 Fors urget labor, arcta domus, rarique so-
 dales:

*At jucunda quies, at vive in montibus aura,
 Et vacuus curis animus, fectre beatum.
 Patris amans illi soboles, nec lata laborum
 Uxor abest; non ille timet de nocte latrones,
 Non auctumnalem maturis frugibus imbrem.*

From Chambers' Journal.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"
 "COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE LIGHTSHIP.

IN the cabin of a lightship off the Essex coast sat Richard Cable, knitting a baby's sock or boot. The sock was small, so small that when he thrust his great thumb into it, his thumb filled it.

"Thirteenth row," said Richard Cable. "One, two, three, four," he began aloud, and went from four to forty-seven in decreasing tone, reaching finally an inaudible whisper. Then he raised his voice again: "Two together; one, two, three, four, five, six. Two together, one, two, three, four." His tones died away again. He moved his lips; but no sound issued from them till he reached forty-seven, and that he uttered as if it exploded on his lips. Richard Cable was a fine, strongly built, well-proportioned man, about half-way between thirty and forty, with brown curly hair, and eyes of clear blue. His face was tanned with exposure; but the nape of his neck, as visible, now that his head was bent over the knitting-needles, was of a nutty brown, many degrees redder than his face. He wore a knitted blue worsted jersey, with a pair of thick, warm, dark-blue loose trousers beneath and below the jersey. On his head was a round, brimless sailor's cap, with ribbons behind. He had shoes on his feet and white stockings.

Although he was about thirty-five, he had all the freshness of youth about him, and not a trace of care, not the furrow of a wrinkle on his honest brow. The mouth was firm; but as he knitted, he smiled with the most pleasant smile. His face was agreeable, kindly, open; however roughened by wind and spray, its expres-

sion was gentle, now especially so, as it was turned to the baby sock.

"Fourteenth row," said Cable, "plain. Darn the boy! I wish he were back."

Cable was not on deck; he was, as already said, in his cabin, and the light fell on him from above. When he raised his eyes, he could see the blue sky through the deck-lights; and across the strip of blue sky, white flakes of cloud were flying fast, like swans and Brent geese on their autumnal migration.

"Fifteenth row. One, two, three, four." Cable began very loud, but went *diminuendo* as he progressed. He also emphasized the first few numbers; but he slurred over the next, and only recovered emphasis at the last. When he came to forty-seven, he changed the position of his feet, and said: "Knit two together. One, two, three, four. Two together. Darn him! What creatures boys are to eat; who'd ever thought of his gorging all the bread! 'Tis too provoking to have to send for more."

The lightship lay about four miles off the shore, the low flat shore of Essex near the little fishing-port of Hanford, a port so insignificant, carrying on so little trade, that Trinity House ignored it, and would do nothing for it, not even concern itself about the entrance to the harbor, and take on it the charge of the lightship. This vessel was stationed where it was, manned, and supplied by the Hanfordites. It was a convenience to them, that is, to the oyster and fishing vessels which put out from the little place on Monday and came home on Saturday.

The sea on the Essex coast is shallow, so shallow that it cannot form a wave on the margin large enough to sweep away the frail dike that has been thrown up to oppose further invasion.

Through the shallows outside Hanford ran one deep line of water, and at the entrance to this lay the lightship. The coast-line was marked in that random in-and-out course which prevails in hedge demarcation inland; land was divided from water in a loose and arbitrary fashion, without the existence of any physical reason why one patch should be accounted land and another sea. What was arable was arable only because it lay behind the dike; and on the other side of the bank were acres of land as good that might have been reclaimed. There were three stages in which the soil stood; for a mile out seaward were flats on which grew seaweed, overwashed by every tide; nearer land, in creeks and estuaries, were flats

of the same soil that grew thrift and sea-lavender and glasswort, and where occasionally sheep were sent to browse. These patches were only covered at very high tides. Then came the sea-wall; and behind that was pasture and arable land, and the water only swept over the bank upon it once in ten, fifteen, or twenty years, when high tide coincided with an in-shore gale.

The outer flats grew their own crops; but the crops were distinctively marine, a long ribbon weed, and winkles. After every gale, the weed and countless winkles were swept ashore in black wreaths, and the weed whitened in the sun to a thin, ash-like film.

"Sixteenth row, knit plain."

On the sea-face of the sea-wall a strip of sand and gravel ran the length of the coast, varying in width from a foot to half-a-dozen yards. Between this beach and the clay beds lay a depression, scooped by the retreating current as the tide went out, filled with black slime, formed of decomposed seaweed and winkles, dead crabs, and all the refuse of the sea that it washed up and could not withdraw again. The flats grown over with winkles, thick as daisies in a meadow, formed a happy hunting-ground for boys and girls alike, who went out on them with "splashers" on their feet to gather shellfish. The splashers is a flat board fastened to the foot; on it the mud can be traversed by human beings as easily as by web-footed aquatic birds.

"Seventeenth row! One, two — Drat that boy!"

Richard Cable stood up, laid his knitting down on a locker and went on deck. He looked landwards. A line of foam marked where the deep sea broke over the submerged banks of clay. A glare of sun was on a belt of willows that seemed white against a gloomy mass of vapor that hung on the horizon. The trees were five or six miles distant; but they were perfectly visible, and looked against the dark background like tufts of cotton-grass.

"Ah!" said Richard Cable, "there he comes. I can see the boat. If he don't look smart, the squall will be on him and capsize him before he gets here."

The lightship was rolling and straining. The wind was rising. From the bed of black cloud lines extended, shadow-rays over the sky. The sea seemed to be uneasy, and had become fretful. The brightness was gone from the day, the color from the water.

"Darn the boy!" said Cable, looking

aloft. "We shall have dirty weather on us in ten minutes, and he not here." Then he returned to the cabin and resumed the knitting-pins and the little sock. He had done the tiny foot; he put his fingers into it and turned it about and looked at it. The fellow was already done, in white wool, and lay on a polished ash-wood stool. He took it up and measured the sole of the sock he was knitting by the other foot. "Right you are," he said; then, after a pause: "Well! it does seem a time to be away from the little uns—a whole fortnight. I don't know how I should manage it, if I hadn't the knitting of their socks and stockings to keep me in mind of their little pattering feet. What a beauty the baby is! That she is indeed, and nobody can deny it." Then he sighed. "Poor Polly!" and he wiped his eye with the sole of the little sock he was knitting. "Drat it!" said he; "I've dropped a stitch. Eighteenth row. First two together. Lord! what wonderful little toes the baby has got. They're like a row of peas in a pod, only no green about them, pink instead; and then, the little nails! what mites they be, to be sure, not half quarter so big as one of my stitches. And to see the way the baby works her toes, just as though she'd be as handy with them as with fingers. This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef—No! Baby hasn't got to that pitch of reason and understanding that she can count her toes and take in all about the pigs. She's not equal to pat-a-cake baker's man yet. What a pleasure it will be when she's old enough to laugh at pat-a-cake! Darn the boy! Not here yet, and the gale is on us."

The ship was struck by a great wave, and a blast of wind screamed over it.

"He's been dawdling, that he has. He ought to have been back with the bread an hour ago. What a plague boys are! It's a mystery how ever reliable, sensible men grow out of such untrustworthy louts; but then the plant and the seedling differ in every particular." He put down the sock again. "I can't get along of my knitting because of Trinity House. Why doesn't Trinity House take the light upon its own hands? Then it would not be undermanned; I should not be left here, alone with a hulking, scatter-brained boy. I must go on deck and have another look after him."

He climbed the ladder. The aspect of the sky and sea was changed. The sky was overcast with black, whirling vapors;

the sea, from being fretful, was angry; a shadow as of an impending woe crept over the face of nature.

The wind was off shore, so that the waves were not considerable; but behind the spit of land and the willows the coast bent away to the south, and the wind was able to heap up the waters there and roll them round in a sort of race beyond the spit, a line of leaping, shaking, angry tumblers, dark as ink when not maned with foam, meeting and driving back the muddy, churned wavelets that were swept outwards from the shallow shore and mud-flats.

"Blow that boy! If he gets swamped, his mother will lay all the blame on me for certain." He stood clutching the bulwarks, looking at the boat. He could not see distinctly; the wind, charged with foam, drove in his eyes, and in the dancing water the boat was as often hidden as seen. "Bless me!" he exclaimed suddenly, "it ain't Joe after all! Why—who in the world can it be? Bothered if it ain't a gal!" He drew his jersey sleeve across his eyes. "Joe never can ha' gone and changed his sex. He can't have bided ashore and sent his sister. Of all unreliable creatures, there never was the likes of a boy. Here's a pretty go! Sending a gal out with the bread—and me a widower." Then suddenly his heart stood still, and a feeling of sickness came over him. "There can't have nothing happened to the little uns—and mother have sent!—not to baby!—and me knitting her socks."

The lightship pitched and rolled; anchored as she was, she was subject to more violent and abrupt motions than if she had been free. Cable went on one knee and held his hand over his eyes, to assist in taking a more steady observation.

"It ain't our boat," he said. Then he shouted. The boat was now near. A girl was in it, rowing towards the vessel. She wore a glazed black sailor's hat; from under it her hair, long and dark, flew about in the wind.

"Come under the lee!" shouted Richard Cable. The girl slightly turned her head; as she did so, the wind covered her face with her hair. She seemed all but completely exhausted. She pulled with long and labored strokes.

"She's a young thing, and looks like a lady," mused Cable. "However she comes out here, it is not about the little uns. Mother is no fool."

The girl, perhaps dazed with the hair

and salt water in her eyes, and overcome with exhaustion, let go one oar to raise her hand and brush the hair from her face. The boat swung about at once.

"Hold hard!" shouted Cable. "Don't lose heart. Here's a rope-end." He caught up and cast a rope to her with such true aim that it fell athwart the boat; and the girl seized it with both hands, and in so doing, let go the other oar, which was at once carried off by the sea.

"She's lost her head," said Richard. "It's lucky she didn't do it afore she came within reach." Then he called to her: "Make fast round the thwart, and I'll haul you in. Don't lose your head, whatever you do. Hold together, if but for a minute."

The girl was staggering to her feet in the rolling boat.

"Keep hold of the rope!" he shouted. Then the boat touched the side of the lightship, which rolled at the moment. He caught the girl's hands, extended imploringly. The ship swung over, and he managed to raise the girl to the deck; but as she sprang from the boat, the spurn of her foot, or the recoil from the side of the vessel, sent her little boat adrift. The next moment it was swept away by the waves, whither Cable could not see—he had not the time to look; the condition of the girl he had saved engrossed his attention.

She was tall; in dark-blue navy serge gown, with a leather belt round her waist. She could not speak. Her breast was heaving; her breath came short and fast. Her cheeks were on fire, but her eyes were dim. Her consciousness was deserting her.

"You're pretty nigh done," said Cable; "let me fetch you a drop of brandy, miss."

She put out her hand to arrest him, and held to the bulwark with the other. She could not keep her feet. The motion of the vessel was irregular. It rolled, and was brought up with a jerk.

"I see," said he; "you must not be left alone. Drat it!—that's a souser!" as a wave went over the deck, covering him and the girl with a drench of spray. "Come down with me—or, stay! let me carry you into the cabin."

She offered no resistance, so he caught her in his arms and took her to the ladder. Her heart, under his hand, was fluttering like a butterfly at a window. Her breath came in sobs. He bore her to the ladder with long strides and descended with her to the outer cabin; this was where the coals were stowed, and the oil

stored; where he cleaned and trimmed the lamps. Beyond was a low doorway, that led into the main cabin, which in shape and relative proportions was like the toe-half of a boot. At the narrow end was the fireplace or stove; round the sides were lockers for the stowing away of sundries of every kind. The tops of the lockers served as seats. There was no table. On each side of the cabin was an aperture about two feet square, closed at pleasure with a sliding panel; this gave access to the bunk or sleeping-berth. By crawling in at the hole one found a mattress, and space, but only just space enough to lie down in, with the nose six inches from the nether surface of the deck. The smallest trifle in the cabin had its proper place, and everything was beautifully clean and orderly.

"There, miss," Cable said. "I doubt you won't be able to stow yourself properly into one of these here bunks without knocking yourself about; and if I was to put you on the locker, with the lurching you might slide off; so you had better just lie down on the cabin floor, with your feet to the fire. I'll spread a mattress for you. Lie down till you've got your breath again and recovered from your fright a bit. You'd better presently, when you can manage it, whip off that gown, which is wet, and let me cover you up with blankets and give you a drop of hot brandy and water. Then try to get to sleep. Don't you mind me, miss! I'm the father of a family. I'm the father of seven little girls, and two of them twins. When you're able to look about you, miss, you'll see a pair of socks I've been knitting for the baby. I've one done, and t'other's getting on. Excuse the liberty, if I throw my pilot coat over you—your gown was wet by that wave, and you seem so exhausted you might get your death of a chill. I've got to go aloft after the light, which will occupy me some time. Then you can take off your gown. The darned boy has gorged all the bread, and there was none left; and I sent him ashore for more, and he hasn't come back, or he would act as your lady's-maid. Very sorry, miss, I can't do better; but don't think anything of me. I'm the father of seven children, and there's ne'er a boy among them, and two of them are twins, so there's no occasion to be afeared of me."

He did not like to leave her in her condition of exhaustion, so he made an excuse to remain till he saw her a little recovered. He put the kettle on the

stove. "We'll have the water boiling directly. It don't mix well with the brandy if it isn't boiling." Then he lit the pendent lamp, for the cabin was dark, and poked the fire, and coaxed the kettle, and groped for the sugar. When he had mixed her a glass, he brought it to her where she lay. The light of the lamp was on her face. "Why—I declare, miss!" he exclaimed, "why—surely, you're Miss Josephine Cornellis."

She slightly nodded.

"Lord! What ever brought you here?" he asked.

"I was running away."

"From what?"

"My own thoughts."

From The National Review.

JUBILEE REIGNS IN ENGLAND.

THE country is preparing to celebrate an event unparalleled in its history—the jubilee of the reign of a queen.

In the thousand and sixty years which have elapsed since Egbert was made king of all England, there have been but three occupants of the throne whose reigns have been so prolonged as that of Queen Victoria. But her Majesty will, in the course of this year, have reigned, in one sense, longer than any English sovereign; for of the three kings whose reigns will have exceeded hers at the Jubilee celebration in June next, not one actually ruled for so long a period as fifty years. King Henry III. was crowned on the death of King John in 1216, but the regency was entrusted to the Earl of Pembroke, and it was not until 1222 that the king was declared of age. King Edward III. succeeded to the throne on the deposition of his father in 1327; but it was not until 1330 that he assumed the government, so that he only ruled from that date to his death in 1377—forty-seven years. King George III. practically ceased to reign six weeks after the completion of his fifty years' reign; but if we except the period during which his former mental affliction lasted—namely, from the beginning of November, 1789, until the following February—his Majesty's actual rule fell below the period of fifty years. It is proposed first to inquire into the origin of Jubilees, and then, by reference to the works of the principal historians, to show the vast national importance of the reigns of the three monarchs who have worn the English crown for more than fifty years.

Jubilee is so called from a word in Hebrew which signifies a ram, because it was proclaimed with the sound of trumpets made of ram's horns. Jubilee, among the Jews, denoted every fiftieth year, being that following the revolution of seven weeks of years, at which time all the slaves were made free, and all land reverted to its ancient owners. An account of the institution of this festival is to be found in Leviticus-xxv. 8-17.

The learned are divided about the year of Jubilee, some maintaining that it was every forty-ninth, and others that it was every fiftieth year. The ground of the former opinion is chiefly this, that the forty-ninth year being, of course, a Sabbatical year, if the Jubilee had been kept on the fiftieth, the land must have had two Sabbaths or have lain fallow two years, which, without a miracle, would have produced a dearth. On the other hand, it is alleged that the Scripture expressly declares it to be the fiftieth year—Leviticus xxv. 10, 11—and besides, if the Jubilee and Sabbatical year had been the same, there would have been no need of a prohibition to sow and reap, because that kind of labor was forbidden by the law of the Sabbatical year. The authors of the Universal History endeavor to reconcile these opinions by observing that, as the Jubilee began in the first month of the civil year, which was the seventh of the ecclesiastical, it might be said to be either the forty-ninth or fiftieth, according as one or other of these computations was followed. The political design of the law of Jubilee was to prevent the too great oppression of the poor, as well as their liability to perpetual slavery. By this means a kind of equality was preserved through all the families of Israel, and the distinction of tribes was also preserved, that they might be able, when there was occasion, to prove in the Jubilee year their right to the inheritance of their ancestors. The Jubilee served also, like the Olympiads of the Greeks, and the Lustra of the Romans, for the readier computation of time. After the Babylonish captivity the Jubilee was no longer regarded. Jubilee in a more modern sense denotes the Jubilee year in the Roman Catholic Church which is observed every twenty-fifth year from Christmas to Christmas. During its continuance plenary indulgence is obtainable by all Catholics on condition of their penitently confessing their sins, and visiting certain churches a stated number of times, or doing an equivalent amount of meritorious work. The Jubilee was first

established by Boniface VII. in 1300, and it was only to return every hundred years. But the first celebration brought such stores of wealth to Rome, that this was called the golden year, which occasioned Clement VI. in 1343 to reduce the period of the Jubilee to fifty years. Urban VI. in 1389 appointed it to be held every thirty-five years, that being the age of our Saviour, and Paul II. reduced it to every twenty-five, that every person might have the benefit of it once in his life. Jubilees afterwards became more frequent, and the popes granted them as often as they or the Church had occasion for them. There is usually one at the inauguration of a new pope. The last ordinary Jubilee was observed in 1875.

It may be interesting to record that the first mention of a reign of fifty years in this country is that of Ethelbert, king of Kent, one of the seven Saxon kingdoms, who succeeded to the throne in 566 and died in 616. During this reign occurred events of transcendent interest and importance, for in 597 St. Augustine came over on his mission.

King Ethelbert was baptized, becoming the first Christian king, and St. Augustine was made Archbishop of Canterbury. The code of laws published in English during this reign is the first of our written laws, and the earliest in any modern language. But we pass on to consider the three reigns indicated above.

King Henry III. was twice crowned; firstly, on his father's death, when he was but nine years old. This is the sole instance of a coronation taking place elsewhere than at Westminster, for the Abbey being in the hands of the dauphin of France, the king was crowned in the Abbey of Gloucester. On regaining possession of Westminster he was again crowned there in state on Whit Sunday by Stephen Langton, having the day before laid the foundation-stone of the Lady Chapel. The Chronicles of the period relate that the feasting and entertainments exceeded those held at any previous coronation. Sharon Turner, in his "History of England," says: "Henry's reign was above all others abundant in public prosperity and comforts. In no part of our history do more striking indications of improvement appear in every department of national excellence than under this depreciated king."

Lingard says: "Gentle and credulous, warm in his attachments, and forgiving in his enmities, without vices, but also without energy, Henry was a good man and a

weak monarch. But under his weak but pacific sway, the nation grew more rapidly in wealth and prosperity than it had done under any of his military progenitors."

All historians seem to agree that, in spite of many adverse circumstances, the wealth of the country seems to have increased steadily during this reign. Trade received an immense impulse, and Lombard Street became the headquarters of Italian finance. In Pearson's "Middle Ages" we read:—

The marvellous works of Roger Bacon show that optics and mechanics were intelligently studied with a view to invention, and the great prophet of Science speaks with a serene confidence of possible results, which religion taught him to under-value, but which have been the triumph of later centuries; of carriages that can go without horses, boats that can sail against the wind, and glasses that can reflect distant objects. To him, or to this time, belongs the discovery of gunpowder. Literature had a little declined before the more absorbing interest of political struggles, but the reign produced one of our greatest lawyers, Bracton; and Bacon and Duns Scotus were the glory of the Schools. Fifteen thousand students were entered on the Oxford books, and Cambridge was growing into importance. The separation from Normandy had consolidated Norman and Saxon into one English people. Not to speak English was the mark of a foreigner; and no longer, as in old times, of a gentleman. The very Government was compelled to translate its more important manifestoes into the vernacular. The law of Englishry was dying out, and it had been found possible to abolish the ordeal, which was not now, as it had once been, the refuge of the weak from the strong. Wealth, intelligence, unity, and the growth of law were slowly moulding the nation for higher destinies.

Of all the kings since the Conquest, Henry received the least money from the tenants of the crown. His reign commenced in stormy times. The barons had called the heir of France to the English throne, and did him homage. They were led to adopt this course by the fact of King John having armed, in order to annul by force all that he had promised by Magna Charta. The statistics or provisions of Oxford contain the first attempt to form a Parliamentary Assembly, by enacting that thrice every year the newly formed royal Council should meet together with twelve men elected by the Commonalty of England, and consult on the affairs of the kingdom. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the leader of the barons, secured for himself, as Ranke puts it, "an imperishable memory" by his design of

summoning, first of all, representatives of the knights of the shires, and directly afterwards representatives of the towns and the Cinque Ports, to form a Parliament in conjunction with the nobles of the realm.

Henry was renowned for piety and devotion, and for his regular attendance on public worship. His greatest work was the restoration of the Abbey of Westminster in its present, or nearly in its present form.

His veneration for his Anglo-Saxon ancestors attracted him to Westminster and the Confessor's tomb. His sons were the first of the English princes who were called by Anglo-Saxon names, and his eldest son was the first prince ever born at Westminster. The Abbey was built entirely at the cost of the crown. On it the king lavished vast sums of money, and the most renowned painters and sculptors of Italy were requisitioned for its embellishment. The shrine destined to receive the body of Edward the Confessor was raised upon a mound which was the last funeral tumulus in England, and to this, with great pomp and ceremony, was the corpse transferred. Henry III. appears to great advantage as a legislator. The common, as well as the statute law of England, received considerable improvements in his reign. Several circumstances concurred to promote the improvements of the common law. The most important of these were the settlement of the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, the withdrawal of the clergy, who were great enemies to the common law, both from the bench and the bar, in obedience to a canon made in 1217, the establishment of the law colleges, the inns of court, the decline of trials by ordeal and single combat, and the statute subjecting pleaders to a fine for absurd and foolish pleading. The statutes concerning the exchequer, which were made in 1266, are the first of our statutes in the French language. All the preceding statutes had been in Latin. There are some curiosities amongst the regulations for the preservation of the peace issued in the 36th of Henry III.

Watch was ordered to be kept from sunset to sunrise during the nights between the Feast of the Ascension and that of St. Michael, in the villages by four or six stout and good men armed with bows-and-arrows and other light weapons, in the towns by a company of twelve, and in the cities by companies of six stationed at every gate. If any stranger attempted to enter or depart after the watch was set, he was instantly arrested and confined for examination until the following morning. Nor could

a traveller who arrived by daylight remain longer than two days in any village or township, unless it were during the time of harvest, or his host would become surety for his conduct. For the greater security of the merchant who is on his road, the mayor and bailiff were bound to furnish him with a guard, if required to do so; and if he numbered his money in their presence, and were afterwards robbed, he could recover the amount of his loss from the inhabitants, who were judged guilty of a breach of their duty to the King by neglecting to pursue the measures necessary to preserve his peace in their neighborhood.

Amongst curiosities found in the Chronicles of the period, it may be interesting to quote the Chronicle of Dunstable, which records that in one year of this reign, wheat was sold in many places at 8s. a quarter, but never rose in Dunstable above a crown. In another Chronicle we find that during this reign occurred the first mention of coal in England, the king having granted a charter to the town of Newcastle in which he gave the inhabitants a license to dig coal. Gold coin was first struck in this reign. The importance of the reign cannot be better exemplified than in the words of Lord Macaulay:—

Sterile and obscure as is that portion of our annals, it is there that we must seek for the origin of our freedom, our prosperity, and our glory. Then it was that the great English people was formed; that the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained, and that our fathers became emphatically islanders—*islanders not merely in geographical position, but in their politics, their feelings, and their manners.* Then first appeared with distinctness that Constitution which has ever since, through all ages, preserved its identity; that Constitution of which all the other free Constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the archetype of all the representative assemblies which now meet, either in the old or in the new world, held its first sittings. Then it was that the Common Law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the Imperial jurisprudence. Then it was that the courage of those sailors who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then it was that the most ancient colleges, which still exist at both the great national seats of learning, were founded. Then was formed that language, less musical, indeed, than the languages of the South, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to the tongue of Greece alone. Then, too, appeared the first dawn of that noble litera-

ture, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England.

Fuller, in his "Church History," thus refers to the king:—

Quiet King Henry III., our English Nestor (not for depth of brains but length of life) as who reigned fifty-six years, in which terme he buried all his contemporary princes in Christendom twice over. All the months in a year may in a manner be carved out of an April day—hot, cold, dry, moist, fair, fowle weather, being oft presented therein. Such the character of this King's life, certain onely in uncertainty, sorrowful, successful, in plenty, in penury, in wealth, in want, conquered, conqueror.

Henry died at Westminster, November 16, 1272. He was buried first in the tomb vacated by the removal of the Confessor's bones, and in 1291 reinterred in the one which we now see. Thus commenced the line of royal sepultures in the Abbey. At the reinterment his heart was delivered to the Abbess of Fontevault, to be deposited, in accordance with a promise made in early life, with the ashes of his kindred in Anjou. "The last relic," says Dean Stanley, "of the lingering Plantagenet affection for their foreign home."

We now turn to King Edward III., with whose name are linked some of the most splendid achievements of the English arms. Edward III., king of England and Wales, and lord of Ireland, was born on November 13, 1312, at Windsor Castle, whence he had his surname, after the manner of that age. His mother, Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, king of France, was accounted in her time one of the most beautiful women in the world. Prince Louis, the eldest son of the king of France, being with many of the French nobility at the English court, earnestly endeavored to have the prince named after King Philip, but this suggestion was strongly opposed by the English nobility, whose wishes ultimately prevailed. At his coronation in Westminster Abbey, in 1327, the sword and shield of State were first carried before the sovereign. During his reign Edward issued writs of summons, which are extant to this day, to assemble no less than seventy Parliaments or great Councils. His frequent need of supplies to enable him to carry on his numerous and long-continued wars were the cause of this large number. His military successes were indeed extraordinary. He killed two kings in one day and routed third, and had two kings, those of Scotland and France, his prisoners at one time. So great was his reputa-

LIVING AGE. VOL. LVII. 2940

tion abroad that on the death of Louis of Bavaria he had the offer of the empire, which he declined. He was the first English king who bore the arms and title of France.

The circumstances attending the death of the king of Bohemia, one of the two kings mentioned as having been killed in one day, are peculiarly interesting. Froissart relates that the king, though old and blind, was not to be dissuaded from entering the battle of Crecy; he therefore caused his bridle-reins to be fastened to those of two of his attendants, one on either side. All three were, after the battle, found among the slain, with their horses standing by them. The king's crest was three ostrich feathers, and his motto *Ich dien*, I serve, which the Prince of Wales adopted for himself and his successors in memorial of that great victory. Hallam, in his "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," referring to the commencement of the war against France, writes of the English king:—

The first advantage which Edward III. possessed in this contest was derived from the splendor of his personal character, and from the still more eminent virtues of his son. Besides prudence and military skill, these great princes were endowed with qualities peculiarly fitted for the times in which they lived. Chivalry was then in its zenith, and in all the virtues which adorned the knightly character, in courtesy, munificence, gallantry, in all delicate and magnanimous feelings, none were so conspicuous as Edward III. and the Black Prince. As later princes have boasted of being the best gentlemen, they might claim to be the prowtest knights in Europe; a character not quite dissimilar, yet of more high pretension. Their court was, as it were, the sun of that system which embraced the valor and nobility of the Christian world; and the respect which was felt for their Excellencies, while it drew many to their side, mitigated in all the rancor and ferociousness of hostility.

Edward III. was as much attached to Windsor as Henry III. was to Westminster. The characters of the two monarchs are well exemplified by this—the one of a quiet disposition and strong religious tendencies, choosing for his chief work the erection of a church which was to excel all others in beauty; the other, endued with indomitable energy, and fascinated by the martial spirit of the age, bestowed his care and thought rather upon making his favorite residence one of the most splendid and one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom. He built St. George's Chapel, St. George's Hall, the king's palace, the lodgings in the east and

south sides of the Upper Ward, the keep or tower in the Middle Ward, the houses for the custos and canons in the Lower Ward, together with the whole circumference of the walls and their several towers and gates. Being desirous of honoring the memory of King Arthur, and of restoring the Round Table, Edward caused solemn jousts to be held at Windsor, and it was then that he formed the design of instituting the Order of the Garter. It was the peculiar appendage of the institution of the Round Table that it should combine festivity with martial exercise. The knights who were to engage always dined first with each other at the table, which was made round that there might be no precedence and no distinction of rank.

The diameter of the table was two hundred feet. The king made Windsor the perpetual seat of the most noble Order of the Garter. He himself first took the habit in the Chapel of St. George from the hands of the Bishop of Winchester — which bishop is by statute always prelate of the order — and then he proceeded to give the habit to the other twenty-five knight companions. The full institution took place on April 23, 1349, being the Festival of St. George, when the king and all the knights went in state to St. George's Chapel to hear mass celebrated by the Bishop of Winchester. King Edward celebrated two jubilees, one of his age, and the other of his reign. Amongst the ordinances made at the jubilee of the king's age was one that thereafter all pleas should be used in English, and that all law cases, pleadings, sentences, decrees, judgments, and contracts should be written and enrolled in the English or Latin tongue, the French being wholly laid aside. This was not, however, fully carried out. The king at this time again confirmed Magna Charta, which in his whole reign he is said to have done no less than twenty several times. From this jubilee dated the custom of bestowing alms on Maundy Thursday. The year 1376 being the fiftieth of the king's reign, he kept a second jubilee, and "in consideration thereof bestowed pardons, immunities, and graces, and showed many notable acts of bounty and goodness to his people as in the first jubilee." During this reign the Houses of Lords and Commons were established. Before, the barons and knights of the shires had consulted together, but in the year 1343 they sat apart for the first time. The following extract from Henry's "History of Great

Britain" is interesting in connection with the large number of members of the legal profession who now enter Parliament: —

In these days (King Edward III.) of chivalry and superstition, when disputes were more frequently determined by the sword or by ordeals than by law, the profession of a lawyer was neither very lucrative nor very honorable, and consequently was embraced by few men of probity and credit. This brought the profession into such disgrace that practising lawyers were declared incapable of being chosen members of Parliament by a statute of 46 Edward III. 1372.

The title of duke was introduced by King Edward about a year before he assumed the title of king of France. He created his eldest son, Prince Edward, Duke of Cornwall. This was done with great solemnity in full Parliament at Westminster, March 17, 1337. Shortly before the king's accession John Wickliffe was born, and his name is first mentioned in history about the year 1360. His reputation and influence became so great that, in 1374, he was one of the commissioners sent by the king to Bruges to treat with Pope Gregory XI. respecting the repeal of the Statutes of Provisors and Præmunire. Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," lived during this reign, and was one of the king's pages. We will now conclude our notice of King Edward III. by extracts from the principal historians. Hume says: —

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward III., and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious, also, that occurs in the annals of their nation. The ascendant which they then began to acquire over France, their rival and supposed national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end; but the domestic government of this prince is really more admirable than his foreign victories, and England enjoyed by the prudence and vigor of his administration a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity than she had been blessed with in any former period, or than she experienced for many ages after. He gained the affections of the great, yet curbed their licentiousness; he made them feel his power without their daring, or even being inclined, to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behavior, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valor and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits, directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed those disturbances to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the frame of the government seemed so much to authorize.

Von Ranke has written :—

In the French and Scotch wars the now united nation, which put forth all its strength, came for the first time to the feeling of its power, to a position of its own in the world, and to the consciousness of it. A period followed in which England seemed to have obtained the supremacy in Western Europe. Peace was made with the Scotch and French; the Prince of Wales went to reside at Bordeaux, and mixed in the Spanish quarrels with the view of uniting Biscay to his territories in Southern France. As the result of these circumstances, English commerce flourished immensely, and, in emulous alliance with that of Flanders, began to form another great centre for the general commerce of the world. It was still chiefly in the hands of foreigners, but the English made great profits by it. Their riches gained them almost as much prestige in the world as their bravery. The whole government assumed a popular character.

Sir James Mackintosh thus refers to the period :—

Civil architecture was beginning to revive; castles were being used for solemnities and festivities which before had no other purpose than security. The architecture of churches had almost reached its highest perfection; a new and singular art which, though it spread magnificence from Seville to Norway, has left scarce any account of the names of its professors. The contrast of vastness with minute finish; the power of structure to exhibit changes of light and shadow—transitions from awful gloom to splendid radiance, the variety and intricacy of parts, yet appearing as a whole to the fancy, which characterizes this noble art, have formed a mental connection between it and religious worship which acquires additional strength from age to age. The reign of Edward was distinguished by Chaucer, the greatest poetical genius, if not the greatest poet, with the single exception of Dante, whom Europe had produced, probably from the death of Lucretius, and who undoubtedly surpasses every English poet, except Shakespeare, in the variety and fertility of his faculties. Under this reign, says Sir Matthew Hale, the law was improved to its greatest height. The judges and pleaders were very learned. The pleadings were more polished than those of the time of Edward II.; yet they have neither uncertainty, prolixity, nor obscurity. So that at the latter part of this King's reign the law seemed to be near its meridian.

Sharon Turner's tribute of praise is contained in these words :—

It is a general persuasion amongst Englishmen that the reign of Edward III. is the most illustrious period of their ancient annals. Our navy established its predominance over the most celebrated fleets. Parliament enjoyed

in full its Constitutional powers, the Clergy evinced a disposition to emancipate themselves from the Papal despotism. England appears with new features after his death. She became a country of larger mind and nobler manners, hastening rapidly to more glorious destinies.

The superiority of the long-bow over the cross-bow was fully established in the reign of Edward III. The bow was twice the length of the arrow, which was three feet in length. So skilled did the English archers become in its use that they could use it with precision to the distance of twelve-score yards. Everything was done to encourage its use. Proclamation was made, according to Rymers, that all persons should practise archery on the holidays out of the hours of divine service, and every game which might compete with that exercise was strictly forbidden. These prohibited games were quoits, hand-ball, foot-ball, stick-ball, canibuca, and cock-fighting.

The first toll we read of in England for mending the highways was imposed in this reign. It was that for repairing the road between St. Giles's and Temple Bar. Oxford attained great eminence at this time, and in Speed's Chronicle it is recorded that there were thirty thousand students at that university. Queen Philippa evinced her interest in Oxford by founding Queen's College. Edward was a linguist of considerable attainments, for he could not only speak the English and French, but also understood the Spanish, German, and Latin languages. He died June 21st, 1377, which was a Sunday, and the day of St. Alban, the proto-martyr of England, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

An annual obit was ordained to be held forever in memory of his death on June 21st, in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. In this year of grace 1887, on the day preceding the anniversary of the death of one of England's greatest kings, the country hopes to be celebrating the jubilee of the reign of one of her greatest queens.

The reign of George III. brings us into modern days. George III. was the first sovereign of the house of Hanover who was born in England, and his reign is the longest occurring in English history, having lasted fifty-nine and a quarter years. His coronation excited unusual interest, and, it is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, so great was the demand for places that front seats along the line of procession cost ten guineas, whereas, on the coronation of George II., the highest price

was about half a guinea. The same authority tells us that at the coronation there appeared for the last time the English representatives of the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy, who ranked before the Archbishop of Canterbury. Thus passed away the last vestiges of our dominion over France.

Archbishop Secker, who officiated, had baptized, confirmed, and married the king. During the ceremony there occurred an incident which aroused the fears of the superstitious. The largest jewel in the crown fell out. This was afterwards regarded as having indicated the loss of America. The importance of this reign and the character of the king cannot be better described than by reference to Alison's "History of Europe:"—

The reign of George III. embraces, beyond all question, the most eventful and important period in the annals of mankind. Whether we regard the changes in society, and in the aspect of the world, which occurred during its continuance, or the illustrious men who arose in Great Britain and the adjoining States during its progress, it must ever form an era of unexampled interest. Its commencement was coeval with the glories of the Seven Years' War, and the formation, on a solid basis, of the vast Colonial empire of Great Britain; its meridian witnessed the momentous conflict for American independence, and the growth, amidst Transatlantic wilds, of European civilization; its latter days were involved in the heart-stirring conflicts of the French Revolution, and overshadowed by the military renown of Napoleon. The transition from the opening of this reign to its termination is not merely that from one century to the next, but from one age of the world to another. New elements of fearful activity were brought into operation in the moral world during its continuance, and new principles for the government of mankind established never again to be shaken. The civilization of a new world, in this age, was contemporary with the establishment of new principles for the government of the old; in its eventful days were combined the growth of Grecian democracy with the passions of Roman ambition, the fervor of plebeian zeal with the pride of aristocratic power, the blood of Marius with the genius of Cæsar, the opening of a nobler hemisphere to the enterprise of Columbus, with the rise of a social agent as mighty as the press in the powers of steam.

The following, from the same chapter, refers to dangers which have not wholly passed away:—

It was the fate of George III. to be called to the throne of the only free empire in existence during the age of revolutions; to be destined to govern the vast and unwieldy fabric

of the British dominions, when torn at one period by internal convulsion, and menaced at another by external subjugation; to be doomed to combat, from the commencement to the end of a reign extending over more than half a century, the revolutionary spirit, veiled at one time under the guise of liberality and philanthropy, flaming at another with the passions and the terrors of a burning world. Of the incalculable importance of directing the government of such a country at such a period, with the steady hand of patriotic wisdom, we may form some estimate from observing what had been the consequences of the bursting forth of similar passions at the same time, in other States, where a corresponding regulating power was wanting, and where democracy, through the infatuation of the higher orders, and the delusion of the throne, obtained an early and a lasting triumph. France exhibited the prodigy of a monarch yielding to the wishes, and a nobility impregnated from the very first with the passions, of the people; and in the horrors of the Revolution, the devastation and subjugation of Europe, and the general ultimate extinction of all moral principle, and every element of freedom within its bounds, is to be found an awful example of the consequences of admitting such a power unrestrained to act on human affairs.

Again:—

Educated in the principles of the Protestant religion, the King looked to their maintenance not only as his first duty, but as the only safeguard of his throne. Simple in his habits, moderate in his desires, unostentatious in his tastes, he preferred, amidst the seductions of a palace, the purity and virtues of domestic life—he possessed in a very high degree that native sagacity and just discrimination, for the want of which no intellectual cultivation can afford any compensation, and which are so often found more than adequate to supply the place of the most brilliant and even solid acquisitions. He inherited from his father the hereditary courage and firmness of his race—no man possessed moral determination in a higher degree, or was more willing, when he felt he was right, to take his full share of the responsibility consequent upon either supporting or resisting any measure of importance. The firmness which he exhibited on the occasion of the run upon the Bank, and the Mutiny of the Nore in 1797, brought the nation safely through the most dangerous crisis of recent times. When resisting, almost alone, Mr. Fox's India Bill in 1783, he expressed his determination rather to resign his crown, and retire to Hanover, than permit it to become a law; and the result has proved both that he had correctly scanned on that occasion the feelings of the English people, and rightly appreciated the probable effect of the proposed measure on our Eastern Empire, and the balance of the Constitution in this country.

George III.'s ministries were very numerous. In the first ten years of his reign

he had no less than six different prime ministers, Mr. Pitt, Lord Bute, Mr. Grenville, Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Grafton, and Lord North. The longest administration in the reign was that of Lord North, which lasted from 1770 to 1782. The office of prime minister was vacated three times during the reign by death, in the cases of Lord Rockingham, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Perceval. The king never could be prevailed upon by any of his ministers to agree to Catholic emancipation, and he told Lord Grenville "that although he had firmness sufficient to quit his throne and retire to a cottage, or place his neck on a block, if his people required it, yet he had not resolution to break the oath which he had taken in the most solemn manner at his coronation." The Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, of which so much has been heard in recent political discussions, was passed in 1800. The growth of the influence of the press during the reign was very remarkable, and it is thus commented on by Mr. Green in his "History of the English People : " —

At the moment of George III.'s accession, the impulse which Pitt had given to the national spirit, and the rise of a keener interest in politics, was fast raising the press into an intellectual and political power. Not only was the number of London newspapers fast increasing, but journals were being established in almost every considerable town.

Amongst the minor statutes of George III. appears one, the repeal of which during the present reign has had effects which have caused considerable dissatisfaction. We allude to what is called "the national beverage." By the 56th Geo. III., c. 58, the use of any substitutes for malt or for hops in the manufacture of beer was prohibited. By the 25th and 26th of the queen, c. 22, substitutes for hops were authorized; and Mr. Gladstone's Malt Duty Abolition Act of 1880, repealed the prohibition of substitutes for malt. If these statutes had contained clauses requiring that when substitutes for malt and hops were used, their presence and their nature should be specified, the beer-drinker of the Victorian reign would not have had cause to envy his predecessor of the Georgian era.

The distinguished men who lived during this period form a very imposing array. In the political arena there contended some of the greatest statesmen and most brilliant orators which this country ever produced. The splendid eloquence and the lofty patriotism of Chatham were fol-

lowed by the genius of the great rivals, Pitt and Fox, and the oratory of Burke. Then, too, appeared the imperishable names of Nelson and of Wellington. In more peaceful walks of life, Burns, Byron, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, Moore, Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth, form a band of poets of which any age might be proud. Of great writers and profound thinkers, there lived Chalmers, Coleridge, Gibbon, Hume, Johnson, Mackintosh, Robertson, Reid, and Stewart; while the discoveries of James Watt in the power of regulating the force of steam, form a period forever memorable in the annals of science. Joshua Reynolds was the first president of the Royal Academy, to which the king had granted a charter.

The colonial empire of Great Britain was founded in this reign upon the ruins of the colonial empire of France. In 1792 the colonial possessions of France rivalled those of this country. The island of St. Domingo, in the West Indies, belonged to her; and in the East, the Cape of Good Hope, the Isle of Bourbon, the Isle of France, Java, and the Malaccas, belonged to her or her allies; her influence on the continent of Hindostan nearly equalled that of England, and on the banks of the Jumna she was predominant. The maritime forces of the two countries were nearly equal; but their fight for supremacy ended in the total destruction of the Asiatic and American possessions of France, and in the foundation of the colonial empire which is one of the greatest glories of our time.

We would conclude with the expression of an earnest hope that the reign of her Gracious Majesty may not terminate before that colonial empire, in its present imperial proportions, may be confederated, and bound in closer union with the mother country.

ARTHUR BURNAY.

From All The Year Round.
SOME NARROW ESCAPES.

DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

WHEN war was declared between France and Germany in the early summer of 1870, I was sent by a London paper to act as special correspondent with MacMahon's *corps d'armée*, and, leaving town at twenty-four hours' notice, arrived at Strasburg with by no means too much time to spare. On arriving at Strasburg, I managed to be introduced, in an informal manner, to the gallant officer who commanded the

army there assembled, and was not a little pleased when the marshal recognized me, as having met me in Algeria some years before. Frenchmen, and more particularly French military men, are somewhat backward, or shy, of fraternizing with new acquaintances; but when the latter show any desire to know them, and more particularly, as was the case with me, they show anything like a genuine admiration of the many soldier-like qualities which are to be found amongst those who compose their armies, they will always come more than half-way to meet foreigners in the bond of good fellowship.

Having been ten or twelve years in the English army, added to the fact that I had not only seen a good deal of active service in India, but had also been witness of how the French troops fought in Algeria, served as a kind of bond between me and those whose future victories, as I then firmly believed, I had come to chronicle. Not only was I never allowed to breakfast or dine at my own expense, but had I been able to consume a dozen or more meals every day, they would all, and more too, have been provided for me. In a word I was as thoroughly at home with my French hosts — for such they certainly made themselves — as if I had been on a campaign with an English force, and, perhaps, even more so. And after we marched from Strasburg, nothing could be more pleasant than the camp and all belonging to it. French officers have nothing that corresponds with our English regimental mess. In quarters the different ranks of a corps generally dine together; but on a campaign, or when marching, the three or four officers of each company join, and with an old soldier to cook and cater for them, take their meals at the same table. It was only after we got to Wissemburg, and the results of the war seemed to be more dubious than before, that stern reality took the place of what had hitherto been a period of enjoyment.

When we reached Worth, it was evident that something very like a decisive engagement would take place, and that either the French or the German army would be badly beaten before many hours were over. I got away from the lines, and with the help of a little of that gold which is a key to most doors, managed to get up to the flat top of the tower which forms part of the village church, and there witnessed what proved to be the beginning of the end of the war, so far as the French army and nation were concerned.

To me, as well as to my friends, the day proved most unfortunate. I felt so certain that MacMahon's troops would rally and eventually beat their enemy, that I delayed coming down from the tower until it was too late. By the time I got back to where I had left an old britschka with two screws of horses that I owned, the French army was in full retreat for the Vosges, the Germans were in possession of the village, and my conveyance, together with my servant who drove it, and all the clothes I had in the world, had vanished. As a matter of course, not being able to speak German, I was made a prisoner, and taken before the officer commanding the brigade that held the place. Of the treatment I received from them I had nothing whatever to complain. An officer who could speak English was sent for, and when he had read my Foreign Office passport, as well as my credentials for the paper I represented, I was at once released, on the condition of giving my parole that I would not rejoin the French army for at least seven days. I was then given a free pass, which would prevent my being made prisoner by any of the German troops, and was told I might go where I liked.

But where to go, and how to do so, was now the question. My carriage and all my kit having been looted, as I afterwards found out, by the German camp-followers, I had, in the way of clothes, what I stood in. Most fortunately my circular letter of credit had not shared the fate of the rest of my property. I had kept it in my breast pocket and was not a little glad that I had done so. If I could only reach Carlsruhe, I should be able to get whatever money I wanted. But how to get there was the question. It was some thirty or more English miles from Worth; there was no conveyance of any sort to be had; and even if the latter had been favorable, my whole worldly wealth consisted, with the exception of the letter of credit, of something less than twenty francs. If I could manage to walk all the way, that very modest sum would suffice me for a very humble lodging each night, and for a moderate amount of indifferent food. I had, however, no choice. Walk I must, if I did not want to be left to starve at Worth. The journey to Carlsruhe would help to pass away the seven days, or at any rate, a large portion of them, during which I was under parole not to rejoin the French army. To remain where I was, or to follow the French through the Vosges, was equally impossible. So I made up my mind, and started upon what promised to

be, and what certainly proved, a journey that was anything but pleasant.

Whatever other drawbacks the road between Worth and Karlsruhe had, it was by no means a solitary or lonely route. It would be difficult to say whether the wagons and other conveyances going towards Germany, or those coming into France, were most numerous. The former were filled with French prisoners and wounded soldiers; the latter with fresh German troops *en route* for the seat of war, doctors and sisters of charity on their way to tend the sick of the German army, and every sort of war stores and supplies it is possible to imagine. There were three villages in the thirty miles of road, where I found it possible to rest at night. There was nothing in the shape of a bedroom, or even of a bed, to be had, except at prices which my very limited amount of cash rendered impossible for me. I was obliged to make the best of things, and to sleep, as well as eat, as best I could. Under such circumstances personal cleanliness was almost impossible. When I arrived, on the morning of the fourth day, at Karlsruhe, I was very far from being respectable in appearance. At Grösse's Hotel the clerk in the bureau evidently did not like to admit me, and it was only after I had shown him my passport, that he ordered a room to be got ready for me. I went at once to the bank named in my letter of credit; got what money I required; bought a suit of ready-made clothes; and after a hot bath, and using plenty of soap, began to feel as if it were possible to be clean and comfortable again; although it took two or three days before I could realize that I had got rid of the dirt and discomfort brought about by my vagabond-like pedestrian journey. On the third day after my arrival at Karlsruhe I started for Baden, thence went over the Swiss frontier to Basle; and by that time the seven days having elapsed, I crossed the French frontier, and made my way to Laon, following, as well as I could, the direction in which public report gave out that the army under MacMahon was marching.

No one who was not a witness of what was going on in this part of France at the time of which I write, could possibly realize the immense change that had been wrought in the people since the defeat of the army at Worth. Before it took place not only the army, but all sorts and conditions of Frenchmen, looked upon the victory of their troops, and the driving out of the Germans as a mere question of time,

and believed that, before many days were over, not only would the enemy be ignominiously expelled from French soil, but the French army would be marching towards Berlin. But now all this had changed. In the short period, not more than eight or nine days, that elapsed between my leaving France at Worth, and my return to it at Laon, the very nature of the people seemed to have altered, and certainly not for the better. The whole talk was about the national defeat, which they seemed to think could not be avoided after what had happened; and seemed to believe most firmly, not only that their army had not fought well, but that its chiefs had, in several instances, betrayed the forces they commanded, and had passively, if not actually, assisted the Germans to gain their victory. The army had also changed greatly. The men of every rank, from the privates up to the generals of brigades, seemed taken up in discussing what their superiors did, or ordered to be done. That implicit, unquestioning obedience, which is so conspicuous in our own service, appeared to have no existence whatever amongst the French troops after their defeat at Worth. But what was, if possible, worse — worse as an augury of the future fate of the country — was the distrust which the people seemed to have of the army. Those amongst the middle classes and the peasantry, who less than a fortnight ago always showed themselves to be proud of their national troops, were now almost unanimous in declaring them to be, not only cowards, but traitors to their country; and not a few of the leading officers, MacMahon amongst the number, were said to be playing into the hands of Bismarck and the Germans. That such accusations were not only utterly false, but were beneath contempt, goes without saying. Nor would I have referred to them in this paper, were it not to show how the French nation had, so to speak, in a great measure, prepared and trained itself for its own defeat.

At Laon I learnt that Marshal MacMahon had, with the army he commanded, made his way to Rheims, whence he intended to try to afford assistance to Bazaine, who was already surrounded at Metz. The rail from Laon towards Rheims had been cut by order of the French military authorities, so that I had no means whatever of pushing on, except by purchasing an old rattle-trap of a carriage to supply the place of the one that had been taken by the German camp-fol-

lowers at Worth. I was, however, fortunate enough to procure two active and fast horses which, as will be seen presently, proved, in a great measure, the means by which I afterwards was able to effect the very narrow escape that saved my life.

Between Laon and Rheims, I passed through Chalons and Epernay, at which places I saw, for the first time, the *francs tireurs*, or free-shooters, a corps to which I must devote a few lines by way of description.

The corps was, in the most comprehensive possible meaning of the word, irregular. The men who composed it were not only irregular in everything they did, but appeared to glory in their irregularity. They seemed to have very few officers, and the few they had were seldom, if ever, to be seen on duty with the men. The latter had evidently souls above obedience, for they did very much what they liked, and in the manner they liked. They evidently hated the regular army, and the latter returned the compliment with interest. When at Epernay I witnessed a skirmish between a battalion of regular infantry and a small party of German Uhlans, who were evidently feeling their way, and trying to find out what was the strength of the French troops there. The officer commanding the French outpost behaved with great judgment, trying, by retiring his men, to draw on the Uhlans, and find out their numbers. He had almost succeeded in enticing the enemy to advance, and had managed to hide the strength of his detachment, when all at once a body of *francs tireurs* came up, and without waiting or even asking for orders, they began at once to blaze away at the Germans, causing the latter to retreat. The officer commanding was very angry, and sent orders to the irregulars that they were to cease firing forthwith; but they took no notice of what was said, many of them declaring in a loud voice that the regulars were playing the game of the enemy, and did not want any of the latter to be defeated or killed. When an attempt was made to find out who was in command of the *francs tireurs* no such person could be found; and on an order being given that the commanding officer would cause an official enquiry to be made into the conduct of the irregulars, the whole corps, not less than five hundred strong, vanished and dispersed, so that they could no more be found.

A war correspondent has not only to observe and note what the troops do in the field, but he must also be careful not

to miss an opportunity of sending off his letters to the paper he represents. In such a campaign as that which took place when the Germans invaded France, this was often very difficult to do. There were always German spies in the French camp, and it was considered very essential that these persons should not know how or when despatches to the emperor were sent off; otherwise, as happened more than once, the future intentions, as well as other secrets of the French, would become known to the enemy. I can safely say that so far as the staff officers of MacMahon's army were concerned, I never experienced the slightest difficulty in getting my letters off; but I had often considerable trouble in finding out when and by whom the despatches were to be sent away.

I was very anxious to let my employers in London know the exact state of affairs in regard to the intended advance of MacMahon towards Metz, and how the attempt to relieve Bazaine had utterly failed. To telegraph the news was impossible, as all the wires had been cut by the enemy. I had prepared a long letter, which gave many details that had not yet been published in England, and I felt sure that if I could only manage to get what I had written to London, it would do me no little credit. As yet Sedan was not even threatened by the Germans. I knew the officer who commanded there very well, and I resolved to push on by myself, and see what could be done in the way of forwarding my letter thence over the Belgian frontier, whence it would be safe to reach London in twenty-four hours. It took the best part of three days to reach Sedan. At Sedan I was able to procure a horse, and rode some ten miles over the Belgian frontier to Buiony, where there were neither wars nor rumors of wars. Here my letter was posted, registered, and sent off to London. I then returned to Sedan, and having the horses harnessed to the wretched old conveyance of which I was the owner, set off on my return to the headquarters of MacMahon's army, wherever they might be.

The colonel in command at Sedan was very kind to me, gave me the best of food, and the most reliable of information, advising me, if I wanted to rejoin MacMahon's army, to make the best of my way to a small town called Mouson, some fifteen or twenty miles off, situated in the valley of the Meuse, whence, as he said, I should be pretty certain of finding the headquarters of the army. My coachman, a Swiss

whom I had engaged when I bought the trap at Laon, told me that the drive from Sedan to Mouson would occupy about four hours, going at a comparatively slow pace which could not knock up the horses. It was agreed that we were to halt for an hour or so, after we had been a couple of hours on the road. I was very tired and sleepy when we left, and therefore made myself comfortable to enjoy a good sleep, thinking I should have at least two hours in which I could do so.

To my amazement, we had not gone more than a couple or three miles from Sedan, when the carriage came to a sudden halt, and I heard more than one rough voice ordering the driver not to move, unless he wished to be shot there and then. I drew back the leather curtains and looked out, when I found that some thirty or more armed men had surrounded the vehicle, and two of them opening the door, ordered me in the most brutal manner to get out. At first I thought they were soldiers, and that they were laboring under some mistake, having taken me to be somebody else. But I soon discovered that they belonged to the *francs tireurs*; and that they fully intended to make me a prisoner. I still thought there must be some mistake, and asked them what they wanted, telling them that I was an English newspaper correspondent, who had accompanied MacMahon all through the campaign, and was now on my way to rejoin him. "Vous mentez" (You lie), was the polite answer I got; and, as one of them cocked his rifle and swore he would shoot me dead if I did not get out, I thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and got out upon the dusty road. I asked where their officers were; but they replied that there were none present, and that Frenchmen knew how to deal with Prussian spies, without being controlled by officers. I asked them what I had done that I should be made a prisoner of. They answered that I was a Prussian spy, and that they intended to try me by court-martial and shoot me. I told them that if they would only come back to Sedan with me, the commandant of the garrison would satisfy them that I was not a Prussian, still less a spy; but an Englishman who was going about his lawful work. They said that the commandant at Sedan was, like most of the French army, a traitor to his country; that they would not believe a word he said, but had determined to make me a prisoner and kill me. Anything so brutal as they were in their

words and manner, it has never been my lot to witness in any part of the world.

At last they decided to begin what they were pleased to call a *conseil de guerre*, or court-martial, in order that they might try me for being, as they asserted, a Prussian spy on French soil.

I question whether, in the history of the world, a greater farce or a more entirely one-sided affair was ever enacted than on this occasion. I was accused, as I said before, of being a Prussian spy; but what I came to spy upon, or in whose employment I was, my accusers, who were also my judges, did not say. A couple of dozen times at least I was told that I was what they said; and when I denied it, and said I was an Englishman, I was told *vous mentez* (you lie). Of the twenty-five or thirty men present, twelve resolved themselves into what they called a court, a thirteenth individual acting as president. I offered to show them—in fact held out for their inspection—my Foreign Office passport, as well as a pass I had received from MacMahon's chief of the staff, when I joined the army at Strasburg. But the first they would not even look at; and the second they said was given by a man—Marshal MacMahon—who was himself a traitor to France. They did not seem to think it requisite that I should be put upon my defence. One of them was called forward by the rest, asked whether he could speak English, and whether he would know an Englishman by sight when he saw him. To both questions he replied in the affirmative. He was then told to speak to me in English, and to look at me, and say if I was an Englishman. He came up to me and muttered some gibberish, which contained a few words that might, by persons of a very strong imagination, be called English. I endeavored to say a few words to him in my own tongue; but he stopped me by shouting out that I was a Prussian, that I spoke German, and did not understand a word of English.

This seemed quite enough for those who were trying me. After consulting together for a few minutes, one of them announced in a loud voice that I had been found guilty of being a Prussian spy, and that as such I was condemned to be shot. He then told me—looking at his watch and letting me look at mine—that I had a quarter of an hour given me to live, and, as a proof that he meant what he said, orders were given to twelve of the party to load their rifles, and two others were

told off to give me the *coup de grâce*, in the event of my not being killed by the firing party. In a word, my lease of life seemed to be very near its termination, and I felt very certain that I had not more than the fifteen minutes the fellow named in which to live.

To analyze one's feelings or thoughts under such circumstances is impossible. For about five minutes, a third of the time that was left me, I felt utterly stunned, and kept wondering whether those I had left behind in England would ever learn what my fate had been. At last an idea, a sort of forlorn hope, came to me, and I lost no time before trying whether or not I could put it in execution. I called to one of the men, who seemed to be a leader amongst his fellows, and told him that I wished, before being shot, to see a priest, which was a privilege invariably granted to even the greatest culprits in France, and asked him to find out the *curé*, or parish priest, of the nearest village, and bring him to me. My idea was that by making this request, I should at any rate gain a little time, and that, if this priest did come to see me, it was possible, although I feared not very probable, he might have some influence with these men, and might get them to send me to some military post, where I should have justice done me. My request did not seem to annoy my judges in the least. On the contrary, they approved of it, and at once sent off a couple of messengers in different directions to look for this *curé*.

In the mean time my feelings and surroundings were by no means happy. It is true that since they had sentenced me to be shot, the men had — most fortunately, as it afterwards turned out — unbound my hands and feet. I was allowed to sit on the ground, close to a wall, a sentry with a loaded rifle being within a dozen yards of me, and due notice was given that if I attempted to get away this man had orders to shoot me at once. I was covered with dirt and dust, the result of having been knocked down more than once when I was made a prisoner. What the ultimate result of my reprieve might be, or what the priest could do if they found him, which seemed far from likely, was, I need hardly say, utterly uncertain. I kept on hoping for the very improbable best, but fearing in my heart that the more than probable worst would be my fate.

At last what turned out to be my guardian angel appeared. The messengers who had gone in search of the priest had been absent some little time, and my cap-

tors were beginning to grumble and say that it was time to finish the business, and shoot me off-hand, when all at once an old man, a *garde champêtre*, appeared on the scene, his fowling-piece over his shoulder, and the red ribbon in the button-hole of his blouse, showing that he had served, and served with honor, in the French army. He asked what was the matter, and turning to me, enquired whether I really was an Englishman. I told him my story, and showed him the different documents I had by me, commencing with the pass given me by the chief of MacMahon's staff. He read it carefully, and I could see by his face that he was convinced I was telling the truth. He then looked at my Foreign Office passport, but did not seem able to make out what it meant. All at once he left me, and I saw him go to where my carriage was, and whilst examining the vehicle and horses — the latter, most providentially, as it turned out, having never been unharnessed — he spoke a few words to the coachman. He then came back to where I was, asked me to show him again my different papers, and then, turning to some of the *francs tireurs* who were standing near, said in a loud voice, "Messieurs, you have made a great mistake. This person," pointing to me, "is not a Prussian. He is an English officer of rank, who has come to France in order that he may see and admire how Frenchmen defend their country. Even now French officers are expecting him at the headquarters of the army." And then, turning to me, he said, "Allons, monsieur, en route; ne perdez pas un moment." With that he caught hold of my arm, hurried me away, and before my enemies had time, or anything like time, to realize what he was doing, we were not only inside the carriage, but were tearing along at a smart hand-gallop on the road to Mouson. The anger and vexation of my captors may be imagined. They had not the means of pursuing us; but they fired several shots after us, one of which went through the crown of my billycock hat. However, I was saved; and if ever one man saved the life of another, that old *garde champêtre* saved mine. When we arrived at Mouson I got five hundred francs (twenty pounds) on my letter of credit, and made it a present to the old fellow, who had behaved with such pluck, and who had certainly risked his life to save me. Had we been caught before we could reach the carriage, nothing could have saved him from suffering with me the death to which I had been condemned.

And I may say with truth, that rarely, if ever, has a man had a more narrow escape from death than was my fate in this instance.

From The Spectator.

LORD IDDESLEIGH.

PROBABLY no statesman's death since the death of Sir Robert Peel, has caused the public so keen a sense of having lost a friend, as Lord Iddesleigh's. There were very few who could call Lord Beaconsfield a friend, and that certainly was not his repute among the people. The late Lord Derby, great as was the admiration he inspired, did not exactly make the general public who did not personally know him think of him as a friend. He had vanished too long from the House of Commons to be in the front rank of popular statesmen, and he was, perhaps, feared at least as much as he was loved. Lord Palmerston was very popular, but he was eminently the man of the world, and it is not a typical man of the world who reaches any very high point in that feeling of mingled respect and confidence which attaches to the name of a friend. Lord Iddesleigh's statesmanship was not, perhaps, of the highest rank, partly, perhaps, *because* the man was so thoroughly amiable and self-forgotten, because he was so willing to "coach" Mr. Disraeli whenever Mr. Disraeli wanted coaching, — and Mr. Disraeli wanted a great deal of coaching in the business of administration, — and so anxious to stand aside whenever he thought that the advantage of the State required him to stand aside. We all of us recognize that Lord Iddesleigh assented to policies of which he would certainly never have been the author, — the policy of the last Afghan war, for instance, a policy quite at variance with his own when he was minister for India. Now, a statesman who has to apologize for policies of the first order of importance which no one believes that he himself would ever have originated, never occupies the front rank among us as a statesman. But it was precisely that quality in Lord Iddesleigh which makes us assign him his place among the second rank of statesmen, that makes us also assign him a higher place among men than that which even his chiefs occupied. Not only his colleagues were attracted by him, but even the people who only knew him as a man, by the same sort of instinct to which Lord Iddesleigh once

attributed the reader's knowledge of Cordelia in "King Lear," in spite of her habit of silence, — that is, by some imaginative insight gained through words, but which yet seemed to convey a deeper knowledge of character than words themselves *could* convey. The people evidently were singularly attracted by him, and have felt his loss, as we have said, more like the loss of a friend than the loss of a leader; there was something "good" about him which was not in any special manner expressed by his political opinions or statesmanship, something that lingered about his presence and manner, and conveyed itself, by a sort of contagion, even to those who had never seen him or heard him speak. Men said that it was impossible to conceive his conniving at a dishonorable act, even under the highest pressure of a high-pressure political life. He was loyal to colleagues in a sense in which few statesmen are loyal, a sense in which some of them think loyalty both a blunder and a vice. Yet no one believed that in Sir Stafford Northcote, loyalty of that kind would ever pass the bounds of the strictest integrity. In a word, he was both trusted as only the best men are trusted, and loved as few but self-denying men are loved. It is creditable to English parties and the English people that this thorough goodness and disinterestedness in Sir Stafford Northcote was so clearly discerned, for what he was most deficient in as a public man was that superabundant vitality which generally seems a condition of the power to impress the popular imagination. This Sir Stafford Northcote had not, — very probably because there seems to have been something a little amiss with his heart from before the period of his first entrance into the House of Commons. No doubt it takes the most abounding sense of vigor to bear all the fatigues of the House of Commons life, and yet to rise superior to them, and have plenty of energy at your disposal for retort, or irony, or ridicule, or indignation, whenever the occasion arises for the display of these powers. Sir Stafford Northcote during his House of Commons career was generally careworn, which means probably that his physical energies were a little below the mark, instead of decidedly above it. All the more we should have expected that the true character of the man would hardly be known to the people, as it evidently has been, — that they would have failed to catch the deeper notes of his character. Certainly it has not been so. Occasionally, though rarely, careworn men

manage to impress themselves even better on the imagination of the people than men of superabundant vitality, at least when that which remains when all the superficial play of character is exhausted, is of the very essence of kindness and goodness as it was in Sir Stafford Northcote. Probably even Lord Randolph will now regret the exhaustion which his tricks in the House of Commons must have produced night after night in Sir Stafford Northcote.

And yet there was no statesman of our day, if we except Mr. Gladstone, in whom there was a greater amount of that life for which political duty and political conflict fail to find expression, than Sir Stafford Northcote. No one could read his lectures on "Nothing," on "Literature" as the monument of national life, and on "Youth," without feeling that there was in the man an amount of humor, of poetical feeling, of reflective sagacity, for which it would be by no means easy to find an effective parallel. Of course, Mr. Disraeli wrote more; but then, what he wrote, though it was full of wit which Sir Stafford Northcote could not rival, and of cynical shrewdness which he would not have claimed, was also full of pretension and of folly, of which in Sir Stafford Northcote there was not a trace. It is evident that he felt the charm of majestic form more keenly even than the charm of exuberant life, or he would not have told us that since the death of Milton there had been no great development of literary power in this country. The same feeling is notable in the criticism on Cordelia, that her character "lingers about our recollections as if we had seen some being more beautiful and purer than a thing of earth, who had communicated with us by a higher medium than that of words." His mind was evidently very deeply affected by any sign of great reserves of force, such as Milton's wonderful power of producing the most imposing effects with a very few words always conveys, and which Shakespeare's studiously reserved picture of Cordelia's love also conveys. That special admiration was a very fitting one for a pillar of the Conservative party. Reverence for impressive form and for reserves of force, is the sheet-anchor of Conservatism, and Sir Stafford Northcote had it in ample measure, while his leader, Mr. Disraeli, the inventor of Democratic Toryism, had it not at all. Indeed, Mr. Disraeli was anything but a Conservative. As he declared himself, he regarded a "Conservative government" as an "or-

ganized hypocrisy," and his great effort was to make all things new. Sir Stafford Northcote fell on evil times when he found himself compelled to throw his weight into the scale with Mr. Disraeli, and to chasten the boisterous trickiness of Lord Randolph Churchill. Those were hardly times when reverence for the greater forms of our national past would suffice as a guiding principle in politics, and yet it was, we believe, the principle which chiefly moulded Lord Iddesleigh's political sympathies. Had he been chief in 1874 instead of Mr. Disraeli, we should have had something more like the foreign policy of the late Lord Aberdeen, than the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield. His political ideal was tranquil. He would have paid off debt, and kept the empire at peace, and made friends with the United States, and put down Irish obstruction, and maintained the Union, and magnified the House of Lords, and kept all the older national institutions very much what they have been for the last century, if he could. And to him, we imagine, it was a great trouble to have to become responsible for household suffrage, and for the histrionic policy of Lord Beaconsfield in India and on the Continent of Europe. But he evidently admired a type of mind with which he had himself little sympathy, and admired it too loyally to desert his bold leader when the latter got into scrapes. Loyalty to his colleagues in him was perhaps almost a fault. But then he had a genius for it, and doubtless it was as much as anything that genius for loyalty which has won him such true affection in the bosoms of the rank and file of the Conservative party. He "coached" a leader whom many a man with his knowledge would have tripped up. And he gave way to a vain and ignorant junior whom many a man with his knowledge would have exposed. Thereby he may have lost as a statesman, but he certainly gained as a man. He has left behind him a passion of regret which threatens rather to exceed than to fall short of the feeling excited by the death even of Sir Robert Peel.

From St. James's Gazette.

FARM LIFE IN THE NORTH A CENTURY AGO.

BEFORE the opening up of the turnpike roads in the north, farm operations there were of the most primitive description. For the most part the farms lay along the

sides of the more fertile valleys, and often a dale was "self-contained." The yeomen grew their own food, spun and wove the wool of their sheep into coarse cloth, and even completed its manufacture into clothes. The people rarely migrated from one valley to another; they had few wants; and of them it might be said that there the richest were poor, and the poor lived in abundance. It is a remarkable testimony to the practical shrewdness of northern farmers, that, whilst a century ago their farming was of the worst description, the depression in agriculture to-day is less felt amongst them than perhaps in any other part of the country.

Theirs was the old system of husbandry. When grass-land was broken up, it was sown with black oats, all the available manure of the little estate being bestowed upon it for the succeeding barley crop. The third year the land was laid down again to fallow with a second crop of oats, but always without grass-seeds, so that the future herbage came no one knew exactly how. In such case, however, nature seemed to let loose most of her ubiquitous weeds, and soon a green mantle overspread the fallow. One of the early improvements upon this state of things was the application of lime to such lands as were wet and moss-grown. This was universally ridiculed until the result was seen, when limekilns sprang up everywhere. Although spring wheat was cultivated in the northern counties as early as the sixteenth century, green crops as food for cattle are of recent date. As to pot-herbs and the produce of the vegetable garden generally, a century ago they were nearly unknown. Oaten bread, dressed barley, and onions constituted the more cooling diet of the common people, with very little variety. At the middle of the eighteenth century, however, common gardens were laid out in the environs of most northern country towns, and at about the same time the culture of fruit-trees became general. This was an important step; for not only did it supply a needed article of diet, but it was the beginning of a new industry. The more hardy fruit-trees were peculiarly suited to the humid valleys of the north, and in time yielded enormous crops.

As yet the art of fattening cattle was but little understood, and the first experiments were tried on sheep in winter. This was an important matter, and raised great hopes in the minds of breeders; for as yet the winter supply of animal food had proved wholly inadequate. The stock

fed in autumn was killed off by Christmas, and, with the exception of veal, scarcely any fresh meat appeared in the markets before the ensuing midsummer. This dearth was provided against, by the more substantial yeomen and manufacturers, by curing a quantity of beef at Martinmas — part of which was pickled in brine, the rest dried in the smoke of the capacious chimneys. On Sundays the farmers' wives boiled a huge piece of meat from the brine-tub, which on that day was served hot. From that time as long as the joint lasted it came up cold, relish being given to it by the addition of oatmeal pudding. Hogs were slaughtered in great numbers between Christmas and Candlemas; the flesh being converted into bacon, which, with dried beef and mutton, afforded a change in spring. The only fresh provisions of winter consisted of eggs, poultry, geese, and ill-fed veal, the calves being then carried to market when two or three weeks old. In some of the northern rivers salmon was very abundant and sold at twopence a pound.

What is here set down has reference to the small farmers and better-class yeomen of the northern dales. But the class next below them knew but little of their comfort, and scarcely any of their luxuries. The artisans and the land-laboring classes were badly housed; and subsisted chiefly on porridge of oatmeal, or dressed barley boiled in milk, with the addition of meal-bread, butter, and a very small quantity of salted meat. This diet sometimes told terribly upon the poorer population in spring; for ague set in with painful regularity. As the culture of esculent vegetables became more common, salted provisions fell into disrepute, and potatoes began to be generally though sparingly used about 1730. The cultivation of this root told healthily upon the inhabitants, and made them much better off than when they were wholly dependent upon grain. At this time parcels of tea began to be received in the north from the metropolis; but, in ignorance of its use, it was smoked instead of tobacco, made into herb puddings with barley, and therefore was rather long in becoming quite popular. As the use and virtues of the foreign luxury became better understood, neatly turned cups and saucers of wood made their appearance; these being commonly used instead of porcelain. The consumption of wheat became greater and more general after tea was introduced; though at the beginning of the century flour made from this grain was never seen

in the cottage of the laborer, and rarely made its appearance on the tables of the middle class except on festival days. Frugal housewives evinced their attachment to economy on these occasions by making their pastry of barley meal, veneered with a thin cake of flour. A curious custom survived until recently from out these by-gone things that shows the estimation in which wheaten bread was held by our ancestors. A small loaf of this bread was thought a fitting gift from the dead to the living, and every person who attended a funeral received one at the door of the deceased, and was expected to carry it home. The increased demand for wheat encouraged the hill farmers to pursue the more modern methods of cultivating it; and though the experiment has everywhere since succeeded, thin cakes of oatmeal without leaven are now daily eaten in quantities in almost all the houses of the mountain dales. It is upon this and oatmeal porridge that the famous wrestlers of the English Lake counties are reared, and there seems but little likelihood of its disuse.

But the dales folk of the north have recently undergone a revolution in customs, clothes, food, and mode of living. The development of provincial towns and markets has brought cheap luxuries and cheap literature almost to their doors. And that this is for the better in almost every way there can be no question. Many of the mountain folk are now included in the pale of humanity, which, in their isolated conditions, could hardly have been said of them two or three generations ago.

From The Spectator.

THE PROGRESS OF SAVAGE RACES.

WE wish Sir John Lubbock, or some other man with the necessary knowledge and lucidity of expression, would deliver a special lecture on the *rate* of savage progress. He might be able in the course of it to resolve one or two problems presented by savage life which are, to us at least, grave perplexities, weakening the hold on us of the general theory of progress. Sir John holds, as we understand his writings and his abominably reported lecture of Saturday at Toynbee Hall, not only that some savages have progressed, which is past question, many peoples now civilized being the descendants of true savages, but that all savages, like the rest of mankind, tend to progress. Now, is

that quite true, or being true, is the *rate* of progress such that man has any right to hope that savages will, during any period about which it is profitable to speculate, become civilized human beings? Sir John Lubbock tells us that modern savages are not like primitive savages, modern savages having placed themselves in many cases under the yoke of elaborate and complex customs which are signs in their way of progress. We suppose the deduction is true, for though civilized man shows a tendency to abandon custom, or to hold it lightly, semi-civilized man clings to it as his sheet-anchor, the Chinese, for instance, obeying certain rules with a rigidity equal to that of the modern savage. If, therefore, the Chinese were ever savages, which on the theory is certain, their devotion to rigid custom is either a sign of progress or a corollary of it. It is not a sign of rapid progress, devotion to custom being merely a rude way of preserving the accumulated result of experience or the ideas held to be true; but still, it is a sign of advance beyond the true child-like stage. The Chinese certainly have progressed, and as certainly are custom-worshippers. But why is Sir John Lubbock so sure of his datum that primitive savages were less under the yoke of custom than modern savages are? How do we know what savages were like in those early times, when observers could distinguish nothing except the broadest facts, and travellers described a savage tribe much as English sailors would now? May not an aboriginal race of B.C. 2000 have been governed by a clan system as elaborate as that of Australia, no trace of which has come down to us? It is not likely; but the wisest know nothing about it, and in building a theory on primitive absence of restraint, we are building in reality on a plausible assumption. Then is it clear that the progress, if there is progress, goes on at a rate which affords any hope of great advance during the lifetime of man upon the planet? Take Sir John's Australians, for example. He knows better than we do the nearly irresistible evidence which exists—and was published by ourselves some two years ago—for the antiquity of the Australian aborigines. Either the mounds of clamshells on his coast were put there by some tricky spirit intent on deceiving savants, or the native must have lived where the mounds are, fishing and eating, breeding and dying, for some thousands of years. If that savage has progressed, why has his progress been so purposeless,

or his rate of progress differed so much from the rate recorded in European and Asiatic annals? To all appearance, he would not become civilized at that rate in scores of thousands of years, and why should he become civilized at all? Because there is a law of progress? Well, grant it as regards certain races, where is the positive evidence of it as regards others? May not the Veddahs be old? It is difficult to argue without going behind history; but does Sir John Lubbock see proof, unquestioned proof we mean, that the black races of Africa have progressed — except, of course, under conquest — throughout the history of man? As it seems to us, there are grounds for the belief that they have not, that the law of progress as regards the negro is either non-existent or dependent upon this, — that he shall come in contact with some more progressive and more vigorous of the tribes of men. The Arab, who gives him Mahomedanism, improves him, and so does the Anglo-Saxon, who gives him Christianity; but left to himself, the negro, to the human eye, remains where he was, or, as in Haiti, retrogrades. It is distinct retrogression, and not mere pause, for a race which had abandoned cannibalism to go back to it; and Vaoodooism is at least as low as fetichism. We do not see in the negro the operation of any self-generated law of progress, or in the Red Indian. It may be there; but where is the proof of it so strong that we should build on it a theory of the world? We wish to believe in permanent progress and self-generated progress, for that would make many theological difficulties much less; but as yet the facts seem to show that two or three families of men, notably the Aryan, Arab, and Mongol, have advanced up to a point — a point in the Aryans' case still susceptible of further progress — and have compelled or persuaded other families to advance with them; but that these others, if left alone, either do not advance, or advance by gradations so like those of glaciers that the historian cannot follow them, and that the observer has little right to be certain that they occur at all. There are black tribes in the upper valley of the Nile, described by the surgeon Werne, who certainly are no advance on the blameless Ethiopians of whom the Greeks knew, or thought they knew. It may be that conditions have been unfavorable; but then, that answer is an answer also to the general theory of progress, which ought to be possible under any conditions not fatal to human life. Besides, what are the condi-

tions which make Tasmania, with its English climate, so unfavorable to progress, that while the Pict developed into a civilized man, the Tasmanian did not develop at all, but remained always a little higher than the monkey, till God in his mercy ended the effort and his race?

It seems to us that modern cheeriness has slightly infected scientific men, and that in their eager hope to show that natural science presages a great future for man, they leave out of view some unpleasant facts which militate against their theory. They take time into their account at one point, and not at another. They will assert that the development of man from a monkey, or a reptile, or whatever is the latest theory about his ancestor, must have occupied cycles of centuries, and that cycles more passed before man could use tools or make fire; and then they expect, or write as if they expected, another enormous advance within some trumpery period marked in recorded history, — for example, some two or three thousand years. Why? Where is the evidence that the man of the Niger would not take a million or so of years before he, unassisted, attained to civilization, especially if he passed through that period of "arrestment" which has certainly struck some races, and the duration of which is as uncertain as the duration of the world? Scientific men are conscious of the greatest of the marvels of the universe, the astounding way in which productive or creative energy is wasted, generations of creatures perishing uselessly before the creature to survive is born, and forests decaying that a few trees may live; but they seem unwilling to expect such waste of men. Why not? Is it because of the value of sentient beings in the economy of the universe? If humanity all perished to-morrow through some vast calamity, say, by the emission from all volcanic regions of some poisonous vapor — a thing believed to have occurred on a minute scale — the loss would be far less than the loss of babies which has occurred since the beginning of the world, and would be less, indeed, than the loss of still-born children only. If nature, or law, or Providence can afford to waste human beings, even Aryan beings, at that prodigious rate, why should it not waste whole races of savages? It has wasted two within quite a short period, the Caribs of Cuba, and the Tasmanians; and it is wasting two more quite visibly, the Australians of the mainland and the Maories. Why should it not waste the remainder,

leaving the world altogether to men of some higher type, or other type, as has happened with some animals? We do not see, we confess, though we wish to see, why, on the scientific theory of the universe, we should expect so much progress in savages, or why a Digger Indian, say, should gradually advance until he can count up to the numbers which astronomers are accustomed to use. Why should he not perish, or if his vitality is strong, as is the case with some negro tribes, why should he not survive as a kind of half-developed man? He has done so for ages in Australia, and why should the ages end? We can see a hope for him in the Christian theory, which assigns to the negro, as to Newton, two lives; but on the scientific one, we see nothing for him, if he remains unconquered and of unmixed blood, except a doubtful probability of advance at a rate which the human mind can scarcely discern, and which, as a factor in history, it is useless even to consider. Judged by Christianity, the savage has a future; but judged by history and science, the best thing that could happen to him would be to disappear as rapidly as possible, and make room for the useful peoples, who two centuries hence will have scarcely room to breathe.

From *Nature*.

IPECACUANHA CULTIVATION IN INDIA.

THE following note is from a letter which I have received from Mr. Gammie, who has charge of the cinchona plantations of the Bengal government at Darjeeling. The facts are of considerable biological interest, as showing that amongst closely connected forms, which can scarcely be distinguished by palpable morphological differences, there may yet be unobvious constitutional distinctions which in the struggle for existence may determine the survival and ultimate dominance of some one form in particular.

The facts are also perhaps interesting in another way. To any one who will be at the pains to turn up vol. vii. of *Nature*, p. 6, it will be amusing to see the sequel which the chance of circumstance has

brought to one branch of a long-burnt-out controversy.

W. T. THISELTON DYER.

Royal Gardens, Kew, December 13.

"I don't think I ever told you the final results from our ipecacuanha-growing experiments, but do so now.

"Our original stock of plants came from Kew and Edinburgh—the great majority from Edinburgh. The few plants from Kew differed a good deal in appearance from the Edinburgh lot, which, again, differed greatly from each other. All the Kew plants were of one sort, which we named, from the start, the Kew variety. It was rougher in the leaf than the Edinburgh sorts, and not so strong-growing while under glass.

"After we had satisfied ourselves that we could make nothing of ipecacuanha, from a commercial point of view, we put all the plants out in the open, under shade, and let them take their chance. By this time we had all the sorts mixed up together; and as we had originally at least ten Edinburgh plants for each one of the Kew sort, and the Edinburgh lot had, besides, been much the stronger growers under glass, the Kew plants formed less than five per cent. of the whole. But very soon the Edinburgh sorts began to disappear, until, in the course of a year or two, there was not a single plant of one of the Edinburgh varieties alive, whilst almost every plant of the Kew variety lived. Of it, at the present moment, we have a good stock, and in one place, at fourteen hundred feet elevation, under the shade of living trees, we have plants, which were put out many years ago, in the most perfect health, but unfortunately their growth has been so slow as to render the prospect of any profitable return from them almost hopeless. Still it strikes me that, in places geographically better situated for ipecacuanha-growing than Sikkim, this particular variety may succeed, although other sorts may have failed. Probably our ipecacuanha experiments may prove another instance of the folly of giving up the cultivation of new crops as hopeless until the most exhaustive experiments have been carried out. It may be that there are even harder varieties of ipecacuanha than the Kew variety to be found."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS

I. THE GREEKS IN ASIA, ...	<i>Asiatic Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	451
II. JACK AND MINORY: A TALE OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE, ...	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	461
III. LAST WORDS WITH GENERAL GORDON, ...	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	476
IV. LE NOMME W., ...	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	487
V. THE INDIAN BOURBONS, ...	<i>Asiatic Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	493
VI. THE HIGHLANDS OF SAN PAULO, ...	<i>Month</i> , ...	497
VII. A FEW MANCHESTER WORTHIES, ...	<i>Temple Bar</i> , ...	502
VIII. THE "MAN-EATING" ELEPHANT OF MUNDLA, ...	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , ...	506
IX. THE PILGRIMAGE TO KERBELA, ...	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> , ...	510
X. HOW GENERAL GORDON SAVED MY LIFE, ...	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> , ...	512

POETRY.

KILLED ON THE TELEGRAPH-WIRE, ...	450	"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT," LATINE	
LORD IDDESLEIGH, ...	450	REDDITUM, ...	450

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KILLED ON THE TELEGRAPH-WIRE.
BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

WITHIN the rough four-feet he lay,
A touch of blood on breast and wing —
His lifeblood, that had sent away
This only singer of the spring.

For he, while morning yet was dim,
And all his singing soul on fire,
And throbbing with an unsung hymn,
Had dashed against the pitiless wire.

And in the dark he fell, to lie
The cold unheeding rails between,
A song within his heart to die
Unheard, and he himself unseen.

I took him up; he lay so light,
That in my heart I did him wrong
To think a thing so frail and slight
Could have such splendid wealth of song.

Was this the bird I could not see?
That somewhere from the wooded hill
Poured forth such music from a tree
That even the very stream grew still.

Was this the spirit who sang, and shot
The soul of summer through the air,
Till all the buds grew quick with thought,
And sweet green births were everywhere?

The very bird! And this was all
His crown of song for such display —
To strike against the wire, and fall,
And bleed his little life away.

He sang of spring in fond delight,
He would not see her blossoming;
He sang of summer, but its light
Would never strike against his wing.

Yet these were throbbing in his song,
As yearns some poet in his rhyme,
To flash against a burning wrong
The sunshine of a happier time.

But ere the light for which he woke
His song, dawns upward, faint and dim,
He, bleeding from an unseen stroke,
Sinks in the dark, and dies like him.

Chambers' Journal.

LORD IDDESLEIGH.

BORN, OCT. 27TH, 1818. DIED, JAN. 12TH, 1887.

AS on a calm and genial autumn day
The sun-glow's softened sheen we scarce
remember,
Until from mead and mount 'tis swept away
By some swift-shaping cloud-wrack of Sep-
tember,
So there are lives which shine so mildly on
Their radiance scarce is marked till it is gone.
Such his who by so swift and sad a stroke,
'Midst selfish strife and the base fume of
faction,

Which round him, worn but selfless, raged and
broke,
From well-loved fields of patriot thought
and action,
Like a clear light was suddenly withdrawn,
Darkening the young year at its earliest dawn.

Disparaged and dispraised, 'midst foolish fires
Of showier lustre but less steady flaming,
The patience high that generous souls inspires,
The calm magnanimous, meaner spirits
shaming,
Held him above detraction's clamorous cry,
Pattern of proud but gentle chivalry.

The gifts of the arena, brass and blare,
Sly craft of fence, trick of impressive posing,
Were little his; the sophist's wordy snare,
The casuist's subtle shift and artful glossing
He shunned. A knightly sword he'd wield or
whet,
But stooped not to the trident and the net.

So the arena's coarser heroes mocked
This antique fighter. And his place was
rather
Where Arthur's knights in generous tourney
shocked,
Than where swashbucklers meet or histrions
gather:
Yet — yet his death has touched the land with
gloom;
All England honors Chivalry at his tomb.

Punch.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT," LATINE
REDDITUM.

"Tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis Tu mihi turba locis."
ALBUI TIBULLI Eleg. IV. xlii. 12, 13.

ALMA Luce semper duce,
Adsis comes, fautor, Deus!
Nox nigrescit; via crescit;
Adsis tamen, fautor meus.
Pro amore Tuo rege pedes meas, Tuâ lege:
Haud excelsior adspiro: solum ducem Te
requiro.

Sicut olim esse nolim,
Cum nec amor eras meus:
Nunc casurus, sum dicturus, —
"Adsis semper, fautor, Deus!"
Tunc amabam mundi lumen, male timens
Tuum Numen:
Tu ne memor sis ætatis actæ; solvar a pec-
catis!

Semper Cruce viæ duce,
Sis per dura fautor, Deus!
Donec, duce Tecum, luce
Plenâ surgat dies meus,
Qualis præbeat redemptas formas Morte jam
peremptas, —
Cœlitum subrisu gratas, — olim, heu! desi-
deratas.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. P. M.

From *The Asiatic Quarterly Review*.
THE GREEKS IN ASIA.

WHEN the Duke of Sparta took his bachelor's degree last July, Mr. Tricoupis made an eloquent speech, during the course of which he is reported to have used the following words :—

Not only has King George ruled wisely and well so far as our home affairs are concerned, but he has been in full sympathy with all our national aspirations. He has been the centre of mutilated Hellenism, the acknowledged chief of the Greeks, who, living beyond our borders, are not his subjects, but nevertheless are loyal to him and hope in him. The prince, if he follow in his father's footsteps, cannot but make us feel confident in our future destinies.*

Mr. Tricoupis was probably thinking at the time of the Greeks living in those territories, beyond the northern border, which his predecessor had vainly hoped to recover from the Turk. There are, however, other Greeks, natives of a greater, richer Greece, in Asia, who equally with their European brethren hope to see their day-dreams realized through the agency of King George and free Hellas. These Asiatic Greeks, destined some day to play an important part in the ever-recurring Eastern question, have hitherto attracted little attention. Political interest centres in Athens and Constantinople; ordinary life under Turkish rule is uneventful; and if it were not that some Smyrniote occasionally falls into the hands of Greek brigands, or that misguided villagers sometimes try to escape Turkish misrule by fleeing to Russia, there would be little to remind us of the large and annually increasing Greek population in Anatolia.

The dream of the Asiatic Greeks is a revived Byzantine Empire, which shall extend eastward to the Anti-Taurus, and have its seat of government at Constantinople. They perceive, with the keen political instinct of their race, that the "Grand Turk" once driven from Constantinople and deprived of the prestige which he derives from its possession, could not long retain his hold upon Anatolia. With the western seaboard of Asia

Minor in the hands of a rapidly increasing Greek population, and Russia playing the part of benevolent neighbor to the enterprising Greeks of Cappadocia and Pontus, any attempt to create a modern empire of Rûm with an Oriental court at Konieh or Brûsa would be impossible. The sultan must, in the fulness of time, pass beyond the Cilician Gates, never to return; and the inheritance left void by his departure must fall to the Greeks. Greek patriots have an intense belief in themselves. They would greet with pitying smiles the sceptic who ventured to cast any doubt upon their eventual succession to this glorious inheritance; but their fertile brains have not yet thrown any practical light upon the process by which a Greek emperor is to be enthroned on the shores of the Bosphorus. In the west men look for guidance to King George, and the little kingdom which, with all its faults, has proved not unworthy of the position to which it was raised by the genius of Canning. In the south, north, and east, where men's minds are less influenced by constant intercourse with the free sons of free Hellas, all hope is centred in Russia, the "deliverer" of oppressed Bulgaria. In either case, the Greeks consider it the bounden duty of every European nation, more especially of England, to help them, and they have a firm, enthusiastic belief in the ultimate destiny of their race.

The Greeks of Asia Minor and the adjacent islands are the descendants of many tribes converted to Christianity and completely Hellenized during the period of Byzantine supremacy. The various tribes were amalgamated by ecclesiastical rule and religious zeal far more effectually than they could ever have been by Rome and her pro-consuls. Churches arose in the most remote districts;* the native dialects gave place everywhere to the language in which the Gospel was written; and Constantinople became at once the civil and ecclesiastical centre of the people. The religious connection with Con-

* The traveller at the present day is constantly astonished at finding the ruins of churches in the most secluded valleys of Anatolia—mute evidences of the prosperity of the country under the Byzantine emperors, and of the complete supersession of Paganism by Christianity.

* *Times*, July 31, 1886.

stantinople has never been broken, and it thus happens that Anatolian Greeks, still faithful to their ancient traditions, have their eyes fixed upon that city rather than upon Athens. In the common parlance of the present day every one is a Greek who belongs to the Orthodox Church; and it is now almost impossible to say whether the inmates of any particular village are of Pontic, Cappadocian, Galatian, Phrygian, or pure Greek origin. The amalgamation was complete; tribal distinctions were obliterated; and the confusion was increased, after the Moslem conquest, by the enforced removal of entire communities from one portion of the empire to another. This mixed race is essentially Greek in polity and feeling; it has definite views and objects, and though these may appear for the moment visionary and impracticable, they are none the less deserving of attention.

The distribution of the Greeks in Asia Minor is remarkable. The settlements on the west coast are, as we shall presently see, the result of comparatively recent immigration; whilst the eastern communities are remnants of the original Byzantine population which have held firmly to their faith through centuries of oppression. Whilst the Seljûk sultans ruled over their empire of Rûm, the Christians do not appear to have been treated with exceptional harshness; but soon after the rise of the Ottoman Turks to power a change took place. The abominable boy-tribute was instituted, and, according to traditions handed down in the old Greek families, any one heard speaking Greek in the public streets had his tongue plucked out. It is no wonder that the great mass of the people adopted Islam, and made haste to learn Turkish; and that those who remained Christians lost their mother tongue. The Greeks who worked in the mines were allowed the special privilege of retaining not only their creed, but their language; whilst those who lived in the subterranean villages of Cappadocia, or in the mountains of Pontus were able, from the peculiarity of their position, to defy the Turk and preserve their dinlect. In all other inland communities Turkish, written with Greek

characters, became the language of the Greek Christians. The people owe a debt of gratitude towards their priests, who, during the darkest period of Turkish oppression, never allowed the feeling of nationality to die out, and preserved, as far as might be, some knowledge of the national language. There are, however, villages in the less accessible districts in which the Greek language has been so completely lost that the priest who recites the Church service is as ignorant of its meaning as those who listen to him. It was my fortune to meet one such priest who had recently purchased a copy of the Psalms in Turkish, written in Greek characters, from an American *colporteur*. He could hardly believe that they formed part of that book which he was able to read but could not understand; and was no less surprised than delighted at the new world which had been so unexpectedly opened to him. All this is, however, rapidly changing, and most strenuous efforts are being made to ensure a knowledge of Greek amongst the rising generation. It is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to describe with any fulness the varied conditions of life, the quaint habits, and the curious legends and traditions of these scattered Greek communities, but a few rough notes may, it is hoped, interest some of our readers in their present and future welfare.

In the islands off the west coast of Asia Minor the Turk* is rapidly and surely giving place to the Greek. Whenever land is for sale the purchaser is a Christian, not a Moslem; and if the same rate of displacement continues, there will not, fifty years hence, be a Turk on the islands. The increase in material prosperity since the War of Independence is almost as marked in some of the islands as in free Hellas; and each year the area devoted to the cultivation of the olive and vine is extended. It is true that the taxes are collected in a harsh and wasteful manner, and that a Christian is still at a disadvantage in the courts of law; but, on the whole, the conditions of life are not very

* A Turk in the Levant, and also in this article, is a Moslem who speaks Turkish; he may, or he may not be, of Turkish origin, and most frequently is not.

hard, and the islanders have a growing feeling of security which is not always felt by the villagers of Cappadocia. Every Greek islander from "far off" Samothraki to Rhodes knows that the European powers would not permit any serious act of oppression on the part of the Porte; and that a massacre on the smallest scale would probably be the forerunner of a Turkish exodus from Europe.

Let us take, as an instance of insular progress, that most delightful of islands, Mytilene, where the hottest summer's day is tempered by the cool sea breeze, and abundant springs give a never-failing supply of pure limpid water. Less than forty years ago there were on the island sixty thousand Turks and thirty thousand Greeks; there are now twenty thousand Turks and eighty thousand Greeks, and this change in the population has been accompanied by an ever-increasing prosperity. New houses are constantly being added to the numerous well-built villages; the hillsides are clothed with olive and vine; well-kept orchards grow fruit for the Constantinople market; and each year shows an increase in the exports and imports. The modern Lesbians are well made, handsome of face, active, and intelligent; they are excellent merchants, good sailors, hard-working agriculturists, or skilful craftsmen. The women are pretty, but aged at thirty; they are spinners of flax, cotton, and wool, from which they make excellent cloths; and they excel in those beautiful embroideries which form part of every girl's trousseau.

The island is the paradise of peasant proprietors, the despair of land-registrars. More than three-fourths of the people are landowners; and it is said with fine exaggeration, that there are three million properties. One Lesbian may hold from four to five hundred parcels of ground, scattered, as from a pepper-box, over hill and plain; whilst another may own but three or four olive-trees. The possession of land has a sobering influence on the people. Throughout the island there is absolute security; in striking contrast to the mainland, no one goes armed; and the only disturbers of the peace are the wild revellers who grow quarrelsome over their

cups. The minute subdivision of the land is due to an old fashion, now fast dying out, which renders it incumbent upon a bride to bring to her husband a furnished house and plot of ground. The fashion has its inconveniences. Landed proprietors find it impossible to live upon their estates; small scattered holdings add to the cost of transporting produce, and they are so unfavorable to the cultivation of wheat that two-thirds of the quantity required for consumption on the island has to be imported. If it were not for the safety-valve provided by the adjoining coast districts there would soon be an economic revolution. The Lesbians are good masons, excellent cabinet-makers, and cunning in the construction of all manner of water-conduits. As summer approaches there is an exodus to the mainland where they ply their trades, and, as their enemies assert, live upon Turkish hospitality; in the early autumn they return, laden with Moslem piastres, to help their wives with the olive crop. The fishermen are also away for weeks catching and drying octopi, with which the narrow seas abound, for the Constantinople and Smyrna markets. During the absence of the men the women cultivate the ground, and at the same period sturdy Albanians flock to the island to build the dry stone walls which form the basis of the terrace culture, and in the construction of which they are said to have no rivals.

The relations of the sexes are still peculiarly Oriental. On Sundays and holy days the men sit in one part of the village, the women in another. On festival days the men and women dance at opposite ends of the same field, and they never mix with each other. Maidens go to church but twice a year—on Easter Day for conscience' sake, and on St. Theodore's Day to meet their future husband, a custom probably handed down from the days when Christian maidens did not go to church through fear of amorous Turks who lay in wait by the way. A love-match is unknown; wise match-makers arrange the preliminaries of marriage. There is much hard bargaining; negotiations, which may collapse over a copper stewpan, go on for months. When the terms are finally set-

tled, a formal contract is drawn up and signed, and if either of the high contracting parties fail to carry it out within twelve months, he or she has to pay ten per cent. *ad valorem*, on the lady's dowry. The dowry fashion, which prevails amongst Moslems as well as Christians, bears hardly on the men. A father must go on slaving until he has earned the dowries, without which he cannot hope to marry his daughters; and a brother cannot, for very shame, marry before his sisters have been settled in life. The custom occasionally leads to comical, sometimes to tragical, situations; and, as may be readily understood, it does not tend to family rejoicings when a girl is born into the world.

European culture is extending among the wealthier classes, and strenuous efforts are being made to educate the masses. Education is free, supported by communal taxes and legacies. Each village has its primary schools in which Greek is taught by masters and mistresses who are either free Hellenes or Lesbians who have passed a qualifying examination at Athens. All boys and girls when they leave the schools are able to read and write, and the girls to sew and embroider. From the primary schools the boys can pass to a high school or college, which claims equal rank with those of Smyrna and Chios. In this college the course of instruction includes Greek, French, and Turkish; and a sufficiently high standard is maintained in all branches of knowledge to enable the lads, if they so mind, to go on to the Lyceum at Athens. This general education of the masses would soon lead to the disappearance of most of the old customs and quaint superstitions with which the island abounds if it were not for the conservatism of the priests. All praise and honor is due to those priests who in the dark days did so much to preserve the religion and language of the Greeks; but the parish priests of the present day run some danger of being left behind by the rising generation, and if they do not take care, a time will come when they will no longer be able to retain their hold upon the people.

On the mainland the displacement of the Turkish population by Greeks is, perhaps, more marked than it is on the islands. Villages and even districts which, less than fifty years ago, were Moslem are now partly or wholly Christian. On the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora most of the villages are Greek; the Greeks are in a large majority on the island of Mar-

mora, and the smaller islands; they are quite one-half of the population in the Dardanelles district; and they are rapidly increasing in numbers, wealth, and influence. From Edremid, the ancient Adramyttium, to Smyrna, the villages on the coast are nearly all Greek, the rich lands in the valleys of the Caicus, the Hermus, and the Meander are gradually passing into Greek hands; at Pergamum, Philadelphia, Manisa, Aidin, etc., the Greeks are increasing, the Turks decreasing; "Giaoour" Smyrna has a native Greek population of over thirty thousand, in addition to more than twenty thousand free Hellenes; and the many villages round Smyrna which were at one time almost exclusively Moslem, are now almost exclusively Greek. A similar change is taking place in the coast districts south of Smyrna, but there it is not so marked, for the rough nature of the country renders it less attractive to settlers.

The origin of this colonization of the coast districts must be sought in the increased security to life and property which the Greeks have enjoyed since the War of Independence, and the establishment of Greece as a kingdom by the Treaty of Adrianople in 1829. At first little effect was produced, but the condition of the Christians was further improved by the Treaty of Hunkiar Iskailissi; the issue of the Hatti Sherif of Gülhane; and the Crimean War. Since the Crimean War and the publication of the Hatti Hamayún, in 1856, the European ambassadors at Constantinople and the numerous consuls throughout the Levant have constantly brought pressure to bear upon the Porte in favor of the native Christians; and the last Turco-Russian War, which resulted in such an enormous loss of Moslem life and proved so disastrous to Turkey, has greatly improved the status of Christians throughout the Ottoman Empire. Security to life led to a rapid increase in the population of the islands, and men commenced emigrating to the rich fertile plains of the adjoining coast, where they could earn a livelihood with greater ease, and eventually acquire land. The movement, once started, went on at an ever-increasing rate, and it is estimated that more than two hundred thousand Greek islanders have emigrated into the Smyrna districts alone during the last forty years.

Greek colonization has not unfrequently followed in the footsteps of humble commercial enterprise. Andreas, the younger son of a large family, finds himself unable

to make his way in his native island; he forthwith invests his small earnings in miscellaneous articles, especially such as are in favor with Moslem wives and maidens, and starts off to seek his fortune as a pedlar, on the mainland. He sells his goods at from fifty to one hundred per cent. profit, and lives whilst travelling on Turkish hospitality; when he has disposed of his stock he returns to the nearest town to replenish, and then takes to the road again. After a little experience Andreas settles in a Turkish village, and opens a small shop; he is always ready to give credit on good security, at a high rate of interest, and, for a further consideration, to take payment in kind; he receives the corn, oil, or whatever it may be, at prices much below their market value, and readily disposes of them at a profit, through his compatriots in the nearest town. Needless to say, Andreas grows rich whilst the villagers grow poor; he is soon joined by his cousin Dimitri, and others, who have heard of his success, and the peasants become poorer still; at last a succession of bad harvests places them at the mercy of Andreas and his friends, and forces them to part with their houses and land; they move further inland and the village becomes a Greek colony. It is the same with the wealthier Turks; the old bey, who owns a large estate near our village, has always kept open house and never taken thought of the morrow; he has still to entertain his guests, and marry his children, but his expenses have increased, and he is sometimes in want of ready money; he applies to Andreas, who is always pleased to supply his wants, on good security, at twenty-five to thirty per cent. interest. The bey never dreams of paying, and the debt increases until, one dark day, Andreas closes his purse and threatens to sell the old man up. In the good old days Andreas would have lost his head, and the bey's lands would have passed intact to his heirs; now, a compromise is effected, part of the land is surrendered at once, and for an additional loan the remainder goes to the Greek at the old bey's death. Even at the present day Andreas is hardly in a position to fight his battles with the bey alone; he gets a cousin from free Hellas to join him in the loan and thus secures the support of the Greek consul. The debt becomes a European question; the bey knows that if he went into court he would have to pay his debt to the last para; and he therefore prefers to give up part of his property. In nearly every

town Moslems are now found who have been reduced from comparative affluence to poverty; and who vainly regret that they had not paid more attention to the old precept to distrust the Greeks.

There is now going on in these coast districts, what might almost be called a struggle for existence between Greek and Turk, and in this struggle the advantages are all on the side of the Christian. The Greek marries young, is very prolific, and, living under more favorable conditions than the Turk, manages to raise his family. He is shrewder, better educated, suffers less from official robbery than his neighbor, and is not liable to the conscription. The Turk, on the other hand, rarely raises a large family; infanticide and abortion are common; there is no skilled medical attendance; and half the peasant children die before they attain their first year. The Turk is apathetic; his education, which consists of learning verses from the Koran in a language that he does not understand, hardly fits him for a struggle with the keen-witted Greek; he has to bear the full burden of the conscription, to supply recruits for the police force, and altogether his pursuits are more calculated to shorten life than those of the Greek.

The busy town of Aivali, opposite Mytilene, is a good example of Greek progress on the mainland. In June, 1821, when the Greek fleet, under Tombazes, anchored off the island of Muskonisi in support of an expected rising of Anatolian Greeks, Aivali, or Kydonies, was a flourishing commercial town. It had thirty thousand inhabitants, three thousand stone houses, churches, oil-mills, soap-works, and a celebrated college which had been founded in 1813. No town in the Levant had more civil freedom; it enjoyed special privileges granted by the sultan, and its municipal authorities were elected by the people. On the 15th of June the Turks poured into the town from the surrounding villages; it was burned and destroyed; and, with the exception of four thousand saved by the Greek fleet, all its inhabitants were murdered or sold into slavery. For thirty years Aivali lay waste and desolate; it then began to rise from its ashes, and it is now a flourishing town of from thirty-five to forty thousand inhabitants, all Greek, with a Greek town council, and Greek-speaking Turkish officials. On Muskonisi, separated from Aivali by a few hundred yards of shallow water, a town of almost equal size is growing up, and the Turkish village of Ayasmat, whose people

took a leading part in the murders of 1821, is now almost entirely Greek. The Greeks of Aivali have been allowed considerable latitude in the management of their affairs, and they have shown themselves not unworthy of the trust. They have organized a Greek police force to protect their olive-gardens, and a night-watch to patrol the town after dark; and they have also a fire brigade with four small engines. The traditions of the old college have evidently not been lost, for nowhere has a more determined and successful effort been made to provide gratuitous education for the rising generation. Profuse expenditure on education is a national characteristic, and to acquire a sufficient fortune to found and maintain a school or hospital in his native town is the honorable ambition of many a Greek merchant. The wealthy Aivaliotes have not been behind-hand in these matters; they have established a gymnasium in which French, Turkish, and ancient Greek are taught, besides mathematics, history, and geography; a higher school for girls in which French is taught, several smaller schools for boys and girls, and a *Kindergarten* on the most approved model. Masters and mistresses are brought from Athens, and good editions of the Greek classics are obtained from Germany. From these schools young men, whose parents can afford the expense, go to Athens or Constantinople to complete their education, and they return as doctors, merchants, or schoolmasters, to stimulate others by their example. Aivali has some dozen churches, a large hospital, several hundred shops, and two hotels, but it is above all things an "oil town;" three steam and ninety hand presses are constantly squeezing oil from the crushed olives, and a dozen manufactories are converting the refuse into soap; oil is in the air you breathe, in the water you drink, and, at every footstep on the unpaved streets, it oozes from the fatty earth. There are also numerous stills in which the famous mastic of Aivali is made, and so many *cafés* in which it is consumed as to give rise to the ill-conditioned report that an Aivaliote never goes to bed sober. Whether this accusation be right or wrong, there can be no question that more life and activity is to be found in Aivali than in any other town of Anatolia with the single exception of Smyrna.*

* The development of Smyrna has been equally remarkable during the last forty years; it is rapidly becoming a European rather than an Oriental town, but, as its development is largely due to European

The colonists who have been pouring into western Anatolia are enterprising, intelligent, keen-witted, and gifted with a rare commercial instinct. They have an ardent love of, and desire for liberty, coupled with a deeply rooted intolerance of every one who happens to differ from them in creed or opinion. With many of the best qualities of the Hellenic race they combine some of the worst, such as instability of character, indifferent morality, and disregard of truth. They are at the same time parsimonious and extremely fond of show; the better-class houses in the towns are built on a European model, but all around them is waste; the rooms are fitted with cheap, showy French or Austrian furniture, which is only used on state occasions; the women of the family, mere household drudges, clad in simple garments during the week, turn out on Sundays and *fête* days to flaunt their abundant jewelry and gaudy-colored silk dresses in the eyes of their neighbors; the food, except when a guest is to be honored, is of the simplest, and, to a European, there is a general air of discomfort about the domestic life which is not inviting. Drunkenness is very prevalent, and, in the larger towns, the young Greeks spend their evenings at some casino, or *café-chantant*, where drink, play, and loose companionship do not tend to improve their morality.

Thieving and brigandage are supposed to find a natural home amongst the Greeks of western Anatolia; they are, it is true, far too frequent, and sometimes assume alarming proportions, but, on the whole, the condition of the country has been much exaggerated. Brigandage is due partly to Turkish misgovernment, and partly to political agitation, and if it were not for the connivance of Turkish officials and the evils of Hellenic consular arrangements, the crime could soon be checked. In the Smyrna district a large majority of the criminals are Hellenes, but the Greek consul has no power to try them; they have to be sent to Greece where they are rarely tried, and whence they sometimes return by the next boat. The Greek consuls are afraid or unwilling to deal with the criminals; and it is only when a determined man, like the late Midhat Pasha, happens to be governor, that they are kept in order. Midhat Pasha quieted Smyrna by seizing and locking up a hundred of the most notorious criminals, who had

trade and companies, Aivali has been selected as an example of Greek enterprise.

previously been allowed to walk the streets untouched; when he fell, the Greek consul applied for their release, the new governor gave way, and the robberies recommenced. The question of Greek protection is a very delicate one, and must always be a source of danger. Near Smyrna there are villages wholly colonized by free Hellenes who claim the protection of their consul, and in one case the Greek consul is said to have claimed as Hellenes the Greeks of a certain village, who had for several generations been Ottoman subjects. According to Ottoman law no Turkish subject can leave landed property to an alien, and it is therefore obvious that there must always be troublesome agrarian and other questions which can be used as a pretext, should either Greece or Turkey wish to quarrel.

The Greeks of the south coast of Asia Minor are far less educated and less enterprising than those on the west; and, with the exception of a few merchants and educated men, they speak only Turkish. Long servitude and loss of language have had a depressing effect; the national character has deteriorated; the old Greek liveliness has disappeared; and the genius, the liberal spirit, and love of arts of the ancient Hellene have been replaced by ignorance, servility, and gross superstition. Everywhere, however, progress is now being made; Makri, the ancient Telmessus, has sufficient commerce to ensure a weekly visit from the steamer that plies between Smyrna and Adalia; and the Greeks of Castel Rosso still show, as sponge-fishers and smugglers, that boldness and independence which characterized them when their land-locked harbor was a nest of pirates. No change can be more striking than that from Aivali, with its bustling activity, to the quaint and somewhat sleepy mediæval town of Adalia, where each step brings us face to face with some striking relic of Roman, Seljuk, or Venetian rule, and massive walls still separate the Christian from the Moslem quarter. Until 1812, when Muhammad II. broke the power of the local chief, Tekkeh Oglu, the position of the Adaliate Greeks was one of great misery; the reforms of Muhammad brought some alleviation, but the people had lost their language, and with it had gone that desire for education so congenial to the Hellene. The War of Independence gave rise to a slight movement in favor of Hellenism, but it soon died out, and showed no symptom of revival until the Crimean War. The last Turco-Russian War has, how-

ever, been a new starting-point, and efforts are being made to ensure the complete Hellenization of the community. There are now two schools for boys and two for girls, with masters and mistresses who have been educated at Athens; and as there was no one with sufficient spirit to endow the schools, the school committee was granted a monopoly of the wax used in the churches; this gives an income of £300 a year, and with a small tax provides free education for all children.

The Adaliate Greeks have many striking peculiarities; in feature, dress, and habits, they often resemble Jews more nearly than their co-religionists in the west; and there is a story of a certain Archbishop of Pisidia, who, upon landing at Adalia to visit his diocese for the first time, asked in an indignant tone why all the Jews in the place had come out to greet him instead of his flock. There is, in fact, a native tradition that the Adaliate Greeks are descended from Jews brought from Palestine, and forcibly converted to Christianity, during the time of the Empire — possibly a reminiscence of something that occurred in Hadrian's reign. The Adalirates are, as a rule, ignorant, illiterate, and opposed to education; there is much drunkenness, and their habits and dress are thoroughly Asiatic. They talk Turkish, and write it in Greek; the priests, who officiate in Greek, do not understand what they read; and though the young learn Greek in the schools, they rarely use it in conversation. Pan-Hellenism is, however, spreading, and it seems impossible for the rising generation, after studying the noble literature of ancient Greece, to relapse into barbarism. Their home and family life is miserable, and quite as despotic as that of the Moslems; the men eat with their fingers, and apart from the family; there are no tables, and the food is served in a copper dish placed on a stool; there are no beds; both sexes lie on the ground without taking off their clothes; except when they go to the bath, the women rarely comb their hair; the young men are beginning to wear European clothes, but the girls follow the conservatism of their mothers both in dress and habits. The women wear a fez, with a narrow cotton necktie wound round it, and a gilt plaque on the top; the hair is cut short in front so as to leave a straight lock on either side, and long, plaited tails of false hair, sometimes decorated with gold sequins, hang down behind; they wear gaudy silk trowsers, embroidered jackets of velvet or cloth, long robes, like

dressing-gowns, open in front and closed behind, and the highest heeled of French boots. The ladies have a great weakness for jewelry, and some of the necklaces, etc., made of old Venetian coins and *ghazis* (the gold coins of Muhammad), are not only beautiful, but valuable.

Marriages are generally arranged by agents representing the interested parties, and as soon as the preliminaries are settled, the betrothal follows; there is no ceremony, but two handkerchiefs are given to the agents by the parents of the girl as a token, and one of these is given to the bridegroom-elect, who keeps it till the wedding. Marriages always take place on Sundays, and some time beforehand the bride-elect and her friends meet to pack the trousseau, which consists of clothes, cooking utensils, and other household necessities. On the Saturday the bride's parents keep open house, and her friends and relations present her with gold sequins, which are placed on a plate in front of her. On the Sunday the bridegroom is shaved and has a bath, and the bride dresses herself in bridal attire, which has previously been sent to her by the bridegroom, so that she may go to church dressed in his clothing. In the afternoon the bride is blindfolded, and closely veiled, a procession is then formed by the female relatives of the bridegroom, and, headed by discordant, noisy music, the bride is dragged to church by her two best ladies. It is obligatory for the bride to show the greatest grief, and unwillingness at leaving her old home; and should she fail in this respect the groom may give her up on the ground that such a hard-hearted girl would never make a good wife. After the usual ceremony of the Greek Church, the priest ties the bridal crowns together with a silk string, and the marriage cannot be consummated until he cuts the string on the following Tuesday. From the church, the bridal procession, now unaccompanied by music, proceeds to the groom's house, which has been ready swept and garnished; leaving for a moment the guests outside, the newly married pair enter the house, and the groom removes the bride's veil; the lady then humbly kneels and kisses her husband's hand in token of submission, and he, raising her up, presents her with a purse, filled according to his means, and places her under a bower of branches, in a corner of the reception-room, to receive the guests, who are now admitted. As each guest passes the bride, she bends and kisses his hand; and during the re-

ception, which sometimes lasts for hours, she is never allowed to sit down. Dancing and feasting of a very noisy, convivial kind, now commence, and continue day and night until the Tuesday; and during this time the bride and bridegroom are never allowed to be alone together for a moment. On the Monday the groom's friends present gold sequins to the bride, which are generally made into necklaces; and the groom and his father-in-law keep accurate lists of the gifts with a view to future restoration on similar occasions. Whilst going through this long, tedious ordeal, the newly married couple are constantly haunted by the fear that some enemy may suddenly appear and publicly tie a knot in his handkerchief; for, should this dire event take place, they can never live together as man and wife, and must part forever. All the ceremonies and superstitions with regard to death and burial, which are prevalent amongst the Greek islanders, exist in an exaggerated degree; when, for instance, a death occurs, a small jar of water is placed on the top of the house, and no cooking is allowed for forty days. During this period the friends, relatives, and even neighbors are obliged by custom to supply the mourners with soup and boiled fowl.

Superstitions such as belief in the evil eye, in lucky or unlucky days for commencing a journey, changing a residence, or doing any particular work; in the efficacy of charms for curing diseases, in love philtres, in sorcery, etc., are common to Moslem and Christian; and both have a firm belief in the healing properties of a spring, to the west of Adalia, in which the image of the Virgin is said to have been seen. Every Sunday and Friday numbers of people visit the spring, and on Lady-day the Christians have a convivial meeting which lasts two or three days. These superstitions have far more influence over the daily life of the Greeks than their religion, for they do not understand a word of the Church service, and look upon Church attendance as a mere form which must be gone through to ensure salvation. All the old customs and traditions will disappear as education and civilization progresses; but it is to be hoped that, before the old order gives place to the new, some one may do for the Greeks of the south coast what Mr. Theodore Bent has done for those of the Cyclades.

The Greek communities of eastern Anatolia may be roughly grouped into those of the Cappadocian plains; those of Kai-

sarıyeh and Mount Argæus; and those of Pontus. The Cappadocian Greeks have a reputation throughout Asia Minor for energy and commercial activity; there are few towns in which a merchant from Kaisarıyeh is not to be found; and the rocky nature of the country drives even the poorer classes to seek their living elsewhere. Perhaps the most interesting trait in the character of these Greeks is their intense love of their native country; the great ambition of every man is to earn sufficient money to enable him to build a house and settle down in his beloved Cappadocia. The young men go off to Constantinople for a few years, and then return to marry and build a house; a couple of years of married life sees the end of their savings, and they have to revisit the capital, sometimes remaining there ten or fifteen years, to earn sufficient to support themselves and their wives for the remainder of their lives. Each village is connected with some particular guild in Constantinople; one supplies *bakals* or small storekeepers, another sellers of wine and spirits, another dryers of fish, another makers of caviare, another porters, and so forth. One curious result of this acquaintance with the outer world is that the travelled Cappadocians take a keen interest in European politics, and that the weekly post brings to every village one or more copies of the Greek newspapers published in Stambûl. The people have no marked political aspirations such as those which prevail amongst the Greeks of the west coast; they dream, it is true, of a new Byzantine Empire, but any sympathies they can spare from an all-absorbing love of money and gain are devoted to the Russian.

The south Cappadocian district, in which St. Gregory of Nazianzus once ministered, shows many signs of growing prosperity; building is going on, and the people are vacating, for houses above ground, the subterranean villages, to which they owe the preservation of their faith and language. These villages are known by Greek as well as by Turkish names; in some Greek is spoken by Moslem and Christian, in others a Græco-Turk jargon, and in others Turkish only; and this mixture is found even in the churches, where the descriptive remarks on the holy pictures are often in Turkish written in Greek characters. Some of the villages have a mixed Greek and Turk population, but they are of the same stock, and the features of the people throughout the district have a certain resemblance to

those of the race depicted on the Cappadocian monuments. The only distinction between Greek and Turk, except such as is directly due to difference of religion, is the quaint headdress of the Christian women; a cloth coming just above the mouth and wound round the chin and head like the bandage of a corpse. The superstitions and traditions are also the same; both sects reverence the skeleton of St. Gregory at Gelvereh, and in one instance, at Mamassûn, the Momoasson of the Itineraries, the Christians and Moslems own a church in common, and hold in equal veneration a box of human bones, said by the one to be the bones of St. Mamas, and by the other to be those of a celebrated Christian who adopted Islam as his religion.

The whole district is filled with rock-hewn habitations, churches, and tombs, but the most remarkable excavations are the subterranean villages already alluded to. Hassakeui, a typical village, is, to outward view, simply a collection of mud hovels on a bare, level plain: but each hovel is connected with a subterranean house excavated in the soft volcanic rock. The visitor, on entering one of the hovels, is conducted through a winding passage, with mud walls, to a closed doorway; here the passage begins to descend, and when it has attained a depth sufficient to allow of a roof of rock, from three to four feet, it is closed by a huge, cheese-shaped stone, which can be run backwards and forwards at will. The mechanism is not unlike that of the well-known entrance to the Tombs of the Kings at Jerusalem, except that in this case the stone can only be moved from the inside. In ordinary times the stone is rolled back into a passage prepared to receive it, and is kept in position by a small stone wedge; when danger threatens, and the family retire below ground, the wedge is removed, and the great stone disc rolls across the passage into a groove cut for it in the opposite wall. All the underground houses are on the same pattern — a large chamber for the horses, oxen, goats, and donkeys, with mangers and store-places for grain and fodder; two or three smaller chambers for the use of the family, with recesses for bedding and cooking utensils, and a well or cistern supplied by rain and snow water. The houses communicate with each other by rock-hewn passages, provided with rolling-stone doors, but usually closed by dry stone walls; there is thus perfect circulation throughout a subterranean village, and if one house is

forced by an enemy, the inmates retire to the next and close the passage behind them. On the approach of danger the villagers drive in their live stock, close the passages, and remain under ground until the storm has blown over; and their religious wants, during seclusion, are met by one or more subterranean churches. The last time that the population bodily disappeared below ground was during the troubled period when an Egyptian army marched through the Cilician Gates, and sent a force to occupy Kaisariyeh.

The Greeks of Kaisariyeh still display that force of character and aptitude for commercial enterprise which has made their city through all ages the trade centre of eastern Anatolia. Their talented prelate, who is not unknown to Western divines, has devoted his energies to the education and welfare of his flock; under his fostering care schools are being established in the villages, and unceasing efforts are being made to improve the condition of the peasantry. The villages on the slopes of Argæus offer a spectacle of wealth, comfort, and prosperity which is not to be found elsewhere in the interior. Under the term Pontic Greeks, may be included all those Greeks who live in the hill country bordering the southern shore of the Black Sea. They are generally agriculturists, and in many instances have preserved their language as well as their religion. Far more ignorant, and far less cultivated in every way than the Cappadocian Greeks, they have often the sturdiness and independence of mountaineers, and have been known to meet in open fight and hold their own against the dreaded Circassians. The mountain Greeks are exceedingly superstitious, and entirely under the influence of their priests, who are little more advanced than themselves. In some of the wilder districts the men present a rather uncouth appearance, with their long unkempt hair, and eager, excitable manner; but they are, when their fear or caution is overcome, extremely hospitable to strangers; and any one who wishes to observe primitive Greek habits, and gather up the old Greek folk-lore before it has passed away, could not do better than spend a couple of months with them in their lovely mountain homes. The sympathies of these Pontic Greeks are entirely Russian, and every year a few families emigrate, not always to their own profit, to Russian soil.

The Anatolian Greeks are clannish, and firmly united by one common bond — the orthodox Greek Church; they are active, intelligent, and naturally endowed with a

quick perception; laborious, engaged day and night upon their affairs, and devoted to commercial pursuits; they learn quickly and well, and become doctors, lawyers, bankers, accountants, innkeepers, etc., thus filling all the professions; they are very imitative, and easily led by those who win their confidence; but gifted with an irritating self-complacency and prone to reject advice, especially when it is given with an affectation of superiority. They have that versatility of character, that love of adventure and intrigue which distinguished the ancient Greeks; and a certain restlessness and "smartness" in their commercial dealings and speculations which not unfrequently lead to disaster; at the same time they have a power of recuperation which is quite American; and a man who has lost a fortune one day, seems to find little difficulty in amassing a new one. Wealth is considered the chief happiness of life, and a love of gain, developed early in life, begets too often a belief that all means of obtaining it are fair. It is a lamentable fact that the pursuit of riches has been so absorbing as to leave little room for those nobler sentiments which raise men above their fellows; yet who can blame the educated Greek Christian who, practically debarred from all participation in the government of his country, finds employment for his active intellect in the delicate demesnes of commerce and finance? The democratic feeling is very strong; the sole aristocracy is that of wealth, which every one may acquire; and ancient lineage or rank confers no special distinction. The children of rich and poor go to the same schools, and receive the same free education; and thus every Greek arrived at man's estate thinks that he is equally fitted with his compeers to rule a State, to lead an army in the field, or to command a fleet.

The Greeks contribute nothing but the poll-tax to the military strength of Turkey, and as little as they can to its revenue; they have, however, much power and influence in the provinces, from the hold which they have acquired on the finances of the country. Greek financiers at Constantinople, Greek tax-gatherers and business agents in the provinces, monopolize more than half the financial transactions of the Ottoman Empire. They would thus appear to have an interest in supporting Ottoman domination; but the spread of Pan-Hellenism is creating a feeling that there are higher interests connected with a resuscitation of the Byzantine Empire. Amongst the many causes which are tending to the Hellenization of the

Asiatic Greeks, are the spread of education, the patriotic feelings awakened by studying the literature of ancient Greece, the presence, as teachers, of men and women who can speak from personal experience of free Hellas and her capital, and above all, the annual gathering at the island in the midst of the *Ægean*, which has so happily been selected to be the Delos of the modern Greek. Whether the desire for a Byzantine Empire will ever pass beyond mere sentiment, depends upon Europe; the Greeks of Asia will not move without a promise of European assistance; but it is highly probable that if Russia, in furtherance of her own designs, were to send a fleet to the west coast of Asia Minor, and incite the people to rise, they would do so. The Greeks do not want the Russian, and have no particular affection for him; but they want freedom, and to obtain it they will make use of any one who will help them. Greek politicians are not troubled with vain scruples in the pursuit of their object; the friend of yesterday will be cursed to-day, and blessed to-morrow, according as he is supposed to oppose or support their visionary schemes. The position the Greeks occupy in Europe and Asia, and the increased importance which Greek countries have acquired by the opening of the Suez Canal, render their future secure. Every year which passes without a violent re-opening of the Eastern question is in their favor; they can afford to wait, and, whilst taking every advantage of their geographical position, and the commercial instinct of their race, allow their destiny to work itself out. A strong Greek State would, I believe, be advantageous to England; but the idea of a new Byzantine Empire is a dream of the far-distant future; vast changes must take place before it can come within the range of practical politics; and meantime the Greeks of Asia would do well to bear in mind that Russia's policy is the same now as it was when the emperor Nicholas addressed the following pregnant words to Sir Hamilton Seymour:—

I will never permit an attempt at the reconstruction of the Byzantine Empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful State: still less will I permit the breaking up of Turkey into little republics—*asylums* for the Kossuths and Mazzinis, and other revolutionists of Europe; rather than submit to any of these arrangements I would go to war, and would carry it on as long as I have a man and a musket left.

C. W. WILSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JACK AND MINORY: A TALE OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

CHAPTER I.

MISS RAYMOND, wrapped up in her furs, tried to peer out of the first-class carriage she had to herself; but all was darkness and gloom without, and it was also intensely cold, and with a little shiver she resigned herself to the situation. Just such a Christmas eve as one would enjoy in a well-lighted house, with warm fires blazing in every hearth, and the sound of cheerful voices surging up in whatever room you might enter. Rather a contrast flying through the air in such bitter weather, the silence unbroken except by the rush of the wheels; and these at last seemed to revolve more quietly, while the pace slackened perceptibly.

The young lady ensconced in the further end of the carriage drew her fur closer round her, as she did so tilting up her hat, and for the moment uncovering her face, showing fair golden hair swept back from a low, white forehead, and eyes brown and full of *esprit*,—in truth, a very sweet, true woman's face, graced also with a mouth that, in its delicate curves, would have entranced any modern Greuze who might be in search of female loveliness. And the eyes too told, if a hasty glance at them could declare anything, of a sweet, frank, kindly nature, with just such a mere touch of coquetry as would never venture over the bare boundary of flirtation. It was the face of one to whom the little ones would fly for comfort and consolation; and, if it told its story truly, of one who, if she put her trust at all, would do so with all her heart. But what can you discern in a momentary inspection of another's physiognomy? And only for a moment could any one, had he been so privileged, have had the opportunity of arriving at conclusions; for with a hasty gesture the girl drew her mantle almost up to her eyes, and audibly giving vent to her impatience, murmured to herself, "How slow we are going, and what a night it is! However, we must be near Draycombe now."

The train was an express, and for over half an hour had stopped nowhere. It was considerably past its time, but now the station was approached, and the pace was sensibly moderating. Miss Raymond started up, oblivious of the cold, and busied herself in getting her things together; and as there was a sudden stoppage, she let down the window.

It was snowing hard, and the storm had evidently been going on for some time, for on either side of the rails there was one great white expanse. Further up the line some conversation was going on, and leaning out of the window, she caught sight of the station not a hundred yards away. From what was said, she gathered that the line was hereabouts so blocked by a drift that there would be delay till the snow could be cleared; and thanking her good fortune that had brought her so close to the end of her journey, she re-fastened the window and patiently waited. After a short interval the train dragged slowly on to the station, where descending, she quickly collected her belongings, and asked the porter whether any carriage was in waiting from the Hall — Mr. Beaufort's.

"No, miss, nothing have come yet; perhaps it's been delayed by the snow."

"Has the snow been falling long?" she inquired as she moved into the cheerless little waiting-room, where there was a miserable fire trying to keep alight.

"Well, miss, it's been goin' on for the last two hours, and it don't look as if it were a-goin' to stop."

"Can I get a fly here?"

"Indeed, miss, I fear you can't; but I'll see the station-master."

This official, who presently came up, was however not able to help her in any way. It appeared no conveyance of any kind plied to and from the station, nor was there anything but a farmer's cart in the village, and that lay a mile and a half distant.

"No, miss. I think you had better stay here. Mr. Beaufort's carriage is sure to come; it's just been delayed a bit."

He then made her an offer to come into his own quarters, and wait there till the carriage might appear; but Miss Raymond, thanking him much, said she would do very well in the waiting-room, and she retired thereto — and placing her smaller belongings on the table, closed the door, and drawing a chair up to the fire, sat there enjoying the blaze which a vigorous application of the poker had drawn forth.

"This is truly cheerful," she remarked. "I suppose I ought not to blame the Beauforts, but it's an unpleasant position; and if this trap of theirs does not turn up, what on earth I am to do I don't know."

Her reflections were here broken in upon by the opening of the door.

The new-comer, swathed up to his mouth in a heavy overcoat heavily topped with snow, started back when he found a lady in possession, and made a movement as if

to retreat; but as Miss Raymond did not look very fierce or hard-hearted, and indeed was clearly a very pretty girl, and it seemed like a case of beauty in distress, he took his courage in both hands and advanced into the room.

"Pardon me for coming in so suddenly. I trust I am not intruding."

Now Miss Raymond was what every right-minded and properly educated girl is — self-possessed. Before her stood a good-looking, soldierly figure, the face ornamented solely by a heavy moustache — the coat thrown back, setting forth the lines of a powerful form which, garbed in its then fashion, seemed even taller than it really was.

"No, I assure you not."

"I fear," he hesitatingly said, "that you have been disappointed in getting away?"

"Yes," she responded, "that is just my case. Perhaps you are going to the same house? Mrs. Beaufort promised to send for me."

"No; it is not my good fortune to have to go there to-night. But I know the Beauforts very well. They are great friends of mine. I cannot understand why their carriage has not come."

"Probably the snow —"

"Yes, of course, that must be it. How stupid of me! I — my place is the Heronry — telegraphed this afternoon to send the dog-cart for me, and I suppose it's been delayed on the road."

"Won't you sit down?" — making room for him at the fire; "you must be very cold."

"Thanks, I will. I was half frozen out there. A gun-case has gone astray, and I was poking about the station."

"I hope you found it."

"Thanks, no; I suppose it's gone on. But really, before this capital fire, I feel inclined to laugh at troubles."

"Yes — is it not nice?" she assented.

"I wonder how long we shall be here."

"I hope for age — hm! I mean," he confusedly corrected himself, "we shall soon get away."

"It's very good of you to say so," replied Miss Raymond, who, as he had spoken, had turned her face aside with an amused smile on it; "but suppose no relief comes!"

"Upon my word, in that case" — he stopped.

"Yes, in that case?" persisted his questioner.

"Well, Miss —"

"My name is Raymond."

"Thank you, Miss Raymond. Let me introduce myself — Jack Woolcombe. I perhaps ought to say Captain Woolcombe; but you see," laughing apologetically, "all the fellows call me Jack."

"All the fellows?"

"I mean all the fellows in the regiment — the Rutland Hussars."

"Yes. But, Captain Woolcombe, to return to what you were saying, please tell me what I am to do," — and here, unwittingly, she held out her pretty little hands, as if to give emphasis to the question; for indeed the poor child was not taking her enforced stay with anything like the equanimity of her companion. "Suppose this wretched storm goes on, and no carriage comes! I've tried to get a conveyance from the village, which they say is a mile and a half off."

"Really," said Woolcombe, quite distressed, "I feel for you awfully," and he did indeed look very sympathetic. "I wish I could do anything."

"And if nothing can be done, and we are left here like two babes in the wood," she went on in a tone that tried to be light, and yet in her voice there were tears.

"Then, Miss Raymond, there's only one thing to do," he promptly answered.

"And that is —"

"You encamp here. I'll rig up things all round the windows, and I'll bivouac outside."

"On such a night! I could not dream of it. No, really," as he persisted. "The station-master offered me an asylum, and if the worst comes to the worst, I'll go to him, and leave you in possession here."

Just then the door was opened, and the porter appearing, announced that he saw a trap coming up the road, but it was as yet a long way off.

The two fellow-passengers went outside. The snow had now ceased, and a dull moon was shining, showing one vast area of white as far as the eye could reach. Some distance up the road two lights were seen advancing slowly.

"I'm sorry to say, Miss Raymond," said Woolcombe, "that that is the wrong direction for the Beauforts' carriage, and I am afraid it is my cart;" and he was right, for presently the man driving came up to Captain Woolcombe, and, touching his hat, explained that he had had the greatest difficulty in forcing his way on at all, and had almost given up the idea of making further progress, when the snow stopped falling, and the moon coming out, gave him hope he might be able to push along

And now, what was to become of the lady?

Miss Raymond, of course, could only resign herself to the situation, and return to her asylum in the station, and there she was found by Woolcombe.

"I suppose," she said, rising and extending to him her hand, "we must now say good-night. I hope you will speedily reach your home."

"Pray, do not think I take a great liberty," he rejoined; "but you just now said you would take any conveyance from the village. Why not take mine? I am quite sure something must have happened to the Beauforts' carriage. Mine, you see, is a light dog-cart, and so would travel easily."

"But I certainly am not going to take your cart and leave you here."

"You are awfully good," he warmly said, "and indeed I was going to propose to drive you to the Beauforts'. May I?"

"But this is immensely out of your way."

"Not a bit. See, Miss Raymond, it's past twelve now, and it's high time you were fast asleep. Now, let me decide for you. Here, James!" calling to his servant, "put this lady's things with mine in the cart. The boxes can be sent to-morrow, Miss Raymond. Now let me help you up. Yes, in front, please. We can defy the cold with all these rugs. Now, James, let her head go. Poor Bess! she must be as glad as we are to get home."

CHAPTER II.

PROGRESS of course was slow, but it was sure, and at any rate progress it was, and that was something.

"I wish you would smoke, Captain Woolcombe. I am sure you would like to do so."

"May I really? Sure you don't mind?"

"I like it. Let me hold the reins."

"How curious it is," he said presently, "our thus meeting! It seems like a sort of fate."

"Doesn't it!" She laughed. "A very lucky fate for me. You are my guardian angel."

"I wish I — hm — I mean it's been very fortunate for me."

"Now you know I ought to take that as a most unkind speech."

"No — 'pon my honor, you can't think that," he said, in a grieved tone.

"Oh yes, I can," she lightly made reply. "You were really glad that this misfortune overtook me."

"Never," he protested; "you must not imagine that, Miss Raymond. But you know, I am certain what I did mean. Don't you?"

"Perhaps I do," she half shyly assented.

"Are you sure you are quite warm?" as he tucked the plaids closer round her.

"Quite sure, thanks. Is it far now?"

"Well, about a mile, or a little less. Curious," he went on, "our both travelling and being belated on Christmas eve. It's like those stories in the Christmas books."

"The real truth is," said Miss Raymond, "I ought to have been at the Beauforts' yesterday, but, just when starting from home, I was detained."

"That is my case. I had half promised Cicely, that is my sister, to be with her on the Tuesday."

"Then she has been expecting you?"

"Oh, Cicely and I understand each other. My younger brother Trevor is to be at the Beauforts' soon, and so you'll know him. He is in the Rifle Brigade," continued he, growing communicative, "and a dear good fellow, though I say it that shouldn't. I hope Cicely will soon know you."

"It will be a great pleasure to me," began Miss Raymond.

"Every one likes Cicely. But as to her expecting me, you see I was staying down in Surrey, and could not be sure of the day. I had made a half promise to try and be back by Christmas eve. Holloa! it's begun to snow again."

And this was the case. It is true the flakes were few and far between as yet, but it was clearly expedient to lose no time on the road.

"I tell you what I'll do, Miss Raymond. When we get to the Beauforts', and we are already well up their avenue — you ought to see the lights of the house from here — I'll ask them to put me up for the night."

"Yes; I think you had better."

"I'll go no farther to-night. Well, here we are. Why, the house is shut up!"

They had now come close to a great structure, but no signs of life were to be seen anywhere.

"This is most strange!" said Woolcombe. "Not very polite either, to ask you to their house and leave no one to welcome you when you come."

"But are you sure this is the house?"

"There's no doubt about that. James, ring the bell, will you."

The servant rang and rang, and at last,

after what seemed an interminable delay, a faint noise was heard, and finally, after various chains and bolts had been withdrawn, the door was opened by an old man, who was in an extremely bad temper, and was very hard of hearing. He was quite unmoved by the information that the lady in the dog-cart had come to stay with the Beauforts, and curtly informed the pair at the door that she couldn't stay with the Beauforts, — "'cos why? 'cos they wasn't there." They managed to drag out of him that three days ago there had been something very wrong with the drains, and the entire household had decamped to the Manor House, the Hall being now entirely in the hands of the builders, the speaker having been left in charge as caretaker.

"But is there no room where this young lady can stay for the night?" demanded Woolcombe.

"No," he shortly replied, there was no room. The whole house was upside down.

"And how far off is the Manor House?" inquired Miss Raymond.

"It's a good four mile at least."

"What is to be done?" asked the girl, in great perplexity. "Could not this old man get me something to take me there?"

"No, Miss Raymond. It's hopeless to expect anything of the sort. You must still place yourself under my guidance. We will see how soon we can get there."

"Oh, Captain Woolcombe! I am so distressed. I never meant to make myself such a burden, but what can I do?"

"Believe me, Miss Raymond, it will be a real pleasure to me, and indeed it is my positive duty to see you safely home. Pray, say no more. Now, James, turn the mare's head."

"I beg your pardon, sir. The four-mile road goes by Shelters Dip, and with this fall, and the wind there has been, the snow must have drifted fifteen feet there."

"And the longer road — I forget the distance?"

"It's eight miles, sir, and I doubt if that's much better."

"A nice lookout, certainly. Well, we can't encamp for the night under the cart. Now, Miss Raymond, the only plan left us is to go on as quick as we can to the Heronry. It's barely five miles from this, and the track is fortunately over level country. We ought to do it in an hour and a half. My sister is there, and after you have had a good night's rest, I'll drive you to-morrow to the Beauforts'."

"You are really too kind. I suppose it is the best thing to do. I gratefully ac-

cept your offer, but I am so distressed at having put you to all this trouble."

"No, no," he pleaded, "don't say that. All this to me is really nothing. The real misery is that you should have had such a time of it. Now, pray, wrap up well. I fancy it's going to begin snowing again, but luckily the lamps will hold out for some time yet; and so now for the road."

It was past one on Christmas morning, and as if to do honor to the day, the snow now recommenced in downright earnest, though fortunately there was no wind. Had the road been any but a most clear and well-defined one, there is no saying what might not have happened; but Woolcombe knew the way, and the mare felt she was going home, and so they plodded on in silence, the wheels noiselessly wading through the snow, which soon piled itself in layers over the cart and its inmates. The poor girl, tired and fatigued, had fallen fast asleep, and unconsciously her head, declining lower and lower, at length rested on Woolcombe's shoulder. He at once saw what it was, for his companion's condition made him doubly on the alert, and drawing the wrap right over her, he steadied the sleeping girl, who slumbered on, undisturbed by the movement of his left arm around her; and so they jogged along, and after a weary time of it, at last approached the house. Miss Raymond did not awake until the servants, who had been sitting up, came with lights; and then having been carefully lifted down, she stood with dazed eyes in utter bewilderment before them. But the bright room and the blazing fire soon recalled her numbed senses to activity, and with a feeling of warmth and comfort she sank into a roomy settee. Refreshments were brought at once, and Woolcombe, taking the butler aside, told him to call one of the maids, and let Miss Woolcombe know of the new arrival.

"Miss Woolcombe went away this morning, sir, before your telegram came."

"Good heavens! was ever anything so unfortunate? Where did she go?"

"To the Manor House. She thought you weren't coming at all."

"All my own stupid delay! By-the-by, Lomax, this lady is a Miss Raymond. She was to have been met by Mrs. Beaufort's carriage, which never turned up. What on earth is to be done?"

But Lomax had not an idea.

"You see," suggested his master, "there's no housekeeper."

"No, sir, there ain't," acquiesced Mr. Lomax.

"Well, there's the cook!"—this rather vaguely, as if he was not quite sure such an official was on the premises.

"Yes, sir, there's the cook and the upper 'ousemaid."

"Of course! let's have the upper housemaid. Jane, isn't it? She'll do. For some one there must be to show Miss Raymond to a room. Send for her and tell her to come into the drawing-room."

Now the difficulty was for him to break to this young lady, so strangely drifted into his protection, that the sister whose presence she had relied upon was not in evidence! There was no help for it. It was simply impossible for Miss Raymond to leave the house that night, and they must just make the best of the situation.

"I fear," said his guest, standing before the cheerful blaze of the fire, "that I am giving Miss Woolcombe a great deal of trouble. I do hope you won't let her be disturbed; but I never dreamt I could see her till to-morrow. Would you let one of the servants show me to my room?"

Under the circumstances, perhaps the best thing for Woolcombe would have been to accept the position in which they were so strangely placed, to allow his guest to retire, and inform her next morning, when she was thoroughly rested, that Cicely was not in the house, having suddenly left. But it seemed to the young squire that he was bound in simple honor, be the consequences what they might, to tell Miss Raymond exactly how he and she were situated.

"It is," he began, "really most provoking——"

"What can be provoking in this charming house?" she said, glancing round the pretty room, and trying, dead tired as she was, to brighten up. "Here am I just beginning to become myself, and you try to damp my spirits."

"Not for the world would I do so. But I fear I must seem to you something like an impostor." Here he hurriedly went on. "The fact is, my sister, believing I was not coming, has, I find, left this—or, as it really was, yesterday—morning, and is now at the Beauforts'."

Miss Raymond looked at him rather blankly. Then the vague suspicions on her mind vanishing as she glanced up at her host's vexed and most troubled countenance, she cast all consideration for herself aside, and thought merely of the position as it affected him.

"Of course it is awkward," she gravely remarked, "but I see no help for it. You

could not tell this when you brought me here."

"It is not indeed of myself I am thinking, Miss Raymond," he earnestly said, as he approached nearer to her. "I know how awkward all this is for you, and with no lady in the house to receive you; but on such a night—tired and fatigued as you are, too—you can't possibly go elsewhere."

"Why should I? No, Captain Woolcombe, I place myself in your hands. You have done your best for me. No blame attaches to you."

"Perhaps not," he slowly said, "but if there's no blame on *me*, there may be—however, we need not enter on possibilities. Let us say no more on the subject. I honor you for your pluck. And here is Jane. She is my sister's favorite, and you will be safe with her. Jane!" turning to the girl who had come in, "please take Miss Raymond to the room prepared for her, and stay with her. Be careful as to this. She is tired to death, and must not be left to herself."

"But, indeed," began his guest.

"No," he rejoined, almost sternly, and yet with a tender softness in his voice. "Pray oblige me in this, Miss Raymond. It is no great favor, surely; and some day," he vaguely added, "I may tell you why I ask it."

"Be it so, then, if this is your wish. Good-night."

"No; I'll see you safely housed for the night."

As the servant turned to leave the room, Miss Raymond timidly approached her host, a dim sense of his meaning in all these preparations stealing over her, and with a little tremor in her sweet voice, and the faintest rise of color that enhanced her beauty, she almost whispered,—

"Captain Woolcombe, you are very kind. My own brother could not be more thoughtful. As you say, it is best. I will keep Jane with me."

In a swift and rapid glance, Woolcombe took in the tender grace of face and figure before him, but this was no time to weary her with pretty compliments; and, in truth, his feeling for her had risen beyond the stage in which bare compliments could have been uttered. He merely said, "Let me show you up-stairs. It's nearly three o'clock. Why, you will never look as you did at the station if you don't soon get some sleep."

"How did I look at the station?" she demurely demanded, with her little head

bewitchingly poised on one side as she put the query.

"Honestly, I dare not tell you," he laughed. "Perhaps some day I shall find the necessary courage."

"I must have been a very dreadful personage."

"Dreadful is not the word to use," he rejoined. "Appalling is nearer. But I must keep you up no longer. I shan't expect you to breakfast. Here is your room, and Jane is waiting. Again, good-night!"

As the door closed on her, he stood for an instant or two in a dreamy way, and then leisurely descended the stairs. To the surprise of Mr. Lomax, who had gone fast asleep in the hall, his master, throwing his greatcoat over his arm, and snatching up a rug, preceded him, and passing through the kitchen, let himself out, dismissing the servant, and plodded through the snow to the stables, ostensibly with a view to seeing whether the mare had been looked after. But groom and mare had long before gone to sleep; and so, making up the fire in the harness-room, he smoked a peaceful pipe, his feet planted high up on either side of the hob. He sat there for some time, pleasantly musing over the events of the night, till at last wearied nature came to his rescue, the pipe dropped out of his mouth, and he sank into most profound slumber, only awakening, cold and stiff, when the coachman, coming in next morning, found him before the embers of a still smouldering fire.

CHAPTER III.

BY 10 A. M., however, Woolcombe, having found his way to his room, had finished his dressing, and came down fully expecting a solitary breakfast. He rang the bell, and asked if anything had been sent up to his guest, and was discussing this question with Mr. Lomax, when the young lady, apparently none the worse for the past night's experiences, entered the room.

"Now this is really too good of you," he declared, moving eagerly to meet her, and welcoming her with outstretched hands.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you, Captain Woolcombe!"

"Ah, now to think you should have forestalled me! But you see, I never believed you would have ventured down so early."

"Why not? I slept splendidly; as I hope you did."

"Magnificently!" and quickly turning

the subject, "I hope you are ready for breakfast?"

"Indeed I am delightfully hungry. But"—and here she stopped.

"Yes. Ah! I see you are thinking of those most detestable Beauforts. Well, you may make your mind easy. I have sent off a man with a letter to my sister, requesting her to explain everything."

"And you will have me sent there after breakfast?"

"My dear Miss Raymond, just look at the weather. It's been snowing hard ever since we parted, and does not look like stopping now. I doubt if a trap can possibly reach the Manor House. If it can, I will of course drive you myself. I asked Cicely to come over at once; and if the road is at all practicable, you may depend on it she will come. I know as well as you do how anxious you must be to go," he added wistfully.

"No, no, Captain Woolcombe! pray don't put it in that way. But you see," and here she stopped in pretty confusion.

"I quite see. These awful rules of propriety, and that dreadful Mrs. Grundy, appear on the scene, and of course spoil everything."

"It's not exactly that," she hesitated.

"I'm afraid it is just exactly that. But perhaps my sister will turn up."

"How can she, if the roads are impassable?"

"They are not impassable to pedestrians, though I firmly believe no carriage can go."

"Then why can't I walk there?"

"We might manage it, but we must, at any rate, give the weather a chance. It may clear later on, and if the snow hardens we could try and tramp it."

"So be it. I therefore dismiss all unpleasant thoughts. May I make tea for you?"

"Will you? How nice that will be! You look quite as if you were the mistress of the house."

"Do I?" she shyly said. "A poor substitute for Miss Woolcombe, I fear."

"I have my own opinion as to that,—not that Cicely is not the dearest girl possible."

And so, chatting gaily, the two got through the meal, and then rose and looked out on the lawn, where the snow still fell, but not heavily.

"A dreary prospect, in sooth," he said. "I don't think there's much chance of Cicely coming."

"Then it does not look hopeful for our trip."

"Indeed it does not. Of course, as far as I am concerned, I don't want you to go, but I suppose that wretched Mrs. Grundy insists upon it."

"Mrs. Grundy, Captain Woolcombe," looking at him reprovingly, "plays a very useful *rôle* on occasions."

"Does she?" he rejoined discontentedly. "Perhaps so. None the less is she a nuisance."

"But see! the snow has stopped, and I declare there is an opening in the sky. I believe, after all, it's going to be fine."

"What a bore!"

"Captain Woolcombe," looking at him with a saucy look in her eyes, "how can you!"

"For me only, of course," he laughed. "Well, I'll be magnanimous. Let us wait half an hour. A slight thaw will set the snow, and then we may be able to venture, and two of the men can carry our things."

"Our things?"

"Yes, our things, mademoiselle. Why, you don't suppose I am going to return to this miserable place, to live here like a hermit."

"I am agreeable, I am sure. I feared it was just possible you might be tired of my society by now."

"How can you talk like that? Well, suppose, if you like, it is so, and the temptation is on me strong to return here alone, I shall resist that temptation, and — and —"

"Deny yourself?"

"Well, if you will have it in that way. At any rate, I shall certainly stay at the Manor House."

She turned to him quite naturally and simply. "Yes, do. It will be pleasanter for me. You must know I have not seen Mrs. Beaufort since she was married, some six or seven years ago, and I never met her husband. Is he nice?"

"Tom Beaufort is a capital fellow," replied Woolcombe heartily. "There are a lot of people in the house. My brother Trevor will come if he can get leave; he is at the depot. By the way, your name seems very familiar to me. I wonder it never occurred to me before. I was A.D.C. in Egypt to a General Raymond. Any relation of yours?"

"He is my uncle."

"A dear old fellow he was, too. In India now, is he not?"

"No, in town. Mother and I live with him. Mother did not like my coming alone, but there was no help for it, for my maid was quite laid up with a cold. It's

just as well she did not go through last night's business."

"I am sure," he laughed, "I am not sorry she was absent. But that is selfish of me—to talk like this. She would have been invaluable to you."

"No; in such weather as we enjoyed, she would have broken down altogether."

"I fancy so. It is not every one has your pluck. Now, can you excuse me while I go and make inquiries as to the state of the road? I'll be back in half an hour. First, let me show you into the morning-room. I have had it thoroughly warmed, and you will be very cosy there."

Leaving his guest safely ensconced, he set about ascertaining whether the road to the Manor House was practicable, and learned that no wheeled conveyance could possibly get there till the snow subsided. Returning to Miss Raymond, he informed her what the state of affairs was, and asked if she still felt inclined to dare the long walk, with all the chance of being buried in a snowdrift.

"Well, you see, Captain Woolcombe, it's the proper thing to do, I suppose; and as there now seems every chance of its keeping clear, I think the sooner we start the better."

Just then Lomax came into the room holding a cigar-case, which he handed to his master.

"James found this in the harness-room, sir. I hope you did not catch cold, sleeping there last night, sir."

"No, no," hastily said Woolcombe, in some confusion. "It's all right. I fell asleep over the fire, and I suppose this dropped out."

When the butler had disappeared, Miss Raymond turned to her host reproachfully. "You make me very unhappy, Captain Woolcombe. I put you to enormous trouble, and finally I drive you out of your own house. Yes, I saw you last night go across the yard. I am sure you intentionally meant to sleep in the harness-room."

"No. Well, the fact is, I lit my pipe and—fell asleep."

"Oh, I know better. It is indeed high time I ran away from you."

"How can you be so cruel? I wish you would not talk like this," he protested.

"All the same, it's perfectly true. But," looking at him with sweet, moist eyes, "you do believe I am very grateful for all your kind consideration for me."

"Oh, don't!" he passionately implored. "If you say more, I shall — But there,

I am not fair to you." And with an effort restraining himself as he took her hand in his own—"I seem somehow to have made a great deal out of nothing. Pardon me. Shall we start?"

She recovered herself at once.

"Yes, by all means. We will make our venture."

"Together?"

"Yes, together," she made answer.

"So be it," he muttered below his breath. "The words have a good augury."

CHAPTER IV.

THE pair progressed very much better than they had expected. The sun came out, and its warmth hardened the snow and made walking easy; the air, too, felt delightfully fresh and buoyant, with just that pleasant feeling of cold that was sharp and invigorating without being bitter. The two laughed and talked, and might (so intimate had they become) have been taken for friends of quite old standing, so much can circumstances effect in a short time. The path they were pursuing led over the fields, two men with the *impedimenta* being some way in advance.

"I suppose," said Miss Raymond, "there's no chance of our disappearing in a snowdrift."

"No; the snow has fallen less heavily here, or it has been blown below. You see our path is along rising ground."

"But does it not descend?"

"Not much; and where it does, if there's any risk we will leave the road and find a higher track. I expect every minute we shall meet my sister."

"Oh, I hope she won't venture."

"She is sure to do so. The only thing is, the messenger may have been delayed, and certainly there's no marks of his having passed this way."

"But you recollect it snowed after he left. Oh, listen!" cried Miss Raymond, stopping. "The church bells. Of course it's Christmas day. Is the church far?"

"No; we are pretty close to it. How distinctly the sound comes through the clear air! Do you hear the children singing?"

"Yes; it's some nursery rhyme."

"Is it? How clever of you to know that! Why, I can only hear a confused babble."

"Don't you think children are much better off now than they used to be? I mean," she went on, "they have all sorts of charming books now, which I am sure I never had when I was a child."

"What an immense time ago that must

have been!" he said, with an amused look.

"Indeed it was. Do you know how old I am, sir?"

"Well, let me see. I must really have time to consider."

"Nonsense! I am nineteen; now!"

"Why, it's the very age I was going to mention."

"Oh, Captain Woolcombe, that's a horrid story!" stopping and looking at him, as if daring him to jest on such a subject. "Now confess it is, or I won't go another step."

"Upon my word and honor now, you look just nineteen. Did you think I was going to say you were thirty?"

"That's all very well," and again moving onward, "but you thought I was much younger, I am quite sure."

"Truly I did not. But you will allow," he added maliciously, "that even your great age is not so far removed from childhood."

"And what may your great age be?" she saucily demanded.

"Guess."

"No, I can't. Well, then, twenty-eight?"

"Capital! You are a necromancer. That is correct."

"So, as we have made peace again, tell me if I am not right as to the advantages children of the present day enjoy."

"Certainly, I think you are. All I can recollect was about Jack and Jill, old Mother Hubbard, and the cow jumping over the moon."

"Yes," she laughed assentingly; "and they had such dreadful pictures."

"Ghastly; all red and blue and green. My old nurse had some legend she used to sing to me, but it never got further than the first two lines:—

I'll tell you a story
Of Jack and Minory.

"Why, have I said anything to hurt you?" For just then the young lady turned aside her face to conceal a smile she could not control.

"No; really not," laughed Miss Raymond; "but what you said in a way struck me."

"What on earth did I say?" he asked in dismay.

"Perhaps," she hesitated, "when I know you better I'll tell you."

"Why, I am sure you know me now."

"Captain Woolcombe, do you remember that this time yesterday we were not aware of each other's existence?"

"Well, even so. We know each other now. At any rate, I know you, I'm glad to say."

"What can you know of me in such a few hours?"

"Quite enough to satisfy me. I feel as if I had been acquainted with you for years."

"And so I feel," said she, quite naively. "Is it not strange?"

"Oh, don't say that."

"Very well, I won't. Let us come back to what we were speaking about. We were talking of some rhyme, I think," she presently remarked.

"Oh yes; about Jack and Minory. Surely no one could ever have had such a name."

"There's the Minories, you know," she suggested.

"Yes; but that's not Minory. And besides, Minories is the name of a street, I think."

"I don't know why it is called the Minories, but perhaps the gentleman who gave his name to the street, called his daughter Minory."

"Oh, you think it is a girl's name? The question is whether it really is a name."

"Oh, I am sure it is—that is," with some confusion, "I fancy it must be."

"I can't imagine a pretty girl going about with such a name."

"Nor can I," replied the lady demurely.

"But," looking up to him, and as quickly away, "a plain girl might."

"Yes," he assented, as if regarding it judicially from this point of view; "a plain girl might do anything."

"It is clear you don't like the name?"

"I don't know," he replied. "There's a quaintness about it. The name would rather set off a plain girl."

"Wouldn't it! That idea never occurred to me."

"And now," he asked, "will you tell me what your name is?"

"I am Miss Raymond."

"Yes, I know; but what is your Christian name?"

"It begins with an M; see if you can guess."

"Is it Mabel?"

"No."

"Then Maud?"

"No."

"Madeline?"

"No."

"Millicent?"

"No."

"I'm glad it isn't Millicent; that always

goes to Milly. Is it Muriel? Wrong again! Hang it! it can't be Martha?"

"No, it isn't Martha?"

"Of course it couldn't be Martha. And not Minnie?"

"No, not Minnie."

"Then I'm dead beat. Please come to my rescue."

"Do you know you have once said it this morning? No! I must positively leave you to find out what it is."

"But why won't you tell me?"

"Because—it's really too absurd—I can't!"

"How mysterious! and I've said it already?"

"Yes. OH!"

The fact is, the two in their talk had rather wandered off the proper track, and Miss Raymond, suddenly plunging into a drift, had spasmodically stretched her hands out for anything to support her, with the result that she lay three feet deep in the snow, her companion, who had lost his balance at her touch, falling in after her; and there she was, her upturned face not two inches from a blond moustache, which, for a second or so, seemed unable, so nonplussed was its owner with his somersault, to move to either one side or the other. The pair burst into a peal of hearty laughter, and at once Woolcombe scrambled to his feet, making many apologies for his clumsiness.

"Indeed all the apologies should be on my side," said Miss Raymond, as she hastily swept off the snow from her hair, while the gentleman beside her did his best to clear her dress. "How stupid of me to have stumbled and to have dragged you down also!"

"I ought to have been more on the lookout. I hope," he anxiously asked, "you are not hurt?"

"Not a bit, thanks." Then turning round: "Is the snow out of my hair?"

It seemed to take a long time to decide this, but at last Captain Woolcombe, after pointing out several minute specks, which the lady removed with all gravity, announced that he could see no more.

"What a lot must have got in!" said Miss Raymond.

"Oh, a tremendous lot!"

"And I'm all tidy now?"

"You are perfection. Why," suddenly looking up, "I declare if there isn't Cicely, and Mrs. Beaufort, and Harry Jocelyn! Oh, I quite forgot to tell you he and Cicely are engaged."

The trio now came up.

"Oh, Minory!" cried out Mrs. Beau-

fort, warmly kissing Miss Raymond. "How glad I am to see you, child! Let me look at you. Why, you are grown out of all knowledge."

"Dear Kate, think of the years it is since we met."

"Of course—I forget. My dearest girl, what a dreadful time you must have had of it!"

"Captain Woolcombe has been so very kind to me," said Miss Raymond with much feeling, to Cicely, who was now introduced to her. "I cannot tell you all his thoughtful care has done for me. I fear I have been a great burden to him."

"Well, we have you now," broke in Mrs. Beaufort. "Do you know, we sent the brougham for you last night, and it got perfectly engulfed in a drift, and the coachman had to take the horse out and leave it. They have gone now to see if it can be dragged home. What you must have gone through on such a night! We were in perfect despair about you."

"Pray, don't commiserate me. Captain Woolcombe came to my aid, like a knight of romance; and indeed," she added, as she went on alone with Mrs. Beaufort, "you cannot imagine all the trouble he took to secure my comfort."

"Just like him. He is a dear good fellow, and I believe is perfectly adored in his regiment. And now to get you home as soon as possible."

"Yes; but all my things are at the station, except what the men are carrying."

"We sent for them, my dear. We fully intended to get you over somehow. We have the house full of people, and we must do our best to amuse ourselves. You don't know the Manor House?"

"My dear Kate, I've never been here before in my life."

"I quite forgot. Well, we had suddenly to leave the Hall. The smells were something too dreadful. The Manor House is my brother's place, and I act as hostess. Jack Woolcombe's sister, that nice girl behind, is engaged to him. Is it not jolly that we shall keep her close to us?"

And so they chatted on; and reaching the Manor House without further mishap, Miss Raymond was shown into a very charming room, where, to her delight, her boxes had been already conveyed.

Coming down-stairs just before lunch, she met Captain Woolcombe for an instant.

"Why would you not tell me your name, Miss Raymond?" he asked reproachfully.

"I would rather have heard it from you."

"How could I tell that?" she murmured. "And besides," with more confidence, "it's such an absurd name."

"Indeed it is not," he rejoined. "It's the quaintest name I ever heard."

"Is it? I don't know that," she doubtfully answered. "But you see it's the only one I've got, so I have to make the best of it."

Just then Cicely Woolcombe, quite unaware any one was in the room, came in humming in an audible tone the old rhyme, —

I'll tell you a story
Of Jack and Minory;

and then, perceiving her brother and his late guest, she ran out again precipitately.

Miss Raymond turned aside to conceal her confusion.

"Well, it's perfectly true, Miss Raymond, that she now can tell a story of Jack and — and Minory."

"What story?" asked the girl in a nervous tremor.

But here, to her great relief, a crowd of people came streaming into the room, and the colloquy, to Woolcombe's evident chagrin and to Minory's intense relief, was broken off.

CHAPTER V.

THE Manor House was filled with guests. The home party was in itself a large one, consisting of the Beauforts, *père et femme* (Tom and Kate); Mrs. Beaufort's brother, Harry Jocelyn, the owner of the property; their brother Dick, a youngster just on the eve of going to Woolwich; with two of the Beauforts' children — Maud, aged about six, and a small boy. Then there is Harry Jocelyn's *fiancée*, Cicely Woolcombe, and her two brothers, Jack and Trevor, the last having turned up on Christmas night. In addition, we have to add to the count Sir Piers and Lady Gore; a pretty widow, Mrs. Evesham; Miss Raymond and two Miss Mashams; a Major Clayton, and two subalterns from the garrison town, completing the circle, some being the guests of Jocelyn, and the remainder having flitted over from the Hall.

The snow still lay on the ground, but the weather was fine and the air clear and brisk; and as the ice on the Long Pond was bearing beautifully, the greater part of each day was spent in skating, while the nights were devoted to such amusements as the whim of the moment brought about.

Somehow Woolcombe could seldom

manage, in a house so full of people, to get more than a few minutes alone with Minory; and over and over again, when he thought he had secured her for himself, there would be an inrush of children or of some of the party in the house.

He managed to be with her as much as possible on the ice, though, as she skated very well, and skating was an accomplishment he had never gone in for, they were of necessity soon separated, Miss Raymond, being swept off by the crowd of eager aspirants for the honor of her hand as she flew along through the frosty air.

On the fourth day of her stay, however, Minory, shaking herself free from the others, found herself close to poor Jack, who was indeed making but very slow headway. He was feeling depressed — in fact, had shown he was so all day; and the girl, reproaching herself for having appeared to desert him, though this she had never intended, came from behind and softly mentioned his name.

"Ah, you there!" he gladly made response, at once brightening up. "You see I can't get on at all." Then changing the subject: "I see so little of you now, with all these people about."

"Is it my fault?" she shyly made response. "Indeed I have not meant to treat you so badly — you to whom I owe so much."

"Owe me!"

"Yes. But let me help you. Now lean on my arm and strike out."

"My dear Miss Raymond, it is no good. I shall be down to a certainty, and bring you down too. No; I can't risk giving you a tumble."

"Then I'll tell you what I will do. You sit down on this chair, and I'll push you to the very end."

"If I agree, it is because it's the honest truth," he said, with a rueful visage. "I am so mortally tired with these infer — I mean, these vile skates, I can hardly stand."

"Of course you must be. Now, are you ready?"

"No; please wait a second. I'll just get rid of these things if I may. They are no good. Will you give me a minute's grace?"

"Of course."

Freeing himself from his skates, the two were soon skimming over the level surface; and laughing and talking, they were oblivious of everything beside them. It so happened, however, that Major Clayton and Mrs. Evesham were similarly occupied, and were equally lost to a sense

of their surroundings, and the rival pairs meeting at an angle, the result can be imagined. Major Clayton, who was steering the widow, caused the chair she was sitting on to collide with Minory's foot, sending her with tremendous force on the ice — Jack's chair, from the impetus, being upset, he, Clayton, and Mrs. Evesham all rolling together in a confused heap. They got up none the worse for the encounter; but this was not poor Miss Raymond's case, for though she sat up, she did not attempt to rise. Woolcombe ran to her aid: "Let me help you."

"I fear," she said piteously, with a brave effort keeping down her tears, "I cannot rise."

"Good heavens!" in alarm, "you are not hurt?"

"I have twisted my foot, I think. Please, take off my skates."

He soon, and yet with great gentleness, removed them.

"Are you easier now?" he asked in anxiety.

"I fear I cannot walk," she said in a low voice, with the tears in her eyes.

Others now came round her, but Woolcombe was not going to give up his post of vantage, and held her securely as he lifted her carefully from the ice.

"Rest entirely on me," he murmured; and then added aloud, "Bring that chair, Clayton, will you, like a good fellow! We must put Miss Raymond on it, and take her quietly to the shore. But no, that won't do, for her foot will be on the ground. I will carry her. May I?" he asked, leaning over the now nearly fainting girl.

"Whatever is best," she assented.

Woolcombe needed no more.

"She can't go on the chair. She's as light as a feather. I'll carry her."

"My dear fellow," said Sir Piers, "you can't possibly carry her all the way to the house."

"Can't I? I think you will find I can. Now," as he skilfully lifted her, "just steady me as we go over the ice. Not too fast, please, or I shall be stumbling."

Minory closed her eyes, and bore up as well as she could; and not a sound escaped her, though it was easy to see, by the tightening of her mouth every now and then, that she was suffering a good deal of torture.

When the doctor came he gave, on the whole, a favorable report. It was a mere strain, that with care would be quite well in a few days. For that night his patient

had better keep quiet in her room; but if she was fit for it, she could come down on the morrow and venture on a sofa.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next evening Minory felt so very much better that she pleaded with Mrs. Beaufort to let her appear after dinner; and when the men returned from the dining-room they found Miss Raymond the centre of a bright circle, reposing, as old Sir Piers gallantly remarked, like a queen regnant with her ladies-in-waiting in close attendance.

"Minory, you ought to be the sleeping princess," said little Maud Beaufort.

"I'd rather be the waking princess, dear, and be able to run about like you."

"No," returned the child, "that would not do. You know the sleeping princess lay just as you are, and then the prince comes in and wakes her with a kiss."

"It's a pity we have not a prince handy for you, dear," laughed Mrs. Beaufort.

"Miss Raymond has only to choose," suggested Sir Piers. "Any of us here would gladly take the part of the prince."

"But, as you see, Sir Piers," returned Minory coloring, "I am not a princess, and I am not asleep, and so the prince here would be out of place."

Here she caught Jack's eye, he all the time having said nothing, and apparently not much relishing this sort of badinage.

"Are you wise to venture down?" he whispered, as he leant over to pick up her handkerchief.

"Yes, really, I am very much better," she said in the same tone, thanking him with a grateful glance.

"Well, we must not mob you in this fashion," put in Cicely, always thoughtful for others. "Maudie, dear, come and show me the pictures you had for me."

This created a diversion, and the rest of the company kindly took the hint and dispersed, leaving Woolcombe and Miss Raymond alone.

"I am sure I am much obliged to my sister," said Jack. "She and you are great friends, I hope."

"The greatest. I love her exceedingly. But why," she demurely asked, looking at him for a second, "are you grateful to her?"

"For drawing off the crowd," he promptly returned.

"But, indeed, they are all very kind."

"Including that old mummy, Gore," — this sarcastically. "But who could be anything but kind to you? What I meant was —" and he stopped.

"Well, what was it?"
 "It was — well — that — that now, I had you to myself."

"You must surely have had too much of that at the Heronry."

"I wish we were there again, all alone."

"It *was* very nice then," wistfully, and quite ignoring the dreadful impropriety of her stay there with a solitary bachelor.

"Wasn't it! And here, you see, there are such lots of people, I never get you alone. Do you know, I've been thinking over your name, Miss Raymond. It is a very pretty one."

"Suitable," she said saucily, "for a plain girl."

"I don't know about that," he hotly rejoined. "I know it's very suitable for you."

Half rising on her elbow, and fixing on him a piercing glance, under which he quailed — "Captain Woolcombe, did you not say it would set off a plain girl?"

"So I did," beginning to get a little uncomfortable, "and I say it again; and, *par consequence*, how much more must it set off a lovely girl!"

"Why, you distinctly said you couldn't imagine — yes, *those were your very words* — a pretty girl going about with such a name."

"No; did I really?" showing signs of complete defeat. "I never could have said that."

"Yes, you did, though."
 "Well, it shows," he stammered in confusion, "how little I knew about it."

"Why, what more do you know about it now, sir?"

"I know you — and — and —"

"Hush! you are going to pay me compliments."

"Never! I was going to tell you the real honest truth. But let me know how you came by your name."

"Did you ever hear of a place called Minori?"

"No."

"Well, there is such a village, and it so happens I was born there. It is quite close to Amalfi."

"I'll look it out in the map."

"I doubt if you will find it, as it hardly ranks as a town. However, there I was born, and I took my name from the place."

"How very interesting! But it's my luck over again. Here's Dick!"

"Yes, here's Dick," said that young scapegrace, sauntering up, not in the least aware how little he was wanted. "I'm come to relieve guard. Kate wants to see

you — at least she did ten minutes ago — about to-morrow."

"What about to-morrow?"

"Oh, I don't know. She'll tell you."

There was no help for it, and Woolcombe had to retreat, to his disgust — finding out, after all, that Dick had mistaken his message, and that Mrs. Beaufort had referred to some one else. That night Woolcombe only caught a hurried word or two with Miss Raymond before she was carried away, but the bright smile she gave him, and the cordial clasp of her little hand, sent him into the smoking-room in a delightful frame of mind, with all the pleasures of anticipation as to what the coming hours might bring forth. The next day broke with heavy rain, and, to the delight of the men, there was, with the break-up of the frost, every prospect of a good time for hunting. But the day itself was hopeless; the state of the roads, to say nothing of the continued showers, kept all but the most enterprising indoors; and as the dull, dark, and cheerless evening fell, the party found themselves assembled in the drawing-room over afternoon tea, with the gloom only broken by the bright flickering of the fire, which leaped and sparkled on the hearth.

The several inmates of the Manor House had grouped themselves around Mrs. Beaufort, and the craving for refreshment having subsided, the question arose as to what was now to be done.

"Well, for one thing," cried out Dick, "we ought all to be here."

"So we are, are we not?" asked Mrs. Beaufort.

"Not a bit of it," responded Dick, who was reposing on the easiest chair in the room, with his arms behind his head.

"You disgracefully lazy boy, sit up and tell us who the defaulters are," commanded Cicely.

"I don't see Trevor and Enid."

"You rude boy!" what right have you to call Miss Masham Enid?" asked Mrs. Beaufort.

"She asked me to — didn't she, Grace?" to the younger Miss Masham.

"Upon my word, Dick, you are highly favored," said Jack, laughing.

"Oh, she calls me Dick, so it's all square."

"Rather a one-sided bargain, Master Dick," said Beaufort. "But here are the delinquents."

And as he spoke, Trevor Woolcombe and the eldest Miss Masham sauntered in, in the most unconcerned way.

"Why, where have you been, Enid dear

—the tea must be quite cold?" asked Mrs. Beaufort.

"Thanks, dear—I like it cold. Mr. Woolcombe was showing me a stroke in the billiard-room."

"A jolly light to see strokes by," yawned Dick.

"You incorrigible little villain," from Harry Jocelyn *sotto voce*; "can't you let people enjoy themselves their own way?" Then aloud, "It so happens," he pronounced oracularly, "there are some strokes at billiards that always come off best when there's not too much light."

"True for you, old man," said Trevor good-naturedly, laughing. "Pitch that fellow Dick over the arm of the chair, and make him shut up."

Here a diversion was made by Mrs. Evesham saying that, as they were all present, it now had to be decided what they should do. Dancing was vetoed, because Minory could only just manage to hobble; charades were thought slow; and dumb crambo would not do, for there was not enough audience.

Lights were just then brought in, and something like a redistribution of places took place as the tea things were taken away. Mrs. Beaufort, however, sat considering, twisting her rings off and on her fingers.

"I call you all to witness," called out Tom Beaufort, "that if Kate persists in playing with her rings, and taking them off as she does, she'll some day lose them."

"Nonsense, dear! I never lose them. There, see! I take them all off."

"What! even your wedding ring?" asked Mrs. Evesham in horror.

"Even so. Look here! there's the lot!" and she gave the sparkling brilliants a little toss in the air, but somehow missed the catch and two rings fell to the ground. There was an instant search, but only one of the two that had dropped was recovered.

"Oh dear!" cried Mrs. Beaufort, in real distress, "how foolish of me! The one missing is my wedding ring."

There was a renewed effort made, and wanderers went all over the carpet, but the ring was not forthcoming, and presumably it had rolled into some remote corner.

"No, please don't search any more," said Mrs. Beaufort, coloring, however, with annoyance at her peculiar loss. "It's very aggravating, but I've only myself to blame. Before we go up to dinner we can have another look."

"The very thing," said Dick; "the

word search made me think of it. Look here! let's have the thought game."

"But how is it done?" asked some one.

"Oh, easy enough. You place something somewhere, and then the searcher has to look for it."

"Rather vague. Why, how ever can he find it?" demanded Jack.

"Oh, easily," answered Dick. "We'll hide a thing and blindfold you, and I'll bet you find it."

"Of course, if you take him up to it," said Trevor.

"I'm not going to take him up to it. I merely go with him to prevent his tumbling over the chairs. You'll see it's all fair."

"But," protested Jack, "I must see what it is I am to find."

"Of course. Look here! there's this bit of string. You see it?"

"I can venture so much. Yes, I see it."

"Then we will now blind your eyes. Some one tie a handkerchief tight round his head."

This operation being performed, Woolcombe was turned round three times, and stood motionless, while Dick went very gently up to Minory with the string in his hand, which, as he had explained, was tied round a shilling to steady it, and placed this in her left hand, with explicit instructions she was not to open it, or the whole charm would be lost.

No one in the room had seen the sort of thing before, so Dick was allowed his own way, and Minory promised implicit obedience. Woolcombe was then led about, and Dick, pretending to let him guide himself, after several feints in various corners, at last brought his victim up to Miss Raymond. The excitement now became great, and Dick, to control his emotions, was obliged at this juncture to force his handkerchief into his mouth. By judiciously moving Jack about, he made him at last actually touch Minory's left hand, and at once declaring he had succeeded in his search, took the bandage from his eyes, and told him to remove what he had found.

Captain Woolcombe gravely, before the eyes of the multitude, unravelled the string, and lo and behold, instead of a shilling there was a wedding ring!

The risible faculties of the audience could not be restrained, but Miss Raymond colored perceptibly, and Jack bit his moustache, looking round with indignation after Dick, who had, however, swiftly taken himself off.

"That wretch Dick! It's my wedding ring, of course," said Mrs. Beaufort. "It really is too bad."

But the absurdity of the position presently occurred just as much to the chief actors in it as it did to the others, and they heartily joined in the laugh.

"I'll trounce Master Dick when I catch him again," said Jack, *sotto voce*, and with some graveness, to Minory.

"Please no," she pleaded. "He is a mere boy. Take no notice." Then turning to Mrs. Beaufort, "Well, dear, you have your ring?"

"Yes," responded Mrs. Beaufort, firmly holding it on its proper place with the fingers of the other hand, and regarding her newly found treasure with high regard.

"I thought I saw Dick fumbling about on the carpet," remarked Trevor Woolcombe, "when we were looking for the ring. Of course he secreted it then. I must say it is to his credit to have gone through the performance so admirably."

"Yes; and fancy his taking us all in with his thought-reading," laughed old Lady Gore.

"Well," said Tom Beaufort, "if my wife only learns now the folly of playing with her rings, there'll have been something gained. But I think it's time for us all to be off, and there's the dressing-bell!"

As Jack, lingering behind the others, leant, considering, against the old mantelshelf, his brother Trevor came up to him, and, caressingly placing his hand on his shoulder, softly repeated the old rhyme, —

I'll tell you a story
Of Jack and Minory,
And now my story's begun.

Then Jack, promptly catching him by the waist, laughed, and continued the ballad, —

I'll tell you another
Of Jack and his brother,
And now my story's done.

"I think, dear boy, you have arranged your little affair?"

"Yes, old man; you and I are in the same boat. Wish me joy. Enid has consented to be mine."

"All luck to you, my dearest fellow. May similar good fortune be in store for me!"

"Of course it is."

"I wish I could be certain of that," returned the elder brother, somewhat wistfully. "Until I can settle it one way or the other, I hardly know what I am about. But come; we must go and dress."

CHAPTER VII.

THAT evening Cicely brought up the repentant Dick to Jack, and under her powerful protection his pardon was of course assured. At first, however, Woolcombe did not feel much inclined to be lenient.

"You see, Cicely, it's not me who has to be considered — it is Miss Raymond," he added stiffly.

"She has, I assure you, quite forgiven him," replied his sister eagerly. "Now do be good-natured. Dick did a silly thing, but" — in a lower tone — "he is only a boy, Jack, and you must make excuses."

"All right," said Jack, all his bad humor vanishing, and good-temperedly giving Dick a slight shake, with his hands on the lad's shoulder; "we'll say no more about it. But you will allow me to remark that such very personal jokes are not always pleasant to the victims."

"Yes, it was wrong," allowed Dick, somewhat abashed. "I didn't stop to think, but really I meant no harm."

"Of course you didn't. And, of course, if Miss Raymond has forgiven you, I'm helpless."

"Of course," replied Dick, with a gleam of fun in his eye. And he made himself scarce, glad to get so well out of the difficulty.

"He is incorrigible," said Jack, laughing in spite of himself.

"It's very nice of you to be so good-natured, Jack. I hope he has done no mischief. She is such a dear sweet girl," she added gently.

"It's just possible he may have done a very great deal," was her brother's moody reply.

"I really do not think so. I should say to the contrary."

"Well, you ought to know best. I trust you are right," he doubtfully put in.

"The rest remains with you."

"What rest?" he asked.

"Until you ask her whether she cares for you, she can't very well decide one way or the other."

"It's easy — well, I don't know about that —"

"What is easy?"

"I was going to say, to offer. Man proposes, and the lady sometimes objects."

"I think you need not be cast down. She is a most sweet darling; and I believe," with a bright smile and a nod to him, "you are not absolutely indifferent to her."

"If I could only be sure of that. Would she were mine!"

To this his sister made reply, —
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who fails to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.

"Ah, Cicely! that's just it. Suppose it was to lose it all!"

"See!" said his sister quickly; "now's your opportunity. She has gone into the library for a book. Go and plead with her now. I'll take care no one comes in."

"What a dear girl you are! It's a chance I may not have again."

"Come!" drawing him to her. "All good fortune attend you."

Brother and sister leisurely walked across the room; and Cicely turned at the library, which led out of the drawing-room, and closed the door.

Minory had not heard Jack enter. She was able to move about by herself, though unfit for active exercise, and was now standing looking up at the shelves. He came close to her, and she, seeing him alone, started; and for a second the color faded from her cheek—for intuitively she felt the crisis in her life had arrived. But she controlled herself at once.

"You are come to help me to find —"

"No. I came to ask you to help me;" and he hesitated.

"Command me, Sir Knight; what can I do?" she said, with a poor attempt at unconcern.

"Darling! I cannot keep it to myself." He was now standing close to her, eagerly taking her two hands in his, where they remained trembling in his firm grasp. "I love you, sweet Minory, with all my heart. It went out to you from the first moment I saw you."

"Really and truly?" shyly looking at him.

"Most really and most truly. Oh, sweet heart, say you will be my wife!" bending down as he pleaded towards her, as if to give emphasis to his entreaty. She did not answer in words; but the soft and happy glance from her true and tender eyes assured him the victory was won; and he held his prize in his arms.

"Now, my own love, I shall repair Master Dick's mischief. One ring I took from you to-night; but soon another shall find its way to this dear finger."

"So you like the name of Minory now, Captain Woolcombe?" she asked, with an enchanting shyness, and in no way attempting to free herself from her lover's embrace.

"Like it! I adore it. But won't you call me Jack?"

"Jack!" as if learning a pleasant lesson. "What all the fellows call you! You see, I recollect, sir, what you told me," laughing gaily. "But you are my Jack now."

"Yours forever. And yet I feared to speak to you."

"Would you not like to put it off for a week or two?" she demanded, with much gravity, half drawing herself from him, and looking mischievously at him as her two hands rested on his shoulders.

"Thank God, that can't be now! Why I should not love you any better then."

"What a shocking confession!"

"Not a bit of it; for I can't possibly love you any better than I do now."

"Well, I suppose I must submit"—making a pretty little *moue*.

"Of course you must. There's no help for it. It's only what was to be. It was foretold in the old rhyme, —

I'll tell you a story
Of Jack and Minory,
And now my story's begun.

And now our story has begun. I know I shall always bless the winter snow, for that brought me, my own love, to know you."

"Dear Jack —" she hesitated.

"Yes, you must call me by my name. Tell me in words that you care for me."

"What are words?" she gravely replied. "But if you wish, I will. I love you," she simply said, holding up her mouth to be kissed. "Will that content you?"

What need to record any answer?

And here we may bid adieu to the two who have vowed to be all in all to each other along life's dusty pilgrimage, which indeed were but a sorrowful passage were it not lighted up by the faith of man and the love of woman.

From The Fortnightly Review.

LAST WORDS WITH GENERAL GORDON.

THE great tragic drama of the Soudan is not yet finished, as we hear of one of Gordon's lieutenants still carrying on Gordon's work in the farthest corner of that vast dark country which an English government decreed should be abandoned to savagery.

As one who had a part assigned to him in that drama that *might* have led to some-

thing, but more especially as the only surviving Englishman who spoke at length with Gordon just before he entered the great Nubian desert on his last journey to Khartoum, a short account of what then passed between us may not prove uninteresting to those who still cherish the memory of England's latest hero.

Gordon had left Cairo in December, 1879, after a stormy interview with the Egyptian officials in which he prophesied too truly that by returning to the old system of oppression and venality they would bring about a revolt in the Soudan. At that time, and, indeed, until the memorable 18th January, 1884, Gordon never intended to set foot in Cairo again, and even after accepting the commission from her Majesty's government on that day, he proposed to go to Khartoum *via* Suakin, in preference to again entering into communication with Egyptian officials. I was at that time quartered in Cairo, and as I felt strongly that it was desirable Gordon should come to Cairo instead of going to Suakin, I wrote him a letter to that effect, of which the following is a copy: * —

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO.
January 23rd, 1884.

MY DEAR CHARLIE, — Do come to Cairo. Wood will tell you, much better than I, why. Throw over all personal feeling, if you have any, and act like yourself with straightforward directness. You have no personal aims in this matter, and therefore no personal feelings must be allowed to interfere.

Your object, I assume, is to get to Khartoum, and if so, Cairo is the route, not Suakin. By coming here you will see Baring and Nubar, and make all arrangements to facilitate your great enterprise, in which we all so earnestly wish you success. I shall be delighted to see you again, if only for a few minutes.

Sincerely yours,

GERALD GRAHAM.

Gordon arrived at Cairo on the 24th January, 1884. He had been my schoolfellow at Woolwich, my comrade in the Crimea and China, and for many years we had been more or less regular correspondents. We had not met for three or four years, and he had the same eager, boyish way that I so well remember of old, and told me while driving away from the station the marvellous tale of how he accepted his tremendous mission. The following is an extract from my diary: "25th Jan., 1884. Before I was out of bed † Gordon's voice

* Gordon sent my letter to his brother, Sir Henry Gordon, who inserted it in his book, "Events in the Life of Charles George Gordon," and who has kindly furnished me with a copy of the original.

† Whilst at Cairo, General Gordon was the guest of General Sir Evelyn Wood.

was calling me, so I hurried up, and he talked for an hour on the Soudan question; policy of evacuation — anarchy and slave-trade — his interviews with Wolseley and ministers — his acceptance of his mission — his views of rebellion — no religious element — Mahdi not able to advance beyond frontiers of tribes under him — Abyssinians no use as allies — won't fight in the plains; two of his old Soudan officers who had joined Arabi and were in exile from Cairo, he hopes to take with him; hopes to attack slavery from the Congo. I don't like his programme, and wrote a letter to give him had he gone to-night."

The next morning, January 26th, about the same early hour, I returned Gordon's visit, and he then asked me to accompany him as far as Korosko, starting that evening, to which I gladly assented. Those were two busy days for Gordon at Cairo, when his instructions from Downing Street were vastly extended; when, from being merely the adviser and reporter to her Majesty's government, he was transformed into governor-general of the Soudan under the Egyptian government, with orders not merely to withdraw the troops, civil employes, and Europeans, but also to "take the necessary steps for establishing an organized government in the different provinces of the Soudan, for the maintenance of order," etc. And this mighty task was to be carried out by two Englishmen, with no army behind them, in a country of vast extent, the greater portion of which was in open revolt under a religious leader who appealed to the ever-present fanaticism of the population, and who had just annihilated the whole available field force, which had been commanded by another Englishman. It seemed a forlorn hope; but one of these two Englishmen bore a mighty name, and was armed with a purer faith and higher courage than mere fanaticism could inspire, while the other was an officer of tried worth and courage.

Pictures have been drawn of Gordon as a gloomy ascetic, wrapped up in mystic thoughts, retiring from all communion with the world, and inspiring fear rather than affection. I can only describe him as he appeared to me. Far from being a gloomy ascetic, he always seemed to me to retain a boyish frankness, and to long to share his ideas with others. Our intimacy began when we were thrown together in mining the docks at Sebastopol during the winter of 1855-56, a period Gordon always delighted in referring to

whenever we met, by calling up old scenes, and even our old jokes of that time. Like all men of action, but more especially soldiers, Gordon disliked argument with subordinates when once he had resolved on his course of action; otherwise he invited discussion, and I always found him most tolerant in listening to arguments against his own views, even on subjects in which he of course possessed a knowledge far exceeding any I could pretend to. Turning to my diary, I find that, soon after we had got off in the train from Cairo on the night of the 26th of January, we entered into some such discussion. "Gordon insists on there being no alternative between assumption of government by England and its (Soudan's) abandonment. I said, 'Put in capable Englishmen as governors under Egyptian government.' He said, 'You couldn't get them,' that Baker had refused, etc. I asked him to read his own opinion as to abandonment in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but he said he wouldn't; so we said good-night. It was bitterly cold, and I found out afterwards that he had no wraps. Why didn't I or some one find this out before?"

In a letter I wrote home I gave the following account of our first night's journey: "The night was bitterly cold, and my ulster and one light wrap (my old friend) scarcely protected me from it, for I awoke cramped with cold. Gordon, I found afterwards, had no wrap at all, only a great-coat, and didn't sleep. I was so sorry for this; to find the governor-general so badly cared for the first night was a bad augury. He told me that he had arrived at Cairo without a servant, and had been so busy when there that he had had no time to pack up properly. Now he has got one of his old Soudanese servants, who had come to him at Cairo. Before getting out of the train at Assiout, where we were to embark on the Nile steamer, Gordon allowed me to decide the great *tarbush* question. Were he and Stewart to wear the fez or the intrinsically far more sensible solar topee? Stewart was all for the latter, as he heartily detested the fez, but I asked him, 'What are you going to tell the people? If you say you are under the English government they will ask, "Has England annexed the Soudan?" If not, then they will say, "What business have you officers of the English government here?"' Besides,' I added, 'will it not look more than ever like clearing out at once, for two men — one the well-known Gordon Pasha — to arrive in an

English travelling-dress without that Turkish symbol of authority, the fez?' Gordon considered this unanswerable, and Stewart gave in, so the fez was at once adopted on arrival at Assiout." — (Letter dated January 27th, 1884.)

This is the only occasion on which I remember differing from Stewart, and I mention the circumstances, at the risk of appearing egotistical, in order to show what was at that time passing in Gordon's mind. In Colonel Stewart's journal* a very brief reference is made to the incident: "After some discussion it was agreed, and very much against my grain, that in future we should wear the *tarbush*." A further reference occurs in his journal under date 14th February, 1884, when after passing Berber they met an Arab merchant, named Yusuff, who had left Khartoum thirteen days before: "According to Yusuff, the people at Khartoum do not like Gordon's return, as they appear to think that he is going to make the whole country English, and to give up wearing a *tarbush*."

The loyal and devoted partner of Gordon in his daring enterprise, though strangely unlike him, was singularly well constituted to supplement his leader's great qualities. A tall, spare man of extremely abstemious habits, caring nothing for the comforts of life, liking boiled rice in the desert better than a luxurious *mess-table*, and, though for nineteen years in a smart cavalry regiment, hating parade and show of all kinds, Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart was well known as a very able and conscientious officer, doing thoroughly all that he undertook to do. In the winter of 1882-83 he had been chosen to report on the state of the Soudan, and was met by Gordon for the first time at his club in London on the afternoon of Friday, January 18th, 1884. Gordon had that morning received his orders for the Soudan, and knowing Stewart by reputation, asked him to be his companion, to which he agreed, and both started that same evening. Stewart had not Gordon's enthusiastic nature and intense feeling for the natives, neither had he his impetuosity and rapid insight; but he had a cool, equable judgment, a strong sense of justice, and probably a truer conception of the difficulties that lay before them. Nor would it be just to Stewart to admit that because he had a somewhat cold, reserved manner, he had little sympathy

* The only portion of Colonel Stewart's journal which has been received, is that from 13th January to 11th March, a copy of which has been kindly lent me.

for the natives and little feeling for their miseries. His journal, which is written with characteristic calmness and precision, gives but slight indication of his own feelings, yet in describing the release of the prisoners, which he carried out personally, by direction of Gordon Pasha, Stewart observes: "I cannot express what pleasure it was to me to set these poor people free. It was quite worth coming up here to do so." Gordon himself truly described him as "a brave, just, upright gentleman." (Journals, p. 310.)

The morning of January 27th, 1884, saw four Englishmen steaming up the Nile in strange company. The four Englishmen were Gordon, Stewart, myself and aide-de-camp. In the same boat were the potential sultan of Darfour, two or three of his brothers, with wives and female attendants, about fifty in number, a very unattractive lot. During the journey Gordon, in his playful way, proposed to make my aide-de-camp sultan of Darfour instead of the ill-conditioned negro who aspired to that dignity, but the sight of his Majesty's domestic arrangements sufficed to check any ambition to succeed him, and the honor was declined with thanks. It became necessary to give the possible sultan a lesson before entering the boat, for on arrival at Assiout (where the railway ends) that morning he considered the time had come for asserting his royal dignity, and got out of the train arrayed in all the splendor of a gorgeous gala uniform, with the grand cordon of the Medjidie, the imposing effect of which was somewhat marred by the ribbon perpetually slipping off his shoulder. Attired in all this magnificence and followed by his retinue of dirty, ill-favored women and ruffianly-looking men, he pushed rudely by us like an ill-bred savage, without taking any notice of the plainly dressed governor-general, and proceeded to take possession of the saloon of the steamer. He, however, reckoned without Gordon Pasha, who promptly ordered him out of the saloon, and then sent him a message desiring his presence *without* his uniform. Soon he reappeared in a dirty grey overcoat, all his finery gone, with a crestfallen look on his heavy black face. Gordon motioned him to a chair, saying in Arabic, "Sit down," then gave him a lecture, telling him that he must not wear his uniform until he had gained his throne; that he must leave his women at Dongola,* and endeavor quietly to get

* The "sultan of Darfour" never got further than

some chiefs to declare for him before asserting his claims; that to parade in uniform at present was ridiculous and dangerous. His abashed majesty took this all meekly and retired when dismissed.

Gordon must have appeared very different to different people; to me and to his sable majesty, for instance, he must have seemed two entirely different persons. To show the impression he made on me I will quote from a letter I wrote at this time: "Charlie Gordon's character is a very fascinating one, he has so much of the natural man about him. To his friends — and he treats all as friends whom he knows and trusts — his charm of manner is irresistible. It is utterly unlike the charm of a polished man of the world; it is the charm of a perfectly open mind, giving and demanding confidence, sometimes playfully, sometimes earnestly, and sometimes with touching humility. I watched him talking to the Egyptian officer in his suite, Ibrahim Fouzy, a man who fought under Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir, who has been disgraced and exiled, and whom Gordon insisted on taking up with him. He is a good-looking Egyptian of about thirty, calls Gordon 'my father,' and speaks only Arabic. Mrs. — said she had heard Gordon could not speak a word of Arabic.* She should have seen him in animated talk with Fouzy. Gordon's face is smiling while he talks, his eyes twinkle at some point, while by his gestures with his fingers he seems rallying the Egyptian or laughingly pushing some question home. This was the morning after his sleepless night, when many men would be apt to be cross and ill-humored."

Our boat, with its strangely assorted freight, steamed day after day up the wondrous Nile, in the glorious climate of Egyptian winter. We gazed on the mud banks of the broad stream, on the strips of cultivated green fields along the shores, and on the brown desert beyond. We passed clumps of palms and fragrant mimosa, also many dirty mud villages with turret-like dovecotes on the houses, and

Debbeh, from whence he returned to Cairo with all his wives.

* I am utterly unqualified to give an opinion as to the *correctness* of Gordon's Arabic. I can only vouch for hearing him speak it with apparent fluency when talking to his familiars, like Fouzy, who would act as intermediaries between Gordon and strangers, interpreting strange Arabic into more familiar Arabic, and *vice versa*. I fancy that Gordon's Arabic was something like his French — ungrammatical, but fluent and forcible. He seemed to master a language by not letting it master him, often riding roughshod over construction so long as he could express his meaning.

with muddy-looking inhabitants. We anchored at night under the splendid Egyptian sky and listened to the groaning, wailing sound of the toiling water-wheels, that seemed typical of Egypt's ceaseless misery. Near Luxor, we caught a glimpse of the ruins of mighty Karnak amid the palms, and of ancient Thebes in the sand, while at Assouan we came to the first cataract, with its granite rocks and green islets, and, beyond, the beautiful ruins of Philæ. But we took little heed then of the wonders around us—our thoughts were too intent on what lay in front, and I confess to a feeling at this time of great anxiety for the safety of Gordon in crossing the Nubian desert from Korosko to Abu Hamed, and spoke to him about it. Gordon cared little about his personal safety, but was prudent enough on this occasion to decline taking the gold with him, £40,000 of which was on board, as "any one might murder him for the money, as they did Palmer, but very few would do so for political reasons." Still, I thought he would be a great catch if taken prisoner, for the sake of ransom.

Gordon's mind was uneasy, though not troubled about his own safety, and was restlessly working at the great problem before him. He chafed at his enforced inaction, and as his brain was incessantly at work offering possible solutions, he would relieve himself by imparting his ideas to us, and then by telegraphing or writing reports to Cairo. On the morning of the 29th January, when at breakfast together, Gordon sketched out a plan of his intended operations, and said he meant to telegraph them to Baring and ask for five English officers from England. Gordon allowed me, as an old friend, the privilege of discussing his plans, so I ventured to disagree with him and to recommend him to keep his plan of operations to himself for the present, as he might have to modify it on arriving at Khartoum; adding that he was not asked for it, and that it would only invite discussion and criticism, which it was rather desirable to avoid. Gordon listened to me in smiling silence, but said he meant to send it, and immediately after breakfast commenced writing his report, which will be found, in a sketch plan, at p. 61 of *Blue Book, Egypt* 12. In forwarding it, Sir Evelyn Baring remarks merely: "P.S. Feb. 5. Since writing the above I have received a further letter from General Gordon, stating that no English officers will be required, for the present at all events."

A man thinking more of his own reputation would never have written this and similar reports; but, in reflecting over it afterwards, I have regarded this outpouring of his mind as an illustration of Gordon's amazing sincerity and generous disregard of self. To the official mind Gordon's method must have appeared intolerable—a fact he himself was well aware of, and to which he frequently makes humorous reference in his last journals from Khartoum; but the State surely should not complain of a servant because, when engaged on a stupendous task which no other man was so well qualified to undertake—a task bristling with difficulties and presenting ever-varying features—he, in his perfect loyalty and utter self-abnegation, showed them all the workings of his mind as he approached the sphere of his labors.

Gordon, with touching gentleness, afterwards made a sort of apology to me, saying that he was accustomed to work alone, and that if he were now to depart from that practice, his work would not bear the impress of one mind, or words to that effect. He might have said (though he would have been the last man to say anything of the sort) that he was himself and not his critic, who has often vainly wished that he possessed a tithe of Gordon's rapid insight and daring promptitude. The vexed question of Zebehr, of course, came frequently under discussion. I had seen and spoken with Zebehr at Cairo before I had any idea of Gordon's coming, and had conceived a horror of that man of smooth words but cruel deeds, with his hideous face suggestive to me of a death's-head tenanted by a demon. I was therefore prejudiced, and knowing that he hated Gordon with a murderous hate, was strongly against Zebehr being allowed to accompany him. Stewart at this time shared these feelings, and begged me to use any influence I might possess with Gordon to dissuade him from asking for Zebehr. Yet later events showed that we judged with a very limited knowledge of the circumstances, for Gordon's subsequent applications for Zebehr were vigorously endorsed by Stewart and strongly supported by Sir Evelyn Baring.* It was another illustration of Gordon's generous disregard of self that he should ask for such honor to be bestowed on an avowed deadly enemy. He did so in the same spirit as that in which he wrote his apparently inconsistent reports.

* Sir Henry Gordon also came to the conclusion that Zebehr ought to have been sent up, although opposed to it at first. (See *Events in the Life of C. G. Gordon*.)

He was seeking not how to enhance his reputation or greatness, but how to carry out his instructions, how to establish a settled government in the Soudan as a preliminary to withdrawing the Egyptian garrisons.

The following is a sad little extract from my diary of the 28th January. "This is Gordon's birthday, and we drank his health, wishing him many happy returns." Alas!

On the 29th of January M. Marquet, a French merchant, came on board, who had left Khartoum on the 15th December, and had crossed the desert from Abu Hamed with two servants and four camels in six days, meeting no one. He reported a great panic * in Khartoum when he left, and did not take a hopeful view of the future of the Soudan, saying that on Gordon's departure there would be civil war, when "the wolves would eat the sheep." In Stewart's journal, however, I find a different opinion attributed to M. Marquet: "Marquet appears to think Gordon will be well received by the mass of the Khartoum population, but secretly hated by the Egyptian pashas and government employés. He thinks that the policy of substituting the native government for the Egyptian has a fair chance of succeeding."

On the 30th we arrived at Assouan, when the mudir and many of the notables came on board. In a letter dated the 31st January I wrote as follows: "The people at Assouan were delighted to see Gordon, and begged him not to allow their mudir or headman to be taken away from them. He (Gordon) is very nice and courteous in his intercourse with natives, seeming really fond of them. Last night (the 30th) Gordon went off to the telegraph office, and commenced a conversation by wire with the governor of Berber. He discovered him to be an old friend of his, the Sheikh Hussein Khalifa, whom Baker mentions as trustworthy. This sheikh told Gordon that he hoped soon to be able to open communication with Suakin; that people would come round to him as soon as he arrived; that there was no fear of the Mahdi, who is the nephew of an old attached servant of Gordon. Gordon was highly pleased with this, and at once wrote off a despatch to Baring contradicting his previous one, putting his premature plan of operations entirely overboard, and re-

questing him to take no steps about the five officers he had so urgently demanded the day before yesterday." This statement is not quite correct, for Gordon's report, which I had not then seen, did not "urgently" demand British officers, as this extract shows: "If your Excellency feels any difficulty about these officers, or thinks that it" (*i. e.*, sending them) "would lead to trouble, never mind sending them, for I humbly believe we can manage without them."

My letter, therefore, shows that I was rather inclined to undue criticism of Gordon's conduct at this time. Continuing the quotation from my letter: "Even supposing the Mahdi gives him no trouble, his task is a gigantic one, for he has to construct a government and an army out of purely native materials, as he is resolved on sending all the Egyptians off. I think it may hold together so long as he is there, but after him the deluge—anarchy and slavery. This afternoon he gave us an interesting account, illustrated by neat, rapid sketches, of his work in equatorial Africa, when he put the steamers on the Albert Nyanza, where they still are. Last night this single-minded Napoleon developed to me his Congo scheme, which is nothing less than founding a great State in the centre of Africa under the auspices of the king of the Belgians, who is ready to give £100,000 a year towards it. He now proposes to take the Bahr Gazelle and equatorial provinces and incorporate them with his Congo State, by which means he hopes to suppress a good deal of the slave-trade. He finished by saying, 'A capital plan, I will write to the king of the Belgians to-morrow' (it was then 11 P. M.). Gordon is a prompt, rapid worker, and this morning on entering the saloon he handed me a long letter to the king of the Belgians, finished off with a neat sketch, setting forth all his views, and touching delicately on the necessity for obtaining a recognition of his flag. I believe that one element in his scheme particularly pleasing to Gordon, is that by his proposed arrangement he need not return to Cairo, but may go straight from the Soudan to the Congo."

It was also in Gordon's mind at this time to get the assent of our government and of the king of the Belgians to the incorporation of the whole of the eastern Soudan into the Congo State, his Majesty's £100,000 to be administered by Gordon as ruler of the Soudan and Congo under the king of the Belgians. In a letter I wrote home at this time I observed:

* On the night of Gordon's departure from Cairo he telegraphed to Khartoum: "Don't be panic-stricken. Ye are men, not women. I am coming. (Signed) Gordon."

"The difficulty I foresee for him in carrying out the policy of our government is, that if he goes out and announces that he has come to withdraw all officials and troops — cut them adrift, in fact, and go off himself — he simply delivers the country over to anarchy and abdicates his own power. His appointments, his enactments, his remission of taxation, etc., would be of no value if he told them he was going away the day after to-morrow. To keep up their confidence in him they must believe he is going to stay with them as their ruler. Let him make a federation of chiefs and sultans, but let *him* be there as dictator, and let some other European take his place when he goes. England will pay nothing, nor will Egypt, and why should not the munificent king of the Belgians give his money for the Soudan as well as for the Congo? The two are so intimately related to the great slave question." What further steps Gordon took in submitting this vast project I don't know, but when I left him he intended to write about it. At that time he charged me to communicate his ideas to Sir E. Baring, to tell him that he meant to dismiss first the higher Egyptian officials and then the lower ones, replacing them by natives. "He would then form a Soudanese army. In due course the time would come for sending back the Egyptian troops, when he would produce the khedive's firman of severance, and give the troops their choice of going back to Egypt or staying in the Soudan, but no longer under Egyptian rule." This programme was perhaps the best under the circumstances, but Gordon certainly did not, and, I believe, *could not*, carry it out. Colonel Stewart's journal, from which I am permitted to make a few extracts, will enable us to see the circumstances under which Gordon departed from his programme.

Before entering on this I will describe my last view of Gordon. We reached Korosko on the evening of the 1st February, and the next morning was that for saying good-bye, as here Gordon entered the great Nubian Desert. That morning we had a long talk together on deck after breakfast, when he told me what he meant to do, and how he felt for the misery of the natives. About eight o'clock he mounted his camel and said good-bye, but I walked beside him, and he shortly afterwards got down and walked with me. At last I left him, saying good-bye again, and "God bless you." Then he mounted again. A handsome young Arab, Ahmed, son of

the sheikh of Berber, rode beside him on a beautiful white camel. At the head of the caravan rode Ahmed's brother, both being armed with the great cross-hilted swords, and shields of rhinoceros hide, which Soudan warfare has now made familiar. These swords, together with a couple of very old double-barrelled pistols with flint locks, made up the Arab armament. Gordon carried no arms, but Stewart had a revolver. Before Gordon left he gave me a long, heavy, silver-mounted kourbash, or Soudan riding-whip, of rhinoceros hide, and told me to say "that was a token that the reign of the kourbash in the Soudan was over." In exchange he took my white umbrella, having lost his own.

"The place where I last saw Gordon is wild and desolate. The desert there is covered with a series of volcanic hills, looking, S.* said, like a miniature Switzerland. But here were no fertile valleys, no bright, snow clad peaks, no thriving population — nothing between the hills but black basins or ravines, dry, dark, and destitute of all vegetation, looking like separate entrances to the pit, where those who entered might leave all hope behind. I thought of Hicks with his doomed army coming into such a ravine after forty days in the wilderness, utterly spent and worn out, then finding the dark crests of the surrounding heights lined with a fierce exultant enemy, and of the sickening feeling he must have had, that all was lost for him and those he had led there. I climbed up the highest of these hills with S., and through a glass watched Gordon and the small caravan as his camels threaded their way along a sandy valley, hoping he would turn round that I might give him one more sign, but he rode on until he turned the dark side of one of the hills, and I saw him no more. Sadly we returned to our steamer, and I felt a gloomy foreboding that I should never see Gordon again." (Extract from letter dated February 2nd, 1884.)

When on board again I wrote the following note on Gordon's character, which I give here merely as showing the impression my latest intercourse with him had on me :—

"It may seem a paradox to say so, but it seems to me that although Gordon never regulates his conduct by the opinion of others, he yet has an intense longing for human sympathy. His impatience is only a symptom of the intensity of this longing. His habit of rushing into print on subjects

* My aide-de-camp.

that move him, is another symptom, wrongly ascribed to vanity by those who don't understand him. But what he demands he gives freely, and this explains his great power over natives. It is the same with children. Gordon is a man all children would instinctively worship, for he loves them so.* He told me that he has cried over the misery of the natives, sometimes before, and with them, and to their simple minds a man with so much power and so much feeling for them must be indeed a new revelation. You can see his kindness shining in his face when the natives crowd round him kissing his hand. He never shows impatience with *them*, and he tells me that he used when in the Soudan to sit for hours with the notables of a place discussing public affairs and learning their feelings; also that he took care that every man of the people should be able to approach him in person or by letter. . . . He would spend his own money in alleviating distress or in compensation for some injury; consequently he is always short of money. . . . Yesterday he told us how once on his return from a long expedition a host of unpaid clerks invaded his palace at Khartoum; how his *cavasses* tried to drive them back with blows; how he interfered and ordered them all to be admitted, when the hungry crowd rushed into his presence, as happened on a memorable occasion at Versailles. Gordon found they had not been paid all the time he was away, and produced £40 of his own to satisfy immediate demands. He, however, discovered and warned the ring-leaders not to demand their money in that way again."

Stewart's journal is deeply interesting as giving the daily events of Gordon's passage to Khartoum, with such reflections as occur to him, and Stewart seems always to have put down frankly his own opinion, although frequently at variance with his chief's. It is interesting in the light of what now is known of the companion of Emin Bey, to notice that on the 6th of February, when in the Nubian Desert, Stewart reports meeting "M. Bohn-

* "Tell Baring," he said, "that the only pleasure I had in Cairo was my introduction to his little boys." Gordon often told me of his great love for children, his schools and hospitals in Khartoum and elsewhere. Sir Henry Gordon writes: "Towards little children, especially boys, the poorest of the poor, he was most affectionately inclined, and could never pass a child in the street if in tears." (Events in the life of C. G. Gordon.) I remember Gordon well during his time at Gravesend, when he did so much for poor boys, and feel convinced that, of all ways of cherishing his memory, that most to his liking would be the maintenance of the Gordon Boys' Home.

dorf, a retainer of Dr. Junker, who was on his way up from the Bahr Gazelle. He reported Dr. Junker as well." But their work commenced on the 7th of February at Abu Hamed. "General Gordon was very well received by the Abu Hamed villagers, who crowded round him in great numbers to kiss his hand, and hear what he had to say. The general made them a speech, to the effect that he was not going to make war on the Mahdi, that he intended to grant an amnesty for all offences, that he would reduce the taxes by one-half, that he remitted all arrears, that in future the Soudan would be governed by the Soudanese, that up to now they had been governed by force, but that in future they would be ruled by kindness and justice. He ended by inviting them to send influential people to Khartoum." On this Stewart observes:—

"Although the people seemed thoroughly pleased to see the general, yet I question very much if they thoroughly appreciated what was told them; indeed, such was hardly to be expected." On February 9th, "the general had an interview with Abdul Medjid Melek of Berber, and spoke about the state of the country and the necessity of setting Soudanese to govern the Soudan. The sultan, who had apparently no very decided opinion on the subject, replied that 'it would be very nice.' The general then said that he came without soldiers, and that therefore his object was not war, but peace, and that it was for the people to decide what they wanted. In reply as to whom he thought should be the future *hukumdar*, he replied that the choice apparently lay between Hussein Pasha Khalifa and Zebehr."

Gordon therefore made no secret of the intended severance from Egypt, but openly proclaimed it, though he must have done so with many inward misgivings, as it evoked no corresponding enthusiasm among the population, while everything significantly pointed to jealousy, intrigue, and consequent disaffection among the chiefs. But it was at Berber that Gordon took the decisive step of showing the secret firman of severance, of which Stewart gives the following account: "Tuesday, February 12th. I was called up at 5 A.M. by General Gordon, who, having pondered deeply all night, had come to the decision of opening the Pandora-box, and openly proclaiming the divorce of the Soudan from Egypt, and the formation of local militias and appointment of Soudan officials in every important post. At 8 A.M. Hussein Pasha Khalifa, and Maho-

met Tahir, the judge of the civil court (a man we have every reason to believe is a bosom friend of the Mahdi) made their appearance. With their assistance, and after showing them the secret firman, which the general thought necessary to show them to allay their alarm at the overturning of the khedive's authority, a proclamation was drawn up. This proclamation appointed a committee or provisional government, consisting of six of the most influential notables of the Mudiriyeh, and proclaiming that the Muderat was from henceforth independent of Cairo, but subject to General Gordon as governor-general. This proclamation was affixed to the gate and caused a good deal of excitement; so far as I am able to judge the people appeared to approve of it." On the following day, February 13th, Stewart writes showing that he and Gordon took somewhat different views at this time as regards the effect of this disclosure. "We have tried to fathom what those present really thought, and we are told that it was a mistake to have shown it. We are told that the probable effect will be to lead those who heard the firman to conclude that all the concessions made by General Gordon, such as half-taxes, were made merely with a view of getting the troops out of the country without danger, and to leave the people to stew in their own juice. On consideration it may perhaps have been a mistake to show this firman, but General Gordon says that as the object of his mission is to get out of the country and to leave them independent, he could not have put a sharper spur into them to organize their government than by this action. It is certain that they fondly believe that by some means or other, they may be rid of the Cairo government and remain independent under General Gordon, who would give them greater local liberties. As regards my own opinion on the matter, I fully admit that the question of showing or not showing the firman is a difficult one to answer. Perhaps I should have preferred following Nubar Pasha's advice and delaying any action in the matter till a later period, when I could have better judged what would be the result, or at any rate till the political situation had become clearer."

Even Sir Henry Gordon, the most friendly of critics, considers his brother's action a mistake, and remarks: "No doubt the reading of the firman of abandonment at Berber to Hussein Pasha Khalifa and the notables was a mistake on General Gordon's part. It proved itself so, since

not one of the influential people present at the meeting remained loyal." (Events in the Life of Charles George Gordon, p. 18.) Notwithstanding this concurrence of opinion from those so well qualified to judge, I cannot help thinking that Gordon was right, and that his action was the logical outcome of his position. His proclamation of the firman was in direct sequence to his announcement of the intended independence of the Soudan as soon as he had crossed the desert. Supposing, however, that he had made no such announcement, issued no such proclamation, how was he then to justify and explain his action in sending away the Egyptian officials and the Egyptian troops? How was he to stimulate the Soudanese to form a government of their own? Would he not have appeared in their eyes as a rebel to the Egyptian government, because engaged in its destruction, for how could they believe that that government intended to commit suicide without actual proof of the fact?

Some clever diplomatist might perhaps conceive, in the recesses of his cabinet, a method of carrying out the scheme without any premature publicity, dispelling any public alarm at being deprived of protection by artfully worded proclamations; but then such a man would have known that Gordon was not the man to employ for the task. Gordon's whole career, down to his glorious defence of Khartoum, proves how much can be done by treating natives as human beings with feelings like our own, by putting confidence in them, and winning in return their love and devotion. That Hussein Pasha Khalifa, and the others at Berber should *when abandoned* have gone over to the Mahdi is no proof of the unwisdom of Gordon's course of action. Gordon was certainly no diplomatist, but had he possessed all the astuteness of a Machiavelli he could not have carried out his task under the conditions imposed upon him, and had he been other than he was, he certainly would not have held Khartoum so long against an overwhelming host.

For what was Gordon's task?

It was simply this: he was appointed the Moses of a new Exodus, *but with the Red Sea closed against him*. His mission was to "withdraw all troops, civil officials, and such of the inhabitants, together with their belongings, as may wish to leave for Egypt;" and further, to "take the necessary steps for establishing an organized government in the different provinces of the Soudan, for the maintenance of order

and the cessation of all disasters and incitement to revolt;" also, to maintain "the security of the roads open to commerce." (Egypt, 12, 1884, pp. 27, 28.)

And this gigantic work of simultaneous withdrawal of all the elements of government and reconstruction of a stable government out of untried, raw materials, was to be carried out in a Mohammedan country, larger than Germany, France, and Spain together,* by the *moral* influence of a Christian, to whom all assistance was denied, in face of a successful revolt under a fanatic who appealed to the strongest passions of savage humanity — fanaticism and cupidity. This was repeating the old Egyptian task of making bricks without straw with a vengeance. It was worse: *Gordon was set to make ropes, and strong ones too, out of desert sand!*

But why, then, did Gordon accept such a mission, he who of all men should have best known the impossibility of carrying it out successfully? This is the question that perplexed me throughout my journey with him, and long after. I can only offer the following as an approximate answer: Gordon had already stated that to proclaim abandonment was fatal, but when asked to go out, he was told that such was the determination of the government, and that he was the only man who could rescue the garrisons and soften the blow of severance to the natives. Gordon had, contrary to popular notions about him, a very strong idea of subordination to authority, and in this as in other cases, when it was only a question of sacrificing himself, not others, he made the sacrifice.

Gordon knew, and had stated, that the eastern Soudan was indispensable to the prosperity of Egypt; but he had a well-founded dislike to Egyptian government, and thought the Soudan should not be sacrificed for Egypt's benefit.

Yet although Gordon was committed to this policy of abandonment, and loyally endeavored to carry it out, he, even before entering the Soudan, was well aware of the danger and difficulty attending it, as he showed very clearly in a long despatch, dated Feb. 8th, 1884, from Abu Hamed (Egypt, 12, p. 132), of which no official notice appears to have been taken. In this he observes, "To disturb, if not annihilate this system" (of government) "at a moment's notice would appear to me to hand over the country to complete anarchy." After suggesting that Egypt

should continue to maintain its position as a suzerain power, but only with a moral controlling influence, Gordon adds: "I would therefore earnestly beg that evacuation, but not abandonment, be the programme to be followed, and that the firman with which I am provided be changed into one recognizing moral control and suzerainty." On February 27th, when at Khartoum, Gordon reported even more strongly against the policy of abandonment, stating that "evacuation is impossible until the government asserts its authority."

But Gordon was naturally of a very sanguine disposition, and he had just confidence in his own great power and influence over the Soudanese. "When I left I could say, no man could lift hand or foot in the land of the Soudan without me." (Journals, p. 14.) He therefore thought it possible to carry out his instructions under the three following suppositions:—

1. That the Mahdi was a cypher, and would be easily disposed of by being made sultan of Kordofan.
2. That the revolt was purely political, and would disappear on the abuses that had created it being abolished.
3. That he would be able to form a confederacy of sultans among the old families that governed in the Soudan before its conquest by Mehemet Ali.

These three suppositions proved illusory, but Gordon thought he had always one great stay to rely upon, should all others fail. In his memorandum of January 22nd, 1884, to her Majesty's government General Gordon wrote: "I will carry out the evacuation, as far as possible, according to their (her Majesty's government's) wish to the best of my ability, and with avoidance, as far as possible, of all fighting.* I would however, hope that her Majesty's government will give me their support and consideration should I be unable to fulfil all their expectations."

How far this hope was justified let those judge who have read the sad story of Khartoum's abandonment and fall in the journals in Sir Henry Gordon's work, or in that ably compiled pamphlet, "Too Late."

There was one way, and one way only, by which the almost impossible task could have been carried out, a way which had

* General Gordon's memorandum of January 22nd, 1884.

* The charge that has been falsely brought against General Gordon of having commenced and caused the fighting has been so thoroughly refuted as to make it unnecessary for me to do more than refer to it.

the great advantage of freeing her Majesty's government from all responsibility and of incurring no expense. That was by simply letting Gordon alone — giving him authority to stay as dictator or go away as he pleased. But even this liberty was denied him.

Gordon must often have thought of our conversation together about the incorporation of the Congo with the equatorial provinces (or even with the eastern Soudan), and it acquires a fresh interest now that we hear of Emin Bey* having so gallantly held the equatorial province as Gordon's lieutenant all this time. Who can say what might not have been the results to the future civilization of central Africa, had not Gordon been peremptorily forbidden to go to the Bahr Gazelle and equatorial provinces by telegram dated March 13th? (Egypt 12, p. 160.)

That day (March 13th, 1884) was the day on which the battle of Tamai was fought, after which, at the price of much bloodshed, the road from Suakin to Berber was open for British or Indian troops, and the opportunity of rescuing Gordon, saving Berber and Khartoum, was actually within England's grasp. Though not allowed the honor of being Gordon's deliverer, though sorrowing with all England, and with the added grief of one who has lost a dear friend, I have yet some small consolation in knowing that Gordon acquitted me of all unreadiness or disinclination to advance to his rescue. (Gordon's Journals, p. 227.)

On the 4th March, 1884, I received a congratulatory telegram in Arabic from Gordon after the action of El Teb (fought 29th February, 1884), which ran nearly as follows: "Pleased to hear captured Tokar and defeated the rebels. Stewart Pasha, Power British Consul, myself, and the inhabitants and Soudanese of Khartoum, congratulate you on your great success. I also send my regards to all the British troops, and hope very soon the entire Soudan may be pacified and contentment reign amongst the people as formerly."

But Gordon's last word to me was a telegram in reply to one I had sent him, hoping that I might meet him on the road to Berber. It is dated 6th March: "Stewart and self delighted with your opinion [? suggestion]. Tell your men I am deeply obliged and helped by their gallant conduct. Hope S. is all right with his minor tactics." This last is a playful allusion

to my aide-de camp's studies when going up the Nile, and it is pleasant to recall the fact that Gordon's last word to me was a cheerful one. His last message to me was in his sad farewell letter of the 14th December, 1884 (given at p. 380 of "Events in the Life of Charles George Gordon," by Sir Henry Gordon).

Those last days at Khartoum must have been a time of terrible suffering. "I am very well, but very grey with the continual strain on one's nerves," wrote Gordon; but to him the greatest pain must have been to witness the sufferings of the population from famine. It must also have been very bitter for him, with his warm heart longing for human sympathy, to believe himself neglected and deserted as the days dragged on without any signs of relief. Yet had Gordon known how the great heart of England (I might almost say of civilized humanity) was beating for him in those days, when all eyes were straining to catch the least ray of light through the dark curtain drawn round Khartoum; had he known that so many eager spirits were struggling desperately with the baffling cataracts of the Nile in their gallant efforts to make up for delays caused by no fault of theirs; had he known of that daring plunge into the desert, with the glorious fights against overwhelming odds; had he known of the final splendid effort to reach him, through countless perils, Gordon would not have felt himself and his followers neglected and abandoned.

England need not grudge the treasure spent, nor even the blood of her gallant sons shed in such a cause. Though too late to save Gordon and Khartoum, it was something to have proved that England's heart yet beat true.

Her government had sent out this one man, amid universal acclamation, to rescue the garrisons of the Soudan, and he, in his generous self-devotion, had undertaken to try to save them, *if possible* without fighting, trusting in return to the generous consideration and support of the government that had sent him. But in this he was disappointed; and now this man, having inspired those about him with something of his own indomitable spirit, stood at bay surrounded by a formidable fanatical host, with certain famine before him if not speedily relieved, yet always trusting that his country would not desert him and those who had put their trust in him. And were we, his countrymen, to stand idly by, like a crowd outside a gaol waiting for an execution, and were we to justify our inaction by saying with a

* See the valuable and interesting paper on Emin Bey, in LIVING AGE No. 2223.

sneer that "Gordon was not sent out to fight"?

Better was it for England in that bitter hour to shed tears — even tears of blood — over her martyred hero!

GERALD GRAHAM.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
LE NOMME W.

IN the department of the Basses Pyrénées in December, 1885, I temporarily lost my name. I became known as Le Nommé W. Thieves and murderers in that country are commonly designated in this way, and obtain consideration in plenty. Extenuating circumstances arise on their behalf, self-generated in a night like the mushrooms. But the crime of which my brother and I were accused was one that admitted of no palliation, the mere suspicion of which placed us at once beyond the pale of native sympathy; converted a *procureur*, who may at other times have been a gentleman, into a rough *bureaucrat*, and conjured up about us a Cadmean crop of revolvers and fetters. We were German spies.

About the middle of that December we were at Pau. The early part of the winter in the district had been exceptionally mild. We had spent three weeks in exploring the better-known passes and valleys of the Hautes Pyrénées, and now proposed to make our way to Biarritz by a roundabout road through the forest of Iraty, a wild and interesting part of the French Basque country. Accordingly, we sent our heavy baggage by rail to Biarritz, and started ourselves after lunch on the 14th by train to Oloron, our equipment consisting of a knapsack and light pack, a railway rug, two light overcoats, and two walking-sticks. The weather was fine and bright, though cold, and we were in high spirits, anticipating a delightful excursion.

At Oloron station we sought out the *diligence* for Tardets. We intended to sleep that evening at this place on the outskirts of the forest, with a view to making an early start on foot next morning. The diligence discovered, we put our slight baggage inside, and asked for two places. Then, learning that the vehicle would not leave the town for half an hour, we told the driver to pick us up by the way, and started blithely — unwitting lambs as we were — to stir our blood by a brisk walk along the road. This — if a

cabinet minister well acquainted with French manners is to be believed — this was the cause of all our woe! To pay for a ride and then to walk is a thing so foreign to the thrifty French nature, that it might form the basis for an accusation of the most abominable crimes. We paid to ride; we walked. From that moment the eye of the French law saw in us German spies.

Once clear of Oloron, we strode along merrily, noting the softer character of the landscape, and admiring the rolling hills and woods, until the diligence overtook us some two miles or so beyond the town.

We stepped in, so far as I could afterwards remember, without hesitation, and greeted our fellow-travellers cheerily. They were two — a farmer or peasant proprietor, and a bluff, ruddy, well-set-up man of middle height, wearing a cocked hat and uniform of dark blue faced with white, of the kind worn by the *gendarmes*. He sported epaulettes, however, and a profusion of silver lace, with a decoration and medal, and a handsome sword; so that I did not set him down either as an ordinary *gendarme* (a conclusion to which my brother had come) or as that which he was in fact, a brigadier of that force. I did not know what he was, but on lighting a cigarette offered him one. He preferred a cigar, and declined. His companion, however, accepted my offer, and we fell into a desultory conversation. To what place were we going? What was our nationality? What cigarettes were they? Had we come from Pau? What was our purpose in visiting that part of the country? All these questions our smart friend asked, and I, who had never been "wanted," answered without any suspicion that I was being interrogated with a purpose. We were English, I said, travelling for pleasure, and going to Tardets; we had come from Pau; our cigarettes were of Egyptian manufacture.

After this, wearied by the rattling of the omnibus and the strain which the use of a foreign tongue imperfectly known imposed, I was glad to fall into silence. I examined — these details are important — my letter-case to see if I had any gold-beater's skin. And, my brother calling my attention to the sunset sky behind us, we speculated on the chance of the highest peak in sight being the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, on whose shoulder, six thousand feet above the sea, we had been some weeks before.

About five o'clock the diligence stopped

in the street of a small village. Near at hand, and apparently awaiting it, stood a gendarme. The brigadier, stepping out nimbly, exchanged, as I noticed, a word with him, and passed across the road. The gendarme came to the door. "Look here!" exclaimed my brother, "he has left this!" And taking up a smart leather satchel, which the brigadier had left in his place, he handed it to the gendarme, telling him that "the monsieur" had left it.

"Thank you," said the man civilly. "Are you going to Tardets?"

"Certainly!" we answered.

"Then you descend here. This is Tardets."

We were astonished. We had not looked to be at Tardets before half past six. But we had no suspicions, and thanking him cordially, we alighted. The gendarme pointed out the inn, a very poor place, and we entered it with him; we were about to ask for a bedroom, when he intervened, opening the door of a room down-stairs, and inviting us by a gesture to enter. We did so, and saw immediately that we had fallen into a trap. Before us, looking very stern and uncompromising, stood the brigadier; behind us we heard the door slammed to with unnecessary emphasis.

"This is not Tardets, but Aramits," the brigadier said harshly. "I wish to ask you some questions. If you answer them satisfactorily, you shall proceed on your journey, gentlemen."

Then he began by asking, as he sat down at the table before us, what was my name. I told him, and that I had a passport, which I produced, not doubting that this would end the matter. Nothing of the kind! It was in English, and our inquisitor knew nothing of that language. Despite his decorations and epaulettes, he could not write with facility, could not spell at all, and I suspect could read but little. He pounced upon the word Majesty, and persisted for some time that that was my name. Then the passport, although countersigned for Spain and Italy, bore no French *visé*. Rejecting it, therefore, he proceeded to put to me, in a tone which grew more loud and imperious each minute, a series of questions. He asked my name, nationality, and profession; where I had entered France; how long I had been in the country; how long I proposed to stay in it; what was my object in travelling; where did I intend to sleep that night—the next—and the next? Then came my brother's turn, our

inquisitor's tone growing more bim-bam-bom-like each minute. He disregarded our protestations that he spoke too quickly, and that we did not understand all he said; and, telling us that we had spoken French excellently in the diligence, paid us the only compliment which passed at the interview.

"Now, attend to me!" he cried presently, passing from examination-in-chief to cross-examination. "Why did you, when you were about to enter the vehicle, show hesitation at sight of me—of me—the brigadier?"

I laughed outright. The idea that I should shrink at sight of even a superintendent of police seemed to me, being an Englishman and not an official-ridden Frenchman, funny in the extreme. "I did not," I said.

"Why did you tell me in the diligence that you were Belgians? Answer me that!" And he thumped the table.

"It is not true. I did not tell you so."

"Very well!" in a menacing accent. "Why did you tell me that you were friends, not brothers?"

"I did not tell you so."

"What! You said you were Belgians. That is so?"

"No! no! no!"

"Where is the map which you consulted in the diligence?"

"I had no map in the diligence."

"You took something from your pocket, and examined it. Produce it!"

I handed to him a tiny packet containing gold-beater's skin. He looked at it curiously, almost fearfully. He consulted the gendarme upon it. He held it up to the light. Finally he put it carefully aside.

"And now the map! Be quick! The map, I say!" he roared.

"The only map we have is an authorized French map, that of the *Etat-major*. But it is in the knapsack. We did not have it in the diligence. The knapsack was in the care of the driver."

"You had a pencil. You made a map of the country as you came?"

"I had no pencil. I made no map. I do not draw."

"You made signs."

At this I shrugged my shoulders, and exchanged a glance of wonder with my brother—making signs again, you see!

"You looked behind you at the country," he persisted doggedly. I told him what I have already set down respecting the sunset and the Pic du Midi.

"Why did you not speak to one another

in French? Attend! Tell me that," with another thump upon the table.

"It is not our language. We speak it badly, and with difficulty."

"Chut! You understand it perfectly! You said you were travelling for your pleasure."

"Yes, that is so."

"But you said also that you were travelling for your health."

"Yes, that is so, too. Partly for pleasure and partly for health."

"Are you wealthy?"

"No, I wish I were!" And so he continued in an endless round of the same questions. I have set some of them down at length, because they convey an idea of the French system of examining the accused; and offer an example of the false assumptions, the deliberate traps, and the bullying tone by which the prosecution seek to extract either the truth, or something that may weigh against the prisoner. At the end of three quarters of an hour of this the brigadier announced himself to be dissatisfied. He must make an arrest.

I protested loudly. I warned him that we were British subjects. I produced two *lettres d'indication* addressed to a number of foreign bankers, and written in French. I showed him that the name engraved upon my compass, knife-haft, and other things corresponded with that in the passport. I solemnly warned him — well, that we should not perish unavenged; and I probably referred to *Son Excellence l'Ambassadeur de sa Majesté Britannique*, honestly believing at the time in the efficacy of this conjuration.

But he was not afraid of a name. He smiled a Napoleonic smile, and conducted us at once to the police-station. Here, in a little office, he wrote down his version of what we had said of ourselves, mingling with it, without distinguishing marks of any kind, his own evidence and his opinion of us generally. It may be imagined that the result was a very wonderful document; particularly as I took pity upon his incapacity, spelled some of the French words for him, and occasionally even wrote a sentence, or struck the pen through one which contained too gross a perversion of our statements. This done he took from us our money (for which he gave us a receipt) and our papers, watches, compasses, and walking-sticks; our knapsacks and pack also. But he did not search us, so that we retained our matches and cigarettes. With great difficulty I obtained leave to send a telegram to the vice-consul at Pau.

By this time it was about a quarter past six and quite dark. I anticipated that we should be lodged in the gendarmes' quarters, and was peering about in no apprehensive mood, when the brigadier bade us follow him. Guarded by two gendarmes we marched down-stairs to a yard at the back of the house. Facing us stood a small detached outhouse with two doors. It would have been in England a pig-sty, or a hen-house, or at best a neglected dog-kennel; but in France, and here, it was the lock-up of Aramits. The two doors were thrown open, the two gendarmes bowed, and, immensely astonished, but too proud to complain or make a useless resistance, we stepped in and the doors were locked behind us. We were in prison; the prison surely of some wild, uncivilized country.

Our cells were about eight feet long by four wide and eight high; rough and mean beyond description. The walls and floor were of stones and trodden earth respectively, as we discovered when daylight came. At present we were in the dark; no fires, no lights! Windows proper there were none, though an oblong aperture over the door admitted light in the day, and air (cold or warm as luck might have it) at all times. A board covered by a frowsy, dark-colored blanket, and a pitcher in one case, a bucket in the other, formed the whole and only furniture in each cell. The sole alleviation of our discomfort lay in the fact that the partition between us was of rough planks, so that we could talk to one another — an arrangement, I fancy, not entirely matter of accident.

A quarter of an hour later our doors were opened, and I was taken to my brother's cell. One gendarme held a smoky, guttering candle; three others stood partly within and partly without the doorway, around which a dozen women and children clustered, peeping at us. Our dinner, some greasy soup, with bits of bread and cabbage floating in it, was produced; we had only one basin, but, thank heaven, a spoon apiece; a lump of bread, and a bottle of thin, sour wine completed the meal. Anxious not to seem cast down, we fell upon the horrid mess with apparent appetite, at intervals drinking toasts and bantering the police; and laughing very loudly at our own jokes. "Vive la République!" to which a glance round our cell gave point, was well received; so was "Le beau sexe;" but it was reserved for our third toast, "Madame la femme de M. le Brigadier!" to

bring down the house, the vicious emphasis which we threw into our enemy's name sending his subordinates into a frenzy of delight. The more they laughed — and the most taciturn face wore a grin — the more fluent grew our French, and the wilder our folly; and when we wound up by begging them to bring our hot water at eight and to see that our beds were well aired and our boots well varnished — when this was done, and we were back in our cells, we had at least the satisfaction of feeling that our entertainment had been as successful as unique; and that M. le Brigadier's importance had not gained much at our hands.

By the way, — "Can we not," my brother had asked, "sleep at the inn, if we pay for our room and for a room for a guard?"

"No, it is out of the question," was the decisive answer — twice given.

At a quarter to seven our doors were locked, and were not again opened until eight o'clock next morning. For thirteen hours no one came near us. They were thirteen hours of intense cold and misery, as may be understood when I say that the thermometer fell in that neighborhood on that night several degrees below freezing-point. My brother had fortunately been carrying our travelling-rug, and it had not been taken from him; yet he felt the cold severely. I had merely my walking-suit and a thin dust-coat. The frowsy blanket I at first put from me, shuddering at the least contact with it, and picturing the French tramp who had last used it. But necessity knows no daintiness; before morning I was hugging the blanket about me, and wishing that it were five times as thick. The night air poured in through the unglazed window, and through a dozen chinks and apertures besides. I did not get even ten minutes' sleep; by five o'clock my feet were numbed, my teeth chattering, and my shoulders shaking. For very fear lest the cold should kill me then and there, I rose, and for three hours tramped up and down the cell unceasingly — two steps and a half each way; it was dreary work!

Soon after eight the brigadier came in his shirt-sleeves, and let us out. For some time we had been loudly clamoring, and I think that he was alarmed on finding how cold the night had been; for he took us both to his room, and placed chairs for us before the wood fire which was burning in the great open fireplace. His wife and child were still in bed in the room. He offered us a glass of Armagnac, and telling us he should take us early in the day to the procureur at Oloron, went down-stairs.

I have no doubt he did this last with a purpose. For almost immediately his wife, ignoring our presence, got up, and, after partly dressing herself, brought the child to the fire. She was a young woman, but thin and careworn. If it were not that wives in France have the upper hand, one would have said that Monsieur Bimbam-bom began his bullying at home. She sat on the one side of the fire, dressing the child; we sat respectfully on the other. "You say you are English. Is it not so?" she begins, pausing with an uplifted sock in her hand, and fixing us suddenly with her keen eyes. We cheerfully acquiesce. "You do not speak German?" "Not a word." "Belgian?" "Most certainly not." "But you have no papers," she continues, shaking her head. "Papers? Oh dear, yes! Abundance of papers! Papers signed by the Marquis of Salisbury, Chevalier de la Jarretière, etc., etc.!" we cry. "No, you have no papers! Dear, dear me!" "No papers!" we reply warmly. "And if it be so? Do we look like brigands, madam; thieves, madam?" "No, gentlemen!" And madam's polite breeding interferes with her duties as assistant police-examiner; she cries, "*Mon Dieu, non!*" many times, and we are comforted.

At nine o'clock the brigadier brought in a telegram. It was addressed to me, but he had opened it. The sender, the vice-consul at Pau, announced that he had telegraphed to the mayor of Aramits respecting us. This second telegram was presently brought. It certified that we were harmless tourists, known to the vice-consul. Upon this the brigadier was so kind as to say that we should soon be permitted to go. I thought he meant that he would release us without taking us before the procureur, and I replied sharply, "Our release is not the question now. We have a complaint to make."

"Of what?" he asked.

"Of the treatment we have received. It was your turn yesterday; it is ours today."

"What?" he roared. "I have gone out of my way to treat you well, and you threaten me? Take care! If you had not said that you were Belgians, this would not have happened!"

"We did not say so!" we both cried.

"You did!" he shouted.

"We did not!" I retorted as loudly. "No! no! no! It is false!" And we stood glaring into one another's eyes. I thought he was going to strike me. Over his shoulder I had a glimpse of his wife's

frightened face, and the smiling gendarmes in the doorway. Then he flung away with a torrent of oaths, leaving us to enjoy some bread and coffee, which we had been allowed to order at the inn, and found delicious. We thought that now our troubles were over and our enemy's beginning; but we reckoned without our host. Back presently came the brigadier, and sternly bade us follow him. He conducted us back to the cells, and locked us up — this time together. I fear we looked a little foolish.

So from half past nine until about twelve we kicked our heels in my cell. It was in vain that we asked for water, that we might wash, and for our knapsack, that we might brush our hair, and so forth. The gendarmes visited us from time to time, but it was for other things than these — in part to see if even yet we would vary our story, and partly, I think, to gather our intentions. I made mine plain. I was sorry, I said, for the brigadier's wife and child; for himself — well, it was a pity that so promising a career should end thus miserably. And I drew a moral from the story. "Too much zeal!" I concluded sadly, "too much zeal!" My words, no doubt, were carried straight to the person concerned, and I think — yes, still I think — that under the bluff, stern exterior he showed us to the end, there was a heart quivering like a jelly.

At noon they let us out to eat a substantial luncheon in the sunny yard. Of course we paid for our chicken and claret, in spite of which it was wonderful how cheerful we grew as the warmth stole through us. The gendarmes, moreover, were civil and kindly. In the midst of our meal a visitor came upon the scene in the shape of the *curé* of the parish — a young man, thin and ascetic-looking, but with a pleasant smile. I suppose he had come to see us in the ordinary course of his duties, for, after saluting us, he said, "My sons, this is sad! I trust that it will be a warning to you for the future." Now that was not at all the light in which we were looking at the matter, and I told him so very quickly. His perplexity, as we detailed our story and showed the cells in which we had spent the night ("At the Hotel de la Poste one night," commented a gendarme sympathetically, "here the next!") was most amusing. But when we went on to explain our intentions in regard to the brigadier, he took us up. "Revenge, my sons, is an empty thing," he said gravely

"But the cells were cold, my father, very cold last night," I replied.

"It is true. Yet let it pass. You will go far away and forget it. You think much of it now, but viewed from afar it will seem a small thing."

"Perhaps. At present I say with St. Paul, *Civis Romanus sum*, and I will not go out privily."

He pricked up his ears. "You know Latin!" he exclaimed.

I told him that I had been at Oxford; and was amused to find that this gave him a graver opinion of the wrongs we had suffered than all my complaints. He made another pilgrimage to the cells; he shrugged his shoulders inimitably; and then, perching himself upon a wall, talked to us for some time. He had a knowledge of English politics most surprising in a man stationed in that obscure village, and was altogether a charming specimen of a charming class.

At two we were ordered to make ready to start. The brigadier ostentatiously loaded his revolver and charged us to make no attempt at escape. He also directed us to carry our baggage. We declined; he blustered. In the end, the gendarme who accompanied him agreed to carry the knapsack, and we took up the lesser articles. I noticed that every person, gentle or simple, whom we met on the road, saluted the brigadier, while he ignored many of their greetings. He was a little king in his district; justice of the peace as well as superintendent of police; and to me at that moment a standing argument in his arrogance for our resident county magistrates. In France such men are wanting, or have no power. There is no one to check official arbitrariness, or to come between the executive and the people.

At a bridge half-way between Aramits and Oloron, the brigadier of the latter place met us and took charge of us, giving our old enemies, from whom we here parted, a written receipt for us. In one respect we had cause to regret the change; our new master bade us carry the luggage; we demurred. Thereupon he produced a long chain with handcuffs at each end. "You can make your choice," he said, "either take up the baggage and carry it, or repeat your refusal. In the latter case we shall handcuff you, chain you together, and force you to carry it."

This he said without a trace of passion; and, being quite sure that he would keep his word, my brother took up the

knapsack and I the rug and coats. After the night we had spent we were in anything but good condition; and it was not without difficulty, that, thus burdened, we walked the remaining distance, over four miles, to Oloron. At the time we were treated in this way, the police, it will be remembered, had the vice-consul's telegram in their possession, and knew that we were English tourists. On our arrival at Oloron we were taken to the house of the procureur. He was not at home, and we proceeded to his public office. I believe that our arrest had been noised abroad, for the streets were full of people, who stood and watched our little procession go by. No one was uncivil to us, though we heard the words *espions allemands* freely exchanged; yet the ordeal of passing, burdened as we were, and in custody, under the eyes of hundreds of Frenchmen, was not to our English taste.

The procureur received us in a moderately large room, in the middle of which we were told to stand, while he sat at an ordinary writing-table. The police arranged themselves behind us, and round the room sat a number of men whom I judged to be respectable inhabitants of the town. I at once asked to be furnished with an interpreter, saying that I had had only too much experience of the danger of answering questions in a language imperfectly known. Unfortunately I had well conned the sentences in which I expressed this, and my glibness defeated my object. The procureur, a tall, dark, harsh-voiced man, politely assured me that I spoke French sufficiently well, and, save for the aid which one of the gentlemen present who spoke a little English gave us, we fought our own battle. Here, at any rate, I thought, we shall get justice. And at first all went well. I need not give the magistrate's questions, which were not many. There was abundant evidence of our nationality and identity, and with little loss of time he gave his decision. We were free, we might go.

Upon this I stated that I wished to lay a formal complaint against the brigadier of Aramits. I submitted (1) that we had about us sufficient papers of identity, and that therefore the arrest was illegal from the first; (2) that if the arrest and detention were in themselves legal, they were attended by circumstances of illegal and unnecessary severity.

What passed upon this I give in detail, because it may make the position clear to other travellers in France, and solve in some degree a vexed question. "Very

well," was the procureur's answer, "I understand. Then firstly where are your papers, if you please?"

"I had a British Foreign-Office passport which identified me."

"It bore no French *visa*, and was without weight here on that account."

"Do I understand then," I asked slowly, "that it is absolutely necessary for every Englishman travelling in France to have a passport countersigned by the French authorities?"

"It is absolutely necessary," was his answer.

"And yet," I cried, "there are hundreds of Englishmen at Pau, and you know that there are not ten such passports among them all. But I leave that. There is my banker's *lettre d'indication*."

"It is a foreign recommendation on the same footing as your passport."

"Not at all! The bankers who sign it are French as well as English bankers."

That clearly puzzled him, and he spoke awhile with his clerk: finally, "It is printed, not written," he said.

I laughed aloud. As a fact, my name, the essential part of the document, was written, but I missed that point. I abandoned under protest my first head of complaint, and passed on to the treatment we had received. To this his sole answer was that it was unlucky for us that we had been arrested at Aramits and not at Oloron, where there was a comfortable prison. It was our misfortune, not the gendarmes' fault; they had only done their duty. As for an apology, he would not assist us to any form of one. "If," he concluded harshly, his patience worn thin by my importunity, "you think you have cause for complaint, go to your ambassador!"

"We will!" we cried with one voice, and gave up the fight for that time. Our money — less the cost of telegram, luncheon, and breakfast — and papers were returned to us. Our volunteer interpreter kindly told us that there was a train just starting for Pau; and another gentleman undertaking to show us the way to the station, we left M. le Procureur with less ceremony than haste. Once in the train, I lay back in my corner of the carriage fairly exhausted, and morally depressed beyond belief by the continuous bullying to which we had been subjected.

Our first impulse was to keep the whole matter to ourselves; but friendly greetings and a good dinner at our hotel put us in heart again. We sent a brief epitome of the story to the newspapers, and raised

our bitter cry before the ambassador. In the issue, both from Lord Lyons and Sir John Walsham, who at the time was his representative, we received most courteous treatment. But, unfortunately, we have never got farther than that, although Mr. Addison, Q.C., member of Parliament for Ashton under-Lyne, asked a question in the House on the matter, and the government expressed themselves dissatisfied with the French minister's explanations.

True, we have been informed that the chief officer of gendarmes in the district has privately called upon the vice-consul at Pau to express his regret; and that the brigadier at Aramis has been punished by some days' detention—not, I fear, in his own cells. But no public apology has been made at Oloron, in the newspapers, or elsewhere; no public reprimand has been administered. Nay, the very document from which I learn this, states that the indiscretion of the police was palliated by the suspects' conduct; and goes on to narrate a pure fiction, to the effect that on the day of our arrest we retired under surveillance into a wood with certain instruments, and did very dreadful things indeed!

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

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THE INDIAN BOURBONS.

It has probably occurred to others, as it has to the writer of these lines, that many interesting pages of Indian history might be written by competent persons who, with leisure and inclination, had permission to search and analyze the records and other memorials in the possession of the descendants of those adventurers who, forsaking their homes in England, France, and Italy, sailed to India and entered the service of the Moghul emperor, Mahomedan satraps, or Rajput and Mahratta chieftains, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Some of these wanderers were men of noble birth, and many by their ability, indomitable energy, intrepidity, and military genius, carved out for themselves careers in the land of their adoption, and thus became, in a minor degree, makers of history and shapers of the destinies of its peoples. The history of their lives should therefore add many a moving tale of adventure to Indian story.

Among these gallant spirits not the least distinguished was the founder of the

Indian branch of the Bourbon family, a section of which has been settled in the independent native State of Bhopal since the end of the last century, giving to the service of its rulers a succession of shrewd councillors and valiant soldiers.

Upon the death of Madame Dulhin, the aged widow of Balthasar Bourbon, the son of the first settler in Bhopal, circumstances arose which made it desirable, and possible, to institute an inquiry into the ancient history of the family. As investigation proceeded the records were found to be few and the traditions obscure; furthermore, no trace could be found of that family history, said to have been compiled in the eighteenth century, and carried by a priest to Goa for safety during the turbulent years towards the close of that century. It has been therefore out of very scanty materials that the meagre sketch of the family has been prepared which forms the basis of the following narrative. Imperfect as it is, it is not without public interest.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century (1560) John Philip Bourbon, of Navarre, who was a member of the younger branch of the family of Henry IV., sailed for India, having, tradition relates, been obliged to leave France because he killed a relative of high position in a duel. He landed at Madras, a priest and two friends accompanying him. The two latter died on the voyage; the priest remained in Madras, but John Philip Bourbon, sailing on to Bengal, went thence to Delhi and sought an interview with the emperor Akbar. On hearing of the high rank of the exile, the emperor sent for him, and, being interested in his story, treated him with much favor and distinction, eventually appointing him to a post at his court.

Not long afterwards, the emperor, being much pleased with his courtly bearing and conduct, and desiring to retain his services, offered him in marriage the lady Juliana, sister of the emperor's Christian wife, who, on account of her skill and knowledge of the European system of medicine (*yunani*), had charge of the health of the imperial ladies. This marriage was duly solemnized, whereupon the emperor conferred upon his brother-in-law the title of nawab, and placed the imperial seraglio under his care, and the Lady Juliana was included in the select band of the "imperial sisters."

To understand more fully the importance and difficulties of the appointment conferred upon the young French nobleman, it is well to call attention to the

statement in the *Ain-i-Akbari*, that the imperial harem resided in a palace of immense size, and numbered five thousand women, to each of whom a separate suite of apartments was assigned. This honorable office remained in the possession of the family until the sack of Delhi by Nadir Shah in the year 1737. The family, however, must have also resided for a time at Agra, because the building now occupied by the Catholic Mission press is said to have been the first Christian church and, according to family tradition, was founded by Lady Juliana.

John Philip's elder son Saveille is said to have married a lady named Allemaine in the year 1600, but this Saveille was probably the founder's grandson, whose eldest son, Alexander, married a Miss Robertson in 1640, and his elder son again, Anthony, married the daughter of Yakoob Khan, a relative of the ruling house in Afghanistan, and a convert to Christianity. Yakoob held a high post at Delhi, with the title of nawab. This marriage took place in 1670; seven children were born, four sons and three daughters, named respectively, Francis, Anthony, Salvador, Saveille, Mary, Catherine, and Isabel. Francis, born in 1680, married an Armenian lady, a relative of his own, in the year 1710; he was the officer in charge of the imperial seraglio when Delhi was sacked, and with his family narrowly escaped the massacre in which it is reported that one hundred and twenty-five thousand of the citizens were slain. Francis took refuge in the fort of Sirghur, situated within the Jaghir, possessed by the family since Akbar's time, and a dependency of the native State of Nurwur, the rajah of which, it is said, had up to that period held the Bourbons in much esteem.

Francis Bourbon having lost his post on account of the dispersion of the seraglio and also valuable property plundered at Delhi, sought the rajah's special protection. He was permitted to collect in the town of Sirghur all the members of the Bourbon family, said to have at that time numbered three hundred souls. They resided there in safety for many years; his son Francis, who had married in 1732 a De Silva, also lived here after his father's death. To him was born Pedro, Saveille, and Salvador.

When he was sixty years of age, in 1778, a great calamity befell the family, which nearly caused its extinction. The rajah of Nurwur, determining to obtain the possessions of his powerful feudatory, caused the massacre of all the members of

the family in Nurwur, and attacked the fort of Sirghur with its dependent town where the head of the house was residing.

On the arrival of the rajah's force, Francis and his youngest son Salvador hastily collected a small party of relatives and retainers, and sallied forth, but he and his son being killed, his adherents were defeated, and the town and fort fell into the hands of the enemy; but not before Salvador's son, of the same name, escaped with his mother and two or three of the younger children. He was only twenty years of age, but he managed to convey his charge to Gwalior, where they found safety with the Christian families at that place.

In the year 1780 Gwalior was taken by Colonel Popham; Salvador, being in great straits, appeared before that officer and related the misfortunes that had overtaken his family, telling him that his mother, himself, and two or three little children were the only survivors. The general pitied his situation and promised him a grant of two villages from the Gwalior State, and a house in Gwalior. The family now being settled, Salvador's mother — whose maiden name was Bervette — advised her son to go to Bhopal, and seek service from the Begum Mamola, of whose ability and generosity she had heard. He took her advice, and was fortunate enough to find favor in the eyes of the begum, and so long as she lived remained in her service. On her death, not long afterwards, he was obliged to fly to Gwalior. In the year 1796, Wuzzeer Mahomed Khan, the minister who succeeded Chote Khan, who had assassinated his mistress at the instigation of her husband, recalled Salvador, and appointed him commander of the forces then actively employed in defending the territory against the inroads of the Mahrattas and Pindari predatory horse. In this duty he was aided by his cousin Pedro, who, now grown up, was the elder of the children saved from the Sirghur massacre.

Before detailing the events in the life of Salvador and his descendants, a sketch of Pedro's family history is not inappropriate here.

Pedro's son Anthony married Miss Francis, and was at an early age appointed to a command in the cavalry. He served on several occasions with distinction, especially during the mutinies. He died in 1876, leaving a widow known as Madame Bourbon and four unmarried daughters, who are at present in straitened circumstances. Anthony's half-brother John,

married a lady of the house of the begum Sumroo, of Sirdhana, whose service he entered. He had three sisters, Francesca, Louisa, and Juliana; the elder married a Mr. Francis, who was also of the house of Sirdhana; the two younger married and settled in Lucknow. Captain Anthony Bourbon's elder daughter Mary, also, married a Mr. Manuel, a Eurasian pleader of the same place.

Reverting now to Salvador, whose descendants, up to the death of Madame Dulhin, enjoyed a large estate in Bhopal: for some years he and the ministers successfully resisted the ever-recurring attacks of the Mahrattas; but at last, Scindia and the Bhonsla Rajah of Nagpoor resolved to combine their forces for the purpose of crushing Bhopal in revenge for their defeats. Jugwa Babu and Sadik Ali Khan were appointed commanders respectively of the Gwalior and Nagpoor armies; and in the year 1812 the combined forces, numbering eighty-two thousand men (Scindia fifty-two thousand and Nagpoor thirty thousand), invaded the State and demanded the surrender of the forts and city.

The town of Bhopal was defended on its southern face by a deep lake, on the west by the fort of Fatahgarh, and on the north and east by a high wall, connecting it with the citadel. The bulk of the Bhopal army having been dispersed by the enemy, there remained for the defence of the city little over three thousand men, but incited by the heroic bearing and bravery of the minister and Salvador, the greater number of the male population joined in the defence of their town; indeed, it is recorded that even the women and children performed deeds of heroism in defence of their homes.

The siege had been endured for a period of six months, and the garrison and citizens were reduced to great straits for want of provisions, when they were unexpectedly relieved by cholera attacking the enemy which caused the dispersion of the besiegers.

The maharajah Scindia, enraged at the great losses suffered by his troops, owing to the stubborn resistance they met with, ordered a second invasion of Bhopal, this time under his famous general John Baptiste Fanthome, with instruction to level the city to the ground should resistance again be offered.

Wuzeer Mahomed Khan, foreseeing that a second siege could not be withstood, sent Salvador to meet the invading general on the frontier, for the purpose of gaining

time sufficient to allow of the intercession of the British, whose aid had been invoked through Colonel Ochterlony, at that time resident at Delhi. Salvador Bourbon and John Baptiste Fanthome met, and the latter consented to stay operations until further orders; it is related that during the interview the two commanders exchanged turbans, after the manner of the country, saying, "We are both sons of France, why should we fight?—let us be friends." The British government subsequently intervened and the city was saved.

In the mean while, hordes of Pindari horse having attacked the State on its southern border, the minister and his Christian commander had to provide against this fresh danger. They at once collected troops and marched against the enemy, who were besieging the forts of Sewas and Chepanir, relieved these places, and after clearing the frontier, the minister despatched Salvador to Nagpoor on a mission of peace and friendship to the rajah of that place. Through the good offices of Mr. Jenkins, the resident, he was successful; but unfortunately during his absence, his patron, the minister, died of fever; not, however, before he had conferred upon Salvador a landed estate of the value of Rs. 12,000 a year in perpetuity, as an acknowledgment of his great services to Bhopal.

Salvador did not long enjoy his hard-earned reward; he died shortly afterwards and was succeeded in the estate by the younger of his two sons, Balthasar; the elder son Pascola receiving a separate maintenance in land of the value of Rs. 1,500 per annum.

Notwithstanding that Ghous Mahomed Khan was the rightful nawab, the late minister's younger son, Wuzeer Mahomed, was elected ruler of the State of Bhopal. He at once appointed Balthasar Bourbon his minister, and sent him on a mission to General Adams, who was marching near Bhopal in command of a force acting against the Pindaris. Instructing him to use his best efforts to execute a treaty between the British government and the State, and to obtain this important concession, Balthasar volunteered to bring a contingent of Bhopal troops to serve with the British. His services were accepted, and the nawab Wuzeer Mahomed, to defray the cost, raised thirty-one lacs of rupees by mortgaging the family jewels. Balthasar, thus well equipped with horse and foot, served the British with distinction, accompanying the general as far as Kotah.

By this timely aid, Balthasar Bourbon won for the State, not only the long-sought-for treaty, but also five Purgunnahs and the fort of Islamnugger. To this document, executed in the year 1818, Balthasar's name appears as representing the Slate.

About a year subsequent to this event, the nawab Wuzeer Mahomed Khan was accidentally shot. He left a young widow, the late Kudsia Begum, and a daughter, a baby in arms, the late Secunder Begum. The Kudsia's youth (she had only been married two years), her good looks, and unprotected position, surrounded as she was by factions and pretenders to the throne, would doubtless have caused much embarrassment, ending possibly in civil war, had it not been for the tact and skill of the minister Balthasar Bourbon. He for eight years carried on the administration so wisely and so well, that in the year 1828 Mr. Maddock, then agent to the governor-general, attested with his signature a *sunnu*, conferring a fresh *jaghir*, or landed estate, upon Balthasar from the young Kudsia Begum, of the value of Rs. 34,000 per annum in perpetuity (a property which at Madame Dulhin's death had increased in value to 80,000 Rs.).

Not long afterwards, Balthasar's services were again required in the field, against a rebellious member of the ruling family, who aspired to the hand of the young Secunder Begum, and who tried to seize her person. He effectually defeated this attempt, and remained minister and the chosen councillor of the ruler, till his death at the comparatively early age of forty-three, leaving an only son named Sebastian; who, though not born in wedlock, was recognized by the family and the State as his father's successor.

Balthasar's wife was a daughter of a Captain Johnstone of the Bengal army, but there were no children by this marriage. There is an interesting story in connection with this lady. It appears that Captain Johnstone married a Pathan lady of Delhi; it is said, related to the imperial house; who, when her son was sent to be educated in England, fearing she might also be robbed of her only remaining child, a daughter, fled for protection to relatives in Hyderabad, and was residing there with her daughter when a mission was sent from Bhopal by the begum, to seek for a wife for Balthasar. The girl was at this time eleven years of age, and she being selected, mother and daughter proceeded to Bhopal, where the marriage took place in 1821. This lady, subsequently known by the honorific name of

Madame Dulhin (or the lady bride), has told the writer how for some years her mother, Mrs. Johnstone, feared to make inquiries about her son, but that later, when her husband died, she and also Madame Dulhin made many ineffectual efforts to trace him.

After her husband's death, Madame Dulhin, with her adopted son, Sebastian, accompanied the Kudsia Begum and her daughter Secunder, when they were obliged, by the threats of the latter's husband, the nawab Jehangheer, to take refuge in the fort of Islamnugger. She remained with these ladies during all the trying years that followed, until the death of Jehangheer released them in 1844. The present ruler of Bhopal, the shah Jehan Begum, was born in Islamnugger shortly after the ladies fled to that place, and Madame Dulhin made the young princess her special charge, remaining on terms of intimacy with her till her death.

As the young heir of the Bourbons grew to manhood, he was treated by the Secunder, who became regent for her daughter, with great kindness; and his education was specially cared for. Her first act, on being appointed regent, was to restore to the family the lands confiscated by the nawab Jehangheer, in revenge for their attachment to the ladies. She retained Madame Dulhin and her son constantly about her court.

Sebastian Bourbon, who is now fifty-seven years of age, married a Miss Bernard, daughter of Captain Bernard, of Sirdhana. She is a cousin, by her mother's side, of the Filose family, who are in the service of the maharajah Scindia, and are collateral descendants of General John Baptiste Fanthome, already mentioned. After his marriage the Secunder Begum appointed him to the command of a force sent against rebellious members of her house, who had joined her Gond subjects in mutinous acts. Sebastian was severely wounded in this action.

The history of the family in Bhopal has now been carried up to the year 1857, and it was in this year that the Bhopal Bourbons rendered the Secunder Begum such valuable service, by their courage, fidelity, and steadfast bearing, that this lion-hearted woman was enabled to suppress all attempts at rebellion within her State; although the mutineers were countenanced by members of her own family. When affairs reached a crisis, and Secunder feared the green standard of the faith would be raised among her wavering troops, she, accompanied by Sebastian

rode to the military parade ground in the suburb of Jehangirabad, and, at once appealing to the cupidity and loyalty of her troops, issued to each soldier a golden mohur, and made them a spirited harangue, promising them honor in the field against the enemies of the British, and declared publicly that she would never survive their disloyalty. At the same time, she took the precaution of appointing Sebastian Bourbon captain of the city and its gates, replacing the guards at the palace by Christian soldiers, members of the family; and she placed herself in close and confidential communication with the political agent at Sehore, twenty miles off, where the Bhopal contingent of artillery, horse, and foot, though officered by British officers, was in a state of mutiny.

On the arrival of Colonel Durand with the fugitives from Indore, at Sehore, the Secunder was able to render him great assistance in conveying the women and children to a place of safety at Hoshangabad. The party were conveyed by her own troops, as the contingent could not be trusted; and they were advised to pass by Echarwar, the chief place on Madame Dulhin's estate, which was administered and held by a member of the family. This officer escorted them to Hoshangabad, and was able, with the assistance of the begum's confidential officials whom she sent with Colonel Durand, to defeat a base plot for the massacre of the party, hatched by some members of the Mahomedan escort. Thus again, at a time of need, the Bourbons rendered valuable service to the State they served.

The history of the family up to the present time is now concluded. It will be seen how intimately of late years it has been connected with the course of events in Bhopal; so much so, that one cannot be told without the other being noted. Their later story furnishes a sketch of Bhopal history for the last three-quarters of a century. The fidelity of the Bourbons is not more admirable than the generous acknowledgments and rewards bestowed upon them by the chiefs they served were honorably acquired.

There only remains to add a few lines with reference to their present position in the community, and the change that has been effected in their customs and habits owing to long settlement in India. Their circumstances, by the reduction of their landed property, since the death of Madame Dulhin, are not nearly so flourishing as they used to be; but there are hopes that their former position may be partly

restored. Intermarriage with individuals of Oriental race appears by this history to have in no way detracted from either their mental or physical capacity, though it has darkened their complexions. Since their settlement in Bhopal, and probably long before, they have found it necessary to assume the social customs and costume of their Moslem masters. They seclude their women from the public gaze, and all wear the Mahomedan dress. This may be necessary in a city like Bhopal, but it is not without its embarrassments; for instance, a short while ago, the present head of the family failed in his efforts to marry his two sons to members of the Gardiner family of Lucknow, on account of the aversion of the young women to adopt European customs. The members of the family bear Moslem names in addition to their own. This extends even to the women, and is the result of the close intimacy between the family and the rulers. The kindly solicitude of the latter, and the friendly relations between Moslem and Christian, are honorable to both, and probably in no other city in India, can be seen professors of these two faiths living in such amity, that, on occasion of their respective feasts and festivals, they eat and drink together.

For twelve years, a Catholic priest, the late Father Norbed, lived at Bhopal as resident chaplain to the Bourbons, and was supplied with funds sufficient to build a church by the late Madame Dulhin. It is situated without the walls of the city, in the suburb of Jehangirabad, and is capable of holding a congregation of three hundred persons; near it is a pavilion for the members of the family when they come to service. On Sundays and *feie* days a part of the chancel is curtained for the women, few of whom sit in the nave. The Christians number about one hundred and fifty, and there are few more interesting sights to be seen than this isolated Catholic community, worshipping together in their own church, in the midst of an alien race and creed, not only unmolested, but with perfect freedom.

W. KINCAID.

From The Month.
THE HIGHLANDS OF SAN PAULO.

"THERE are divers birds that fly away when storms and winter come, one of those birds am I," said Fleckno, a Catholic traveller to Brazil in the year 1640.

It was a lovely spring morning in September when we arrived at Santos, aboard the R.M.S. Elbe, having made the run from Montevideo in three days. The city is about five miles from the sea, up a tidal river, the bar of which has obtained a bad reputation from repeated shipwrecks. About midway between the mouth and the city we passed an old fort, which in the time of the buccaneers exchanged many a shot with the pirates of those days. The river spreads into a lake in front of Santos, and on the opposite side wooded mountains rise up from the water, dotted here and there with a cottage or farmhouse.

On landing we found Santos a place of much business, the streets admirably paved and clean, with tramways in all directions. These tramways carried no passengers, but only coffee, and the principal street contained numerous great warehouses filled with coffee, the aroma of which was very delicious. It surprised us to see no English, French, or Italian names over the shop-doors or warehouses; they all seemed Portuguese, and yet towards the close of the sixteenth century some English merchants were amongst the founders of the place. We entered a church near the Government House, dedicated to St. Catherine, which was small but clean, and containing a clay statue of the saint with oyster shells sticking to it. There is a remarkable story connected with this statue; it appears that in 1591 the buccaneer Cavendish sacked the town while the people were at mass, and plundered the church, taking this statue, which being of little value he threw into the bay, where it lay for more than one hundred years. The anger of Heaven seemed to overtake Cavendish, for on the same voyage, on the way home, he died of a broken heart because, in the words of the historian, "dissensions and disaster marked the rest of the voyage; two of his vessels, the *Desire* and the *Roebuck*, deserted from him, and the Brazilians killed and captured a number of his men under Commodore Knyvet."

On a hill over the city is a most picturesque-looking convent, but we could not obtain mules to make the ascent, for it rained so heavily in the morning that the mule-owners said the road would be unsafe, being too slippery.

Santos is a place which has advanced greatly, and is much indebted to British enterprise, in the form of the San Paulo railway and the sanitary improvements. It still suffers at times from yellow fever.

The population may be thirty or forty thousand souls. We did not see any signs of poverty. The distinguished traveller Captain (now Sir Francis) Burton was consul here during some years, and set out from here on his great canoe voyage down the San Francisco River, which is the Mississippi of Brazil; he followed its course two thousand miles till stopped by the Paulo Aphonso Falls, near Pernambuco.

The hillsides round Santos are clothed with the most luxuriant foliage and lovely flowering trees, amongst which we saw the *Cobea scandens* with its purple hanging flowers, and trees with yellow blossoms that looked like burnished gold in the sunshine. Wild passion-flowers intermingle with and twine themselves round the trunks of the larger trees, or the shining stems of the bamboos, which look like waving plumes with their graceful foliage.

Away to the south is the maze of a virgin forest, where nature seems to tempt the botanist in her home of mystery. There are palms of every kind, screw pines, camphor trees, immense aloes, sago palms, mangoes, and plantains, mixing in the most delightful confusion with lianas or rope-plants, which form a natural tapestry for exquisite creepers, which are trying to catch a glimpse of the sun, whose rays now and then penetrate the network of leaves. The ugly sumambaia, or sloth-tree, is also to be seen, sometimes stripped of all its leaves by a sloth who fastens on it and never leaves it till he has devoured every leaf.* Now and then a giant of the forest falls and becomes a garden for innumerable ferns and orchids. A French botanist said "that it would take a fortnight to botanize one of these trees;" so luxuriant is the vegetation in this prolific country that every seed appears to grow wherever it is deposited.

The ascent to the plains of Piratininga (where the city of San Paulo now stands), which was once so formidable, has been facilitated by the famous San Paulo railway, made by English engineers with great labor, running in zigzag lines, parapetted where there are precipices, and tunnelled through huge rocks. We left Santos by the afternoon train for San Paulo. It was a swampy country for some miles, with patches of sugar-cane or bananas, around a few scattered straw huts. Before long we came in sight of the Serra Cubaton range of mountains, about five

* So fond is this animal of this particular tree that it derives its name from this, as *sumambaia* means sloth-tree.

or six thousand feet in height and very precipitous. Arriving at Raiz de Serra (literally, foot of the hill) we found a pretty little station, with several workshops; the women and children at the latter seemed English. Here the engine was detached, and the train broken up into parts of two or three carriages each, the ascent being made by means of three inclined planes, up which the carriages are drawn by a steel wire rope, worked by a powerful engine at the top.

When you look up at the first inclined plane the railway seems as steep as a flight of stairs, but once on the incline you feel as if in an ordinary carriage going up a hill. Of course if the steel rope were to break it would mean destruction, but so careful are the railway people that no passengers have met such an accident in the thirty years that the railway has been open. Once when a goods train was descending it broke loose, but the engine-driver and guard saved their lives by jumping off. At the top of the first incline there was a level of a couple of hundred yards, where we saw more workshops and English children. Then we began to ascend the second plane, a little steeper than the first, in the midst of a heavy fall of rain. The line of the railway climbed over the shoulder of the mountain, a precipice of several thousand feet opening on our left. The bridges and drains, the latter cut in the rock, were splendid works of engineering, and as the torrents and cascades leaped down from the heights above us, their water was caught by dams and walls of masonry, showing what labor and patience had been expended in making the railway.

The third incline seemed to me the steepest of all, and when we reached the top the train was again put together. The ascent of the three planes took nearly an hour, as we had to wait for the other parts of the train to be drawn up in succession. I forgot to say that on the third incline we met a couple of carriages descending, the passengers being mostly Italian peasants, and the weight of their train serving to draw us up without any help from the engine-house at the summit.

The next ten miles of our course was over tremendous gorges, so deep that you could not see the bottom. At one place there was a narrow defile between two mountains, spanned by a bridge; sustaining a heavy train at such a height, it made us shudder, reminding us of the Suspension Bridge at Niagara, which sways and creaks under a single pony-carriage. Far

as the eye can range you see forests of various trees, covering all the slopes of Serra Cubaton, till lost in the valleys, over which the shades of night were beginning to close in, as we descended the mountain gradually and easily to the city of San Paulo.

In the year 1553, the king of Portugal sent out D. Duarte da Costa as governor to this distant province, belonging to the crown of Portugal. Seven Jesuits accompanied the governor. They were sent by St. Ignatius, who had already perceived the importance of this mission, which had been established by Father Manuel de Nobrega and his companions in Bahia in the year 1549. Southey mentions that the Jesuits met with the greatest difficulties in their work of conversion, not only with the native tribes of savages, but also from their own countrymen who had settled there. During the half-century that the colonization of Brazil had been left to chance, the colonists were almost without law and religion. They were of that class of men upon whom the fear of God had no effect, and the Mamelucos, or *Mestizos*, were the worst. These were the children of foreigners and natives, and were always the bitter enemies of the Jesuits, because the latter strenuously opposed slave-dealing. On the arrival in Brazil of the seven Jesuits, among whom were Luis de Grane, who had been rector of a college at Coimbra, and Joseph de Anchieta, then quite a young man, but afterwards known as the *Thaumaturgus* of the New World, St. Ignatius erected Brazil into an independent province and appointed Fathers Nobrega and Luis de Grane first provincials. Nobrega's first act was to establish a college in the plains of Piratininga. Thirteen of the company, under Manuel de Paiva, were sent here. Anchieta went with them as schoolmaster, and as their first mass was celebrated on the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, they named the college after the saint, a name, as Southey says, which extended to the town that arose there, and has become famous in South America. "Here we are," says Father Anchieta in a letter written to St. Ignatius, "sometimes more than twenty of us in a little hut of wicker-work and mud, roofed with straw, fourteen paces long and ten wide. This is the infirmary, dormitory, refectory, kitchen, and store-room. Yet we covet not the more spacious dwellings which our brethren inhabit in other parts, for our Lord Jesus Christ was in a straiter place when it was his pleasure to be born among beasts in a

manger; and when he deigned to die for us upon the cross." Day and night did this indefatigable man labor amongst the natives and Mamelucos; he taught them Latin and learned from them the Tupinamba language, of which he composed the first grammar and vocabulary ever made. As he had no books, he wrote a separate lesson on a leaf for each of his pupils, after the day's work was done. "I serve," says he in another letter to St. Ignatius, "as physician and barber, physicking and bleeding the Indians, and some of them have recovered under my hands when their lives were not expected, because others had died of the same diseases. Besides these employments I have learnt another trade which necessity taught me, that is, to make alpargatas. I am now a good workman at this, and have made many for the brethren, for it is not possible to travel with leathern shoes among these wilds. The alpargata is a sort of shoe, of which the upper part is made of hemp."

The Mameluco settlement of St. Andres, a short distance off, was a great annoyance to the Jesuits, as Ramalho, the head of it, was a noted slave-dealer, a kind of land pirate. The governor, Mem de Sa, resolved to transfer the seat of government at the instigation of the Jesuits, because there was no priest at the other place; the flag was therefore planted in front of the Jesuit college. Such was the foundation of the city which was destined to be the source of so much trouble and affliction to the Jesuits in South America, owing to the terrible and repeated raids made by these same Mamelucos or Paulistas upon the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, sweeping off men, women, and children into slavery. After one of these raids they sold forty thousand captives in the market-place of San Paulo, from £10 to £50 a head. In many cases they murdered the Jesuit priests and sacked the churches; any captives that were unable to continue afoot the journey to San Paulo, were ruthlessly butchered by the roadside.

The San Paulo of to-day has an air of dignity and wealth. Many of the coffee-nobles of Brazil have palaces here; they are descendants of the above-mentioned sanguinary Mamelucos. The public buildings are fine, the streets narrow and winding, but smoothly paved, and the shops well stocked with goods. Everything is dear, that is, if imported, having to pay for transport from Santos. Even Drake and Hawkins did not venture to come so

far inland. There is a beautiful public park, with a variety of the flora and timber of Brazil, and most of the houses on the outskirts of the town have gardens filled with the most lovely flowers. Pontsetias five and six feet high, fuchsia trees, bougainvillas, begonias, gleichenias, huge arums with shield-like leaves, and the exquisite gardenias, which almost make the air too heavy with their delicious odor. Birds, butterflies, and flowers seem to vie with each other in brilliancy of color in this tropical region. In shady places we came upon some beautiful ferns. We had not time to make a large collection, but Hinchliffe, the Alpine traveller, mentions that he has collected two hundred and fifty different kinds in one day, amongst which was the rare and exquisite *Adiantum lunulatum*. This curious form of maiden-hair is simply pinnate, and does not branch; the rachis is almost as fine as a hair, and when it is about a foot long it droops down to the ground and takes root from the end like a strawberry-runner, repeating the process perpetually.

San Paulo is the centre of a country abounding in picturesque scenery and great coffee plantations, the owners of which are among the richest people in the world. Coffee is the principal product of Brazil, and the coffee tax constitutes the largest share of the government revenue. The plantations are mostly on the hillside, just like the vineyards in Spain, with this difference, that the coffee-plant when full-grown has darker green leaves, more like a Portugal laurel, and grows about seven or eight feet high, its white, star-shaped flower contrasting well with the darkness of the foliage. The tiled Fazenda house, which we visited, was surrounded by cocoanut palms, planted at a short distance from the verandah, and a little in front was the terreira, a round space of about an acre, floored with concrete and surrounded by a low wall. This is where the berries are dried in the sun. The process takes usually sixty days, the negroes continually turning them up with shovels, or covering them when it rains. A little beyond the dwelling-house are a number of other tiled houses clustered together. These are the negroes' quarters; there are usually from one hundred to five hundred slaves engaged in a plantation. November is the principal gathering-month, and from sunrise to sunset men, women, and children are gathering the berries in baskets, working silently and steadily under the overseer's eye.

Every day each slave gathers, on the

average, berries enough to produce fifty pounds of dried coffee. The pickings are collected in carts and brought to the mill-house, where the seeds must be prepared for market. The coffee-berry is a little larger than a cranberry, and something like one in appearance. Each of the two seeds is enveloped in a delicate membrane, the *pergaminho*; this, being strongly adherent, can only be removed by much rubbing even when the seed is dry. Outside of the *pergaminho* there is a thicker and less adherent covering, the *casquinho*. The two seeds, with their respective inner and outer coverings, are together enveloped in a tough shell, the *casco*, which, in turn, is surrounded by a thin, white pulp, and outer skin, forming the berry. Nearly all the processes of preparation seek, first, the removal of the outer pulp by maceration in water; second, the drying of the seeds with their coverings; third, the removal of the several coverings after they are dry. To these three processes is sometimes added a fourth, by which the seeds are sorted according to their forms and sizes.

There are still a million of slaves in Brazil, but the religious orders in 1880 set a good example by freeing all their slaves, which has been imitated by several wealthy planters at their death. Moreover, each State and municipality sets apart an annual sum for the freedom of slaves by purchase. The emancipation movement may be said to have commenced in 1873 with the distinguished statesman, Viscount Paranhos, through whose efforts was passed a law by which all children of slaves were born free. It is supposed that in ten years there will be no more slaves in Brazil. The great want of the country is population, for although it is just the same extent as the United States, it has barely ten million inhabitants. Much of it is of little use, but there is still an abundance of land fit to grow or produce anything, where millions of Europeans, with the climate no hotter than Sicily or Andalusia, could find homes, happiness, and affluence. An eloquent Brazilian writer has observed with much truth:—

Such misery and so much want in the Old World! Here such neglected wealth, and so much that can make life happy! Lands that will fructify every manner of plant and grain cast into their bosom, shoals of fish to feed the poor, a wealth of precious stones and ores, a channel easily connecting with the outer world! But the age will come, and the day

has dawned, when men shall flock to these unknown regions, when gardens, quays, and works of art, shall adorn the riverside, when town and village shall whiten the plain, and when the voices of a happy people shall be heard where the profound solitude and silence are now broken only by the moan of the dove, by the scream of the night-bird, and by the baying of the wild dog.

We left San Paulo a little after daybreak by rail for Cachoeira. The aspect of the country was for several miles monotonous and barren, with here and there some scattered huts and a few lean cattle. As we plunged into the interior our route lay between ranges of hills thickly coated with forest. We were in the backwoods of Brazil where neither roads nor houses were seen. Solitude on all sides. Then a more open country succeeded, until we reached a village called Guaratinguetá, famous for a kind of doughnuts, which served for our breakfast.

It was midday when the train stopped at Cachoeira, a well-built town on the River Parahyba. During the next one hundred miles our route followed the course of this river, sometimes through wide valleys, sometimes round the foot of a steep hill range. Now and then we saw coffee plantations resembling hop-gardens, climbing up the mountain-side; the men and women were at work, mostly with hoes, and the plants looked clean and healthy.

At Barra we came to the junction with the Pedro Segundo trunk line, about sundown. From here there was a succession of tunnels, viaducts, embankments, and bridges till the train reached a height of more than three thousand feet, the view every now and then taking in magnificent glimpses of plain, valley, forest, and mountain. And when the moon rose, bright and clear, the picture was one of surpassing beauty. It was a panorama of the most varied and unrivalled scenery. In fact there is nothing else on earth to compare with the richness and luxuriant splendor of Brazil, whether in all the fervid heat of noonday, or by the pale brilliancy of tropical moonlight.

"The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky" long before we reached Rio Janeiro. We had travelled three hundred miles since morning, but did not feel the least fatigued, the charms of the scenery having completely disguised the length of the journey.

M. MULHALL.

From Temple Bar.

A FEW MANCHESTER WORTHIES.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

WHAT a different town must the "Old Church" of Manchester have looked down on in the beginning of the fifteenth century! There were none of the tall chimneys the smoke from which defiles the atmosphere for many a mile, for the "rugges and frezes" for which, as old Hollingworth tells us, Manchester was famous were made at home. The Irwell, the Irk, and the Medlock were then trout streams; trees grew in what is now St. Ann's Square; Market Street, boasted of as the best-lighted thoroughfare in Europe, was then a narrow lane; Bank Top, where is now the London and North-Western Railway Station, was a rocky ravine over which vehicles toiled with difficulty. A very few years back people fished in the ponds of Strangeways Hall, the site of the present Courts of Law; and hawthorn grew and birds sang in Broughton Lane and Bury New Road. The suburbs still show their originally rural character in such names as Withington, where willows or withies grew on the banks of the streams, and were plaited into the baskets in which the good folk took their butter and eggs to Shudehill Market; and Rusholme, where the townspeople went out to gather the rushes wherewith to straw their floors. Withy-grove and Withy-bush tell the same tale.

Prior to the introduction of steam power, merchants brought their wares on pack-horses from Rochdale, Wigan, Bolton, Oldham, and Bury, and thought themselves lucky if they escaped the highwaymen who were on the lookout for them on Bolton Moors or Blackstone Edge, especially if they had sealed an extra good bargain with an extra good glass of grog. Dean's Gate, literally the Dane's Gate, lately widened into a magnificent thoroughfare, was then a mean street, with its Knott or Knuts mill at one extremity.

Around the town were the mansions, manor-houses, and moated granges of aristocratic owners, whose memories are handed down in the familiar names of Ancoats, Ardwick, Strangeways, Derby Street, Stanley Street, Mosley Street, and Smedley Lane.*

Lancashire has always presented a strange admixture of an ancient aristocracy with feudal privileges, and a modern

plutocracy gradually asserting its independence. Where the present college stands, the interesting group of buildings close to the cathedral, the lords of Manchester fixed their hall. The last of the Lords de la Warre, known as the "Priest Lord," collegiated the parish church, and rebuilt the old buildings as a residence for the warden and fellows. He devised the manor to his half-sister Joan, wife of Thomas Lord West, who sold it to John Lacye, citizen of London, who resold it in 1596 to Nicholas Mosley, alderman of London, in whose family it remained till Sir Oswald Mosley sold it to the corporation of Manchester in 1845. The lordship of Ashton has only within the last few years passed from the Greys. At Wigan the tolls used till lately to be paid to the rector as lord of the manor; his residence was and is still called the Hall. He proclaimed the annual fair, accompanied by the mayor and corporation with their maces; preceded by halbert-men and a band of music, he read or caused to be read a proclamation against disorderly conduct, after which he and the mayor politely bowed to each other, "God Save the Queen" was played, and then they sat down to a cold collation at the rector's expense, to which every one might go with or without invitation. For many a long year great lords and Church dignitaries sat in their own courts, administered justice, and sometimes issued their own coins. A right reverend prelate invested the school he founded in Manchester* with the privilege of grinding corn at the only available mill. And yet slowly, but perceptibly to discerning eyes, the people were working upwards.

Lancashire is full of examples of the marvellous way in which its intelligent and enterprising children realized fortunes. The great firm of E. (for local reasons I suppress the name) was a case in point. Originally in humble circumstances, though not without some claim to blue blood, the family has supplied the county with sheriffs and members of Parliament and church-founders.

About the beginning of the present century three brothers were engaged in the manufacture of gingham, then a staple trade of the district. Trade was bad, prices were low; above all, capital was wanted. One of the three brothers, considering the pursuit of business a forlorn hope, enlisted as a soldier, went out to

* Manchester also commemorates its benefactors in such names as Byrom Street, John Dalton Street, etc., etc.

* The Free Grammar School. It used to be free; it is not so now.

India, and was not heard of for years. Meanwhile matters did not mend at home, and the two brothers fell out, would have no dealings together, and tried to undersell each other. Side by side they rode to Manchester, but never exchanged a word; they put up at the same inn, but in separate rooms. Well, one day they came as usual, glum and defiant, nursing their grief and cursing their ill-luck, when a stranger of military appearance was seen approaching the inn. He asked if the brothers E. put up there.

On being told that they did, he asked to be shown into their room, but was informed that they were at enmity, and sat in different apartments.

"Tell them," said the unknown, "that a gentleman wants to see them on particular business, which he can only transact with both of them together."

After some parley the stranger was shown into a room, where sat the brothers, gloomy and forbidding.

"What I've got to say," began the unknown, "is for your benefit; but before I speak another word you must shake hands with each other and with me. I see you don't know me; and you may ask what right I have to dictate to you. That's soon told. I am your brother T. I'm grieved to my heart to find you at variance. I've made money, and I have the will to help you; but what I do must be done for both or for neither."

The two were silent for a time; but at length they shook hands, and promised that by-gones should be by-gones. They kept their word; so did the other. He had attained the rank of a colonel, and become rich beyond his most sanguine expectations; he invested thirty thousand pounds in the business, introduced the newest inventions, procured the best machinery, and thus laid the foundations of the great concern which bears his name.

The old college buildings are well worth a visit, both for their quaint beauty and for their associations. They remained in the hands of the warden and fellows till the dissolution of the college, A.D. 1547, when they were granted to the Earls of Derby, who occasionally used them as their town house. The college was re-founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1578, and subsequently endowed by Charles the First, A.D. 1635; but the warden and fellows never got back their old dwelling, though the Earl of Derby of King James the First's day allowed Dr. Dee, the warden, noted as an astrologer, and, as some say, a conjurer, the use of it. In

the room now known as the audit room he is said to have entertained Sir Walter Raleigh. During the Commonwealth the ancient buildings were used as a powder magazine. The Chetham feoffees purchased them from the celebrated Charlotte Tremouille. It is curious to note that on a valuation made at the time, the buildings were valued at £5,210 10s. 8d., the site at £100. What a difference now, when, save from an antiquarian point of view, the buildings would fetch but little, and the site untold thousands!*

They still look much as they looked in bygone days, save that their long low range of hall and cloisters and dormitories are towered over by the tall unsightly Palatine buildings, and by the scarcely less ugly additions to the Grammar School.

Humphrey Chetham was a Manchester manufacturer, and a Royalist. In 1635 he was made high sheriff, though against his will. He was a bachelor, and in a somewhat eccentric way took compassion on poor boys, whom he educated during his lifetime, and for whose benefit after his death he demised houses and lands and moneys with which he endowed his hospital and library—the first free library in the kingdom. Here, whilst steam-engines are whistling and trains rumbling, the student may retire from the din and bustle of the great city, and muse on the changes which have come over men and manners, and consult ancient tomes in rooms where the light is shaded by painted windows, and the walls and roofs panelled with black oak. Here, too, many a lad has been trained to be a good Churchman and a good citizen; for in Master Humphrey Chetham's eyes the two were identical. So by his will the boys must be able to read their Bibles and to say their catechisms, and be recommended by their clergymen before they could be admitted; and when once in the college, they had to keep to the Church's rules, and to go in procession to the "Old Church" on Sundays and saints' days in their quaint dresses, headed by their governor in the full dignity of a laced gown, and carrying his mace.

Years ago there might have been seen in the choir an orphan boy named George Pilkington, and years after that he occupied a pew in the gallery † as one of Man-

* I am indebted for these particulars to my friend Mr. Tinkler, the librarian of the college.

† To have a pew in the galleries in the "Old Church," to belong to the Pitt Club, and to take in the *Times* newspaper, and to hate Buonaparte, were four indications of having attained the position of a gentleman in old times. One of the old clergy was asked to

chester's most worthy merchants. Those who were in his secrets knew that he attributed his success to the training he had in the college. So, as George Pilkington sat listening to a sermon one Founder's Day, he resolved to lay aside his earliest savings to commemorate his benefactor. And there the monument stands, a full-length marble figure of Humphrey Chetham, the likeness taken from the only extant portrait of him in the college. On the base is the figure of a college boy in his quaint dress. It is thus inscribed:—

Humfredo Chetham Hospitii et
Bibliothecæ Fundatori DD.
Gratus Alumnus MDCCLIII.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness and honor. — Prov. xxi. 21.

Upon the book held open by the college boy seated on the pedestal —

He hath dispersed abroad and given to the poor, His righteousness remaineth forever. — Ps. cxii. verse 9.

Never was there a truer application. George Pilkington little knew how his riches would increase. So, as God blessed him, he continued to give to his honor — three beautiful windows in the "Old Church" and money untold to the poor. I remember calling on him for a subscription. He gave me five pounds, jokingly saying, —

"What change will you give me out of that?"

"None," said I.

"Well," said he, "I suppose you must take it; only bear in mind it is the fifth five-pound note I have given away this morning, and it is only twelve o'clock."

At length he was minded to found a charity for distributing necessities to poor and necessitous men and women. But the way it was to be done was characteristic. It was to be on a given day in the "Old Church," by the churchwardens and minor canons or vicars, after a special service and a sermon, for which the preacher was to have the proper honorarium. Then after the distribution they were to dine together. No expensive wines were to be drunk, but only a modicum of port and sherry. So year by year George Pilkington's Day is observed. *Semper floreat*; may his memory be ever held in honor, and his pious intentions never be frustrated.

christen a child Napoleon Buonaparte. "Tush, tush," said he, "I'll have no Buonapartes in Manchester. 'George,' I baptize thee, etc.;" and "George" the child was called, in spite of all his parents could say.

Manchester has always been noted for the public spirit of its prosperous sons; often, however, accompanied, as was the case with the late Marquis of Westminster, by a penurious spirit, but in his case only in trifles. A clergyman was dining with him who had gone to London to consult a doctor — I believe, though I am not sure, at the marquis's expense.

"What did the doctor advise?" "Too absurd, my lord. Horse exercise." "Then why don't you take it?" "Because I have not got a horse."

"Have you got a stable and a paddock?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And land enough to grow some hay?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then I'll give you a horse."

So next day a useful cob was sent, and the grateful parson pulled out half-a-sovereign to give the groom. But he declined to take more than sixpence, saying that it would be as much as his situation was worth. "But please, sir, to give me twopence for the gate. His lordship specially told me to be sure and ask for twopence."

The marquis wore shabby clothes, carried a cotton umbrella, saved bits of paper and twine, picked up pins, but gave away untold thousands. One contribution was given to the necessities of a place where he did not, I believe, own any property. The cheque was for thirty thousand pounds. The donor's name was never published, and his own son did not know for what the cheque had been drawn.

Humphrey Nichols, parish clerk of Manchester in the old days, when ecclesiastical dues were claimed for duties done for the whole parish, was as munificent as he was mean. Perhaps it was the way he originally got his money in the shape of fees that first set him on this habit of saving, but certain it is that in middle age he settled down into penurious ways of which people nowadays have no conception; and yet he became, long before his death at the age of eighty-nine, one of the greatest benefactors that Lancashire has ever seen. "He laid out his money," says a friend, "in purchasing chief rents which gave him little trouble in collecting, and from which no deductions are allowed. He made out the notes or demands for these rents himself, and would forward them in old envelopes cut open and turned inside out. He would use up old ledgers, and make out his rent notes on the parts of paper left blank, rather than expend a farthing on new paper. His shabby attire, accompanied by an old-fashioned

gingham umbrella with a horn handle, familiar as it was to the old inhabitants as he trudged down Shudehill Market on a Saturday morning, haggling with a huckster as he made his weekly purchases, which he carried home tied up in a printed cotton handkerchief familiarly known as "a breakfast," might not have attracted much notice from a stranger, who would be surprised to hear that he was passing by one of the richest men of Manchester. And not only one of the richest, but one of the most benevolent; for this strangely constituted mortal, so saving of candle-ends, would of his own free will place a bank-note in an old envelope and leave it at the house of some necessitous person, and not even wait for an acknowledgment."

The two charities in which he was most interested were the Manchester Infirmary, and the funds for the widows and orphans of the clergy of the dioceses of Chester and Manchester. Towards the one he gave in all fifteen thousand pounds; towards the other seven thousand; but the way he did so was extraordinary and characteristic. One day, when he was in his eighty-second year, he called at the office of the treasurer of the Infirmary, and on finding that official out, he took up a scrap of paper lying on the desk, and standing by it wrote, "H. Nichols will be obliged if Mr. Shelmerdine will be at H. N.'s office to-morrow, Friday morning, by 10 o'clock, on urgent business." At the time appointed, the treasurer found the old gentleman sitting in his office without a fire, with his overcoat on for warmth; he excused himself for not having a fire on such an inclement morning, alleging that he was shortly going out, and that his business would not take long. He then presented a slip of paper, four inches by two, as follows: ten notes of £500 each, nine of £100 each, three of £50 each, twenty-three of £20, twenty-one of £10, forty-two of £5, sovereigns £70; in all, £7,000. These one hundred and eight bank-notes were all spread straight out and placed between the covers of an old book from which the leaves had been torn, tied round with a piece of old cotton tape, and handed over without receipt or acknowledgment.

The following morning he put himself on the train for Warrington, and presented himself at the door of the rectory just as the rector (the Hon. H. Powys, afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man) was going down to dinner with his guests. The footman would not admit the old gentleman within the lobby, and was about to tell him to go round to the back door, when the rector

caught sight of him, and asked him his business. That was soon told; he had come to give a trifle of money to the fund for the widows and orphans of the clergy. On being asked into the study, a shabby old pocket-book was produced, and a bank-note—a very dirty one—laid on the table. The rector took it up, thinking it a five-pound note.

"Have you looked at it?" said Mr. Nichols.

"Yes," said the rector.

"Look again."

The rector could not believe his eyes; it was for five hundred pounds.

"Perhaps," said the old gentleman, "I'm keeping those fine folks waiting for their dinner; but if you are not tired of counting, I am not tired of giving." So the upshot of it all was that he put seven thousand pounds down, but not without a sly hit at his reception. "Tell that fine gentleman of yours," said he, with reference to the footman, "to be civil to an old man, even if he should happen to wear a shabby coat."

Mr. Powys asked him to stay to dinner.

"Dinner! Why, I ate my mutton chop before I started from Manchester. What would your lords and ladies say to sitting beside a shabby old fellow like me?"

Readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" need not be reminded of the "Cheeryble Brothers." The originals were the Messrs. Grant, whose extensive if somewhat eccentric benevolence was well known; to whom Dickens was introduced, in company with Mr. John Morley, by Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, at a dinner given by Mr. Gilbert Winter in 1858. The survivor of the brothers used always to put a sum of money in his pocket to give away in the course of the day. A clergyman asked him for a subscription.

"Put your hand in my side pocket, and you shall have all you can find in it." The parson did so, and fished up a sovereign. "You are welcome to it," said Mr. Grant; "only mind it is the only coin I have left."

He once asked the same clergyman at dinner what his education had cost him.

"A matter of two thousand pounds," was the answer.

"I'm afraid," said the questioner, "education is not a good investment. Here you spent two thousand pounds on your education, and, as you tell me, your curacy is only one hundred and fifty pounds a year. My education cost me nothing, and I am making a good many thousands a year. But I dare say you will get some interest somewhere else"—looking up-

wards — "and as I believe you are doing good, whenever you are in want of a couple of hundred pounds or so, come to my warehouse, and I'll oblige you."

But they were shrewd men, their benevolence notwithstanding. A master one day wanted some work done which could only be managed by a certain skilled workman. Unfortunately, the man was given to drink. So a bargain was struck that, besides his wages, he should have gin and water *ad libitum*.

"Now mind," said the master, "you promise to drink up what I first give you before you touch a drop more."

As the work went on, the man asked for his gin.

"How much will you start with?"

"Sixpenn'orth."

"Now gin and water, mind you; and you must drink it all before you drink again. Hot or cold?"

"Cold."

"All right. Here goes. Bring me a pail of water."

It was brought, and into that the gin was poured. The man was dumbfounded, but he was held to his bargain, and the work got done. As he went away — sober, of course, and with his wages in his pocket — he turned round and faced his employer.

"Master," says he, "there's no one can get the better o' thee but one, and that's th'ould chap hisself."

This quaint looking to the main chance was not confined to one sex. The mother of a lady afterwards in affluent circumstances lay a-dying, and was departing to the world of shades in the sole possession of a valuable secret — none other, in fact, than a particular receipt for making cheese-cakes, a much esteemed local delicacy. "So," said the good lady to her assembled guests at a dinner party, "when I saw there was no chance of her coming round, 'Mother,' says I, 'when you're gone, there'll be nobody as can make them curds and whey as you do.' 'Fetch a pen and ink,' says she. So I got my paper and took it down from her own lips, and she died not more than a few hours after." Then the hostess looked round the room with satisfaction not unmixed with pride, and the friends received the announcement with countenances of befitting solemnity mingled with suppressed amusement.

These old-world worthies are disappearing, with their familiar associations. I do not wish that their eccentricities should be reproduced, but I fear that their sterling qualities are now rare. Where is the

steady work, the patience, the perseverance, the putting up with inconvenience, the simple living, that marked those ancient men? Alas! our young men want to begin where their fathers left off. Easily inherited fortunes are as easily dispersed, and there is an old Lancashire saying that "it only takes three generations from clogs to clogs." If it be so, it will do no harm to look back to the way in which past fortunes were realized, institutions founded, and charities supported. Our fathers labored, and we have entered into their labors.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE "MAN-EATING" ELEPHANT OF MUNDLA.

MOST persons who have had occasion to visit the prettily wooded station of Nagpur, the seat of the administration of the central provinces of India, and who have been inside the little English museum there, must have observed a trophy in the shape of the skull and tusks of an elephant occupying a prominent place among the other curiosities. These, and the awful reputation for blood-thirstiness which he left behind him, are all that remain to us of the once notorious "man-eating" elephant of Mundla. Hardly anybody who has ever resided in India can have failed to hear of the enormities committed by this extraordinary animal, whose history would read like a monstrous fable, were it not corroborated in every particular by the official records.

About the year 1851, when the estate of the nawab of Ellichpur escheated to the Nizam's government, this elephant escaped, and made its way into the jungles of Chindwara, in the central provinces. The rajah of Nagpur, hearing of it, offered a reward for its capture, and sent out two detachments of sowars (troopers) after it. Hunted about the Chindwara District, it descended the ghats and, passing close to the city of Nagpur, turned northward, and took to the hills at the north of the Hatta Pergannah of the Balaghat District. For several years it roamed the Dhansna Hills, and then went away north of Bhimlat to the Bhaisan ghat range, where it remained without doing much damage to man or property until the beginning of the year 1871, when it signalized itself by killing, without any sort of provocation, twenty-one persons in the Mundla District, catching them with its trunk and pounding them to death. It then passed on once

more to the Balaghat District; and the history of its atrocities while there, the measures taken for its destruction, and the result of those measures are detailed and perfectly clear. The following account is extracted from the official report, the substance of which is here given, with only a few omissions and some slight alteration, in the language of the report.

On the evening of the 30th of October, 1871, a report reached the deputy commissioner at his headquarters at Balaghat that the elephant had killed and partially devoured * a Gond (aborigine) near Behir, in the north-east corner of the district. Owing to press of work, the deputy commissioner was unable to take any action until the 1st of November, when he moved off by the most direct route towards Behir, with the object of meeting there with the district superintendent of police, with whom it had been previously arranged to hunt the animal. On the 3d of November he got to a place near Behir, where he came across the superintendent of the Mundla District, who had followed up the elephant. Here they were informed that the creature had been seen on the night of the 27th of October by a Gond, who was watching his fields with his father on a *machan*, or rude wooden platform, erected for that purpose. The former had jumped off the platform, and, shouting to alarm his father, had bolted to the nearest village for safety. The latter, however, was not so fortunate, and his body, smashed almost to pieces, was discovered in a field on the following morning. Again, on the night of the 29th of October, a Gond and his wife were sleeping on a *machan* in a field to the north of the village of Jatta. The woman was awakened by hearing strange noises, and catching sight of the elephant, she roused her husband, and ran to alarm her two children, who were sleeping in a neighboring field. She then, with the children, ran off to the village. Her husband, who did not at first believe her, took his time in coming down, was caught by the elephant, and killed. His body was found in a fearfully mangled condition. The elephant had then passed round to the south of the village, and had given chase to a decrepit old Gond whom he had spied among the grass. According to the account given by the old man, the elephant came up with him, and planted his tusks into the ground on either side of his prostrate body. "Thinking my last moment had come," he

said, "I placed my hands on the elephant's tusks and called on the god Ganesh to save me; and the elephant immediately turned round and went away!" The animal would then seem to have passed southwards to Bhanderi. On the way, he destroyed several huts, lifting the thatch and knocking down part of the gable ends, and feeling inside with his trunk for the large grain-jars which he expected to find there. The inhabitants, it is needless to say, fled on his approach.

After listening to these several accounts, the deputy commissioner and the superintendent of police determined to take action. The elephant had been last seen still going southwards, and might be lying concealed in the jungles hard by. No positive evidence of his whereabouts could, however, be obtained. In this emergency, a party of Bygas, or wild hill-men, were despatched southwards to take up the track; a party of Gonds were sent eastwards to inquire if he had shown himself thereabouts; a constable was sent north-east to Bhimlat to put some well-known shikaries there on the *qui vive*; and a party of men were sent south-west to warn the Gonds of the neighboring villages to be on the lookout. The west was closed in by the Tipaghar and Khandapur Hills, over which there was little fear of the elephant passing. Before the day was far advanced, news was brought from the Bygas going south that the elephant had passed a village nine miles from Jatta; while next day there was another report that he had been seen at a village fourteen miles farther on. A march after the animal was immediately ordered; and the farther they went, the thicker and faster came the reports of his depredations. He had destroyed a number of houses and attacked several people. At the village of Jagla, after various attempts to discover grain, he had walked up to an open space in the bright moonlight, where he stood some little time, observed by all the inhabitants, who had huddled up together in a dark corner, from where they watched him. To use their own words, they "uttered not a sound" during this time of suspense, and "ceasing to breathe, their bodies dried up." The fierce beast had then gone on to another village, and seeing three Gonds, who had been asleep in the village square, gave chase to them. Here, however, the people had turned out with their drums, and had made such a clamor that the elephant was frightened, and turned off into the jungle. The elephant was next seen at a place called Karapuri by some Gonds, who had with them

* This is an exaggeration; but it was from similar stories that the animal acquired the name "man-eating" elephant.

a large jar of grain. Instantly setting this down, they had scudded into the long grass, where they succeeded in concealing themselves. The elephant came up to the jar, broke it, ate most of its contents, and scattered the remainder about.

On the morning of the 5th of November the deputy commissioner's party had struck their tents, and accomplished a march of twenty-three miles to the Hatta Pergannah, eighteen miles of their journey being made through thick jungle and over rough, stony hills. Here they were told that the elephant had been seen at the village of Goderi, where he had pursued and succeeded in catching a girl about six years old, whom he literally broke to pieces. She was found next morning a mass of pulp.

On leaving Goderi, the elephant went on to the Dro River. Here a party of eight travellers and five boatmen were asleep on the sands, when they were roused by cries of *Bagh!* ("Tiger!") from a boy who was with them. The moon was just rising at the time; but as they happened to be on the western slope of some high hills, the place where they were was almost in complete darkness. On the alarm being raised, the elephant was observed standing about ten paces off, whereupon there was an immediate stampede. All the party succeeded in gaining the shelter of the bamboos and rocks on the side of the hill, except one of them, who first ran for about four hundred yards along the bed of the river, and then ensconced himself under the bank in the midst of a thick bush. The elephant, after failing to get at any of the party on the hill, followed the fugitive down the river. From the tracks, it appeared that the animal, after diligently searching for the man, had found him, and, pulling him from his hiding-place, had smashed him to pieces.

The news next obtained of the elephant was that he had killed several persons hard by, among them a man named Pandu, whom he had surprised in company with some other men and had singled out and chased. A man named Dekal was asleep in his machan outside the village of Matè, when he heard Pandu crying out, "Sidd Ganesh, Sidd Ganesh!" and a sound of heavy blows. "I thought," he subsequently told the deputy commissioner, "that some one had come to steal the rice, and was beating the man, so I called out: 'Who is ill-treating him? Look out! I am coming.'" At the same moment, he heard the rush of a heavy body through the grass, and had just caught sight of the

elephant when it seized the machan with its trunk and heaved it over. On recovering from his fall, he took to his heels and escaped. The villagers on hearing this story were in a woful plight. They sat up all the night in companies, and the everyday work of the village was neglected, men and women fearing to go outside it. The elephant then seems to have continued its wanderings, shaking people out of machans and killing them whenever he could. It heaved a man named Moti and his servant out of their machan. They got on their legs and ran towards the village with the elephant in pursuit. He came up with them before they had gone very far, and, seizing the servant, pounded him to a pulp, his master continuing to fly for his life with the poor fellow's despairing shrieks ringing in his ears. After this, the elephant went westward to the village of Kesa, where he surprised a man and his wife in their machan. They had barely time enough to get down and run for the village. The man, who was ahead, had just arrived at his house, when he heard shrieks from his wife, and, turning about, saw the elephant inside the inclosure with the woman in his trunk. He was lifting her up above his back and smashing her on the ground. On seeing the man, the animal dropped the woman and made for him; but he escaped into the village.

During the whole of the 4th of November, the elephant was in the scrub jungle situated between the village of Salè and the left bank of the Dro River. Hundreds of people from the high bank on either side looked on from a distance at the animal as he alternately fed on the bamboos in the ravines and rolled himself in the water of the river. About three o'clock in the afternoon, some thirteen or fourteen people from Matè, armed with two guns and some swords, resolved to cross the river and go to the Dhyde bazaar. They had just arrived at a place where the bank was high and precipitous and the water deep, and seeing no signs of the elephant, were wondering where he had gone to, when one of their number, who had lagged behind, called to them to run, as the elephant was upon them. They faced around, and seeing the savage beast coming at them with his ears back, they jumped into the water close under the bank and held on to the long grass overhanging the edge of the stream, to keep their heads above water. The elephant came up, and stretched his trunk over the water, as if in search of his victims, when one of the party struck out into the stream and began

to swim across. Immediately the elephant saw him, he moved quickly down stream to a place where the bank was sloping, and sliding into the water, started in pursuit. The man got across the stream into a dry watercourse in which, a few paces from the water, there was a perpendicular ascent of about five feet. Up this he scrambled, and had just managed to get a few feet up a tree, when the elephant came up, and breasting the perpendicular bank, stretched out his trunk to lay hold of the man. Luckily, he was just out of reach, and he lost no time in getting up higher. Being unable either to reach the man or to get up the steep bank, the elephant walked a short distance down stream, and getting up the river's bank in another place, came up to the south side of the tree. Stretching out his trunk, and failing to get hold of the man, he tore down some branches; and making another circuit, came up to the tree from the east. Again the fierce animal failed to reach the man; and again he made a circuit in the jungle, and came up to the tree from the north side, where again failing in his purpose, he broke down some branches, and after standing about for a short time, moved slowly away into the jungles. It was dark before the man ventured to descend the tree. In the mean time the remainder of the people hiding under the bank had climbed up and run off to the village, leaving one gun and some swords at the bottom of the river. About the time the elephant had attacked the man, a rumor reached the bazaar at Dhyde that the elephant was coming. The effect was instantaneous and magical. A regular stampede commenced, the people there assembled on the weekly market day, scampering off in every direction, some leaving their property behind, others leaving their own and taking that belonging to their neighbors, and a few taking both their own and that of their neighbors. The scene is described by those who witnessed it as something never to be forgotten.

On the forenoon of the 6th of November, the deputy commissioner with his party, which had now been augmented by the arrival of the superintendent of police of the Balaghat District, arrived at a place called Kosmara, where the elephant had been last seen. They were now hot on his track, and the chase became exciting. It was decided that their best plan was to surprise the animal at midday, when he would be either asleep or in the water. They halted outside the jungle, and dismounting, sent back all the superfluous

men, keeping only their spare gun-carriers, the party of Bygas, the two men armed with police muskets, two men leading five dogs, and a she elephant belonging to the zemindar (landholder) of Hatta. Then they moved off in perfect silence, two of the Bygas following up the trail in front, while the remainder stayed with the main body, and expecting every moment to hear the "trumpet" of the savage beast and the crash of his unwieldy bulk through the brushwood. After they had proceeded for about a mile in this fashion, the Bygas in front suddenly stopped short on the bank of a dry stream, and pointing to the front with their spears, exclaimed in a whisper: "There he is!" And there he was sure enough, lying at a distance of about thirty-five yards in front of them, asleep in the long grass, over which they could see the immense arch of his left ribs and a small portion of the spine. Not being able to get a good shot from where stood, they moved a few paces to their left. The slight noise made in doing so aroused the animal, and he raised himself, as if to listen, showing above the grass the top of his head as far as the ear and just above the eye. They immediately raised their rifles and fired, and the creature disappeared for a second, but was seen the next moment, and saluted with another shot as he went up the opposite bank of the nullah. He then disappeared in the jungle, but was found two hundred yards farther on, standing under a mohwa tree. Two more shots started him off again, and there was a hot chase after him for about fifteen hundred yards, a brisk, independent fire being opened upon him whenever he showed himself. At last, just as they went down into a nullah, the elephant turned half round, exposing the whole of his right side. Two shots were immediately fired into his right ear; and with a shrill trumpet, the huge beast fell, burying his right tusk deep into the earth, while at the same moment the Bygas rushed forward with a yell of triumph and hurled their spears into the carcase.

He was found to be a full-grown male, measuring twenty-six feet from the tip of his trunk to the end of his tail. His height was nine feet five inches; and length of tusks, two feet five inches. He was in splendid condition, being covered with a thick layer of fat. His skin had been perforated by six bullets.

So ended the career of this extraordinarily bloodthirsty animal. He had killed in all forty-one persons—twenty in the Balaghat District—and wounded several. So great was the fear he inspired, that

whole families became accustomed to pass the night on platforms erected on high trees rather than in their huts. Balaghat is still a very wild district, and man-eating tigers are not unfrequently to be met with there; but such intense and wide-spread terror has perhaps never been felt before or since the time of the notorious "man-eating" elephant of Mundla.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KERBELA.

AT intervals during the summer months an amusing performance may be witnessed in the smaller towns and villages of Persia. In some convenient open space a long-bearded and solemn-faced individual will plant himself cross-legged upon the ground, with a big *samovar*, or teapurn, bubbling and hissing in front of him, and a pile of broken sugar on each side. Then, rattling away with a couple of metal cups, he calls upon "the faithful" to gather round. As soon as an audience is collected, the proprietor of the *samovar* begins a long eulogy of the Imam Hussein, winding up with a general invitation to take tea. This sedate personage squatting upon a floor is no itinerant preacher or peripatetic tea-vendor, but a *tshaush*, or pilgrim-conductor; and the object of his open-air tea-drinking is to beat up recruits for a party to Kerbela, in Asiatic Turkey, where Hussein the grandson of Mahommed is interred. The Persians being Shiites, Hussein is their Imam, or saint; and the pilgrimage to Kerbela, which is about twenty-four hours distant from Bagdad, is reckoned infinitely more meritorious than a score of visits to Mecca and Medina. Once in the course of his life every good Shiite kneels at the grave of Hussein in Kerbela; there, too, at the "Gate of Paradise," he hopes to be buried. And, judging from the circumstance that ten thousand corpses and skeletons are annually carried thither, it is fair to conclude that many Shiites succeed in compassing their desire.

The pilgrimage to Kerbela is usually undertaken in connection with some important festival—such as the Bairam, the commemoration of Hussein's death, or the removal of Ali's head to Medina. Of late the journey has been in very great repute, owing to a miracle that recently happened. Two or three seasons ago some pilgrims were about to enter Hussein's tomb, but could not open the heavy doors; when the dead saint himself ap-

peared and obligingly rolled back the portals for them. At the present time those visiting Kerbela are not less than sixty thousand annually, besides the consignment of about ten thousand dead bodies. A feature of the pilgrimage is the number of women who go. The relations between the sexes are somewhat unusual, and special arrangements are made and sanctioned for the convenience and comfort of the ladies. A Persian who is unable to accompany his wife temporarily makes her over to some friendly pilgrim, sometimes for a small sum of money, often for nothing at all. There are men who regularly undertake the charge of parties of females, for a fixed payment. But the approved arrangement is a temporary marriage—a marriage valid, like a return ticket, for the journey and back. To encourage such temporary alliances, children born of weddings consummated during the pilgrimage are considered specially holy, and have a right to the title *said*, only borne by descendants of the Prophet. There are said to be entire villages inhabited by these *said*s; so it may be inferred that the Persian ladies are quite alive to the advantages offered by the journey to Kerbela.

Haneqin, on the River Alwend and about an hour's ride from the Perso-Turkish frontier, is the place to study the humors of the pilgrim parties. All caravans coming from Persia converge here, and those going to Kerbela have to undergo medical inspection and obtain permits to proceed. Normally, Haneqin, with its two thousand residents, is as dull and dreary an Eastern townlet as can be. But as soon as a caravan is expected all is life, bustle, and confusion. The sanitary depôts are cleared out; the customs officials wake up; the *bakkals*, or grocers, set out their wares; the *sarrafs*, or money-changers, bring out their tables; tea stalls are extemporized; and the usual riff-raff of the gorgeous but dirty East—idlers, loafers, and beggars—muster in force. When the cry *Tewar gueldi!* ("The pilgrims come!") is heard, all go to meet the advancing cavalcade. In front of the caravan rides a blue-turbaned *said*, or descendant of the Prophet, bearing the Persian standard. Following him walk a score of dirty, ragged, and unkempt dervishes, uttering loud cries of *Ya hak!* and rattling their cocoanut alms-boxes. Then come the animals—some carrying in sealed metal coffers the bodies of the dead, others laden with sacks in which the skeletons of the departed are neatly doubled up for convenience of transport.

To these succeed the pilgrims: Persians from Ispahan and Mazandaran, on asses; fierce *tewar* Turks on horseback, often sitting on a consignment of human bones; Khorassan dealers on camels; *kaulis*, or gypsies, on stallions; and the poor in rear, staff in hand and bread-bag over the shoulder. There are *mollahs* in turbans, officials in Astrakhan caps, Yezd merchants in Phrygian bonnets, and women enveloped in the usual sack that leaves nothing visible but the covered head. When the caravan has crossed the bridge leading to the town, a halt is made opposite the khan, the coffers of the dead are ranged round, and the conductor recites a solemn prayer. The animals are then attended to, and a rush is made for the river. The ceremonial ablution finished, everybody makes himself comfortable. Tents are put up, carpets are spread, samovars are produced, tea is made, and pipes are lit. Hawkers of fruit and other itinerant salesmen come round with ear-splitting appeals for custom. The peripatetic grocer reminds the pilgrim that "the fig is medicine;" the bread-boy shrieks out his *Ai num! ghelim bur-
raya* ("Here's the place for bread!") and his rival the tea-man, *Ghelim tchai
itchme!* ("Come, drink tea!") Vendors of *kurut*, or dried cheese, do a thriving trade; and the sleek-eyed gypsies walk about, with a book in one hand and a mutton bone in the other, announcing themselves as "calculators," "tellers of good stories," and "star-readers."

On the day following the arrival of a caravan the issuing of the *tezkeres*, or permits, begins. The cost of the document is only ten piastres—about two shillings; yet such is the greed of the Shiite that, to avoid paying, he will deny his wife and children. If he cannot evade payment, he will stand out and haggle for hours in order to get a reduction of three or four pence. "What is the cost of a *tezkeres*?" he will ask the cashier, after the usual *selam*. "Ten piastres," is the reply. "And how much is that?" he innocently asks, though he knows well enough. "Half a medjidieh." "As much as that!" he cries; "surely it is too much. O Mirza!" "It is fixed by the padishah's orders." "But we are poor, we cannot pay," urges the pilgrim. "I cannot help that; the money is not for me." "You are laughing at our beards, O Aga! The money is yours; pray reduce your charge. God will augment your fortune." "Not a para," says the official, pretty well used to this kind of appeal. "You are no be-

liever! You have no pity; surely you are an infidel! For the love of the Imam Ali, lower your charge." And so he goes on until, fairly worn out, he pays and leaves the office. But he is not yet done with, as the cashier knows from experience. In a moment the pilgrim returns. "I have an ass with me—do I require a *tezkeres*?" "No," replies the official, adding *Zen ne dari?* ("Have you a wife?") "Yes! But surely I do not want a *tezkeres* for her?" "Certainly you do." "But she is old," urges the man, "she is ugly, I do not want her; let me take the ass and go." At last the permit is paid for, and the same business has to be gone over with his successor.

The smuggling of skeletons is another amusing practice peculiar to the Kerbelan pilgrim. The duty payable is the same as for a corpse—five piastres, say a shilling English money. The skeleton, in the shape of a bundle of bones, is usually carried in a sack hanging from the saddle. Sometimes such a sack contains the remains of a whole family, and a Persian thinks nothing of trotting along with the bones of his parents dangling against his legs as he rides. To evade the duty, he hides the bones in all sorts of unlikely places. The loose garments of the women are favorite places of concealment for this species of contraband; and it is a common thing to find one part of a skeleton hidden in the ample bosom of a lady's dress, while the other portion is comfortably bestowed in her capacious constructed trousers. Another device to which the pilgrims are partial is to pound the bones small until they resemble the coarse meal of the country, and then pass them as flour to be used for bread-making *en route*. Apropos of this, Dr. Sa'ad, the medical officer at Haneqin, vouches for the following incident. Some time ago a certain pilgrim arriving at Haneqin brought with him his mother's bones pounded small and concealed, as usual, in a meal-sack. He had occasion to visit the bazaar, and desired his companion to bake bread while he was gone. On returning he made a good meal off the loaves or cakes, and then went to see if his precious "remains" were safe. They had vanished; and, on making inquiry of his friend, he discovered that the flour had been taken out of the wrong bag and that he had dined off his mother's bones. He rushed to the *adjem naibi*, the Persian consular agent, who gave him a purgative and told him to fast until the bread was digested

As soon as the pilgrims are provided with the permits, the tshaush gathers his party in front of the khan and delivers an address in honor of the Imam Ali. Arrived at Tel-esselam, about two hours ride from Kerbela, he descends from his camel, spreads his mantle on the ground, and sits down upon it. In front of him he puts a mat, on to which each person casts a piece of money as he passes by. At Kerbela the usual religious exercises are performed, the dead are laid at the "Gate of Paradise," and every pilgrim receives the certificate conferring upon him the title Kerbelayi. The caravan then returns, the conductor arranging to get in a day in advance of the others. He then proceeds to the dwellings of the principal parties, and knocks at the door of each, saying "Kerbelayi Ali," or "Hussein," as the case may be, "has returned in safety." For this he receives a gratuity from the family, and subsequently well-to-do pilgrims present him with the animal they used during the journey, or its equivalent in cash.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
HOW GENERAL GORDON SAVED MY LIFE.

I WAS only a youngster, when, getting tired of the endless routine of barrack life in the —th Dragoon Guards, I went out to China to fight the Tæpings, who were then in full revolt. General Ward, who commanded the "Disciplined Chinese Field Force," had just "joined the majority," and Burgevine had succeeded him in the command. General Burgevine was an able soldier and as brave as a lion. I joined his brigade. His men were well armed with American rifles and bayonets, carefully drilled, and had about thirty of us, English and American officers, to lead them. We defeated the Tæpings in a continuous series of battles, until our men began grumbling for their arrears of pay, which were then something like six months overdue. General Burgevine applied to the *foo-tai* (or military mandarin governor of the province) for the money. He solemnly declared he had none. Burgevine happened to know that a few days previously the *foo-tai* had received a thousand bars of syce silver, which were then in his palace. He ordered us to storm the palace and help ourselves. We did so, with the natural result that the next morning placards were posted all over the place, offering one hundred and fifty thousand taels

of silver for Burgevine's head, dead or alive. We stuck to our commander; and the whole body, three thousand strong, went over to the Tæpings. We were placed in the army commanded by "the Shield King;" and we defeated the imperial troops as easily as we had the patriots. All went well until one fine day we heard that the imperial government had borrowed from the English two hundred officers and non-coms, who had formed another "Disciplined Force;" and, under the command of one Major Gordon, R.E., were then within three days' march to attack us. They duly arrived, and when we saw the pith helmets of the English officers we refused to draw swords from their sheaths. In the short engagement which followed our men bolted, and we thirty white men were Gordon's prisoners. The next morning he paraded us, and, standing in front of the line, said, "Of course, you know that I shall hang you all; not merely as rebels in arms, but as deserters from the imperial army." He looked at us all individually, very sternly, leaning on his thin rattan, which he always carried and used in action, instead of his sword. He was beginning to address some more observations to us, when Burgevine, turning his quid of honeydew over in his mouth, spat vigorously close to Gordon's well-polished boot, and said, "D—n it, Gordon, if you're going to hang, hang! but don't give us so much of that G—d d—d jaw!" Gordon looked first at his boot, and seeing that it was still spotless, gazed at Burgevine half a moment with an expression as though he would like to have laid his rattan about his shoulders. Then, saying calmly, "You shall be quite satisfied presently, sir," turned on his heel and marched off. Burgevine and one or two of the other Americans, who were perfectly untamable, had been previously tied hand and foot, or it would have gone hard with Gordon at that moment. While we were watching the nimble Chinamen rigging the ropes on trees for our accommodation and stopping every minute to sing out *Fanqui!* (red devils) an aide came from Gordon to say that our lives would be spared, but that he should deport us from the country. Burgevine simply expectorated again, and said, "Wal! tell him from me he's a good old son!" and we marched cheerfully into the calaboose provided for us. Gordon afterwards sent Burgevine and the Americans to New York in a Yankee ship and the English to England. That is the way in which "Gordon saved my life."

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CONTENTS.

I. LORD SHAFTESBURY'S LIFE AND WORK, ...	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	515
II. THE ROBBERS' CAVE, ...	<i>Argosy,</i>	532
III. MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE. By Laurence Oliphant. Part VIII., ...	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	539
IV. THE WELLESLEYS IN INDIA, ...	<i>Asiatic Quarterly Review,</i>	548
V. RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN. Part II., ...	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	559
VI. A BELGIAN CHRISTMAS EVE, ...	<i>All The Year Round,</i>	567
VII. PIRATES PRESENT AND PAST, ...	<i>Daily Telegraph,</i>	571
VIII. AMATEUR ART IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, ...	<i>Spectator,</i>	572
IX. ROBBING A TRAIN IN TEXAS, ...	<i>Daily Telegraph,</i>	575

POETRY.

AT REST, ...	514	AN EPITAPH TO E. W. GODWIN,	
BY THE NORTH SEA, ...	514	F.S.A.	514
THE OWL, ...	514		

MISCELLANY, ...	576
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AT REST.

"He bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."
TENNYSON.

Too knightly-tempered for the press
Of foray rude and faction fight,
Too high of heart to snatch success
'Midst brawlers reckless of the right,
He held his hand, or stood aside
In patient calm and silent pride.

The fierce intemperate thrusting-on
Of low ambitions he disdained;
A braggart's mail he would not don,
Nor wield a sword that shame had stained.
He knew not hate's unholy glow,
Nor ever struck a felon blow.

"A very perfect gentle knight"
In fields whence chivalry had fled,
He lived in honor's clearest light,
He lies with England's noblest dead.
Flouted and thrust aside, his life
Shamed those who passed him in the strife.

Because unselfish, just, serene,
His own advantage he forbore;
Because too mild for factious spleen,
No friend he mocked, no foe man tore,
In wrath by victory unassuaged,
The baser sort against him raged.

Their ravings cannot reach him now:
Who dares dispraise him, with the seal
Of Death's swift touch on that worn brow?
A generous foe, a comrade leal,
He lies, the knight of stainless crest,
Honored, lamented, and at rest.

Daily News.

BY THE NORTH SEA.

WHITE foam-flakes flashing on a sunlit sea,
White cloud-drifts the wind whirls across the
sky,
The strong south wind that rushing joyously
Baffles the clumsy sea fowl as they fly
Along the shore, great cormorants that ply
Their lab'rous course, white gulls that come
and go,
Their bright wings sweeping wide in flights
that vie
In swiftness with the wildest winds that blow,
And a bright land that laughs to the bright
sea below.

The bright land in a long slope upward runs
From the brown rocks with silvery lichens
spread,
Where grass and docks, warmed by Septem-
ber's suns,
Gleam in dull bronze or glow with dusky red;
There, shattered by the winters that are dead,
Marring the happy autumn with a frown,
A ruined cottage, and about it shed
In shelter of its shoreward gable brown
A radiant golden mist of floating thistledown.

Glad life in sky and shore and glancing foam,
Bright sunlight falling on the hearthstone
cold —
The pulseless heart of what was once a
home —
And over it the silent shadows hold
Unspoken words, pale hopes that died untold,
Dim ghosts of perished passions hovering
By the bare places that they knew of old,
Home still to hearts weary with wandering
In lands that lie far off towards the sunseting.

English Illustrated Magazine.

AN EPITAPH TO E. W. GODWIN, F.S.A.

BORN 1834, DIED 1886.

(From the Pastoral Players.)

'Tis hard to feel that he is passed from sight,
The temple empty — lifeless Beauty's priest,
The Prospero who conjured up the light
Of antique Grecian days with them deceased.
We cannot think those clear brown eyes are
dim,
Whose deep observance pensive kindness
filled;
The joyous laugh, the flash of playful whim,
All silent. And the fingers lithe and skilled
Forgetful of their cunning. Genius flown,
Starved by a tasteless age and unfulfilled,
Claims this fond record on his honored stone
Traced by a loving hand. He left us here
alone.

All day the little elegies of birds,
So loved by him, the churchyard's muteness
break,
Arise and die, then tenderly awake
Above and round his grave; as seeking words
For us his pupils, speechless for his sake,
To tell our master's freedom, Beauty's soul's
daybreak.

Athenæum.

W. G. WILLS.

THE OWL.

BRIGHT gleams from yonder moated hall
The ruddy glow that strikes the rafter;
Like Dreamland's twilight echoes, fall
The strains of music, and the laughter:
Soft moonbeams o'er my downy pate
(Sloped sideways) steal, and set me blinking,
Yet dazzle not the thoughts sedate
That muster when an owl is thinking.

Like jays, is man's fantastic brood, —
So owls decide, — all mirth and chatter;
But Wisdom's court is solitude,
Her "happiness no laughing matter."
No cares this tranquil soul assail,
Past, present, future, calmly linking;
The universe in mental scale
Is balanced when an owl is thinking.

Spectator.

From The Quarterly Review.
LORD SHAFTESBURY'S LIFE AND WORK.*

THE natural desire of all classes in England to have in their hands, as soon as possible, a full and authentic biography of the great philanthropist of the century, has been gratified sooner than could have reasonably been expected, by the appearance of Mr. Hodder's three large volumes. Of the speed with which he has accomplished his enterprise a partial explanation is to be found in the fact that he had commenced the execution of it a year before Lord Shaftesbury's death, under that venerable nobleman's own direction; and that during many months of close personal intercourse he had the advantage of being allowed to take down, pen in hand, from his lips the story of his life as he himself narrated it. But a still more important light is thrown upon the author's rapid workmanship by the lines which he decided to lay down for the construction of his memorial work. The earl left behind him many bulky manuscript volumes of journals, diaries, and note-books, extending over the whole course of his prolonged life, and forming altogether an almost complete autobiography. During an illness, a very few years before his death, when occupying his forced inaction by looking over old papers and documents, and setting them aside for destruction, he had thrown into a heap, to undergo this fate, the entire collection of these personal records which had accumulated up to that date. It so happened, however, that before the sentence was executed upon them a return of health brought them a momentary reprieve; and other cares intervening, the respite became lengthened, until it grew into a final remission of the capital penalty. In this way it came about that the whole of these invaluable materials survived, to pass into Mr. Hodder's hands for his free and unfettered use; and as a matter of fact, the extracts taken bodily from them form the main bulk of his work. As he remarks in his preface, "It has been my endeavor to let the record of Lord Shaftesbury's whole lifework be

told, as much as possible, in his own words."

It is obvious that on these lines the task became much easier and more capable of rapid performance than it would have been, had Mr. Hodder set before him the higher aim of constructing anything approaching to a critical biography—a biography which should trace carefully the inner growth of its subject's mind, analyze his character, harmonize his peculiarities, and construct out of the raw materials a complete and final portrait of the man. The fact that such a treatment of the subject as this has been entirely foreign to the writer's purpose makes the present work, full of interest as it is, rather a collection of materials for some future biographer's use, than a performance which can hope to take rank as the standard and monumental record of so noble and prominent a personage. For an achievement of this more arduous nature a firmer and more skilful hand is needed; a hand which will not only weed out a large quantity of trivial or irrelevant matter, but shall also possess that constructive power which alone can make the departed live again before us in their veritable "form and pressure."

That Mr. Hodder has been wise in refraining from the attempt to present to the world a work, which aspires to be a finished and perennial monument of the great noble, we discern plain tokens in the preface, from which we have already quoted his own account of his purpose and method. It there appears that Lord Shaftesbury had laid down with imperative emphasis the condition, that his biographer should tell "the *reality*, be it good or be it bad, and not a sham;" and this, as much as regarded his religious views and action as his philanthropical aims and labors. His words to that effect are precise and interesting:—

My religious views are not popular, but they are the views that have sustained and comforted me all through my life. They have never been disguised, nor have I ever sought to disguise them. I think a man's religion, if it is worth anything, should enter into every sphere of life and rule his conduct in every relation. I have always been, and, please God, always shall be, an Evangelical of the

* *The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.* By Edwin Hodder. With Portraits. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1886.

Evangelicals, and no biography can represent me that does not fully and emphatically represent my religious views.

Of course Mr. Hodder has been right in considering himself absolutely bound by the injunction thus laid upon him; what we call attention to is his comment upon it. He concludes his preface as follows:—

I have made no endeavor, therefore, to tone down his strong Protestantism; his unshaken and unshakable belief in Scripture, in dogma, and in prayer. If he was wrong here, he was wrong throughout, for he was a man with a single aim; his labors in the field of politics sprang from his philanthropy; his philanthropy sprang from his deep and earnest religious convictions; and every labor, political, benevolent, and religious, was begun, continued, and ended in one and the same spirit.

Now we submit that this comment betrays a lack of discrimination, which augurs ill for the success of any attempt on Mr. Hodder's part to deal thoroughly with the analysis and portraiture of character. Lord Shaftesbury was speaking of his own peculiar and "unpopular religious views;" not of the religious convictions which are the common inheritance of Christians, but of the special form in which he held Christianity, the rigid and somewhat narrow dogmatism characteristic of extreme Evangelicals. His biographer, apparently not alive to the distinction between the vital *substance* of a creed and the different *forms* in which it may be held and expressed by different schools of thought, argues that if Lord Shaftesbury was wrong in the peculiarities which made his religious views unpopular, he was wrong in everything, since it was in these that all his labors, political, benevolent, and religious, were vitally rooted. But this is manifestly contrary to reason, and untrue. The magnificent and untiring devotion to his suffering fellow-creatures, by which Lord Shaftesbury's life was ennobled, was undoubtedly rooted in his personal religion,—in his grasp on Christianity as the revelation of the divine love,—in his faith in the Saviour whose spirit he had caught, and in whose steps he endeavored to follow. But those special peculiarities and minor aspects of

belief, those "religious views," which distinguished him from the majority of his fellow-Christians and even of his fellow-Churchmen, had no more to do with the warmth and vigor of his charity, than the spots on the sun's face have to do with the flood of light and heat wherewith it quickens the teeming earth. If anything, it was rather in spite of these petty idiosyncrasies that his large-heartedness triumphed over all personal considerations, and consummated the sacrifice of self; for of such views the natural and logical tendency is more to contract than to enlarge the blessed embrace of beneficence. As a matter of fact, the renowned heroes of charity have been confined to no particular school of Christian thought, to no one communion of ecclesiastical order and discipline. Every form of Christianity has contributed to the noble army, whether Roman, or Greek, or Reformed, whether Anglican or Nonconformist, whether High Church, Broad Church, or Low Church. Had Lord Shaftesbury, instead of being, as he styled himself, "an Evangelical of the Evangelicals," happened to hold the views, say of Pusey, or of Maurice, or even of St. Francis and St. Vincent de Paul, there is no reason to suppose that the love of his fellow-men for Christ's sake would have burned less brightly in his soul, or been a less prolific source of "labors more abundant" for their good. It is poor work to try to make capital for any peculiar form of the Christian creed out of excellences which are the glory of the creed at large; and we must protest against the giving up to party what is in truth the ornament of our common Christianity.

We have ventured to look forward to some future biographer, who will skilfully employ the abundant accessible materials in constructing a full and final portraiture of one who played so remarkable a part in the social history of our time, and grew so deeply into the heart of the English nation. We are persuaded that the task will be easier in this case than it has proved in many others. Lord Shaftesbury's mind and character were thoroughly English, and singularly free from complexity. As we study him in his own

ample records of his thoughts, feelings, and actions, scarcely anything stands out more prominently than his transparent simplicity and straightforwardness—the absence from his mental structure of all subtlety, versatility, or manifoldness. Even that there should be two sides to a question, two views which are complementary to each other, never appears to occur to him. His ideas were evidently of slow growth in his early manhood, but when once formed they became stereotyped, and admitted of no enlargement or modification. While the world was in ferment around him, and new knowledge, flowing in from every quarter, was remoulding in many particulars the forms even of religious beliefs and modes of conception, he simply stood immovable on the ground he had occupied, and not merely looked askance at, but loudly denounced, every innovation that fell under his notice. Mr. Hodder illustrates this “singular identity in views, in principles, and in the modes of enforcing them,” by saying that “many passages upon many subjects might be extracted from the note-book of 1834, and inserted in the diary of 1884, without any fear of detection.” It is true that such immobility of mind has its inconveniences. When all are moving on, to stand still is to be left behind, and the result is uncomfortable isolation, loss of sympathy, and rupture of cherished ties. From these consequences Lord Shaftesbury, as we shall see, was by no means exempt. But to the biographer or student of character this singleness, this unchanging persistence, of intellectual perception and habit presents no such perplexing problems as those which arise in the case of minds that are discursive, many-sided, and subtle, and which play freely around the subjects on which they labor, with a delicate sensitiveness to every fresh impulse arising out of new knowledge and widening experience.

That we do not exaggerate the intellectual simplicity which we conceive to have been one of Lord Shaftesbury's most essential characteristics, a very few extracts from his papers will be sufficient to show; and we shall be surprised if those which we select for the purpose, illustrated by

their respective dates, do not provoke a good-natured smile. Our earliest is an entry under date Sunday, Sept. 24, 1828, when he was twenty-seven years old, had been an Oxford first-class man, had sat for several years in the House of Commons, and was actually holding high office as commissioner on the India Board of Control. It refers to an evening visit to Sir J. South's observatory at Kensington, and is as follows:—

Saw the planet Saturn and his ring; it is a spectacle worthy of God alone. Man has not beauty of soul sufficient to comprehend such majestic loveliness. I thanked God that I had enjoyed so great a blessing. It came as a reward for obedience to very painful duty.

We pass on half a year, and come to another Sunday's entry:—

This morning read all the Revelation continuously. This, or these readings of this kind, will make the general scope more easy of comprehension.

If it be thought that the date even of these illustrations of his simple way of looking at things is too early to afford a fair view of his mind's action, we will advance nine years, and reach the time when the name of Ashley had become as familiar throughout the empire as a household word. It happened that political circumstances had induced the government in 1838 to appoint a vice-consul at Jerusalem, and here is the comment upon it:—

If this is duly considered, what a wonderful event it is! The ancient city of the people of God is about to resume a place among the nations, and England is the first of Gentile kingdoms to cease to tread her down.

Three years later, when he was forty, and had become one of the ecclesiastical commissioners, the Anglo-Prussian bishopric was founded at Jerusalem, to his unbounded thankfulness and joy; for he saw in it the earnest of a “combination of Protestant thrones, bound by temporal interests and eternal principles, to plant under the banner of the cross God's people on the mountains of Jerusalem.” On the passing of the enabling act of Parliament, he writes:—

Sept. 23.—The Bill for creating the Bish-

opric of Jerusalem passed last night! May the blessing of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with it now and forever! I wish I had put down in detail the whole proceedings of this wonderful measure, of all I have said, felt, and done in it; but time has failed me for half of the things I would perform or write. All I can say is that, under God's especial blessing, *pars magna fui*.

But the climax of his triumphant delight came shortly afterwards, when his request that the government would lend a steamboat to carry out the new bishop, was to his surprise granted. The ring of his exultation and the vastness of his hopes may be perceived in the following entry:—

Oct. 25.—Wonderfully surprised—received yesterday a short note from Peel, stating that "orders would be given for an Admiralty steamboat to carry out the Bishop to Syria"! Had I not been almost accustomed, so to speak, to God's mercies, I should have disbelieved it. "Surely the isles shall wait for thee, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from afar and thy daughters from the ends of the earth!"

The wonderful and naïve simplicity, which the foregoing extracts show to have been a permanent feature of the earl's mind, was, it is almost needless to add, accompanied by a sincerity on which no shadow ever could rest; and joined to this was the still more precious working quality of a truly British tenacity of purpose, in pursuing the philanthropical enterprises to which he felt that the divine Providence had called him. All thought of his own ease and comfort was resolutely flung to the winds, and every faculty of mind and body was strained to the utmost to ensure success. The story of his struggles will occupy our attention presently; here it is the mind, the character, which lay beneath them that we desire briefly to indicate. Profoundly religious, invincibly honest, grandly unsparing of himself, vigorous, if also narrow and rigid, in the play of his intellect—all this he was beyond question; but to these qualities must be added a rarer and more exquisite one, which suffused all the rest with a winning beauty, and assumed such imperial command over them as to be the very main-spring of his conduct. This was an inexhaustible tenderness—a tenderness which brooded over the domestic hearth, embracing wife and children and filling his home with love; and thence flowed out in perennial streams to lavish its wealth upon the unprotected and suffering wherever they

were found. Aristocrat as he was, every inch of him, and never unconscious of his rank—so evidently so as to elicit the remark from one of his order, that "Lord Shaftesbury was the proudest man he knew;" and fighting athlete too, as he stood out before the world, ever throwing himself with unquenchable pugnacity into the battle of humanity,—there were few men nearer whose eyes the tears lay, or whose hearts were more open to be wrung by the pangs of sympathy with others' woes. Mr. Hodder writes truly when he says:—

By day and by night the wailing of the world's sorrow haunted him; the cry of the children rang ceaselessly in his ears; and it was no figure of speech he used when those who saw his cheeks grow paler, and his face more sad, asked of him the cause, and he answered with choking voice, "I have been in a perfect agony of mind about my poor boys!"

Such, in our view, were the main characteristics of this remarkable man; and, take him for all in all, we think there can be no hesitation in pronouncing, that of all the persons who have filled a large space in the world's eye, none was ever more transparent or simple.

How he grew up into fitness for his life-work we must briefly notice, before we attempt to sketch in outline the career of his mature manhood. He was born in the first spring of the century, ten years before his father succeeded to the title; and was sent at the tender age of seven to a private school at Chiswick, which, although fashionable, had become through scandalous mismanagement such a den of abominations, that down to his old age the earl used to say that the memory of it made him shudder; there never was such a wicked school, before or since; the place was bad, wicked, filthy; the treatment starvation and cruelty. Nor was there any tenderness at home to counterbalance the gloom and misery of the school. No paternal solicitude, no sweet mother's love, fell to his lot. The only friend of his childhood was a faithful old house-keeper, who taught him his first prayer, the artless words of which would rise to his lips even in the decline of life; and who bequeathed to him her gold watch, the only one he ever wore, which he often showed with the remark that it was given him by the best friend he ever had. But for this single alleviation, his existence, till he was transferred to Harrow in his thirteenth year, was a time of unrelieved depression and suffering through neglect

and tyranny; the effect of which on his temperament was ineffaceable. Those who knew him best in his subsequent career could discern the traces of his early wretchedness in the habitual touch of sadness which mingled with all his activity, and betrayed itself alike in the expression of his features when in repose, and the somewhat sombre and melancholy mood in which he entertained the interests and encountered the vicissitudes of life. But his unhappy experience in childhood brought with it a spiritual gain, to compensate for the loss of bright and elastic cheerfulness. There is abundance of evidence to show, that the recollection of his own early miseries burnt into his sensitive nature an undying hatred of tyranny, and an irrepressible sympathy for its victims; and thus helped to equip him to become the ardent champion of the unprotected and ill-used, of oppressed women and children, of the "waifs and strays"—those pitiful outcasts who crowd the dark corners of the stately structure of our civilization.

His three years at Harrow were marked by an incident worth recording, because he himself traced back to it the earliest impulse to the choice of his mature manhood. Walking alone one day down the hill, he encountered a drunken group shouting out Bacchanalian songs, as they staggered along with a coffin containing the remains of a deceased comrade. Presently turning a corner they let their burden slip from their nerveless hands, and broke out into foul and horrible language. Struck with unspeakable horror at the ghastly scene, the lad, after gazing at it for a few moments as if spell-bound, registered a vow that with God's help he would make the cause of the poor his own. Nearly seventy years afterwards, by a remarkable coincidence, it was on the very same spot that he related this anecdote to the head master, Dr. Butler, now the master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in answer to a casual question, whether any particular incident had led him to dedicate his life to the cause of the poor and wretched.

On leaving Harrow the young Lord Ashley (for so we must call him till his accession to the earldom in his fifty-first year) was transferred to the care of a private tutor, a family connection, who lived in Derbyshire, and where, if he learned nothing else, he acquired a taste for the innocent pleasures of a rustic existence. Going up thence at eighteen to Christ Church, Oxford, he began to take life in

greater earnest, and made up for lost time by such exemplary assiduity in his studies, that to his own intense surprise he came out of the schools a first-class man in classics in 1822. Little is recorded of him after this, till in his twenty-sixth year he entered Parliament as member for Woodstock after a severe contest; but there is a retrospective entry in his diary, dated on his twenty-fifth birthday, which shows that he had travelled abroad in the interval, and passed through a very serious *affaire de cœur*. On this his biographer indulges us with no comment, and probably he was as ignorant as ourselves of the circumstances; but the brief record is too curious and indeed surprising to be passed over. Here it is:—

Latterly I have taken to hard study. It amuses me and prevents mischief. Occasionally the question "*cui bono*" sours my spirit of application; but generally speaking, I have stilled the passions. An attachment during my residence at Vienna commenced a course of self-knowledge for me. Man never has loved more furiously or more imprudently. The object was, and is, an angel, but she was surrounded by, and would have brought with her, a halo of hell.

It is obvious that Lord Ashley's earliest years as a member of the legislature were a very important season of mental growth, notwithstanding a constitutional shyness and diffidence which made it a pleasure to him to pass unnoticed. We can see that his religion had already established for itself a paramount influence over his conduct; and that he was habitually looking upwards for guidance and help, and carrying out the resolve to preserve his conscience unsullied. Social ties and enthusiastic admiration of the Duke of Wellington kept him in the main on the Tory side; and when in the spring of 1827 Canning, on succeeding Lord Liverpool, offered him a post in the government, he refused it chiefly out of loyalty to the duke, much as the income was needed by him owing to his father's niggardliness. "With me," he writes in his journal, "the duke is the chief consideration." When in the following year, on Canning's death, the duke resumed office, Ashley found his reward in a seat on the India Board of Control, which he occupied for two years, until Earl Grey's accession to power. Of his feelings during those first years of public life his diaries furnish an ample record. Strange as it now seems, the most intrusive of them all was self-mistrust, one of the last for which those who knew him only in riper age would have given him

The conflict, then begun, lasted for fourteen years. This is not the place to relate in any detail the vicissitudes of it; we can only note its general features. The resistance took various forms, according to circumstances. Not one of the successive administrations would adopt in earnest the cause of the oppressed factory hands. New commissions of enquiry were instituted as instruments of obstruction and delay. Half-measures were brought forward as rivals, to displace the measure which was thorough; even retrograde measures were attempted, to undo any partial good which former legislation had effected. Then there were sessions, too crowded with the conflicts of political parties, to allow time to think of the grinding slavery of the workers in the mills. But against all obstacles and through all delays Lord Ashley held on to his persistent purpose. No looking back from the plough for him! Capitalists might storm, prime ministers might delude with mocking promises, corn-law agitators might revile, political economists might condemn, even "the sixteen thousand ordained ministers of Christ's gospel" might, through indifference, timidity, or suspicion, stand aloof and justify his complaint that, as a body, "they have done, are doing, and will do nothing;" to Lord Ashley it mattered not. He set his face like a flint; and what his steadfast resolve was throughout the conflict may be read in the words penned in his diary for August 27th, 1841:—

Fresh difficulties beset my path. The Master spinners have held a meeting in Manchester, and have resolved to oppose *any* bill that I can bring in. This determines much of my course. I knew what I should do before; I now can guess what *Peel* will do: he will succumb to the capitalists and reject my Factory Bill. No human power, therefore, shall induce me to accept office. I am bound by every obligation, human and divine, not to allow myself to be placed in any situation where I may not be equally, if not better, circumstanced to advance these great interests. My part is resolved. If *Peel* oppose me, nay, even if he does not support me, I will surrender interest and ambition to the cause; I will persevere in it, God helping me, through storm and sunshine; I will commit all to Christ, and trusting in Him I shall never be confounded.

Peel's attempts to muzzle the terrible philanthropist by the restraints of official position gave rise to the most amusing scenes of the struggle. When in 1839 he was endeavoring to form his "three days' ministry," which broke down on the fa-

mous bed-chamber question, he earnestly pressed Lord Ashley, with many apologies, to condescend to accept a subordinate post in the royal household, on the pretext of the immense service which his high character in the country would render to the queen. "I am," he said, "to provide the attendants and companions of this young woman, on whose moral and religious character depends the welfare of millions of human beings. Now will you assist me? Your character is such that you can do more than any man. I am *ashamed*," he added with emphasis, "to ask such a thing of you." "I was thunderstruck," records Lord Ashley, on whose mind rushed all at once the surrender which the post entailed of all his cherished aims, and the humiliation of being reduced to play the insignificant part of a mere puppet. Nevertheless, for Peel's sake, in whom his faith was still unshaken, he swallowed the indignity, and exclaimed that, if he could be of use, he would accept the office of chief scullion. "Peel," he says, "almost burst into tears, so intense did he profess his relief from anxiety to be." Again, in 1841, when the same statesman returned to power, the like tactics were repeated, and office in the royal household was pressed with singular importunity. This time Lord Ashley, knowing his man better, resolutely refused, and in his diary he expresses his indignant scorn, that Peel should have tried to thrust him into a position in which he could exhibit nothing but his legs in white tights, and do nothing but order dinners and carry about a white wand. Once again during the conflict, and almost on the eve of victory, negotiations were set on foot to induce him to enter the ministry, but with the like result. "The factory question"—so was his answer—"stood in the way."

It may be that Lord Ashley failed to do entire justice to Peel's motives; but to the end of his days he remained convinced that the real object of all these overtures was to muzzle him. Many years afterwards, in some remarks written on a fly-leaf in Grant's "History of Factory Legislation," he gave his mature view of the matter in the following words:—

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him in June, 1830, when he married Lady Emily Cowper, daughter of the future Lady Palmerston, "a wife as good, as true, and as deeply loved," he fondly wrote in the evening of his life, "as God ever gave to man" — "the bright and beautiful woman," to borrow Lord Granville's phrase, "who threw so much sunshine on his home," and for forty years animated his efforts, shared his struggles, and ministered encouragement to him in his hours of dejection.

During those early Parliamentary years Lord Ashley was unconsciously waiting for his vocation. We find him fervently aspiring to be useful in his generation, and to die in the knowledge of having advanced happiness by having advanced true religion; but his line of action was not yet made clear to him. He was drifting on the current of life, ready to obey some decisive impulse which seemed slow to come. At one time physical science, especially astronomy, attracted him strongly; then literature beckoned him to become its follower. But those inclinations passed away. By his two years of service at the India Board he acquired a taste for benevolent projects, if only he could discover how to set about them. Then his appointment to be a commissioner in lunacy, a post which his death alone vacated, opened to him a sphere of work which was a good training for wider philanthropical labors. Yet it was not till 1833 that the decisive call came which determined the future complexion of his life. Circumstances then placed him at the parting of the ways. Should he pursue a political career, and seek the high offices which in the ordinary course of things seemed within his reach? Or should he turn his back on power, wealth, and comparative ease, to fling himself into a ceaseless struggle for the poor and oppressed? Compelled to choose between the alternatives, he laid the matter before his wife, painting in dark colors the sacrifices the latter would entail, and the burden it would lay on her young shoulders, and awaited the verdict from her lips. It came without hesitation. "It is your duty; the consequences we must leave. Go forward, and to victory!"

The die was thus cast, the Rubicon crossed, and this was how the critical moment arrived. In the latter part of the last century, owing to the development of machinery and the application of steam-power, an enormous extension had been given to the cotton manufactures of England. The great centres where they

were carried on became studded with vast mills, surrounded by a densely crowded population; and a demand for the labor of women and children had been created, which gave rise to frightful abuses and cruelties. A traffic, as revolting as the slave-traffic of Africa, had sprung up; gangs of child-jobbers scoured the country to entrap or purchase thousands of little children of either sex, from five years old and upwards, to sell them into the bondage of factory slaves. The misery and the waste of life were terrible. Day and night the iron wheels of the unresting machinery droned and burred with maddening iteration; and amidst the unceasing din, in an atmosphere polluted by stench and thick with the choking "flew" of the cotton, myriads of these tender little victims were forced to labor, under the lash of brutal overlookers, till nature gave way, or death brought a merciful release. During the first quarter of the present century several attempts were made to alleviate these horrors by legislative enactments, but, what with the influence of the great millowners, and the jealousy of the political economists, no effectual remedy was applied. At length, in 1831, Mr. Sadler, the member for Newark, took up the question in earnest, and introduced into the House of Commons the famous Ten Hours Bill, the object of which was to restrict the labor both of women and children in the cotton-mills to ten hours daily. The bill was referred to a select committee, but further progress was barred by the Reform Bill of the following year; and at the ensuing general election Mr. Sadler failed to obtain a seat in Parliament.

It was at this conjuncture that the delegates of the operatives, looking about to discover a champion for their cause, turned to Lord Ashley, who was now sitting for Dorsetshire, and had already begun to be known as the "workman's friend," and entreated him to step into the gap, and fight their battle on the floor of the House of Commons. The feelings with which he received the proposal have been placed on record by himself. "I can perfectly recollect," he wrote long afterwards, "my astonishment, doubt, and terror at the proposition." He begged till next morning for consideration, took counsel of one or two friends, went home to consult his wife and seek guidance in prayer, and on the following day resolutely put his hand to the plough by giving notice in Parliament that he would move the reintroduction of the Ten Hours Bill.

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tice me. He shifted his ground in every way, first one thing, then another. Among other things, the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, as "a man who would have great influence over the clergy to induce them to accept reforms."

It may be added here, that the Lord Shaftesbury of later years acted on the same principle when, in 1866, Lord Derby offered him a seat in the Cabinet. There remained yet, he said, one million four hundred thousand women, children, and young persons to be brought under the protection of the factory acts, and till that was done he could not allow himself to be withdrawn from the great work of his life. It is true that ten years before this he had, after an almost heroic resistance, yielded to accept office in the Palmerston ministry, and escaped only by the skin of his teeth. "I was at my wit's end," he records; "on one side was ranged wife, relations, friends, ambition, influence; on the other, my own objections. I could not satisfy myself that to accept office was a divine call; I *was* satisfied that God had called me to labor among the poor. But God interposed for me." Long afterwards he told the curious story of his escape. Things had gone so far, that he was actually dressed in his uniform, and waiting for the carriage to take him to the palace to be sworn in:—

"While I was waiting for the carriage," he says, "I went down on my knees and prayed for counsel, wisdom, and understanding. Then there was some one at the door, as I thought, to say that the carriage was ready. Instead of that, a note, hurriedly written in pencil, was put into my hand. It was from Palmerston: 'Don't go to the Palace.' That was thirty years ago, but I dance with joy at the remembrance of that interposition, as I did when it happened. It was, to my mind, as distinctly an act of special Providence as when the hand of Abraham was stayed and Isaac escaped."

The "ram caught in the thicket," and substituted for the intended victim, was, as the biographer remarks, the Earl of Harrowby, who was shortly afterwards sworn in as chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster.

We must, however, return from this digression to the great and prolonged struggle over the charter of the factory hands, the Ten Hours Bill. In carrying it on, Lord Ashley was as thorough in action as we have seen him to be in resolve. He was not content to receive reports from others of the facts on which his Parliamentary agitation was based. To see everything for himself was his invari-

able rule, cost what it might, whether of time, labor, or money, of heart-ease or of bodily health. Southey, for whom he entertained a lively admiration, had early counselled him to abstain from making himself an eyewitness of the horrors he was striving to abate, warning him that the distressful recollections would be *burnt in* upon his soul, to the injury of his health and mental activity; but the advice had no effect. Many were the journeys which Lord Ashley made to Lancashire and Yorkshire, during which he personally examined the mills, the machinery, the dwellings of the operatives, and saw the workers and their work in every aspect and particular. It was this first-hand knowledge that enabled him to present his case in Parliament with an authority and a vividness which compelled attention, and sometimes almost electrified the House. Besides, to judge fairly of the immense sacrifices which this thoroughness entailed upon him, it must be remembered that during the fourteen years' struggle for the Ten Hours Bill, that was far from being the only battle which he fought in the interests of humanity. In fact, as soon as he stood out in the world's eyes as the champion of the oppressed factory hands, every other suffering class looked upon him as the Hercules who was to cleanse the Augean stable of its accumulated mass of pollution, and piteously invoked his aid. Of these superadded labors a few words may here be fitly interposed.

In 1840, he took up the cause of the infant chimney-sweeps, who, notwithstanding previous attempts to alleviate their terrible wrongs, were still being driven naked up the foul flues, where they were exposed to be scorched, roasted alive, or stifled, and from whence they often came down with bruised and excoriated bodies, to pass the hours of rest naked on the soot-heap, and contract tormenting skin disease from the villanous stuff. Successful here, without delay he moved for an enquiry into the employment of women and children in mines and collieries, and in various trades which the factory acts did not touch; and when two years afterwards the first report, dealing with mines and collieries, was presented, it revealed such an unsuspected mass of cruelty, misery, and depravity, that the country stood aghast; and the bill immediately introduced by Lord Ashley, closing all these subterranean workings against the labor of women and children, was borne forward on such a tide of public

indignation, that it passed into law in a single session, in spite of the coldness of the government, the peers, and even of the Church. Again, in 1845, when the second report of the commission was presented, he brought in and carried through Parliament a measure, founded upon it, to regulate the labor of children in calico print-works. "Where will you stop?" demanded his interested opponents on this occasion. "Nowhere!" was the characteristic answer, "so long as any portion of this gigantic evil remains to be removed." In addition to these enterprises of philanthropy, and some minor ones to which we have not space to allude, Lord Ashley was all this time busy, off and on, with advocating improvements in the laws regulating the care of lunatics. In one of his later reviews of his career he speaks of having spent "seventeen years of labor and anxiety in obtaining the Lunacy Bill of 1845, and five years of increased labor since that time in carrying it into operation." What we especially wish to point out is, that in all these enterprises he put into strenuous execution the resolve to see everything for himself. As he had inspected the factories and all the details of their industry, so he visited the print-works, went down into the mines and pits, saw the poor climbing-boys at their work, surveyed the lunatic asylums, and in every case, by frequent personal intercourse with the suffering and oppressed, made himself acquainted with their wrongs and their needs. Speaking especially of the operatives, he used to say, "I sat and had tea and talk with them hundreds of times."

After all his years of anxious and exhausting labor on the Ten Hours Bill, it was somewhat disappointing—or rather, it would have been so to any other man—that the actual passing of it in 1847 was left to other hands. When on Peel's conversion to free trade in corn Lord Ashley became convinced that the repeal of the corn laws could no longer be resisted, his scrupulous conscience bade him resign his seat for Dorsetshire, rather than vote for the policy which he had been returned to oppose; and he declined to seek a re-election which would have been fought against by the county purse, although some of his political friends offered him 2,000*l.* towards the expenses. Two days before he applied for the Chiltern hundreds, he reintroduced the Ten Hours Bill into Parliament, and then left it in the hands of his veteran supporter, Mr. Fielden. Through the influence of the government

it was again thrown out, but by the narrow majority of ten; and at the beginning of the following session, that of 1847, it was once more brought in, and this time with better prospects, since the corn-law agitation no longer barred the way, and Lord J. Russell's administration had become converts to the cause. During the preceding autumn and winter Lord Ashley had been working busily for it in the manufacturing districts, refusing all overtures from his friends to postpone the decisive battle till he could again lead them himself in the House of Commons; and when the critical moment arrived, he lingered about the lobbies, consumed by intense anxiety, and dreamed night and day about the bill, as if he were still in charge of it. The opposition had not ceased to be bitter, but this time it was overborne by the roused and impatient feeling of the country. The bill passed the second reading by a majority of one hundred and eight, and the third by a majority of sixty-three. In the Lords, where, better late than never, the bishops mustered strongly in support, it passed through the second reading by fifty-two to eleven, and on June 1st it got through the final stage without further division. What Lord Ashley's feelings were on this tardy but decisive triumph may be read in his own diary:—

June 1, six o'clock.—News that the Factory Bill has just passed the third reading. I am humbled that my heart is not bursting with thankfulness to Almighty God—that I can find breath and sense to express my joy. What reward shall we give unto the Lord for all the benefits He hath conferred upon us? God, in His mercy, prosper the work, and grant that these operatives may receive the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord! Praised be the Lord, praised be the Lord, in Christ Jesus!

So ended the fourteen years' battle on behalf of the poor women and children who had been ground down in the slavery of the cotton-mills. Yet there was still something to be done, to guard the protection which had been thus hardly won; and Lord Ashley, having been in the mean time returned for Bath, to the discomfiture of his bitter opponent, Mr. Roebuck, was able in his own person to head the last fight for humanity. It was still legal to run the mills for fifteen hours a day, *i.e.*, from 5.30 A.M. to 8.30 P.M., and it became the practice of the owners to divide their female and young hands into relays and shifts, so as to keep the machinery going the whole of the time. The result was that the limitation of the pro-

tected labor to ten hours daily was evaded in reality, without any literal infringement of the law which could be easily detected; for the hands were detained in the works the whole fifteen hours at a stretch, so as to be always ready to take up their turns, and it became impossible for the inspectors to discover and convict of a serious imposition of overtime. The legality of the system of shifts was tested in the law courts, but in vain; it was upheld, and fresh legislation was the only alternative. Accordingly, in 1850, Lord Ashley introduced a new bill to meet the emergency, and, after several attempts at a compromise, the settlement was reached that the labor of the women and children should be confined between 6 A.M. and 6 P.M., with an hour and a half for meals (*i.e.*, ten and a half hours of daily labor), with the exception of Saturdays, on which no protected person should be allowed to work after 2 P.M. Thus the result was a Ten Hours and a Half Law, with the modification of a half-holiday on Saturday; and such it remained till 1878, when a genuine Ten Hours Law was finally enacted.

We pass on now to the time when Lord Ashley's active life in the Commons was brought to a close by his father's death. This event occurred in June, 1851, when the son had just turned the age of fifty; and, contrary to the usual course of things, his elevation to the Upper House was extremely unwelcome to him. Some time previously he had even made up his mind that he would not take his seat among the Peers. "The leading of Providence," he said, "was the other way." To a man of his warm and impetuous feelings on the subjects nearest to his heart the atmosphere of the Lords was altogether disagreeable. In his splenetic moods he called the august assembly a statue-gallery, a dormitory, a *Nova Zembla*, a vast aquarium full of cold-blooded life; "it had no sympathies to be stirred;" "character had no weight in it." "Philanthropy," he wrote, "combined with a peerage, reduces a man to the lowest point." Of course he could not persevere in this resolve. The remonstrances of his friends, the calls for fresh legislation in the ever-pressing cause of humanity, and his own irrepressible interest in public affairs, alike forbade so unreasonable and useless a retirement. But it is clear that, from this time, a change passed over his life. He labored as diligently as ever for his favorite objects, but without the same eager spirit and pugnacious enthusiasm. Feelings of isolation, of weariness, grew

upon him. His previous exertions had told on his constitution; his private circumstances harassed and depressed him; his views about the Church and the world became desponding and pessimistic. On the whole, the latter part of his life is less interesting than the earlier; the heroic stage of conflict had passed away; the narrowness of his religious conceptions came out into greater prominence, and occasionally imparted to his public conduct, and to his dealings with men as earnest for religion as himself, an unpleasant taint of factiousness and even of insolence. Of these remarks the justification will appear in our notices of the remaining thirty-four years of his prolonged career; but we hasten to add, that while in our critical estimate of his life and character we feel bound to recognize in him some of those errors, those blemishes which are incident to human infirmity, the nobility of his nature remained unimpaired, and he still stood grandly before the world as one whose life was animated by the highest religious principle, and was laid as a whole burnt sacrifice upon the altar of God.

It was an interesting public tribute that was paid to him, when, in moving the writ for Bath to fill the vacancy left by his accession to the peerage, Sir Robert Inglis said that Lord Ashley's life had been consecrated, in accordance with the memorable inscription of the great Haller, "*Christo in pauperibus*" — to Christ in his poor. Repeated were the proofs given in after years that this consecration had not worn out. The very day after he took his seat, he moved the second reading of a bill for the inspection and registration of lodging-houses; a measure which speedily passed into law, and proved so successful in abating the monstrous evils arising from the crowding of the poorest and most helpless, amidst filth and stench, as thick as men, women, and children could be huddled together, in unventilated rooms, that it elicited from Charles Dickens the praise of being the best act ever passed by an English legislature. In the same year Lord Shaftesbury renewed his championship of the little chimney-sweeps, and from time to time he pleaded their cause down to 1875, when, after a whole century of enquiry, debate, and legislation, the emancipation of these most oppressed and tortured of all children on the face of the earth was finally achieved. Two years later, Lord Shaftesbury took in hand a bill to provide accommodation for the poor who were turned out of their homes, by

the operations of "improvement companies;" and at the same time he procured further legislation to bring common lodging-houses under more thorough inspection and control, so as in a measure to purify that Inferno in which nine-tenths of the crimes perpetrated in the metropolis were planned and plotted. And, as if this was not sufficient for one session, he initiated at the same period his assault on juvenile mendicancy and crime, by a speech which had the curious result of bringing him a challenge to fight a duel from the Earl of Mornington, on the ground that in illustrating his argument he had quoted a judgment of Lord Eldon's, depriving that nobleman of the care of his own children. The answer was characteristic. "Your lordship is good enough to send me what is technically called 'a challenge.' I refer you for a reply to this and any future communication, either to the police magistrate in Bow Street, or to my solicitors. Your obedient servant." The following year saw him occupied with carrying a Youthful Offenders Bill, to enable young criminals to be sent to reformatory schools for a term of training, instead of being confined for years in the corrupting air of a jail; a year later, we find the wrongs of the milliners and dress-makers occupying his attention.

These brief notes of Lord Shaftesbury's philanthropical labors in the Upper House of Parliament show how near to his heart the cause of the poor continued to lie; yet they exhibit but a portion of his work. For during all this time he was greatly occupied with sanitary matters. Since 1848 he had been chairman of the Board of Health; and of the toil and anxiety which were entailed upon him by this office, both during the cholera time, and subsequently in relation to measures for procuring a better water-supply, legislating for extra-mural interment, enforcing vaccination and smoke-abatement, and such like sanitary improvements, an idea may be formed from the following entry in his diary:—

1851. Jan. 31.—The labors and anxieties of the Board of Health have, I suspect, contributed not a little to my disorders. I feel these subjects deeply; they are intimately connected with the physical and, to no small extent, with the moral welfare of mankind. I am grieved, harassed, overwhelmed with variety of work, a dull position, and a dismal horizon. I want neither honor, nor praise, nor payment; but I want some little fruit of protracted toil and expended health.

The summer of 1854 dried up this

source of anxiety and toil by bringing about the abolition of the old board, and Lord Shaftesbury's consequent retirement. His feelings on the occasion were unusually bitter; he was evidently deeply hurt, somewhat more so, it seems to us, than was reasonable. "Five years," he exclaimed, "have I given of my life and intense labor, and have not received even the wages of a pointer—'That's a good dog!'" Again: "This public service is a hard, ungrateful thing. My remuneration has been that usually allotted to monkeys, more kicks than halfpence." Then, again: "Thus after five years of intense and unrewarded labor, I am turned off like a piece of lumber." Once more: "Thus have closed six years of very hard and gratuitous service. I may say, with old George III., on the admission of American independence: 'It may possibly turn out well for the country, *but as a gentleman I can never forget it!*'"

It is but fair to remark, that the irritability and peevishness, perceptible in the foregoing entries, were undoubtedly in great measure due to the unceasing strain and worry arising from pecuniary embarrassments. His succession to the family estates brought no relief to his previous difficulties, but rather aggravated them. On looking into his affairs he found enough to fill him with dismay. Debts, mortgages, mismanaged estates, neglected cottages, the mansion going to ruin, besides all his old arrears to be made good! Here is one of the entries, written on his first visit, as owner, to his ancestral home:—

Inspected a few cottages—filthy, close, indecent, unwholesome. But what can I do? I am half pauperized; the debts are endless; no money payable for a whole year, and I am not a young man. Every sixpence I expend—and spend I must on many things—*is borrowed!*

Undaunted, however, at the gloomy prospect, he made up his mind that, as far as it could be prevented by any personal sacrifice, no one should be able to reproach the keeper of others' vineyards with having neglected his own. To this effect the entries follow in rapid succession. "Shocking state of cottages—must build others, cost what it may." "Found a Scripture-reader for the forests and steppes of Woodlands and Horton." "No school of any kind at Pentridge. Determined, under God, to build one, and may He prosper the work!" "Oh, if instead of one hundred thousand pounds to pay in debt, I had that sum to expend, what good

"I might do!" "There are things here to make one's flesh creep, and I have not a farthing to set them right." It soon became evident that he could not afford to occupy St. Giles's, and after a few months we find this entry:—

This day I prepare to leave "the Saint" for a long time, perhaps forever! The issue is the Lord's; "let Him do," so said old Eli, "as it seemeth Him good!" I do love and cherish the spot, and pray that God will lift up the light of His countenance upon it, and all its people!

But dismal entries soon occur again. "Made up my mind; must sell old family pictures, must sell old family estates." "Sent to St. Giles's for two more pictures to be sold. The house is falling, and must be repaired; will not do it from any fund or revenue by which monies devoted to religion, charity, or cottage-building would be diverted." He had already entirely restored his old parish church, ill as he could afford it, having declined to spend a penny on his own house till the village house of God was rescued from its shameful decay. But the pressure continued, even grew worse; and ten years later we come across such entries as these: "Deep, bitter, exhausting, have been my efforts and anxieties for some time past." "Matters were at the worst, when Palmerston, whose liberality and kindness are not only *excessive*, but inviolable, sent to Minny yesterday 5,000*l.*, stating that he must be allowed to pay his half of her son's start in the world." So short of money was he at times, and yet so moved by the appeals for charity, that he had been known to give away his last 5*l.* note to relieve an affecting case of distress. Much allowance, surely, ought to be made for occasional irritability in one whose naturally proud and independent spirit was fretted and depressed by such wearing cares. They lasted far into his old age; but we may dismiss the subject here, with his biographer's remark that "for many years he was to have trouble and anxiety without ceasing—law suits without number, and vexations endless. It was a bitter ingredient in his cup, that, as the years advanced, the effort to keep free from debt became more and more difficult."

No account of Lord Shaftesbury's philanthropical labors would be even tolerably complete, which omitted to notice his ragged-school work and his amusing intercourse with the London costermongers. He was not the inventor of the ragged school, but from its first start he made

the scheme peculiarly his own. It was in 1843, that by chance he came across an advertisement headed "Ragged Schools," being an appeal on behalf of an experimental school which had been opened for gutter children in an unsavory spot known municipally as Field Lane, but popularly styled "Jack Ketch's Warren," from the largeness of its annual contribution to the gallows. The rickety institution described was exactly what Lord Shaftesbury had been looking and hoping for, and he threw himself at once into the effort to multiply such schools, and bind them together into corporate union. This enterprise led him into the heart of the vilest rookeries, to find places where such schools might be opened, and to hunt up the young Arabs of the gutter to fill them; and often might he be seen sitting amidst the tattered outcasts, speaking to them kindly words of admonition and encouragement. Strange indeed were the scenes witnessed at the opening of these queer seats of culture; as a specimen, we have one painted from the life by Dickens:—

A low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint and dirt and pestilence; with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils with an evil sharpness found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to Scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other—seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place was stormed and carried over and over again; the lights were blown out, the books strewed in the gutters, and the female scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness. With no strength in it but its purpose, the school stood it all out, and made its way.

The ragged-school movement, being what is called undenominational, brought Lord Shaftesbury into intimate connection with the evangelists and philanthropists of Nonconformity. Of this he speaks in his diary apologetically, but with firm conviction of its propriety. Thus on one occasion he writes:—

Many Dissenters, but it is high time to be thinking where we agree, not where we differ. . . . I conceive I am acting in the spirit of the Bible and the spirit of the Church of England. I conceive that I am proving myself a true son of the Church in which I was baptized, and in which, by God's blessing, I will die. I am violating none of her laws, precepts, principles, or prayers; none. But if the conduct I pursue be at variance with the doctrines and requirements of the Established

Church, I shall prefer to renounce communion with the Church to abandoning those wretched infants of oppression, infidelity, and crime. . . . Bishop of Norwich came. . . . Strange as it was to see a Bishop in the middle of a Dissenting school, surrounded by Dissenters, and supporting their efforts, yet it was well and usefully done.

The toil which the success of the movement entailed on Lord Shaftesbury grew to extraordinary proportions. When there were more than a hundred schools affiliated to the Union, and each on its show-day claimed his presence to preside, speechify, and distribute prizes, it may be imagined how great was the addition made to the demands on his strength. It was characteristic of his unflinching pursuit of his object, that he always insisted on keeping these schools down to the level of the mire and gutter, so long as the mire and gutter existed. "I feel," he used to say, "that my business lies in the gutter, and I have not the least intention to get out of it." We need the less, however, to linger on this branch of his work, inasmuch as it has been already graphically described in an article from his own pen in this review written forty years ago.* We will only add that one of the most splendid and touching of unbought ovations ever bestowed on a public benefactor, was that which was given him on his eightieth birthday in his character of president of the Ragged School Union.

The interest taken by Lord Shaftesbury in this peculiar class of schools soon brought him into acquaintance with the London costermongers, whose families furnished the largest portion of the scholars. Johnson's definition of a costermonger, it seems, as "a person who sells apples," is pronounced "gammon" by the fraternity, one of whom is said to have substituted the following for it: "A cove wot works werry 'ard for a werry poor livin', and is always a-bein' hinterfered with, and blowed up, and moved hon, and fined, and sent to quod by the beaks and bobbies." Among this curious tribe a mission had been set on foot by a zealous evangelist, and Lord Shaftesbury on hearing of it offered his services and became its president. Of the Barrow and Donkey Club, which had been instituted, he enrolled himself a member, and subscribed for a barrow of his own, which bore his arms and motto, and was lent out to young members who had not yet attained to the

honors of proprietorship. It was his delight to call himself a coster, and spend a social evening with the "brethren." On one such occasion, having invited them to write to him if any grievance sprang up, and being asked his address, he assured them that any letter sent to Grosvenor Square, with "K.G. and Coster" after his name, would be sure to reach him. One anecdote of this queer intimacy is too amusing to be passed over. In 1875, the venerable earl, being invited to meet them to receive a presentation, found above a thousand of the fraternity assembled with many friends of all classes; and presently, after taking his seat, a fine donkey decorated with ribbons was introduced, led up to the platform, and solemnly presented to his lordship. The earl, having vacated the chair in the donkey's favor, stood with his arm round its neck, while he briefly returned thanks, adding with a touch of pathos: "When I have passed away from this life I desire to have no more said of me than that I have done my duty, as the poor donkey has done his, with patience and uncomplaining resignation. On the retirement of the temporary *chair-man*, if the expression may be pardoned, the earl begged the reporters to state that "the donkey having vacated the chair, the place was taken by Lord Shaftesbury."

We have now to deal with another and very important department of Lord Shaftesbury's life — his action in matters of religion. For forty years he was regarded as the lay leader of the Low Church party, and was engaged in almost unceasing warfare against both the High and the Broad sections of the Church. It was his habit, as every one knows, to use extremely strong language in denouncing those with whom he disagreed; but, as the proverb says, "his bark was worse than his bite." This intemperance of speech was closely connected with that transparent simplicity of mind to which we have called attention; add to that vehemence of emotion, and the phenomenon is explained. He could see but a single side of anything; no questions, no characters, were complex to him; deep black and spotless white were his only shades. Whatever at the first blush seemed to him objectionable — in other words, out of harmony with his stereotyped views — must be nothing less than "earthly, sensual, devilish;" and the most scathing and vituperative epithets that rose to his ready lips must forthwith be flung at it. Nor was this habit confined to matters of religion. In his diary we find

* See *Quarterly Review*, vol. 79, pp. 127 and following.

it affecting his political entries. Not that he was much of a politician in the ordinary sense; his politics were subordinated to his philanthropical and religious views; and statesmen seemed to him in the main good or bad, as they helped or hindered his cherished aims. Strange as it may appear, the only leading politician for half a century, who escaped the rough side of his pen or tongue, was the easy-going man of the world, Lord Palmerston. Family ties may have had something to do with this, but not much. For his wife's stepfather, Lord Shaftesbury felt a genuine, even an enthusiastic, admiration and love. Nowhere does this come out more clearly than in the entries in the diary made during that statesman's last illness, and just after his death; such, for instance, as these: "O God, spare him." "P. is better, God be blessed." "Unloose the peg, and all will be adrift; Palmerston is that peg." "In fearful anxiety about Palmerston; he is the only true Englishman left in public life." "There goes the *ultimus Romanorum*. What an instrument he has been in the hands of the Almighty!" "Palmerston was the grand pillar appointed, under God's providence, to which all the vessels of the State were linked, and so the fleet was held to its moorings. It is now cast down; the ships are set afloat without rudder or compass, and will drift in every direction over the broad sea." And the whole lament is concentrated in the following outburst:—

Ah, but to none will the loss be as it is to myself. I lose a man who, I know, esteemed and loved me far beyond every other man living. He showed it in every action of his heart, in every expression of his lips, in private and in public as a man, as a relative, and as a Minister. His society was infinitely agreeable to me; and I admired, every day more, his patriotism, his simplicity of purpose, his indefatigable spirit of labor, his unfailing good humor, his kindness of heart, and his prompt, tender, and active considerateness for others, in the midst of his heaviest toils and anxieties.

With this solitary exception, all the leaders came under the sharp stroke of Lord Shaftesbury's pen. A few specimens of his judgments upon them may be quoted, not because they are of any particular value in themselves, but for the light thrown by them on the worth of those violent utterances, which he used to blurt out against persons whose theological opinions differed from his own. We take Sir Robert Peel first, the leader of his own side in politics, under whom he held office, and with the success of

whose administration in 1839, he "thought the interests, temporal and eternal, of millions were wrapped up." Two years after that we find him analyzing Peel's character in antithetical sentences: "He has abundance of human honesty, and not much of divine faith; he will never do a dishonorable thing, he will be ashamed of doing a religious one; he will tolerate no jobs to win votes, he will submit to no obloquy to please God." By the next year the pen has grown sharper: "All Peel's affinities are towards wealth and capital. What has he ever done or proposed for the working classes? Cotton is everything, man is nothing!" A year more, and the tone is bitterer still, provoked by Peel's speech on the opium trade: "the tone of a low, mercantile, financial soul, incapable of perceiving or urging a principle, which finally disgusted me, and placed him in my mind much below the Christian level, and not any higher than the heathen." Even this scarcely prepares us for the entry three months later: "I have thought for some years that Peel and John Russell are the most criminal of mankind!" It is a relief to meet the somewhat more kindly expression of feeling, however brief, which Peel's tragic death evoked: "In many respects one of the greatest men of this generation. He had wonderful qualities of various kinds, and his loss is great."

Of Earl Russell the savage judgment just quoted, far from being modified, is confirmed twelve years later: "Lord John going to the House of Lords. Why is the House of Lords to be made the London Reformatory, where convicted criminals are to have another chance? Is it good that so tarnished a man should be in so brilliant a situation? . . . No slight affront to public morality that Lord J. was ever summoned to construct an administration." Yet here too, in the presence of death, we find a tardy recantation in the following words: "In his whole course to have done much with credit and nothing with dishonor, and so to have sustained and advanced his reputation to the very end, is a mighty commendation." Of Peel's colleagues, Sir J. Graham comes in for a like scourging: "Graham has contrived to render himself so thoroughly odious that I cannot find any one human being who will speak a word on his behalf. He is universally distrusted, and that by every one, from a prince to a beggar." Mr. Bright, who fought strenuously against the Ten Hours Bill as the advocate of the mill-owners, is touched off in such

phrases as these: "Most awfully reviled by Messrs. Bright, etc.;" "Bright was ever my most malignant opponent." Under date 1867, we find Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone, all tarred with the same free brush:—

Gladstone is governed by the greed of place and salary and power. Disraeli is no better. Here are two tigers over a carcase, and each one tries to drive the other away from the tit-bits. . . . Derby told his friends that if they passed his Bill they would be in office for many years. Thus it is; all alike—all equally carnivorous. "Voilà ce que nous sommes!" as the chiffonier said over the dead cur.

The scanty justice done by Lord Shaftesbury to the two great rivals for power, mentioned in the last extract, arose primarily from the prepossessions through which he viewed their conduct. The one he distrusted because of his rooted attachment to High Church principles; the other, because he could not recognize in him any principle at all. Of Mr. Gladstone we repeatedly come across notices of this kind: "Gladstone is on a level with the rest; he gave no support to the Ten Hours Bill." "Palmerston must soon be removed, and his successor Gladstone will bring with him the Manchester school for colleagues and supporters, a hot Tractarian for chancellor, and the Bishop of Oxford for an ecclesiastical adviser. *He will succumb to every pressure, except the pressure of a constitutional and conservative policy.*" Of Mr. Disraeli, on his becoming premier, we find the following sketch:—

Disraeli, Prime Minister! He is a Hebrew; this is a good thing. He is a man sprung from an inferior station; another good thing in these days, as showing the liberality of our institutions. "But he is a leper," without principle, without feeling, without regard to anything, human or divine, beyond his own ambition. He has dragged, and he will continue to drag, everything that is good, safe, venerable, and solid through the dust and dirt of his own objects.

Shortly after we read: "Dizzy is seeking everywhere for support. He is all things to all men, and nothing to any one. He cannot make up his mind whether to be Evangelical, Neologian, or Ritualistic; he is waiting for the highest bidder." Then later: "I admire the abilities of the man, but not his use of them. There is nothing really to admire in him, beyond the possession of talents." Once more, after the return from Berlin as bearer of "peace with honor," we find this comment: "The steps of this mighty man to

glory and greatness are strides as rapid as they are broad. And yet I had rather, by far, be George Holland of Whitechapel, than Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield."

With such sentiments about the rival leaders, it is no wonder that Lord Shaftesbury preferred to stand aloof from both. The impartiality of his aversion is exhibited in several passages of his letters and diaries—the last we shall quote in this connection. For instance, after reading in the papers at Homburg the debates in the summer of 1878, he writes to his eldest daughter, Lady Templemore:—

The Liberal party is right in its views and opinions; the Conservatives the very reverse. Both are wrong in their motives; for neither cares a straw for anything but the triumph of their own side. . . . Much as I detest and fear the policy of the "Duke of Cyprus," I do not wish to cast in my lot with Gladstone and Company. Observe how judicious and charitable I am. I speak evil of neither faction. Both, I assert, are *equally good*.

In the diary, towards the end of the same year, the same note is sounded: "Which is the more objectionable, I cannot say. The Liberals are revolutionary, the Conservatives are servile. Neither has any principle or patriotism." Presently after, he calls the Liberals "a political body of men whom, in every possible sense of the word, I distrust, quite as much as I distrust Lord Beaconsfield and his followers." And a little later, *à propos* of Irish land legislation, we read:—

The policy of such men as Beaconsfield and Gladstone turns these movements, which should and which might be gradual, into sudden and violent Revolutions. The Act of 1867 tore up our political system, and Gladstone's rule, at the present day, is uprooting, and irrevocably, our social system.

For our purpose the value of these judgments on contemporary politicians is purely psychological. They illustrate the action of Lord Shaftesbury's mind, and explain the vehemence of his language in other matters, especially in those which concern religion. For the same purpose we may add two casual instances of like hasty truculence of expression. Twice, when travelling abroad, he is reminded of Louis XIV., and immediately the *grand monarque* is gibbeted in his journal; on one occasion as "the most polished villain that ever possessed and prostituted the gifts of God;" on the other, as "that arch-villain and exceeding charlatan." He reads a life of Sir W. Raleigh, and straight-

way the British Solomon, James I., is labelled as "that despicable reptile of the human race." After all this, it would be absurd to take Lord Shaftesbury too seriously, when he denounces the Puseyites as the "sons of Babylon," for whom a new large ward must be built in Bedlam — calls the service at St. Alban's, Holborn, "the worship of Jupiter and Juno" — puts up the prayer, "O Lord, purge the Church of those men who, while their hearts are in the Vatican, still eat the bread of the Establishment and undermine her" — tickets Ritualism as "the abomination" — declares that he would vote for Sternhold and Hopkins, Tate or Brady, against the greatest geniuses in the art of verse if they happened to be Tractarians — and brings the house down by exclaiming that he would rather worship with Lydia on the bank by the river-side, than with a hundred surpliced priests in the temple of St. Barnabas. A similar abatement may be made from his anathemas against the Neologians, among whom he classed all the laborers in the field of Biblical criticism; as when he stigmatizes their religion as "sensuous" — pronounces them "ecclesiastical Judases, pretending belief in the Holy Scriptures, betraying the Son of Man with a kiss" — loathes Dr. Jowett's theology — characterizes "Ecce Homo" as "the most pestilential book ever vomited from the jaws of hell" — and even charges with indecency the application of the descriptive term "rhetorical" to a passage in the Pentateuch. Nor is his own party in the Church less interested in discounting his scornful utterances. He is continually complaining of the "Evangelical religionists," whom he cannot rely upon, and will not attempt to lead — now utterly intolerant, and now so cold and insincere that Meroz would be a pattern to them of promptitude — so disunited that even Falstaff would not march through Coventry with such a regiment — so ill-affected to himself that in his old age he deliberately declared he had received treatment from them he had never received from any other party. "High Churchmen," he said, "Roman Catholics, even infidels, have been friendly to me; my only enemies have been the Evangelicals."

Of all this we do not desire to make too much; but it cannot be fairly passed over, because it entered very largely into the popular conception of the earl in the latter part of his career, and exposed him at times to considerable obloquy. He was not the less in request as a noble figure-

head to embellish a large number of the religious societies connected with the Evangelicals; and under the burden of the annual speeches, which he was always expected to deliver as president, he often groaned. "Those terrible chairs!" he used to exclaim; "my letters and chairs eat me up;" "no end of chairs, speeches, and committees, I cannot number them; they are like the sands of the sea, and shall I call them equally incohesive and unprofitable?" But it did produce in him a feeling of isolation and loneliness, under which his spirits often failed, although he bore it with something of stoical pride. A few evidences of this we quote, to complete his portraiture, beginning with one written towards the end of 1868: —

What is my position now? It is like an old tree in a forest, half submerged by a mighty flood. I remain where I was, while everything is passing beyond me. New ideas, new thoughts, new views, and new feelings, are flowing rapidly by. I cannot go along with the stream, and if I survive, one of two issues awaits me; either I shall be overwhelmed, and so utterly lost; or the waters in their course will have rushed away and left me alone, stranded and leafless, a venerable proof of consistency, as some would say, but of bigotry in the estimation of others.

Ten years later the tone deepens, and acquires almost the pathos of a wail. It was after his singularly ill-advised rupture with the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and his failure to crush one of its books at which he took offence, that he wrote thus in his diary: —

Who is with me? Who? Positively I know not. Here and there an individual, perhaps; but nothing of note — nothing of moral courage among those who secretly believe (if there are any) has appeared on my side. According to all human estimate, all human judgment, all human calculation, I must be wrong. I must be wilful, self-sufficient, ignorant, and stubborn. I should, I suspect, say it of another in a similar position — and why, then, not of myself? Simply because I cannot.

Even more striking as a self-revelation is the letter which he wrote to the author of the incriminated book, and which was published at the time, but is not reproduced in the biography. It concludes as follows: —

You have gained everything that you require. You have on your side an enormous proportion of the clergy, and no small number from among the laity and the Nonconformist ministers; you have, moreover, the approbation of the Primate of all England. With

myself it is precisely the reverse. I lie under the condemnation of them all, from the Archbishop down to the smallest of the daily papers. You are content with the issue, and so am I. Six months more of writing could add nothing to the satisfaction we, each of us, enjoy.

To this not a word needs to be added, except the pathetic entry in his diary at the close of the same year: "In religious matters I know but Reeve and Spurgeon, and they are seldom or never within reach. In politics not a soul."

Here we bring our sketch to an end. Of his famous attempt, as Lord Palmerston's bishop-maker, in conjunction with Mr. Haldane, the director of the "Record" in those years, to right the balance of the Church, by packing the Episcopal bench with pronounced Evangelicals, it need only be said that its simplicity was on a par with its undoubted honesty of purpose. Nor is there any occasion to tell again the story of his experiments in ecclesiastical legislation. They were forced upon him against his own judgment; and with his strong bias to one of the extremes in the Church, he was certainly not the person to conduct them to a successful issue. As a politician and a religious leader he had outlived his time, and was morbidly conscious of being a solitary survival in the midst of a new world of ideas and aims. But as a philanthropist, his heart was green and vigorous to the last. No chills of age could lessen the passionate warmth of his pity for the poor and suffering, no invading feebleness of voice or limb hold him back from advocating the cause of the defenceless and oppressed. For these his zeal burnt with an unquenchable fire; for these he toiled as long as the faculty to do anything remained to him; for these he could have wished still to live and labor, even when the infirmities of fourscore-and-four years had made life a burden. "I cannot bear," he said in his last days, "to leave the world with all the misery in it." It is this unreserved, this absolute sacrifice of himself, body and soul, to the work of alleviating that misery, which encircles his name with a glory, in the brightness of which those petty peculiarities and narrownesses to which we have referred are swallowed up and disappear. His career is the national inheritance of the English-speaking race, as an immortal protest against a life of self-seeking, and a noble lesson how worldly rank and station may be redeemed from moral insignificance, and consecrated to the best interests of humanity. "Love,

serve," was his ancestral motto; to love and serve was the paramount, abiding law of his existence, till death gently brought him the rest which, living, he would never seek for himself.

From *The Argosy*.

THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

IF Wales is a country rich in stories of ghosts, fairies, and "romantic weddings," it is also not deficient in tales of wreckers, robbers, smugglers, and similar disturbers of the public peace. Amongst others committed to our keeping by the departed friend who implicitly believed in them all, is one dating back to the time of Queen Elizabeth, which tells of a band of robbers that infested the woods and the rock-bound coast round about the part where her own haunted mansion lay.

The scene was a grand and castellated residence, with its chapel, situated at the top of a valley two miles in length, which sloped gradually and reposefully to the wild, restless sea. It was met by two small but dangerous bays that lay between jutting rocks, and into which the tides rushed, and from which they receded so rapidly and fiercely that the peasantry were wont to call the projecting rocks "the opening and closing of the Points."

Although six miles of smooth sand lay on either side of these bays, the treacherous sea gave small time to the wanderer to pass the Points when it had receded from them, but was ready to engulf him if he was not alive to the seasons at which he could hurry past them with safety. Moreover, there were quicksands hard by, even more pitiless than the sea itself.

These quicksands were at the base of one of two mountains which rose on either side of the valley, and looked down protectingly on the mansion, which seemed, indeed, but a pigmy between them. At the distance of about half a mile from this mansion was an immense inland cave, which, in the Middle Ages, was taken possession of by a band of robbers. Unlike the renowned Robin Hood, they had not even a robber's conscience, but oppressed the weak as well as the strong, the poor as well as the rich, and were the terror of that part of south Wales in which their cave was situated.

It was night, or more properly, early morning. In the glen leading from the

mansion, neighbor of the cave, a figure was seen hurrying down the greensward. Was it a ghost? It might be, for it looked all white beneath the fitful moon. But if a ghost, why pause and glance round, then hurry on again? It stayed its steps before one of the haunted towers, as if about to enter; but the gate was barred, and it hurried on. It was no ghost, but a woman, who carried something huddled up in her arms, and who must have left her bed to flee in haste, since she was clad only in her night-gear, with some sort of loose robe thrown over it. Her feet were bare, her hair floated about her, and she seemed in some awful strait. She shook the gate of the second tower, but that, too, was shut—barred against the robbers.

On she sped till she reached the haunted field. She shrieked with terror, expecting to be assailed by all sorts of invisible enemies. But there was not even a jack-o'-lantern to mislead her; so she rushed through it till she found herself close upon the shore.

She paused and muttered in breathless excitement, "Thank God, it is out! The Points are unclosed."

She meant the tide and the two projecting rocks. She was on the sands quick as an arrow from a bow. They were smooth, yellow sands; so, happily, the bare feet did not suffer. Could she get past the Points before the yawning, greedy sea rushed into the bay? The tide was creeping up like some beast of prey in ambush, and might in a moment leap forward with a bound, and seize on her and her burden. She gazed on it, hesitated, and rushed on. She rounded one of the Points, and suddenly the roar of the wild monster increased in volume, and she stood a second, paralyzed with terror. Only a second, for she darted onwards to the other Point, and reached it just as the insatiable tide leapt in fury into the bay. She escaped its jaws as if by a miracle, and ran up the beach, pursued by the angry waters.

Out of their reach at last, she sat down on a big boulder. The moon shone out and revealed a face pale as its own.

"They will see me!" she cried, glancing within the loose cloak, and hastening on again. "Better the tide! better the tide!" she added, as she looked at the rolling ocean.

It was rolling ominously towards her, when, with a bound, she leapt from a heap of pebbles at the top of the beach into a green dell, similar to the valley of spirits she had left behind, but smaller. Her

poor feet were bleeding now, and her strength was well-nigh spent. She had traversed three or four miles of greensward and sand, and her breath came heavily, her footsteps lagged. With a supernatural effort, however, she ran up the dell, glancing behind her as if pursued. Turning off to the right, she followed a path among the rocks, heedless of the stones and brushwood that pierced her feet and tore her garments.

"At last, thank God!" she cried, as the moon suddenly veiled her face, and she sank down exhausted. "Help! help!" she shrieked, and with her call mingled the shrill cry of an infant.

"Who's there?" echoed through the darkness, followed by a gleam of light that seemed supernatural. The lusty baby-cry was the only answer. Nevertheless it attracted the ignis fatuus of a light which vanished from above and reappeared below. Again the moon shone out and revealed a scene as picturesque as it was startling. The woman lay, seemingly dead, beneath the porch of a small dwelling, at which suddenly appeared the figures of a man and woman.

Within a stone's throw of this abode was a church with ivy-mantled tower; and church and house were surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The figures that bent over the prostrate woman looked almost as ghostly as she did, and were as lightly clad. But they proved themselves of flesh and blood; for they dragged her into the house. So doing the burden fell from beneath the cloak. It proved to be an infant, and the lusty cry was renewed.

Woman and child were soon within a small parlor, and the pair who brought them there looked for a moment aghast at one another. They were, as transpired immediately, master and servant.

"Sure, sir, it's Mrs. Lewis, head nurse at the Plás!" exclaimed the maid.

"Take the babe, Betto, while I carry her up to my bed, that's warm, for haven't I just left it?" replied the master.

No sooner said than done.

"Hide us! Save us! They have murdered them all," cried our wanderer, awakening from her swoon. "Where's my baby? Have they killed him too?"

The lusty cry reassured her, and she opened her arms.

"He's well enough, Mrs. Lewis, fach," said Betto, placing him within them.

"Betto! Parson! they've murdered them all," said the nurse, glancing round with a bewildered stare.

"They? Who?" asked the parson, for

it was the Reverend David Saunders, of Llanwerne.

"The robbers. I saw them with their swords in the mistress's room, and heard the children cry for mercy, and then I took up this precious babe and ran for my life. You must hide us, for they'll be after us as soon as they find we've escaped."

"Feed them; clothe them, Betto, while I dress myself. Put the infant to bed, and then bring Mistress Lewis down to the sitting-room. No more sleep to-night," said his reverence, leaving his room to the women.

Shortly afterwards he was kindling a fire in his tiny parlor, and muttering short prayers and ejaculations as he did so. "The country will be depopulated — Lord have mercy upon us! If the woman's tale be true, it is a case like that of Joash, saved by Jehosheba from that robber-woman Athaliah. The father so lately dead — to slay the widow and children — impossible! Even bold marauders should have hearts. The Lord preserve us."

The nurse appeared attired in Betto's Sunday linsey. She had left the babe asleep. She gave a coherent account of what had happened, which the parson heard with uplifted hands. The robbers had broken into the mansion, and murdered, she believed, every soul within it, except herself and the babe.

"Where's the captain?" asked Mr. Saunders, in a low, warning voice.

"Nobody knows," replied the nurse; "but he's the next o' kin, and they do say he fears neither God nor man. I believe he's leagued with the robbers."

The captain was the brother of the late owner of Plâs Werne, and would inherit the property under the present sad circumstances.

"Neither he nor the robbers must know that you have escaped with the infant, or you'll be murdered too," said the parson. "Where can you hide? I have it. In the church tower."

"It's haunted," shrieked the nurse.

"So much the better. Nobody will molest you. That room was built, so they say, to hold a hundred men or more from their enemies, and should serve to hide a woman and a babe. They'll take you for the ghost, and not a soul will go nearer the tower than the chancel. But you must stay here while I see what's to be done. Betto! Betto! Take care of Dinah Lewis and the babe."

"They'd better be hiding in bed than up, master," answered Betto, reappearing.

The Reverend David Saunders went out, leaving the woman quailing with fright, but this time it was rather of ghosts than robbers. He found the moon gone off on her rounds, and the sun about to take her place. A crimson glow was coloring the watery mountain mists, and streaks of dawn were laying their light fingers on the hilltops. He hastened through his garden and across a green lane to his church, and stood a moment contemplating it. He knew that neither robber nor lord of the manor suspected the room in the tower, and even if they did, they could scarcely approach it, since it could only be entered on hands and knees. Fortunately his small parish of half-a-dozen collected and as many scattered houses, was at a distance; and save on Sunday his flock rather avoided than frequented the neighborhood of the church. He was aware that they affirmed to have seen wonderful sights in the churchyard, and he knew that it was useless to combat their superstition; so he contented himself with writing a book on the antiquity of the sacred edifice, which he proved to have been built long before the time of Julius Cæsar. Moreover, he was proud to tell how the old cross in the graveyard had been used for nailing up wolves' heads; for each of which the fortunate slayer had been duly paid after morning service. Indeed, he would fain have declared the church pre-Adamite, like the cave, if he could; but the deluge and other unforeseen circumstances came in his way.

Church, tower, cross, and mouldering monuments looked spectral enough for anything, in the misty, purply dawn, and nobody but the parson would have ventured to unlock the heavy door and enter at that ghostly hour. At no hour would the boldest of his people have climbed the tower staircase, as he did, in the dark, and fumbled about on its crumbling summit till he found some sort of hole, into which he crawled. He usually brought a lantern with him when he mounted to this his observatory, as he called it, but on the present occasion he had been oblivious of all but the refugees.

However, he got safely into a spacious room, lighted by a good-sized tower window, and stood in the centre, looking about him. "If hundreds of fugitives have taken refuge here, why not a woman and a babe?" he thought, as the rosy dawn looked in through the arched window, and lighted up a trestle-bed, a chair or two, and a table. "They will be safe

nowhere else till we get them beyond seas. The robbers are ubiquitous." He looked out of the window on a glorious prospect of mountain-tops now clearing from mists, and a sky all crimson, purple, and golden. "What could any one want more? It is summer, fortunately, and I can feed them. They shall lack nothing. Old Jonas, sexton, and Joshua, clerk, will say there is another ghost if they hear the infant."

All that day there was such a coming and going at the little parsonage that all that was thought of was how to conceal the poor little heir of Plás Werne. The countryside was all astir, and little work was done that day. The peasantry spoke with bated breath, and the parson had as much as he could do to listen. Everybody was in terror of his life, and no one was powerful enough to make head against the freebooters. Indeed, no one ever came across them. At Plás Werne, on the previous evening, there had been only women and children, for Ap Madoc was dead, and his widow and family lived there, with their servants; and where, it was asked, were the men? In league with the robbers, it was suggested, since only one grey-headed old butler was found among the murdered. The house had been rifled, and there was no one left to say how it had happened. Of all the crimes committed by the outlaws, this was the most glaring; and rich and poor were roused—for whose turn might it not be next? Swords and knives were sharpened, guns loaded, and a great show of valor made; but what did the robbers care? They were secure in their numbers and their cave, and defied law and authority.

Our parson was determined to outwit them. That night, lantern in hand, he carried bedding and clothes to the church, aided by Betto, and dragged it, piecemeal, to the tower. But he had an awful fright. As he was about to re-enter the parsonage, he saw a man not far off, watching him. He was ready-witted, and went up to him.

"There you are, Jonas," he said. "You promised to come and help me face the ghost, and now I have seen it all alone. Not Jonas, after all! Good-night, friend."

The watcher might have been the ghost, for he glided off among the mountains. Anyhow he did not know of the secret of the tower chamber, and the parson thought that the sooner he got his guests into it the better.

This was, indeed, no easy matter. Dinah Lewis declared she would rather be murdered a hundred times over than sleep

in that haunted tower, and Mr. Saunders was compelled to assure her that both she and the child would be murdered, if they remained where they were. How he got them into it, he never knew, but attributed it to a direct interposition of providence. First he helped Dinah up the tower stairs, more dead than alive, and shoved her through the aperture; then he passed in the infant, and finally entered himself. Ostensibly the sort of half-arched doorway was intended to admit light to the staircase, and was so low that only one person could pass through at a time, and that on hands and knees. As a place of refuge, those within would have been at a great advantage, and might have held their garrison against an army of invaders, thrusting them back down the steps up which they came, till the tower had been heaped with the slain. Tales were told that as many as three hundred fugitives had been together in that secretive apartment; there was, therefore, ample room for the trio who now occupied it.

"You are safe here, Mistress Dinah," said the parson, as he unveiled his lantern. "Be assured that ghosts don't like mounting such a flight of steps, and you and Master Ap Madoc will have it all to yourselves. I will wait upon you, and if you're afraid o' nights, I'll keep guard in yonder corner."

He had managed, during the day, to bring every article necessary for comfort and food up to the room, and knew that his visits would neither be observed nor interfered with.

"For God's sake, don't go, sir," supplicated Dinah; so he lay down on a rug in the distant corner, and was soon fast asleep. The nurse, reassured by his presence, also lay down on the trestle-bed; and, wearied as she was by the past day and night, followed his example, while the infant slumbered in her arms.

While they thus "slept the sleep of the just," there was high revelry in the robbers' cave some five miles off. The freebooters were feasting on the spoils of Plás Werne, and with them was Captain Ap Madoc, brother of the late lord of the mansion, and now its presumed owner. The country imagined him abroad, while he was in league with demons in human form at home. Wine flowed, and they toasted him as lord of the manor, and forgot their crimes in revelry and debauchery. Amongst them were men once reputed gentlemen, who, like himself, had "spent their substance in riotous living," but unlike him, were not about to become

masters of ancestral houses. They boasted of the terror they inspired, and recounted their exploits as if they had been doughty deeds of chivalry.

"I misdoubt David Saunders, of Llanwerne," said one. "He prowls about at night."

"Let's have his head," quoth guilty Ap Madoc, draining a glass lately full of his brother's wine.

"I saw him but yesterday, alone in the dark, between his house and the church," said the first speaker. "He is fearless, and would sell us all to the devil if he had the chance."

"Ha, ha! let's sell him first," laughed Ap Madoc.

The cave was enormous—one of nature's freaks when she heaped mountain on mountain in one of her convulsive throes, and left an arch in their midst. Like the tower, the entrance to it was narrow, though men could walk in and out erect. The inmates were numerous, and all were armed. They were fierce, ill-looking men, to whom robbery and murder were common as their daily bread. No wonder the peaceable inhabitants of the mountainous district, of which the cave seemed the formidable centre, both woke and slept in terror of their lives. To approach the cave, hidden and guarded as it was, was impossible; to eradicate the robbers seemed utterly impracticable. Any one who saw them in their cave, with their fierce, sullen, diabolical faces, would have endorsed this. But their last awful deed had surpassed its predecessors, and Ap Madoc trembled lest he should be implicated. He was in their power, and he felt that they would as soon murder him as not.

"Are you sure they are all gone?" he asked, somewhat uneasily.

"All! All! Another toast to the heir!" was the reply.

And so the robbers and their guest spent the night in revelry which the infant and his guardian passed in the tower chamber.

More than this, Ap Madoc took possession of Plás Werne, while the murderers continued their maraudings, and the lawful heir lay perdu, unconscious of his rights.

Meanwhile, the Reverend David Saunders plotted and planned. Nightly did he or Betto personate the ghost, while the one not so employed, mounted the tower stairs with food for the poor prisoners. Mistress Dinah languished, the babe throve, and nobody guessed what was

passing in the old church tower. But everybody wondered at the unusual activity of the parson. All day long he was absent from his parish, riding hither and thither, but none knew whither. He was away from early morn till nightfall, and Betto declared herself as lonesome as Dinah.

"I shall not be back to-night, Betto. You must be both porter and ghost," said his reverence, one morning early, as he mounted his horse. "Keep you the white garments on when you carry up the necessities, and you will be as safe as if you had a regiment of dragoons to guard you. Maybe you will before long."

"Are you thinking I'm made of iron, master?" asked Betto, trembling at the prospect before her.

"Do the right, and put your faith in God," returned his reverence, riding off.

It must be confessed that Betto, strong-minded as she certainly was, did not like being left alone at night. But she put a brave face upon it, wrapped her sheet carefully about her, and took a jug of hot milk and other food across to the church. The night was cloudy, the aisles looked gruesome, and the lantern she had suspended from her neck, threw but a sepulchral light on the scene. Still she mounted the tower steps, reached the narrow landing, and thrust her victuals through the wall.

"Come you in, for pity's sake. 'Tis terrible lonesome," said Dinah from within; and the child began to cry.

Truth to tell, Betto felt lonesome too, so she crept into the room. A weird, shadowy, strange place it seemed to her; for she had never ventured in before.

Mistress Dinah shrieked at the sight of her in her white garments; and it was some time before she could be convinced that she was not her very own ghost.

"I am myself, and not my ghost," she said, partially throwing off her concealing sheet.

While she remained in the tower there were singular goings on at the vicarage. The robbers had laid their plans for that particular night, and had come to have the Reverend David Saunders's life. A goodly number of them wound through the mountains stealthily, and surrounded his house. Some went in while others mounted guard. The door was unlocked, so there was no difficulty. They went from room to room, examined beds and cupboards, but found no one. "He must have had scent of it; he finds out everything; maybe he is hiding in the church," they said. The whis-

per went round, and the guard circled the church, instead of the vicarage. Their forms looked ghostly enough as they wandered round about, and the mountains looked down upon them, like giants upon pigmies. About half a dozen passed through the churchyard to the church. They found the door open, and went in. They were struck with a sort of awe at the dim pillars and arches, and were about to retreat, when they were paralyzed at sight of a ghost. It came from the belfry, glided down a side aisle, and passed through the open door. The ghost was Betto. No sooner was she in the churchyard than she saw figures on all sides.

"The robbers, as sure as I'm alive. I'll scare 'em for once," she thought to herself.

Accordingly, she moved slowly through the churchyard, keeping at a respectful distance from her enemies as she did so, and had the satisfaction of seeing them flee from her like a flock of sheep from a wolf. Emboldened by success, she glided through the open gate towards the house, and paused in the middle of the road.

"There's wise, master is!" she reflected. "He do know that there's no such thing as ghosts, but do make them of use all the same. There's cowards they are. Afraid of a white sheet, and murdering innocent children."

Shrewd Betto! They feared God in the unseen, but defied him in the seen. They took to their heels simultaneously, and left her mistress of the field. She was not, however, as bold as she seemed; and when she entered the house and found all there topsy-turvy she bethought her that Dinah and the infant were safer up aloft than she down below, and actually went back to the church, locked the door, and remounted those weary steps. The women finished the night together.

When the parson returned the following day, he commended Betto, and promised her that she should be rewarded in due time. "But for Providence I should have lost my head," he said; "and but for you my goods and chattels."

He was not quite easy about the said head, and, pending certain negotiations he was making, passed the nights with Mistress Dinah and the babe in the tower. Betto "went along for company," as she expressed it; and the number of the refugees was doubled.

All of a sudden the countryside became alive with excitement and astonishment. Down came the regiment of bold dragons

at which the parson hinted. It was to stir up magistrates and local magnates, to memorialize the queen and her Parliament, and to outwit the robbers, that he had been absent from his parish so much and so often; but nobody ever knew that he was in the secret of the advent of the military.

If Dinah shook in her shoes up in the tower chamber, what of the wicked Ap Madoc at Plas Werne? What of the freebooters? Perhaps the latter felt the most secure, for long success had emboldened them, and they feared neither God nor man. But the dragons were fierce and resolute as they, and being engaged in a righteous cause, were just as fearless. So was the Reverend David Saunders. He knew the country well, and pioneered the military in somewhat reckless fashion, seeing what depended on his safety of limb and life.

Wild and exciting were the scenes amongst the mountains, and the soldiers declared they were fighting against devils, not men, so miraculous were the appearances and disappearances of the marauders. Indeed they did not originate this idea, for the peasantry believed their lawless deeds to be done by Satanic agency. However, the red-coats harassed them by night and by day, and at last even made their way through rock, brushwood, and all sorts of obstacles, to their redoubted cave. "The prince of the powers of darkness must be in it!" ejaculated the parson, who was with them in some sort of military disguise; for the cave was empty. "We take possession in the queen's name," laughed the soldiers, and they were billeted there and round about that night, while his reverence returned to his cure.

And a wild night it proved, for back came the robbers in the dead of it, and those who entered first into their gigantic dwelling were received at the point of the bayonet. Many were massacred before the bulk of the horde knew what was passing. When they found out one of them cried, "Set fire to the cave," but the soldiers were prepared for this emergency. Those that lay in ambush burst out upon the robbers, and a deadly fight ensued. The robbers fought like demons, but when they found that their enemies had the best of it, they disappeared, leaving their dead behind them.

Disappeared? Where? Nobody knew, but every one cried, "The Devil is certainly in it."

The following day it was rumored that

Ap Madoc had also disappeared, and that Plás Werne was shut up.

When the parson recounted these events to Dinah, she was all for taking possession of the usurped domain.

"We shall die up here in the cold, and be eaten up by the rats," she said despondingly, for summer had fled, and the best part of autumn had followed her. Winter was striding on apace. From the tower windows nothing but browns and greys could be seen, for the purple heather was withered, and the snow had not yet fallen upon its stalks.

"Anyhow, we will risk it. The soldiers will protect us," said his reverence.

And a few nights after, Dinah and the babe came down from the tower, under cover of Betto's ghostly sheet. The parson kept watch while they slept, and no one disturbed the peace of the small dwelling. But there were fine doings at dawn the next morning. Between church and vicarage, there shone a grand display of gold and crimson, and the astonished mountains looked down on a troop of dragoons, while the mists hurried off in affright, as if expecting pursuit. The sun was not so timid, and burst from behind a mountain-top, as if resolved to see what was astir.

Out came the Reverend David Saunders, carrying the heir, who crowed with delight at the helmeted array, and stretched out his arms to the gallant colonel. He had learned to walk and even talk a little up in yonder tower, and seemed none the worse for his imprisonment.

The colonel took him in his arms, while the parson mounted his horse, ready at hand, and Betto helped Dinah up behind him.

"A fine child, indeed!" exclaimed the colonel, as Master Ap Madoc stroked his glittering uniform. "We'll see thee righted, my boy."

The parson and Dinah trotted off first down the mountain road; the dragoons followed. They passed the scattered cottages that comprised the small parish, and the women at their doors exclaimed at the sight,—

"Mistress Dinah, Plás Werne, and Parson Saunders!"

"And the heir, Madoc Ap Madoc!" supplemented the parson.

Dinah did not return by the way she had come, but by the highroad, along which the cavalcade trotted briskly. It was still early when they reached the Plás. They found the lodge deserted, and no one answered to their call for the keeper. Up

the long avenue of oaks they rode—a brilliant company. Plás Werne was shuttered and bolted like its lodge. But Dinah knew of a small side entrance that she thought might yield to slight force, and thither she rode with the parson. He dismounted and tried the door, which was on the latch. He went in boldly enough but soon retreated, and signalled to the soldiers.

"It is full of men; some asleep, some half awake," he said. "They did not see me, but I'll warrant they are all robbers."

In a few moments a cordon of soldiers was formed round the house, and the child and Dinah placed in the midst of a second cordon. Men and horses remained still as statues. Not a sound, save the twittering of the birds, disturbed the peace of the scene. Suddenly the juvenile Ap Madoc began to cry, and his cry was even more lusty than when he aroused the inmates of the vicarage. A shutter was partially unclosed, and a face partly visible.

"It is the captain," muttered the parson and Dinah simultaneously. "And I'm sure he saw the child and me."

The shutter reclosed instantaneously.

"If they attempt to escape it will be down the glen," whispered the Reverend David Saunders.

His words proved oracular, for in a few minutes a band of armed men poured through a side entrance, and rushed down the terraces that surrounded the house, towards the haunted glen.

"Down the back road and you will meet them at the Towers," said the parson, pointing.

A guard was told off to protect the child, and the colonel and the rest rode away.

The robbers, with the wicked Captain Ap Madoc in their midst, tore down the glen, pistol in one hand, sword in the other. When they reached the Towers, they shouted, and out poured more robbers secreted there. The cavalry were behind them, and the fugitives shot at them as they fled towards the shore. Down the glen, through the haunted field they ran like fiends, making for the noted Points. "They are open for us; they will close on the soldiers," shouted Ap Madoc.

But on the beach they were brought to bay. It was a fearful scene. Some were killed, some surrendered, others succeeded in reaching the Points. Among the latter was Ap Madoc. But the tide

was coming in rapidly, and those yawning jaws, that spared the infant heir, were greedy to devour the usurper. And they did not spare him or those who rushed to their destruction with him. The sea makes quick work of it when it chooses; and no sooner was Ap Madoc round one Point and making for the other, than they closed upon him, as the saying was, and the world was well rid of the murderer and his accomplices.

And so the robbers were rooted out, and the youngest born of the race of Ap Madoc came to his own again.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

THE ATTACK ON THE BRITISH LEGATION
IN JAPAN IN 1861.

IN October, 1860, Mr. de Norman, first secretary of legation in Japan, who was temporarily attached to Lord Elgin's second special embassy to China, was barbarously tortured and murdered at Pekin; and early in the following year I was sent out to succeed him. Sir Rutherford Alcock, who had been appointed minister to Japan under the treaty which we made with that country in 1858, when I was acting secretary to the special mission, had applied for two years' leave; and thus the prospect was opened to me of acting as *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo for that period. It was one which my former brief experience in that interesting and comparatively unknown country rendered extremely tempting; and early in June I reached Shanghai, on my way to Yokohama. I was extremely sorry to find that I had just missed Sir Rutherford, who had left Shanghai, only a fortnight before, for Nagasaki, from which town he intended to travel overland to Yedo—a most interesting journey of at least a month, through an entirely unknown country; an experience which, in view of my future residence in it, would have been valuable in many ways. There was nothing left for it but to go, on the first opportunity, by sea; and towards the end of the month I reached Yokohama, from which port I lost no time in pushing on to Yedo. Here I found the Legation established in a temple at the entrance to the city, in one of its principal suburbs, called Sinagawa. It was separated from the sea by a high-road, and on entering the large gateway, an avenue, about three hundred yards

long, led to a second gateway behind which stood the temple buildings. In the outside court were the servants' offices and stables, in which stood always, saddled and bridled, like those of the knights of Branksome Hall, the horses of our mounted Japanese body-guard, without whose escort no member of the Legation could at that time take a ride abroad. Besides these, there was a foot-guard, partly composed of soldiers of the tycoon, or temporal emperor, as he was then called, and partly by retainers of the daimios, or feudatory chiefs of the country—the whole amounting to one hundred and fifty men. These guards were placed here by the government for our protection, although some of us at the time thought that the precaution was altogether exaggerated and unnecessary, and that their constant presence was intended rather as a measure of surveillance over our movements. To what extent this latter motive operated it is impossible to conjecture, but the sequel showed that the apprehensions of the government for our safety were by no means unfounded. I had been accompanied from England by Mr. Reginald Russell, who had been appointed *attaché*, and it was with no little curiosity that we rode up the avenue to what was to be our future home.

Two or three members of the Legation were waiting to receive us, and showed us over the quaint construction which had been appropriated by the Japanese government to the use of the first foreign minister who had ever resided in their capital. Part of the building was still used for ecclesiastical purposes, and haunted by priests; but our quarters were roomy and comfortable, the interior economy being susceptible of modification in the number, size, and arrangement of the rooms, by the simple expedient of moving the partition walls, which consisted of paper screens running in grooves. The ease with which these could be burst through, as it afterwards proved, afforded equal facilities of escape and attack. One felt rather as if one was living in a band-box; and there was an air of flimsiness about the whole construction by no means calculated to inspire a sense of security in a capital of over two millions of people, a large proportion of whom we were given to understand were thirsting for our lives. Fortunately for our peace of mind, we did not realize this at the time, and were taken up rather by the quaintness and novelty of our new abode, and the picturesqueness of its surroundings. We congratulated

lated ourselves upon the charming garden and grounds, comprising probably two or three acres, abundantly furnished with magnificent, wide-spreading trees, and innumerable shrubs and plants which were new to us; while small ponds and tiny islands contributed a feature which is generally to be found in the landscape gardening in which the Japanese are so proficient. Sir Rutherford Alcock was not expected to arrive for a week, and I occupied the time in establishing myself in my new quarters, and in exploring the neighborhood on horseback.

On these occasions we were always accompanied by an escort of twenty or thirty horsemen, or *yacoinins*, as they are called, mounted on wiry ponies shod with straw shoes, and with a marked tendency to being vicious and unmanageable. These exploratory rides were a great source of delight and interest to me, for although I had been in the country before, my visit had only lasted a fortnight; and my time had been exclusively devoted to official work, and the examination of the city of Yedo itself, so that I had seen nothing whatever of the surrounding country. Now we scampered across it, to the great consternation of our escort, who found great difficulty in keeping up with us — so much so, that upon more than one occasion only two or three of the original number succeeded in reaching home with us. I had determined, moreover, upon making an entomological collection for the British Museum, and set the juvenile part of the population of the villages through which I passed to collecting insects, in the hope that on subsequent visits I might find something worth having. I was successful in almost my first ride in finding a common-looking but very rare beetle; and in this pursuit my English servant — who had spent his youth in the house of a naturalist and ornithologist, and was skilled in the use of the blow-pipe, and in the cleaning and stuffing of birds — took an eager interest.

After I had been at Yedo about a week, we received news of the approach of Sir Rutherford Alcock and his party, and rode out ten miles to meet them. We were delighted to see them arrive safe and sound after a land journey of thirty-two days, as we had not been without anxiety on their behalf — for Japan at that period was a region in which sinister rumors were rife, and we never knew how much or how little to believe of them; but now the great experiment of traversing the country for the first time by Eu-

ropeans had been safely and successfully accomplished, and perhaps contributed to lull us into a security, the fallacy of which was destined so shortly to be proved to us.

On the night of the 5th of July a comet was visible, a circumstance to which some of us possibly owed our lives, for we sat up till an unusually late hour looking at it. As one of the party was gifted with a good voice and an extensive repertory of songs, and the evening was warm and still, we protracted our vigil in the open air until past midnight. At our midday halt on my ride from Yokohama to Yedo, I had acquired the affections of a stray dog, by feeding him with our luncheon-scrap; and this animal had permanently attached himself to me, and was lying across the threshold of the door of my room when I went to bed. I had scarcely blown out my candle and settled myself to a grateful repose, when this dog broke into a sudden and furious barking, and at the same moment I heard the sounds of a watchman's rattle. We had two of these functionaries, whose business it was to perambulate the garden alternately throughout the night, and to show that they were on the alert by springing from time to time a rattle made of bamboo which they carried. Roused by these noises, I listened attentively, and distinctly heard the sounds of what seemed a scuffle at the front door. My room was on the other side of the house, and opened on to the garden, from which quarter it was entirely unprotected. It was connected with the front of the house by a narrow passage, the walls of which, if I remember right, were of lath and plaster, or at all events of some firmer material than the usual paper screens. Thinking that the disturbance was probably caused by some quarrel among the servants, I jumped out of bed, intending to arm myself with my revolver, which was lying in its case on the table. Unfortunately my servant had that day been cleaning it, and after replacing it and locking the case, had put the key where I could not lay my hand upon it. A box which contained a sword and a coat of mail, which had been laughingly presented to me before leaving England by an anxious friend, had not been opened; so, although well supplied with means both of offence and defence, I was forced in the hurry of the moment to content myself with a hunting-crop, the handle of which was so heavily weighted, that I considered it a sufficiently formidable weapon with which to meet anybody belonging to our own household that I was likely to encounter. Meantime the

dog continued to bark violently, and to exhibit unmistakable signs of alarm. Stepping past him, I proceeded along the passage leading to the front of the house, which was only dimly lighted by an oil-lamp that was standing in the dining-room; the first room on my left was that occupied by Russell, whom I hurriedly roused, and then hearing the noise increasing, rushed out towards it. I had scarcely taken two steps, when I dimly perceived the advancing figure of a Japanese, with uplifted arms and sword; and now commenced a struggle of which it is difficult to render an account. I remember feeling most unaccountably hampered in my efforts to bring the heavy butt-end of my hunting-whip to bear upon him, and to be aware that he was aiming blow after blow at me, and no less unaccountably missing me, and feeling ready to cry with vexation at being without my revolver, and being aware that it was a life-and-death struggle, which would only end one way, when suddenly I was blinded by the flash of a shot, and my left arm, which I was instinctively holding up to shield my head, dropped disabled. I naturally thought I had been shot, but it turned out that this shot saved my life. Among those who had accompanied Sir Rutherford Alcock from Nagasaki was Mr. Morrison, then consul of that port. His servant seems to have encountered one of our assailants, masked and in chain-armor, in his first rush into the building, about which he fortunately did not know his way, and the servant, escaping from him, succeeded in safely reaching his master's room, and in arousing him. Seizing his revolver, Morrison sallied forth, and, attracted by the noise of my struggle, approached from behind me, and placing his revolver over my shoulder, shot my antagonist at the very moment that he had inflicted a severe cut with his long two-handed sword on my left arm, a little above the wrist. A moment after, Morrison received a cut over the forehead and across the eyebrow from another Japanese, at whom he emptied the second barrel of his pistol. An instant lull succeeded these shots. It was too dark to see what their effect had been, but the narrow passage was no longer blocked by the forms of our assailants. My impression is that one was on the ground. We were both bleeding so profusely, and felt so disabled, that there was nothing left for us but to retreat, and this we instinctively did to the room which contained the light. This was placed in a part of the dining-room which had been screened off so as to

make an office for Sir Rutherford Alcock, with whose bedroom it communicated. The screen reached about three-fourths across the dining-room. In this office we found Sir Rutherford, who had just been roused, and were joined in the next minute or two by three other members of the Legation, Mr. Russell, and my servant B., all hurriedly escaping from a noise and confusion which increased in intensity every moment. B., on the first alarm, had begun to load his double-barrelled gun, and had finished with the exception of putting on the caps—this was before the days of breech-loaders—when two Japanese jumped in at his window. Fortunately, spread out before it on a table were two open insect-cases, with the spoils of the week impaled on pins. On these the assailants jumped with their bare feet, and upsetting the table, came sprawling into the room, thus giving B., who had lost the caps in the start he received, time to spring through the paper wall of his room, like a harlequin, and reach us in safety. At this juncture the position of affairs was not reassuring. We numbered eight behind the screen, of whom two were *hors de combat*. Our available means of defence consisted of three revolvers and a double-barrelled gun. Of the European inmates of the Legation three were missing; one of these was Mr. Wirgman, the artist of the *Illustrated London News*, who had accompanied Sir Rutherford in his journey from Nagasaki; and of the two others, one lived in a cottage somewhat detached from the temple. Meantime Sir Rutherford, who fortunately possessed some surgical skill, was engaged in binding up my arm. The gash was to the bone, cutting through three of the extensor tendons, so that to this day I am unable to hold erect three fingers of my left hand. I should undoubtedly have bled to death had it not been for the efficient measures thus kindly and promptly adopted to stop the hæmorrhage. As it was, I was becoming very faint from loss of blood, as I now discovered that I had also received another and very serious wound over the right collar-bone, and unpleasantly near the jugular vein, of which, in the excitement of the struggle, I had been totally unconscious. Also a very slight tip from the sword high up on the right arm, the mark of which, however, is still visible; and a blow which I did not discover till next day, which broke several of the metacarpal bones of the left hand. I never could imagine how or when I received this blow; but it was an evidence that we must have been at

one moment of the struggle at very close quarters. Meantime the noise of cutting and slashing resounded through the house; and while it drew nearer every moment, we were at a loss to conceive who our assailants could be, and why the guard had not come to our rescue—unless, indeed, they were in the plot to murder us. At last we heard all the glass crash on the sideboard in the dining-room, and we knew that our moment had come. My companions had made up their minds to sell their lives dearly; and every man who was fortunate enough to possess one, was standing with his finger on the trigger of his revolver, while this time the caps were safely on B.'s double-barrelled gun. I suggested to one of the party—I forget which now—that they would have a chance for their lives by escaping into the garden and hiding among the bushes, which they could easily have done; but the answer was that they could not take me with them, and they had determined not to desert me, but to stand or fall together—for which I felt at the time intensely grateful, and do still, though I had at that moment given up all hope of escape. I was overcome by a feeling of faintness which made me regard the prospect of immediate death with complete indifference, until B., while he was giving me some water to drink, murmured in my ear, "Do you think they will torture us, sir, before they kill us?" This horrible suggestion brought out a cold perspiration; and I trust I may never again experience the sensation of dread with which it inspired me, and which I was too weak to fight against. It did not last long, however, for almost at the same moment there was an immense increase of noise, and the clashing of swords, intermingled with sharp cries and ejaculations, resounded from the other side of the screen, and our curiosity and hope were excited in the highest degree, for we thought it indicated a possible rescue. In a few moments it subsided, and all was still; and Sir Ruth-erford, followed by Mr. Lowder, went cautiously out on a reconnoitring expedition, to find the dining-room looking like a shambles, and to discover some Japanese retreating down the passage, at whom Mr. Lowder fired a shot from his revolver. Shortly after they returned, Mr. Macdonald, one of the gentlemen whose room was situated out of the line of attack, appeared disguised in a Japanese dress, accompanied by some of the guard, excited and blood-bespattered, and we knew that we were saved by them, though not a

second too soon. Had our assailants not been attacked in rear by the guard at the moment they were in the dining-room, they must inevitably in a few seconds more have discovered us behind the screen, and this account of that eventful night's proceedings would never have been written. We were now informed that some of our assailants had been killed, that the guard were searching for others in the grounds, and that reinforcements had been sent for. These appeared soon after; and I have never seen a more dramatic and picturesque sight than these men, all clad in chain-armor, with their steel headpieces, long two-handed swords, and Japanese lanterns, filing through the house, and out into the starlight. It was like a scene from the "Huguenots," and as I watched them from the armchair in which I was still lying, swathed and bandaged, was one of the most vivid impressions produced upon my mind on that night of lively sensations.

About this time Mr. Wirgman, the artist of the *Illustrated London News*, turned up, coated with a thick breastplate of mud. He had taken refuge under the house, which was raised about eighteen inches from the ground, and crawling in on his stomach, had remained in profound but somewhat dirty security under the flooring. With the true spirit of his calling, he immediately set about portraying the most striking features of the episode, for the benefit of the British public. Mr. Gower, another gentleman who lived in a little cottage apart, also appeared safe and sound, having been throughout removed from the scene of the strife.

It was about three o'clock in the morning that I determined to struggle back to bed; and even then the soldiers were hunting about the garden for concealed members of the gang that had attacked us, prodding the bushes with their swords, and searching into hidden recesses. As, supported by friendly arms, I tottered round the screen into the dining-room, a ghastly sight met my gaze. Under the sideboard, completely severed from the body, was a man's head. The body was lying in the middle of the room. I had in the first instance rushed out of my bedroom barefooted, and in my nightdress. I now found myself stepping about in blood,—for butchers' work had been done here,—and feeling something like an oyster under my bare foot, I perceived it was a human eye. One of the bodies was terribly disfigured; the whole of the front part of the head had been sliced off as though with an adze,

leaving only the back of the brain visible. Early in the morning I was roused from a troubled doze by six or eight solemn-looking elderly Japanese, who announced that they were the imperial physicians come to inquire after my health. I positively refused to allow them to remove the bandages and examine the wounds; so they contented themselves with looking very wise, examining my tongue, and placing their ears over my heart. As the day advanced, and I recovered somewhat from the excitement and the exhaustion, I was surprised at finding that I suffered so little pain, and felt so well, considering the amount of blood that I had lost. So I scrambled out to look at the scene of the conflict—for it was difficult under the circumstances to remain quietly in bed. I naturally first visited the spot where I had met my Japanese opponent, and discovered that the reason we had so much difficulty in getting at each other was owing to a small beam, or rather rafter, which spanned the narrow passage, about seven feet from the ground. Its edge was as full of deep sword-cuts as a crimped herring, any one of which would have been sufficient to split open my skull, which he must have thought unusually hard. I evidently owed my life to the fact that I had remained stationary under this beam, which had acted as a permanent and most effective guard—the cuts I received being merely the tips from the sword as it glanced off. There was a plentiful bespattering of blood on the wall at the side, in which was also indented the shape of the handle of my hunting-whip. The blow must have been given with considerable force to make it; but I feel convinced that under such circumstances one is for the moment endowed with an altogether exceptional strength. I now pursued my investigations into some of the other rooms, which all bore marks of the ferocious nature of the attack. The assailants appear to have slashed about recklessly in the dark, in the hope of striking a victim. Some of the mattresses were prodded through and through; one bed-post was completely severed by a single sword-cut; and a Bible lying on a table was cut three-quarters through. We were now in a position to add up the list of killed and wounded, and estimate results generally, while we also had to calculate how they might affect our own future position and policy.

Although one of our assailants, a stalwart young fellow with a somewhat hang-dog countenance, was taken prisoner and

afterwards executed, we had some difficulty in making out at the time of whom the gang was actually composed. That they were lonins there was no doubt. Lonins are an outlaw class, the retainers or clansmen of daimios who, having committed some offence, have left the service of their prince, and, banding themselves together, form a society of desperadoes, who are employed often by their old chiefs, to whom they continue to owe a certain allegiance, for any daring enterprise, by which, if it fails, he is not compromised, while if they succeed in it, they have a chance of regaining their position. The question was, to which particular daimio these lonins belonged; and upon this point our guard was singularly reticent. Nor was any light thrown upon the matter by the following document, which was found on the body of one of the gang who was killed, and which ran as follows:—

"I, though I am a person of low standing, have not patience to stand by and see the sacred empire defiled by foreigners. This time I have determined in my heart to undertake to follow out my master's will. Though, being altogether humble myself, I cannot make the might of the country to shine on foreign nations, yet with a little faith, and a little warrior's power, I wish in my heart separately, though I am a person of low degree, to bestow upon my country one out of a great many benefits. If this thing from time to time may cause the foreigners to retire, and partly tranquillize the minds of the mikado and the government, I shall take to myself the highest praise. Regardless of my own life, I am determined to set out." Here follow fourteen signatures.

This document, while it showed that the motive which suggested the attack was the hope that it might frighten us out of the country, also proved that the number who had been engaged in it, on this occasion, was fourteen. Some years afterwards I met several Japanese in London, and had some opportunities of being of service to them. I happened one day to mention to one of them that I had been in the British Legation on the night of this attack. "You don't say so," he replied. "How glad I am that you escaped safely! for I, to whom you have shown so much kindness, planned the whole affair, and was in Sina-gawa, just outside the gates, all that night, though, not being a lonin myself, I did not take an active part in it." He then told me that the lonins belonged to Prince Mito, upon whom, from his known

hostility to foreigners, our suspicion had rested from the first; and as a reminiscence of the event, in addition to the one I already carried on my arm, he presented me with his photograph. We now heard that three of the Ionins, to avoid being captured alive, had committed suicide by ripping themselves up, an example which was followed by two more a day or two afterwards, making the total list of killed and wounded twenty-eight, which was composed as follows:—

DEFENDERS.

Killed.

- 1 Tycoon's guard.
- 1 Porter.
- 1 Groom.

Severely wounded.

- 1 Secretary of Legation.
- 1 Tycoon's guard.
- 1 Daimio's guard.
- 1 Porter.
- 2 Servants of the Legation.

Slightly wounded.

- 1 Consul.
- 7 Tycoon's guard.
- 2 Daimio's guard.
- 1 Priest of the temple.

ASSAILANTS.

Killed.

- 2 on the spot.
- 3 tracked next day, committed suicide.
- 2 tracked later, committed suicide.
- 1 captured, wounded, and executed.

Killed,	.	.	.	.	11
Wounded,	.	.	.	.	17
Total,	.	.	.	.	28

We heard afterwards that the six Ionins still unaccounted for were caught and executed at intervals later, but had no means of verifying the statement; but whether it was true or not, the whole forms a record of a tolerably bloody night's work. We were strongly recommended by the government to place three of the heads of the Ionins over our gateway as a terror to evil-doers, but I cannot remember whether this advice was followed or not. We were now able to gather from our servants many incidents of the attack. It seems that our assailants first knocked at the outside gate, but being refused admittance, scaled the fence and killed the porter. In passing up the avenue in front of the stables, they came across a groom, whom they also killed. They then slew a dog, and severely wounded the cook, who seems to have heard a noise and gone out to see the cause of it. In like manner

they captured a watchman, whom they tried to persuade to show them the way; but he managed to escape, receiving, as he did so, two severe cuts on the back; however, he ultimately succeeded in concealing himself in a lotos-pond. This man's back presented the most ghastly appearance, and I did not think he could have lived. The Japanese have a treatment of their own for sword-cuts, derived from much experience in them. Instead of bringing the edges of the skin as closely together as possible, they plug the wound with chewed paper, — a method which, if it is efficacious, leaves the most hideous marks of the gash. The band now seems to have scattered, and to have broken into the temple in parties of three or four, coming across an unfortunate priest as they did so, who, however, was not very severely wounded; and then in the darkness they dashed into all the rooms, slashing recklessly about them, and plunging their swords through the mattresses in the hope of transfixing a sleeper. There can be little doubt that they would have succeeded in their purpose, had it not been for the lateness of the hour at which most of us had retired to rest.

Before daybreak Sir Rutherford Alcock had despatched an express messenger to Captain Craigie of H.M.S. Ringdove, then lying at Yokohama, twenty miles distant, describing the position of matters, and urgently requesting him to come at once to our assistance. Meantime the native guards had been increased to five hundred men. At one o'clock in the afternoon we were cheered by the sight of twenty blue-jackets, led by their officers, tramping up the avenue, their faces beaming with the anticipation of a possible fight in store. Their arrival inspired a confidence which our previously defenceless condition probably exaggerated; for what could so few even well-armed men do against the hostile population by whom we were surrounded, had they chosen to renew the attack, which we considered highly probable? They were accompanied by Monsieur Duchesne de Bellecour, the French minister, who, on learning of our adventure, instantly put himself on board the Ringdove, bringing with him a party of French sailors, *pour partager les dangers*, as he chivalrously remarked. Our most welcome reinforcement instantly set to work improving our means of defence. The palisades all round were looked to and strengthened, and every conceivable measure of precaution taken, to prepare for another attack during the night, which

seemed highly possible, — for we thought that the escaped Ionins might spend the day in recruiting their numbers, and assault us in much stronger force. We heard from various sources that the city was in the highest state of excitement, and we felt, therefore, that we had only as yet, perhaps, been actors in the first scene of a drama, the *dénouement* of which it was impossible to foresee. At the same time we quite felt that the decision at which our minister had arrived was the right one, and that we must hold our position at all hazards, as it would never do to allow either the Japanese government or people to suppose that we could be frightened by isolated acts of violence into abandoning rights which had been solemnly assured to us by treaty. With the exception of the American, there was no other foreign Legation in Yedo at the time, and it had so far escaped molestation. In anticipation of a lively night, an elaborate system of sentries was organized upon a somewhat composite basis. At both the gates, and at various points in the grounds, was a mixed guard of Japanese and English or French, while at every bedroom door a Japanese and a blue-jacket kept watch together. I don't think anybody slept much that night; and whenever I did fall into a doze, it was only to wake with a start from a dream in which I was being attacked. The bamboo rattle of the Japanese watchmen, associated as it was with my first alarm, produced a painful impression upon my weakened nervous system; and it was a relief to gaze at my two sentries stolidly facing each other from opposite sides of the doorway, both armed to the teeth according to the fashion of their respective civilizations, unable to interchange an intelligible word, but each, no doubt, entertaining some curious speculations in regard to the other.

All through that first night I fancied I heard the angry murmur of the dense population by which we were surrounded, who seemed to me as sleepless as ourselves; but this may only have been the effect of a fevered imagination. The night passed off without an alarm, but it was only the first of a series in which this unpleasant state of tension was in no degree relaxed. Nor did the days bring much relief. Sinister and unpleasant rumors were constantly reaching us through sources of information which, it is true, were not to be much relied upon, for they were Japanese, though in some cases more or less secret. It was not safe for a for-

eigner to show himself outside the gates, so that we felt more or less beleaguered, while official visits were paid and communications were being kept up between the minister and the Japanese government. Nobody thought of laying aside his revolver for a moment; and whether he was eating his meals or copying a despatch, it was always placed on the table beside him.

Under these circumstances I was only an encumbrance, for I was unable to use either arm, and my wounds needed more serious attention than it was possible to give them on shore. After the first two days, therefore, I was put on board the Ringdove, under the care of the assistant surgeon. Captain Craigie, who was living on shore, most kindly placed his cabin at my disposal; and here I entered upon a series of experiences which, in their way, were the most disagreeable which it has ever been my lot to encounter.

After the wound on my right shoulder was sewn up, my right arm was bandaged to my side, so as not to open the sutures; my left arm was also firmly bandaged, so that I was deprived of the use of both, and had to be fed by my servant. Then, from loss or poverty of blood, I became covered with boils, which of course were worse just under the bandages. In addition to this, ophthalmia broke out among the crew, and I got it in both eyes. The thermometer was standing at 95°. I was as red as a lobster from prickly heat, which produced an incessant irritation, and the cabin buzzed with mosquitoes like a beehive. A bandage over both eyes kept me in total darkness; and it was as difficult to lie on my back on account of the boils, as on either side because of my arms. The monotony of this existence was only relieved by having myself constantly scratched; by indicating the localities of mosquitoes I wished killed; by having nitrate of silver poured into both eyes, which felt very much as if they were being extracted with corkscrews; by having my wounds cleaned, plastered, and attended to; by being fed, and smoking. It is for such emergencies that a beneficent Providence has especially provided tobacco.

As every available man was on shore, there was nobody to talk to except the assistant surgeon and the second master. It was just when I was suffering the most acutely from this accumulation of miseries that we had another serious night alarm. I was vainly trying to find the best position to doze in when I heard a great scrimmage on deck, and some sharp words

of command given in an excited tone. Rousing B., who was sleeping near me, I told him to hurry on deck and see what was the matter. In a moment he came back in the highest state of excitement, with the pleasing intelligence that an armed Japanese junk was bearing down to board us, and that everybody was on deck with pikes and other weapons of defence. As all the combatant part of the crew had been landed for the defence of the Legation, leaving only the engineers, stokers, cook, steward, and one or two others on board — the Ringdove was only a gunboat — this information was not reassuring. It seemed that sooner or later I was destined to meet the fate of a rat in a trap. Listening anxiously, I heard the shouting increasing, evidently now proceeding chiefly from Japanese throats, and then felt a great bump. Apparently the climax had arrived, and I sent B. up again to assist in repelling the boarders. In two or three minutes the noise ceased, and he reappeared, accompanied this time by the doctor, who told me that the junk had sheered off. Whether the collision had been with hostile intent and those on board had changed their minds on finding us prepared for them, and abandoned the idea of attempting to take us, or whether it was simply the result of clumsy navigation, remained a mystery, which the darkness of the night and the suddenness of the whole episode, rendered it impossible to solve.

If my various tortures were severe while they lasted, the length of their duration was fortunately short. Owing to the fact that they were unaccompanied by any fever, and that I could eat well, I speedily began to regain strength, and in less than a week was able to go on deck. Here I began to revel in a delightful feeling of security, which had become quite a novel sensation; the ophthalmia was cured, and I could indulge in the full enjoyment of the novel aquatic life by which I was surrounded, — in watching the quaint-shaped junks passing to and fro, and the no less quaint-looking fishermen plying their vocation after their peculiar and original methods, in their no less peculiar and original costume, which often consisted of absolutely nothing except a bandage over their noses, the reason for which I never discovered. Their chief occupation seemed to be to prod the muddy bottom of the bay with long tridents for eels. Then there was historic Fusi-yama, with its beautiful conical summit towering over all, and the city of Yedo, with its

extensive suburbs straggling for miles all round the margin of the bay.

A few days later I was glad to find myself able to obey a summons from Sir Rutherford Alcock to come on shore in order to be present at a conference with some of the chief ministers of State on the subject of the recent attack. It was a blazing hot day, and when I reached the shore, exactly opposite the gate of the Legation, I found the intervening street occupied by the procession of an important daimio. On the occasion of the progress of one of these great feudal princes, they used to be followed by a small army of *samurai*, or clansmen, numbering sometimes as many as a thousand, all two-sworded swashbucklers, all ready to fight on the smallest provocation to uphold the dignity of their chief, and exceedingly sensitive on the point of honor. The natives, on meeting a procession of this kind, were expected either to move away from the road altogether, or humbly to prostrate themselves while it passed. Under no circumstances was anybody allowed to cross it. This was an insult which it was considered should be wiped out by the death of the rash man who should offer it. Since the great revolution which practically extinguished the daimios, and which was one of the results of intercourse with foreign nations, I believe these dangerous processions have been abolished. At the time I had no idea of the extreme tenacity of the Japanese on this point of etiquette, or of the risk I should run if I attempted to cross the procession. I stood for some time watching the line, which seemed interminable, the men marching slowly in pairs. At last the heat of the midday sun became so overpowering that I feared I should faint. The gate of the Legation, only a dozen yards off, stood invitingly ajar, and, perceiving a wider gap in the line than usual, I made a dash through it. The *samurai* were so much taken by surprise, that before they could draw their swords I was past them, but not before I had time to perceive their murderous intent, and to slam the gate in the faces of two or three that rushed after me. After our conference with the ministers was over, I was informed by Sir Rutherford that he had written to Sir James Hope, then admiral on the station, requesting his presence, and that nothing could be finally decided upon until after a consultation with him, but that he had determined to abandon his intention of going home on leave, and would remain at his post until he received

instructions from home; that he had further decided on sending me back to England to furnish any information which might be required in addition to the full narrative of events contained in his despatch, and also to be the bearer of a personal letter from the tycoon to the queen, apologizing for the occurrence. The question of indemnity, and the nature of the satisfaction to be required, were matters also to be discussed; while the trip was one by which, under the circumstances, my health could not fail to derive benefit. During the month which now elapsed before the admiral arrived, the only event of importance which occurred was the news that two ministers of State who had been to see the tycoon were attacked by *lonins*: they were, however, bravely defended by their retainers, and, after a severe struggle, the *lonins* were completely defeated, many being made prisoners. I now began to perceive how necessary it was, as a measure of self-protection, for daimios always to be attended by a large escort.

At last, about the middle of August, Admiral Hope arrived, accompanied by Sir Hercules Robinson, then governor of Hong-Kong, and it was determined that we should lose no time in paying an official visit in grand state to the Japanese minister for foreign affairs. This involved passing through the most crowded and disaffected quarters of the town, for a distance of about two miles. I scarcely knew whether I was sufficiently recovered to make this effort on horseback, but the alternative was to be cooped up in a *norimon*, — a sort of palanquin, which, however, had the disadvantage of being square, and not oblong, like the latter, and thus obliged me to maintain a squatting position during the whole time. As I considered that the chances were rather in favor of our being attacked than otherwise, I preferred riding, although I had to be led, as I was unable to hold the reins. Still, with a sharp pair of spurs, I had always the chance that my steed, in a wild and headlong flight of his own, would carry me out of the *mêlée*.

The party consisted of the minister, the admiral, Sir Hercules Robinson, several naval officers, members of the Legation, and myself, escorted between two lines of marines and blue-jackets, who certainly looked as if they were prepared to give a good account of any *lonins* who might be rash enough to attack us. The streets through which we passed were densely crowded with scowling multitudes,

amongst whom the two-sworded gentry, whom we knew entertained towards us feelings of special animosity, were very numerous. Our progress was necessarily slow, so that it was an hour before we arrived at the building where the two ministers for foreign affairs were waiting to receive us. We found them attended by many other officials, for it was the custom in Japan never to allow these audiences to assume a private character; and many of those who were present exercised the functions of *metsuke* — in other words, of government spies or reporters.

After the first formal compliments had taken place, in accordance with preconcerted arrangement all the English officers and gentlemen who had accompanied us withdrew, leaving only the minister, the admiral, and myself, and the interpreters. This was a signal for all the Japanese, except the two ministers, to retire — an unprecedented event, so far, in the annals of Japanese diplomacy; but it was to be accounted for by the fact that the ministers had a confidential communication to make to us affecting another European power which could not otherwise have been kept quiet; it was therefore in their own interest to break through their ordinary course of procedure.

After discussing this question, Sir Ruthven Alcock informed them that I was to be the bearer to England of the imperial mission to the queen, and we talked over the possible chances of another attack, and the inconveniences which seemed to attend an official residence in the capital of Japan. The first minister, Ando Tsusimano Kami, remarked, in the course of this conversation, that peril to life was an incident inseparable from high office in his country, and that everybody who filled it, whether foreign or Japanese, must, as a matter of course, run the risk of being murdered. I thought then that this was a mere complimentary way of reconciling us to what was intended to be sooner or later the invariable fate of foreign officials in Japan. But a very short time afterwards poor Ando Tsusimano Kami proved, in his own person, the unjustness of my suspicions; for he was attacked by a band of eight *lonins*, dragged from his *norimon*, and so severely wounded that for some time his life was despaired of. So far as I was personally concerned, the most important result of this interview was the decision which was arrived at — that before going to England I should proceed in H. M. S. Ringdove to the island of Tsusima, situated in the straits of the

Corea, accompanied by Admiral Hope in his flag-ship, to investigate the truth of the report which we had received of the Russians having made a permanent settlement in that island, contrary to treaty, and to take measures accordingly. A few days afterwards I sailed from Yedo on this interesting mission.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.
THE WELLESLEYS IN INDIA.

LORD WELLESLEY landed at Calcutta in 1798. He found an empty exchequer, a disorganized army, and that general feeling of despondency amongst its inhabitants which is often both cause and effect of disaster. He left England stunned with the loss of her American colonies, fearing that the calamities of the Western hemisphere might meet with a counterpart in that of the East. He was confronted in India with danger, distrust, and disaffection, and dread of impending evil pervaded society; rumors which science in these days concentrates into a focus spread their baneful influence throughout the land, increasing the terrors of the alarmist, adding to the perplexities of the thoughtful. That Lord Wellesley did not underestimate the difficulties of his position, we gather from his letter to the directors.

Under these circumstances, the situation of the British Empire is extremely critical, but by no means despairing, for in the very difficulties of our present condition are to be found the means not only of averting present danger, but of providing permanent security against the return of a similar crisis.

He overlooked one difficulty, the persistent opposition to his policy on the part of the Board of Directors, who gauged the success of his administration by the rise and fall of India Stock. He probably alone amongst those who surrounded him saw daylight in the distance; the object he aimed at was the annihilation of French power, and the restoration of our influence at the courts of the Indian States. Unlike a minister in England who steps into an office with the red tape cut and dried for him, Lord Wellesley had no one to advise him, nobody on whose judgment he could rely.

The crisis was sufficiently appalling to test the talents even of a Wellesley. First in point of importance and national resources was Tippoo Saib, his capital Seringapatam the centre from which emanated plots and seditions. Having En-

gland with a feeling as intense as was Hannibal's towards Rome, anxious to recover the territory wrested from his father Hyder Ali by Lord Cornwallis, cajoled by promises of support held out to him by Bonaparte, trusting, not without reason, on the assistance of French troops to give additional security to the defence of his capital, he still endeavored to gain time by procrastination for the maturity of his plans, as well as for the advent of the rainy season, an auxiliary more useful to him than even an armed ally. But Lord Wellesley was not to be deceived by him.

An ill-timed proclamation from the Mauritius revealed to the world what the governor-general knew well enough, that Tippoo's protestations of amity were false, and that he was only trusting to delay for the development of his policy. Papers of a most compromising character were discovered on the capture of his stronghold, even from some of our so-called allies, proving that the ramifications of the conspiracy had taken a wide range, and only awaited some signal victory over our forces to convert defeat into disaster.

On the coast of Malabar there were a number of petty rajahs, as units contemptible, but in the aggregate mischievous, who required the presence of an armed force to overawe them and prevent their cohesion. There was our ancient ally the nizam, unable to fulfil the stipulations of former treaties with us. Since his defeat at Kuddlah in 1794, he became practically subservient to the Mahrattas, whilst the French trained and officered force of fourteen thousand men occupying his capital held him as it were in a vice; he could neither appoint his own officers, nor exercise authority in his own dominions. Whatever may have been his secret wishes, he was powerless and could render us no assistance. In the Carnatic, the nabob was our pensioner, unable to take care of himself without the protection of England.

Carrying our eyes down the map of India towards the west, we come to Malabar, the kingdom of Poonah. The administration of the country was virtually centred in a hereditary prime minister, the peishwah, who found great difficulty in resisting the rapacity of whatever Mahratta chief happened to be in the ascendant. It was now Scindiah's turn to be the dominant power; the peishwah dreaded him, feared the insubordination of his own soldiers, and hated the English for interfering in the affairs of his kingdom.

The whole of Oude was disaffected, demoralized by an expected invasion of its territories from Cabul and the Punjab under Zemaun Shah. Lork Teignmouth's policy had caused a revolution which did not improve the aspect of affairs, and necessitated the presence of an armed force under Sir John Craig. Then there was the great Mahratta confederacy, now united in the person of Scindiah, extending from the Ganges to the Tomboodra, from which we had formerly received aid in our war with Hyder Ali, now ranged amongst the number of our opponents. We had, then, no assistance to expect from the nabob of the Carnatic, the nizam at Hyderabad, the rulers at Poonah, or the Mahratta confederacy.

Such was the continent of India; its atmosphere cloudy enough, the horizon was no brighter. The shah of Persia was courting the favor of both France and Russia by threatening an invasion on the side of Afghanistan. Russia, with her hereditary policy, was watching her opportunity of pouncing upon the expected dismemberment of our Indian Empire. Towards the west, Egypt was bristling with French bayonets.

It is a curious fact, as illustrative of the genius of the very able men who at that time directed the councils of France, that they selected the Isthmus of Suez as the most vulnerable point of attack upon India; and there can be little doubt that they would have favored the romantic enterprise of Bonaparte in attacking our Eastern dominions, and thus removing to a convenient distance a colleague who soon after proved himself powerful enough to supplant them. Lord Wellesley checked their plans, by directing a flotilla, under Admiral Watson, to watch the coast of Egypt; and the triumph of our arms in that quarter, following upon Lord Nelson's victory at the Nile, compelled Bonaparte to defer his views upon India and divert his sanguinary policy from the deserts of Africa to the plains of Europe.

The situation, as Lord Wellesley expressed it, was critical: prostration and stagnation paralyzed the executive, timidity and irresolution marked our councils at home, disaffection was rampant abroad; government paper hardly negotiable, an army that could not move, civil servants clamorous for their dues. The bold front with which he met the difficulties of the moment inspired confidence, and that which he felt or assumed he inspired to others. A loan was the consequence — the lever which raised the dead weight

which lay so heavily upon the resources of India.

The army, being invigorated, was enabled to assume the offensive, and a very important factor now appears on the scene in the person of his brother, Colonel Wellesley, who had preceded him in India by six months — months not wasted in idleness and inactivity. The experience he had gained in the disastrous expedition to Holland, he turned to good account. One of his first letters was on the subject of field artillery; the reforms he suggested were adopted. Another, on the inefficiency of the commissariat department, the means of transport, the bullock service, the weight of the accoutrements of the soldier in marching order; he was seen weighing a man in full regimentals. He abolished, as far as he was able, all jobbing; the privilege of exemption from duty, which had become invidious to all but the favored few. His own regiment was in such perfect order as to elicit the praise of General Harris. Among those marvels of lucidity and common sense, his Indian despatches, we find a remarkable letter on the condition of Bengal, a somewhat curious one we should hardly expect from him, on the evil resulting from the monopoly of the East India Company. Another, of a different character, to the governor of Bombay. "I am certain," he says, "that you will not succeed in any negotiation unless it is based upon respect for our government, and do not employ language which is open and candid." He never entered into an engagement with any person to which he did not scrupulously adhere.

To his brother, on the conclusion of a treaty with the Mahrattas, he writes: —

I would willingly give up the Gwalior fort ten times over, and all other fortresses in India, rather than risk the loss of our reputation for scrupulous good faith and the honorable advantage which we acquired in the last war, and in the peace with which it was concluded. We ought not to sacrifice these advantages to arguments founded upon the law of nations, which the people of this country will not understand. What was it that kept me right through the embarrassments of this war, and of the negotiations which followed it? British good faith, and nothing else.

His penetration of character was very remarkable.

It is a curious fact which I have observed, that the natives of India have no respect or fear for the military qualities of any nation but the English. I had under me a Swiss regiment which, for discipline, was as good as an

English one, but the natives found out that they were foreigners, and had no confidence in them.

But however acute may have been his vision in the details of his profession, we doubt the governor-general deriving advantage from his advice in the policy of his administration, for the horror of war which he always entertained must have biased his judgment, which did not perceive that to stand still was to be crushed by the predatory tribes whom our delay would encourage to coalesce and rise up against us.

British wealth required our protection. The small trader, who had bartered his wares amongst the semi-civilized inhabitants of the country, had risen to be the opulent merchant; the mud forts had swelled to the dimensions of the city; the moral and material responsibilities of our position demanded the strong hand of power to uphold our interests and suppress opposition.

We have somewhat forestalled the course of events in alluding to Colonel Wellesley, for his services were not required in the first object which Lord Wellesley had in view, viz., the relief of our former ally the nizam from the incubus of French oppression, as well as to secure his army from co-operation with the forces of Tippoo Saib.

With silence and alacrity a British contingent was directed to Hyderabad under Colonel Fitzpatrick. A bloodless revolution was effected; the French trained troops, fourteen thousand strong, laid down their arms, their officers were allowed to return to their own country, and the disbanded soldiers were incorporated with those of the nizam.

The treaty of Hyderabad restored the allegiance of the nizam. The effect throughout India was electric. British power, which lay dormant under the torpid governments which had followed Clive and Hastings, was again in the ascendant. Success rallied to its standard the lukewarm and disaffected, who had exercised so numbing an influence on the policy of Lord Wellesley.

The ground being cleared, no obstacle presented itself to impede the march of our troops upon Seringapatam. Lord Wellesley offered every inducement to negotiate; but Tippoo, finding that his deception was ineffectual, and his protestations of amity estimated at their real worth, prepared for the unequal encounter. A slight skirmish at Malliawelli would have been unimportant had it not intro-

duced us to the first military exploit of Colonel Wellesley, who received the brunt of the enemies' charge, and scattered them like sparrows under dust shot. There was nothing left for Tippoo but to retreat to the protection of his fortress. The man was a fatalist, and employed himself in consulting astrologers, instead of attending to military advice. The result would probably have been the same; but the obvious means of defence were neglected, and although his personal bravery was conspicuous and the resistance of his followers obstinate, nothing could withstand the assault under General Baird, who must have felt a peculiar satisfaction in being instrumental in the capture of a fortress in which he had been immured for three years.

Tippoo Saib was found among the slain, covered with wounds. He was a man of considerable talents, both civil and military, gifted with a higher standard of education than his compeers; but he was a bloodthirsty tyrant, with whom it was impossible for a civilized nation to treat. He died as he had lived, with the courage and ferocity of a tiger.

The spoil within the town was immense. Nothing is more remarkable than the accumulation of riches in these Indian fortresses, as if the wealth of the district had been swept off its plains to supply the greed of its rulers. Whilst the country was impoverished and its inhabitants destitute, its high officials were dazzling in the glare of ill-gotten plunder.

The territory formerly wrested from Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib by Lord Cornwallis, and now by Lord Wellesley, was little short of the area of Great Britain. The prize money taken at Seringapatam amounted to 4,558,350 star pagodas. Lord Wellesley refused a grant of £100,000 voted to him by the Company, and even a star composed of Tippoo's jewels was declined by him.

Colonel Wellesley was nominated by General Harris governor of the town. The appointment was the subject of much comment at the time, for it was expected, not without reason, that General Baird would have received it as the reward of his gallantry. There can, however, be little doubt that a wise discretion was exercised in passing him over in favor of Colonel Wellesley; he was deficient in those talents so remarkable in the latter — temper and discretion. The dashing soldier was ill-qualified for the mild duties of civil administration. His character is well described by his mother, who, on

hearing of his being taken prisoner, said, "I pity the poor chieftain who is fastened to my Davie." He was destined before long to important command, in which he displayed the highest qualifications of a general.

The administration of Colonel Wellesley was simply admirable. Within a week order was restored to the city, the bazaars were opened, and no vestige except the battered battlements remained to mark the horrors of the siege. He procured for the family of the captive princes a substantial provision. They exchanged a life dependent upon the caprice of an Oriental despot for one of ease and retirement.

One small element of discord arose to disturb the peace and prosperity of Mysore. During the convulsions of the siege, the prison doors were opened. Amongst the miscreants who effected their escape was one Doondiah Waugh, who had been incarcerated by Tippoo. Styling himself the king of the world, he drew to his standard the stragglers of the defeated army, and that numerous class of vagabonds who are attracted by the expectation of plunder. Colonel Wellesley determined to take the field against him, and check an evil which, allowed to expand in semi-barbarous States, too often forms the germ of a kingdom, founded on rapine and secured by military success. The celerity of his movements exceeded those of the robber himself, and coming upon him unexpectedly, he routed his army and Doondiah was found among the slain.

Seringapatam, being merged in the dominions of the Company, became a haven of tranquillity instead of a hotbed of sedition.

The pacification of Mysore enabled Lord Wellesley to despatch seven thousand men under General Baird to Egypt; the second in command was Colonel Wellesley—and here we cannot help remarking upon the wonderful good fortune which attended him through life: the auspicious gale which drove him back to England and prevented his being lost sight of in a West Indian jungle; his escape from shipwreck on the coast of India; the immunity with which he passed through the perils of his numerous battles; and now the fortunate sickness which he deplored as a bar to distinction, but which retained him in a country in which he was destined to commence that series of victories which for the next thirteen years made him the most conspicuous figure in the world. His enforced seclusion in the kingdom of Mysore enabled

him to display those administrative powers which foreshadowed the Duke of Wellington. The cessation of hostilities allowed Lord Wellesley to turn his attention to the social condition of the country; and well would it have been for the interests of our Indian empire if a prolonged peace had afforded him sufficient time for the development of the resources of the country.

In the brief period which war and its distractions had left him to cultivate the arts of peace, he seized the opportunity to promote scientific researches, especially into the natural history of the peninsula, and the opening of Indian commerce as far as the short-sighted policy of the Company would permit. He was the first to point out the value of the cotton crop; and had his foresight been met with corresponding spirit on the part of the directors, the golden stream which has rewarded the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race in the West might have been directed to the poverty-stricken tracts of our Indian dominions.

Lord Wellesley also gave what assistance he could to missions, with the most peremptory injunctions to respect the prejudices and feelings of the inhabitants who were under our sway. He suppressed human sacrifices, which encouraged Lord William Bentinck at a later date to put down that last remnant of superstition, the suttee. Conscious of the incapacity which had wellnigh proved fatal to our Indian rule, he established a college for the special instruction of the Company's servants, disallowed by the parsimony of the directors, but which was the origin of Haileybury, which has been so successful in the education of Indian officials. Wherever talent could be discovered, he utilized it. He drew out of obscurity Malcolms, Munros, Metcalfes, men who have left their mark on the history of India; his name acted as a magnet to attract the ore from the dross which surrounds it. But however consonant to his inclination might have been the social and moral improvement of the masses under his care, he was compelled to sacrifice the arts of peace to the all-important question of the alliance of those States who were, or who were about to be, under the protection of England.

We had compelled Oude, which had been a tax upon our military establishment, to receive a resident minister, and to dismiss a turbulent army which might at any time rise up against us. The north-west portion of Bengal was thus made

safe. The nizam we had already accounted for; there were smaller States whose internal weakness was an element of danger to us, which it was absolutely necessary to include into our political system. These alliances originated with Lord Cornwallis, who drew into the vortex of British dominion those States who invoked its protection against the rapacity of their neighbors.

Lord Wellesley enlarged the subsidiary system of his predecessor, to enable those States which had entered into alliance with us to respect their engagements — engagements which, often from inability, possibly disinclination, they had been lax in fulfilling. The tribute which they were bound to pay to the Company was constantly in arrear; the score was running heavily against them; the charge for military force, which they were bound to support, fell heavily upon the impoverished exchequer of India. The protection we afforded them against the aggression of neighbors, or their own intestine discords, might be acknowledged, but was not paid for; the bill fell heavily upon the Company, with slight chance of being met.

Lord Wellesley introduced a very important change into the system. He converted a fixed payment of an annuity into a cession of territory; not only was the difficulty of collection removed, but it checked an opposition which he had constantly to contend with at his own Board; for however stringent were the laws against usury, the trade was too lucrative to be put down. It created a class at variance with the interests of the Company, who would not forego individual profits for the sake of the public good; and when disputes arose between the Company and a defaulting State, an advocate, interested in the nefarious trade, rose up to uphold its claim. The borrowing of these impecunious States created fresh difficulties for the government, with increased indebtedness and diminished means of repayment.

The subsidiary system, however well it may have worked, was nothing more than a delusion; it was for the purpose of throwing dust into the eyes of the British public. It arose from the repeated orders of the home government to abstain from aggression.

Lord Wellesley, like every other governor-general, arrived in India with pacific intentions. He found conquest necessary for existence. His offers of negotiation were construed as signs of weakness. The coalition of these hostile countries was

increasing with dangerous rapidity. There was nothing for it but the sword.

To restore conquered countries would be looked upon as the result of timidity — a suicidal policy. To comply with the wishes of Parliament was impossible, so a milder course was adopted. These countries were not ostensibly conquered; the sovereign was allowed to remain on his throne, with all the trappings of royalty, but substantial power was transferred from him to the person of a political agent. British conscience was therefore soothed by substituting for the name of conquest the milder term of annexation, and the Company was satisfied to pocket the gains which accrued to it without inquiring too carefully into the method of acquisition. The revenue had increased from seven million to fifteen million, and the territory well-nigh trebled.

It may be hypercritical to cast doubts upon the soundness of a policy which has converted anarchy into tranquillity, and banished intestine wars from the continent of India; but we cannot but recognize an element of weakness in alliance with tributary States. We have no hold on the affections of its inhabitants, no bond of union from community of religious feeling, no similarity of commercial or political opinions. Treaties with these decaying States were contracted in the last gasp of desperation, who threw themselves upon the clemency of England rather than expose themselves to extermination from the cupidity of their powerful neighbors.

As long as we are in the ascendant we are safe, but defeat might be followed by disaster. The various rulers of these tributary States would sink all minor differences and run together like grains of quicksilver in the common object of regaining independence. They may respect us for our justice, honor us for our clemency, dread us for our power, but they hate us for our supremacy. The hollowness of the ground we stood on was demonstrated at the capture of Seringapatam, where proffers of assistance and secret correspondence from some of our most ardent friends were discovered expressive of hatred of England, and offering material support and co-operation in regaining national independence.

Lord Wellesley was too magnanimous to notice such hypocrisy, and too politic to punish the perfidy, but it must have enabled him to form a just estimate of the Oriental character, and to value at its true worth treaties with these double-dealing States.

It is evident that the overthrow of Tip-poo constituted our safeguard; the success of his arms would have been the signal of our discomfiture. But it must be the fate of any great power, when brought into contact with its semi-barbarous neighbors, to be drawn into their internecine feuds, either in the character of mediator, or as protector of the weak against the strong.

Russia has incorporated into her system the wild tribes of Asia by conquest, England by the more mercenary process of subsidy. The result is the same, the disappearance from the face of the globe of nations whose history reverts to the earliest stages of antiquity. It may be a question whether it would not be a sounder policy to allow these nations the unmolested privilege of exterminating themselves in intestine brawls, rather than to stand, as it were, umpire between rival parties, who neither of them intend to profit by our mediation, but who merely seek to recover strength for a renewal of their feuds.

As long as they are the disorganized element of mutual jealousy and suspicion as foes, they are beneath our notice; but their real advantage to us is to act as a barrier to the advance of the rival powers in the East—a neutral ground through which neither should pass, a human buffer to parry or mitigate the attack of an invading power.

On looking at the physical geography of the eastern hemisphere, one cannot help perceiving that great rivers and chains of mountains were intended by nature to prevent empires from exceeding their appointed limits, and although some potentate in the insolence of power may overstep nature's safeguards, retribution follows—the usurper is sooner or later forced to retreat in humiliation or defeat.

We have witnessed in our day the impolicy of rousing the angry passions of nations occupying the sterile steppes of those mountain ranges which guard the frontiers of our Indian empire, who demand nothing more than the unmolested enjoyment of their inhospitable country, who can know nothing of scientific frontiers, and are thoroughly indifferent to imaginary lines of demarcation drawn through their possessions, as a bar to the military aggression of Russia on the one hand, or the political necessities of the British Empire in India on the other. But Lord Wellesley was too prudent to stir up hostilities on the extreme verge of our dominions. The danger he had to contend with lay within a more c

circle. There was the great Mahratta empire, a menace to our safety; a nation which looked upon the gains of industry as the reward of rapine, which existed on the plunder of its neighbors, whose armies were constantly replenished by the lawless and discontented, requiring fresh victims to satiate its rapacity. Like the beasts of the forest, ranging wider and wider for its food, its restless spirit would disturb the peace and prosperity which was settling down upon India.

Neither policy or prudence could allow the existence of such a firebrand in close proximity to our dominions. It was absolutely necessary to save our Indian empire from the expansive grasp of Mahratta ambition. An opportunity soon presented itself. The peishwah, the shuttlecock between the rival chieftains Holkar and Scindiah, invoked the aid of England to save him from extermination. The question which presented itself to him was, whether to be devoured by his neighbors, or absorbed in the protection of the Company—bloodshed and annihilation on the one side, a gilded retirement on the other. He chose the latter. He therefore became an ally, whom we were bound to support.

But before we enter upon the consideration of the Mahratta campaign, we may well pause to consider the mental qualities of the two remarkable men who played so conspicuous a part in the history of our Indian empire. No two men under Providence could have been better adapted, the one to plan, and the other to perform, than Lord Wellesley and his brother, and in studying their respective characters, we may perceive how conducive to the formation of the statesman is an English classical education. Both men of great ability, wonderful common sense, endued with rare sagacity in detecting the motives and intentions of others, both Englishmen in their abnegation of self, their moral courage and their patriotism. But there ends the parallel. The Duke of Wellington at no period of his life could look far ahead, or, as he expressed it, look over a hill. Early engaged in the active duties of his profession, an imperfect education had tended to narrow an intellect which was still more contracted by that close attention to detail, indispensable, it may be, to the success of a military career, but whilst it made the soldier, it marred the statesman. To the history of bygone ages he was a stranger, the causes which have influenced the rise and fall of dynasties he not the time, even if he had the inclination, to study. The great names of an-

tiquity were to him as vague as the myths of mythology.

Not so his illustrious brother — as familiar with ancient as contemporary history; with a grasp of mind which could fathom the depths of human action; history was to him, not a dry record of chronology, but life and its responsibilities. The example of great men of old was ever before him to clear his vision and control his judgment; which he could at any time summon to his aid from the storehouse of a refined and retentive memory, and when the moment of trial came he was ready — the distinguished scholar developed into the consummate statesman.

The following letter from Colonel Wellesley to Sir Thomas Munro, simply admirable from his point of view, will illustrate the clearness, but narrowness of vision, with which he contemplated the politics of India.

In my opinion, the extension of our territories and influence has been greater than our means. Besides, as we have added to the number and description of our enemies, we deprive of employment those who heretofore found it in the service of Tippoo and the Nizam. Wherever we spread ourselves, particularly if we aggrandize ourselves at the expense of the Mahrattas, we increase this evil. We throw out of employment and means of subsistence all who have hitherto managed the revenue, commanded or served in the armies. These people become additional enemies, at the same time that, by the extension of our territory, our means of supporting our Government and of defending ourselves are proportionately decreased. Upon all questions of increase of territory, these considerations have much weight with me, and I am, in general, inclined to doubt that we have enough — as much, at least, if not more, than we can defend.

He did not reflect that a country won with the sword must be kept with the sword, that the great Mahratta confederacy was a standing menace to the safety of our Indian empire.

Whatever may have been the views of Colonel Wellesley as to the policy of annexation, they did not interfere with his military duties. "The pleasantest man in the world to deal with," said Mr. Pitt; "he starts every objection before entering into a business, none after." True to his habit, he started one, that the rivers were not sufficiently full to prevent the attack of the enemy's cavalry. With this single objection, he threw himself heart and soul into the undertaking.

Lord Wellesley was not lulled into inactivity by the calm which succeeded the fall

of Seringapatam; he perceived that war with the Mahrattas was imminent, and prepared for the encounter. He endeavored by negotiation to avert hostilities, and called upon the rival chiefs, Holkar and Scindiah, to respect the claims of England's ally, the peishwah, and to restrain the depredations of their followers. He might as well have expected the tiger to assuage his love of blood. Nor was he successful in playing off one chieftain against the other; they merged former differences in the common object of overthrowing our dominion; but the hand of friendship had been proffered to them.

To use the words of Colonel Wellesley on a future occasion, "You have chosen war; you shall undergo its calamities."

We here recognize the foresight of Lord Wellesley in detaching the nizam from the confederacy; his influence might have been thrown into the scale of the approaching conflict; he was at least kept quiet by the sedative powers of the subsidy.

Even without the assistance of the nizam, the confederacy was sufficiently powerful: Scindiah with an army of sixty thousand horse, and Holkar with eighty thousand horse; the rajah of Berar with twenty thousand horse, and ten thousand infantry.

Scindiah, having usurped the Mogul dominion, ruled over the whole range of the continent, a tract of land a thousand miles in breadth, comprising a population of forty millions; he had overthrown his rival, Holkar, at the battle of Indore; the wheel of fortune had since thrown the latter uppermost. At the battle of Poonah he regained his authority, and whatever bad blood had flowed between them was checked by the prospect of approaching danger.

Lord Sidmouth had, at the Peace of Amiens, with the most culpable negligence ceded Pondicherry to the French. Troops were landed to assist the confederate leaders; not a man reached his destination, they were all made prisoners.

Scindiah, distrusting his own talents as general, had placed the command in the hands of M. Perron, whose fame as a military leader had attracted to his standard the predatory spirits of the surrounding countries, their forces numbering one hundred thousand infantry and one hundred thousand cavalry. To oppose this formidable array, and to check the intervention of doubtful States, four armies were let loose upon the continent of India.

To the north, General Lake, with four-

teen thousand men, was invested with both military and political powers; the object being to gain possession of Delhi, and to secure the person of the captive monarch there, Alum. To the south, General Stewart was to hold in check the numerous tribes which might have caused diversion in that quarter. Generals Campbell and Harcourt were directed to seize the province of Cuttack, and take possession of the Pagoda of Juggernaut, the object of Hindoo veneration. Colonels Stevenson and Wellesley, with whom our interest centres, took the field with twenty thousand men, and soon after effected a junction with the army of the nizam.

Hearing that Holkar meditated the destruction of the capital of the peishwah, Wellesley marched with such extraordinary celerity, and with only four hundred cavalry, and one battalion of infantry, that Anerout Bao, who commanded, had barely time to make his escape. The peishwah was quietly restored to his dominions, and the bulk of the fugitives who had fled during the occupation of Holkar returned to their allegiance.

On the 4th of June General Wellesley was again in motion, the object being the capture of Ahmednuggur, one of the strongest fortresses of India. "A wonderful man your general," said a Mahratta; "he walks over the walls of the town, puts the garrison to the sword, and goes home to breakfast." This feeling was probably shared amongst the petty chiefs of the district, who looked upon the stronghold as impregnable, and it must have impressed them with the conviction that armies which could overthrow such obstacles must be irresistible. The treasure was, as usual, immense.

It having been reported to these generals that the army of Scindiah was at Bohurdun, they determined upon a division of their forces, in the hope of preventing the escape of the enemy by the pass, which would otherwise have been left unguarded. Colonel Stevenson passed on one side of the mountain, General Wellesley on the other, with the expectation of making their attack simultaneously, one on the right, the other on the left; but, as so often occurs in warfare, accidents least foreseen upset the best-laid calculations. Colonel Stevenson's march was through defiles so rugged as effectually to impede the advance of his troops; and General Wellesley unexpectedly found himself face to face with the enemy. Probably for the only time in his life he was misled by false information; scouts having re-

ported that the two armies had separated, that the cavalry had left the camp, and the infantry were preparing to follow; but instead of the hostile army being at Bohurdun, they were drawn up in order of battle before the village of Assaye. Under his command were only eight thousand men, sixteen hundred cavalry, and seventeen guns; facing him were fifty thousand men and two hundred and forty guns. To retreat was impossible; hesitation would provoke attack; there was nothing for it but to take the initiative. At this moment his eagle eye perceived some cattle moving towards the river; he judged it what it proved to be, a ford, which enabled him to pass it without molestation. Fortunately for him the ground at the junction of the rivers Kailna and Juha narrows, which protected his flanks from the overwhelming number of the enemy's cavalry. The destruction in the English ranks was fearful, and General Wellesley ordered a charge at the point of the bayonet, which decided the fortune of the day, which had been jeopardized by the indiscreet valor of an officer, who, disregarding his orders to make a circuit round the village of Assaye, charged the enemy over a glaciis swept by their guns.

General Wellesley, with his usual kindness, condoned the error, and praised the gallantry of the act. The cavalry having been brought up, the scene changed into a rout; the enemy leaving behind them all their guns, camp equipage, everything which could render them formidable as an army. They fled, a disorderly rabble. Colonel Stevenson coming up the next day completed their discomfiture.

The victory at Assaye was the turning-point of the war; it was evident, if so small a number of our troops was able not only to withstand but to overthrow such masses of the enemy, fortified with all the appliances of warfare, that our power was irresistible, and although future victories exhibited the genius of our generals and the courage of our soldiers, it was against armies disheartened by defeat.

The subsequent manœuvres of General Wellesley were conducted with the most consummate skill; he circumvented the designs of the confederate chiefs by his marches and counter-marches; he protected the States of the nizam and the peishwah, and, moving independently of Colonel Stevenson, by his masterly dispositions drove back the Mahratta army into their own territories, and effectually pre-

vented their descent upon Poonah. Having cleared the Deccan of Scindiah's troops, he was enabled to deal with the rajah of Berar. Very little trouble was experienced with him, for, thoroughly alarmed by the events of the war, he soon came to terms, with such precipitation that a treaty was concluded with him in the space of two days. The confederate chiefs, disappointed of the plunder which usually attended their system of warfare, and unable to hold together the motley crew which composed their army, sued for peace, but one more battle was required to stamp conviction on their minds that opposition was futile.

We find the whole hostile force drawn up on the plains of Argaum; it was late in the day, but Wellesley determined upon the attack. The victory was a signal one, but at one time doubtful, for the very sepoy, who had behaved with such steadiness at Assaye, took fright, and had not General Wellesley been on the spot to rally them, success would have been jeopardized, proving how unreliable are native troops, however perfect their discipline or tested their courage. There is a want of stability in their character, affording a marked contrast to the resolution of the Englishman in the hour of danger, which elicited the remark of Bonaparte that English soldiers never knew when they were beaten.

The capture of Gavilcar followed the rout at Argaum. Whilst following the career of General Wellesley we have anticipated events which occurred in other parts of India. The Mahrattas were worsted in Guzerat and Ajmere on the western, and Cuttack on the eastern side of the peninsula. Jubbulpore had surrendered to Colonel Broughton, Jhansi to Colonel Blair, Broach in Guzerat to Colonel Waddington. Colonel Harcourt occupied Juggernaut, took possession of Cuttack; he carried, after a most gallant assault, the strong fort of Barabatta.

On the 7th of August the army of Bengal under General Lake left Cawnpore. His operations were a continual triumph. He worsted General Perron, took possession of Coel, then carried the fortress of Allygur, containing the warlike store accumulated by General Perron. Leaving a garrison in the fort, he advanced at once upon Delhi. On the road he met with a messenger from General Perron, announcing his defection from the Mahratta service, and praying for a safe pass for himself and followers, inveighing at the same time with much bitterness against his

employers. The object being to detach foreigners from the service of the Mahratta, permission was readily granted. A few skirmishes brought the English in force before Delhi. The Mahrattas had been so worsted whenever they came in contact with our troops that they surrendered Delhi without a blow.

One object of the campaign was effected—the liberation of Shah Alum, who presented a miserable specimen of faded greatness. The treasure taken was great, the property of Scindiah's officers. The capture of Agra followed, the garrison marching out and laying down their arms. The crowning victory was at Laswarree over the flower of Scindiah's army. Nothing remained for him but to sue for peace. The brunt of the war had fallen upon him, he had met with nothing but defeat, his ally the rajah had deserted him, his army was demoralized, his resources exhausted.

A campaign of five months had shattered the Mahratta power, added an enormous territory to the possession of the Company, and enabled the petty chiefs, formerly the victims of intestine discord and foreign aggression, to enter into the subsidiary system of the Indian government.

Hindustan was transported with joy at what was considered the termination of the war, and a security against the return of that chronic agitation which had convulsed the continent of India.

Swords of state were presented to the generals. A marble bust of Lord Wellesley was placed in the capital by the inhabitants of Calcutta. Addresses from all quarters poured in, expressive of admiration for the valor of our soldiers and the policy of our administration.

Lord Lake was raised to the peerage for his unbroken series of victories, an honor which his family was not destined to enjoy, for his son was killed in the very first skirmish in the peninsula, and he himself lived long enough to witness a reversal of the policy to which he had so brilliantly contributed, uncheered by the tardy gratification which greeted Lord Wellesley, whose services at a late date were as generally approved of as they had been formerly condemned.

That Lord Lake was a great leader of men admits of no doubt; he well knew how to mould to his will the discordant elements of an Indian army; by humoring the prejudices of the sepoy he ensured their affection, by respecting their superstition he commanded their gratitude, by his victories he gained their confidence,

by his genius he created an army which, to use the words of the Duke of Wellington, "would go anywhere and do anything."

But whilst admitting the qualities of Lord Lake as a great commander, we recognize a defect in his character which we do not discover in that of Colonel Wellesley, who could handicap a man to a nicety, and never once during his military career was he in fault in the choice of his agents.

The advance of Colonel Monson, without adequate support, was a grave military error. Lord Lake made no allowance for the want of those talents in others in which he himself excelled. The disastrous defeat which befel our arms under the lead of an incompetent officer might have resulted in a victory under the inspiration of his own brilliant genius. He was, notwithstanding, a very great man, and the best tribute to his memory is the veneration in which his name is still held by the inhabitants of India.

It is curious to observe how little the lapse of ages affects national character. Alexander, in his wars against Porus, found it necessary to interpose in the ranks one Greek for three natives, to insure steadiness to his battalions. Lord Lake found the same number was required to fix the volatile courage of Oriental troops. Not all the progress in the science of warfare, not all the improvement in the implements of destruction, has been able to imprint upon the Asiatic the stubborn qualities of the British soldier.

In January, 1802, Lord Wellesley tendered the resignation of his office to the Board of Directors. He was induced to withdraw it at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Pitt. In terms of indignant remonstrance is recorded the work he had done in the first three years of his administration: the fall of Tippoo Sultan, the conquest and settlement of Mysore, the extinction of French influence in the Deccan, the establishment of British influence in that quarter, the transfer of Tanjore, of Surat, of the Carnatic, and of Oude, to the British government, the substitution of British force in lieu of the licentious army of the nabob vizier, the decay of the power of Zemaun Shah, the foundation of an alliance with Persia, the means of contributing to the maintenance of the army of Egypt, the tranquillity of the Mahrattas, and the occupation of the Portuguese possessions in India. We had defeated the enemy in four pitched battles. Assaye, Argaum, Laswarree, and Delhi, fortresses hitherto deemed impreg-

nable seemed rather to crumble than to fall before the advance of our forces. Our influence was felt from the banks of the Ganges to the Indus and Himalayas; territories larger than the whole of France were added to our empire. He found India a province, he left it a kingdom.

The broad and comprehensive policy of Lord Wellesley has secured peace for India up to the present day. It checked the chronic agitation with which the petty dissensions of its rival chiefs disturbed the tranquillity of the country; but these advantages, great as they were, fell as a heavy tax upon our resources. The march of our armies, where every item was paid for, was felt to be a blessing instead of a curse to the countries they crossed, but it impoverished the exchequer, and there is but little doubt that Lord Wellesley, dispirited by remonstrances from home, did not display his wonted energy in the campaign against Holkar, for the hopes of a general peace which the defeats of Scindiah and the rajah of Berar had favored were premature.

Holkar was still at large, who boasted that the English army should never catch him, that he would pounce upon them when least expected; that countries many hundred miles in extent should be overrun and plundered. He was as good as his word. Lord Lake could not overtake him; he was a will-o'-the-wisp, which eluded the grasp that would clutch it.

General Wellesley was too much occupied by the affairs of his own government at Mysore to take an active part in the war, but he wrote to Lord Lake:—

Always keep moving, with the corps sufficiently strong to cope with the enemy if he should turn against it. The object is to compel him to move constantly and fast, he therefore cannot stop to plunder the country, the subsistence of his army becomes precarious, his horsemen become dissatisfied, and desert. The freebooter remains with few adherents, the village people then attack them on their flank, and will not allow them to come near their dwellings, which are almost always fortified; consequently the means of subsistence vanish, and they have no resource left but to separate, and even this is dangerous.

Lord Lake was fully alive to the value of this advice, but unfortunately Lord Wellesley, with a ruinous parsimony, deprived him of the means of its accomplishment.

General Wellesley gave it as his opinion that the war might have been finished in four months. This calculation, based upon the result of his former campaign, would probably have been accurate had the

forces engaged been equal to the magnitude of the operations; but they were barely sufficient to meet the intermittent attacks of the Mahratta cavalry, much less to effect the subjugation of the fortress of Burtpore.

The immediate future of India, an ignoble one for England, belongs to the history of Lord Wellesley's successor. Rebel chiefs were treated as allies. Instead of the consolidation of the empire a timorous policy was sowing the seeds of disaffection and future hostilities; and Lord Hastings, twelve years after, the most consistent opponent in Parliament of Lord Wellesley's views, was obliged to resort to the same tactics. He, too, like others, discovered that conquest was necessary for existence.

There is nothing more dangerous in dealing with barbarous tribes than a backward policy; it wears an aspect of timidity. To use the words of Lord Palmerston: "To gain momentary ease, you prepare a future with no ease at all."

We approach the termination of this wonderful administration of seven years, in which every object for which Lord Wellesley had contended was accomplished, and which banished from the continent of India all external foes, and laid the foundation of our power on a basis so secure that it has not yet been shaken.

The departure of the Wellesleys was at hand; even the iron constitution of General Wellesley could not stand the moral and physical strain which had taxed his frame. In his parting address to the officers of the army he said, "Be gentlemen." He here struck the keynote of the policy of Lord Wellesley. That refinement of manners which lends its charm to the amenities of private life in a more extended sphere marks the civilization of a superior race. It creates prestige, that invisible power which influences without effort and controls without force, but vanishes under the suspicion of meanness or injustice.

The Wellesleys returned to England, the one to mount the highest round of the ladder of fame, the other to lend the weight of his talents to the varied duties of official life.

We may well feel proud of the power of England. Unlike the Romans, who never entered upon two wars at the same time, we were engaged in a life-and-death contest in Europe, and in a struggle for our very existence in India. We were carried through the perils of both by the genius of the Wellesleys.

We have no Wellesleys left now to con-

quer and consolidate empires, but we have a vast fund to draw upon in the intellectual resources of the country; men unnoticed in the crowd of a dense population rising at the summons of duty to the dignity of statesmen or the glories of successful command. We have lately witnessed a Roberts, unknown beyond his immediate circle, displaying the highest qualities of the soldier, uniting the dash of a Scipio with the caution of a Fabius, concealing under the glitter of victory the impolicy of the causes which produced it. We are now witnessing a Baring, without any previous training for the office, solving that most difficult problem, the incidence of taxation in a country where no middle class exists between the superabundance of riches and the squalor of poverty, who, by a more equal distribution of its burdens, may clear the way for those social and economic reforms which will develop the hidden wealth of the country, and raise in the scale of humanity that most abject being, the tiller of the soil.

But the first object that claims the attention of England is Indian famines; which decimate whole districts by starvation, whilst the water-power of the country is lost in its seas. The melting of snow from the glaciers of the Himalaya feeds the rivers at the time they are required for the fertilization of the soil; their abundance might be utilized by gravitation for the benefit of the lower districts. Large canals, drawing their supply from the mountains, irrigate the country on both sides of the Jumna; the land contiguous to it is a desert. In the northern portion of the Punjaub, the water flows towards the sea, with no attempt to utilize its powers. In the southern peninsula the growth of crops is hazardous, irrigation would render it certain. The food supply of a large portion of the population of India is left to the haphazard of a timely shower.

Whether we can summon to our aid the native talent of the country is a moot point; I doubt it. There is an obliquity in the Oriental character at variance with the straightforward conduct of the Englishman; the one makes straight for his object; the other, if he reaches it at all, by the by-paths of circumvention and cunning. As well compare the directness of the arrow with the curve of the boomerang. The very faith of a large portion of the Indian race disqualifies the man from coping with the energies of the Anglo-Saxon. After passing through the various gradations of life, he ends his days a voluntary exile from society. At the

very time when, in the evening of life, the physical powers relax, and leave the mind, mellowed by experience, to throw off the essence of its powers for the benefit of others, is the moment chosen by the Indian to lose himself in what he looks forward to as the summit of felicity—the idleness of contemplation. Far different the Englishman: from the cradle to the grave his is a continual progress, animated by that patriotism which impels him to devote himself to the service of his country; at one time braving the perils of warfare, at another the pestilence of climate, to re-enter, if spared the danger of the one or the poison of the other, the unostentatious but useful sphere of English life, with no other guide for his conduct but the principles of duty.

How the discordant elements which constitute the characters of the two nations can be fused into one mass for the reorganization of society is a question not easy to answer; but difficult as may be the social improvement of the masses under our sway, the moral branch of the subject may well tax the genius of our statesmen. We have to deal with those intricacies of caste which separate into fragmentary units the composition of our Indian army. It is a community without communion, co-operation without concord. The inferior of a higher grade of faith regards with feelings of distrust his superior officer, the latter with alienation the caste above him. There can be no bond of sympathy between its various classes. A momentary feeling of union there may be amongst soldiers serving under one banner, but disunited in those principles of mutual regard and esteem which should bind men together in one compact mass. It creates an army imposing to the sight, but in a national crisis it would be unreliable, difficult to handle, dangerous to provoke.

Looking through the vista of time we are amazed at the talents of our soldier statesmen, at the courage which subdued resistance, at the wisdom which consolidated our empire. The hordes of barbarians emerging from central Asia, imbibing the habits and customs of their victims, sunk their virtues and their vigor in the abyss of effeminacy and sloth. The stream of English life has flowed through the length and breadth of the land, uncontaminated by luxury, unsullied by vice. Our power rests on the broad basis of the justice and the integrity of our rule.

Since the days of the Wellesleys no

foreign foe, within the natural limits of our empire, has arisen to dispute our claim or challenge our sway. Yet one more victory awaits us—the conquest of infidelity; the diffusion of the blessings of Christianity through a population benighted by ignorance, and enthralled in the trammels of superstition. The example of the great men of a former generation is before us, we have only to follow it.

We stand, as it were, in a picture-gallery, each portrait recalling to the mind some deed of valor, some triumph of genius, until the eye, bewildered with these tokens of England's power, seeks in vain where to affix the meed of praise; but search where it will amongst the heroes and patriots whose fame has shed its lustre over the annals of India, it will find none to shine with a purer and brighter light than the Wellesleys.

DE MAULEY.

From Chambers' Journal.
RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIP MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

JOSEPHINE.

THE storm increased to fury as darkness fell. Richard Cable stood on deck. To the south-west was no light whatever, only purple blackness. To the north, however, was a coppery streak, over which hung a whirling, spreading mass of angry vapor, casting down lines of heavy rain in dense bands. Then rapidly the growing darkness wiped out this band of light, and left only the east clear, and the clouds swept overhead like curling waves, and fell beyond, cutting off all sunlight there also. All on all sides nothing was visible but leaping water and shaken foam-heads; and above, a wild hunt of tearing, galloping clouds, lashed by the wind, with now and then a blinding streak of lightning shot through them, stinging them to fresh paroxysms of flying terror. Richard Cable had ascended to the masthead and kindled the light. The mast was but low, perhaps fifteen feet above the deck, topped with a huge glass globe, that contained a powerful light.

As Cable clung to the mast, he and it and the light swung, and the light described arcs and curves in the sky, against the driving, smoky clouds and the gather-

ing night. Now and again a great wave leaped up, and the swaying lamp irradiated its crest, and glared a glittering eye at it, that was reflected by the angry water, which rushed away under the keel, and threw it aloft, as if diving to get away from the blazing eye. The ship reeled and almost plunged its fire-point in the water; it tantalized the waves with it; it heeled almost to overbalance, and held the light above some hissing, hungry wave, which gathered itself together, rose at it to snap, and suddenly, with a whisk and a streak of fiery ribbon, away went the luminous globe, and the wave roared and tore itself to ragged foam in rage at being balked. Then a seamew hovered in the radiance of the lamp, beating its long white wings about it, coming out of the darkness and spray-dust that filled the air, and disappearing back into it again, as man comes out of the unknown, flickers a little span in the light of life, and dives back into the unknown. The wind had shifted several points, but it was hard for Cable to make out from whence it blew; the lightship was anchored, and swung about her anchor, seemingly describing circles, pitching, tossing, heading at the wind, running before it, brought up with a jerk, lurching sullenly at it. She was moored to a couple of anchors, one of them a "mushroom" (so called from its shape), for greater security against dragging, and Cable had paid out more chain to each. In such a gale, with such rollers, she must be given room to battle with the sea. Cable was by no means satisfied that she could hold where she was. The bank on which she was anchored was a shifting bank, formed by the swirl of the water round the ness; a treacherous bank, that formed and re-formed, that was now a strip, then a disc, that eased this way and that, according to the drift of the sea at equinoctial gales. He looked landwards, but saw nothing, no blink of light from behind the willows, where lay Hanford: and outside Hanford, near the beach, a little white cottage with green windows, and under its brown tile roof seven little fair heads on white pillows.

As he stood looking through the darkness in the direction of the sleeping heads, he was startled by a voice at his elbow.

"Captain, is the worst over?"

"Miss! You should not be here."

"I cannot help myself; I was suffocating below. I fancied we must part our anchor. I have plenty of pluck. My strength, not my courage, failed me in the boat. I lost my head, because I was los-

ing consciousness. I am well again. Is the gale spent?"

There was a lull in the wind, though the waves were still running. "You must go below — you must indeed," said Cable. "No; the gale is not over; it goes as a teetotum spins, and we're now at the peg. Wait, and it will be on us harder than ever again."

"Can I be of any assistance?"

"You!" Cable laughed. "Yes, go down below and be ballast."

The girl was in his pilot coat, which he had thrown over her on the floor. She wore his glazed hat. The hair that had been dispersed was gathered in a knot again.

"If we are likely to drown," she said, "I will not drown in the hold, like a mouse in a cage."

"Go down at once, whilst you may. You will be swept overboard if you stay here."

"I will not," she answered. "Lash me to the mast, and let me look death and the storm in the face."

Cable saw that it was in vain to argue with her. There was no time to be lost; he heard the roar of the gale again approaching.

"Here!" she said; "this is my leather strap. Pass it round the mast and my waist. It is long and it is strong. Quick!"

He obeyed with a growl: "Girls are more unruly nor boys."

The storm was on them again. It had paused to gather strength, and then rushed in concentrated fury and accumulated force to destroy the defiant little lightship, that tossed its glittering head so dauntlessly, even defiantly, in its teeth.

They could hear it coming far away, in a roar that waxed in volume, and seemed like an enveloping thunder when it smote them with foam and a blast that struck like an open hand. But the wind was not one-handed, but, as a Briareus, many-armed, tearing while it bellowed at what it could not beat down. At the stress of the blow, one of the cables gave way, a link having snapped somewhere under water. Then the main anchor, the chain having got foul of it, began to drag, and at once the lightship was adrift, at the mercy of wind and sea, swept before the hurricane. From force of habit, Cable flew to the helm, but as quickly dropped it again. He was helpless. The dragging of the anchor kept the vessel's head to wind, which was so far in their favor, and also steadied her to some extent. Now and then the anchor caught for a

moment, and then let go again, and the craft was driven farther out, always heading to the wind, like a living being forced to retreat, but reluctant to yield an inch to the infuriated assailants.

Cable looked at the girl, on whom the flicker of the lamp fell; she did not cry, or, if she did, he did not hear her. She was fast bound by the belt, and stood apparently as firm as the mast to which she was strapped. Cable folded his arms. He could do nothing. He thought of his little ones. Had they prayed that night, before going to rest, for their father? Never had he more needed their prayers. He thought he knew the danger that threatened; but he did not. He saw indeed that shipwreck was imminent; but he little imagined that another and very different shipwreck menaced him. How old were the seven daughters of Richard Cable? The eldest was just thirteen; then came the twins of eleven; then a child of ten; and the pan-pipe descended in a regular fall to the baby, aged a year. They had come so fast as to exhaust the strength of the mother, who had died shortly after giving life to the youngest.

Richard Cable raised his eyes, half-blind with salt, and, through the film of brine, looked at the swaying lamp, that seemed to blaze with prismatic colors, and shoot forth rays and draw them in again, like a fiery porcupine. And then he thought no more of the light and the darkness in which it danced, and saw far away into dreamland. Then through the cold salt spray on his face, a warm sweat broke forth.

"Poor little ones!" he said; "if I am taken, whatever will become of them!"

At that moment he heard the girl's voice: "Mr. Cable! Loosen the band—my arms are frozen."

Her voice jarred on him at that moment, he knew not why; but it called him back from the consideration of his children to thoughts about her. He went to her and did what she required. He didn't speak to her; and, when he had complied with her wishes, he went back to the place where he had stood before. He tried to think of his home, of his children, and could not; her face, her voice, had distracted him, and disturbed the visions he tried to call up.

How much of the night passed thus, he did not know; he was roused by a grating sound, that made itself felt in every fibre of his body. The ship was aground; she had struck, not on a rock, but on a sand-

bank. Cable stood for a moment motionless. Then a wave came, raised the bows, ran amidships, then to the stern, and carried the vessel farther on the bank. Thereupon, Cable left his place and came to the mast. "Miss Cornellis," he said, "we're aground. I believe my little ones' prayers have helped me to-night." He laid his hand on the mast and grasped the thong that bound Josephine. "Young lady," he said, "in ten minutes we shall know our fate." He stood still, holding the thong. He said no more for full twenty minutes. The vessel lay over somewhat on one side, and the water she had shipped poured out of her lee scuppers.

"I can see the horizon on the south-south-west," said the girl.

"Yes; the worst of the gale is over."

The waves no longer washed the deck.

"The tide is ebbing," said Cable. He unlashed Josephine. "Danger is over. Turn in and sleep."

"But you?"

"I stay on deck awhile, and then I shall coil up in the forecabin."

"Good-night," she said, and held out her hand.

"I wish you sleep," he said in reply.

"Mind the knitting-pins and the little sock in the cabin. They may be on the floor—anywhere."

Next morning Cable woke early. The sun was shining. He descended the ladder to the outer cabin. Almost at the same moment the girl threw open the door and stood in it. She wore her blue serge gown. Her hair was fairly smoothed, though she was unprovided with brushes, and the leather belt was about her waist. She laughed. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. "Not in Davy Jones's locker, after all," she said. "I must run on deck and look around me."

"And I, Miss Cornellis, will get the fire lighted, the kettle boiling, and some breakfast ready."

Half an hour later, both were together on deck. The vessel was not so much inclined that it was difficult to walk the deck. When she had struck the sand was in motion, and she had subsided almost upright in it. The morning was fresh, the sky clear, but for some lagging, white, fleecy clouds that flew high aloft after the storm. Except for the roll of the sea and the foam-wreaths round the bank, every trace of the terrible hurricane was gone. That storm had been short and violent; it had spun its spiral course over land and sea, doing damage wherever

it passed; it had strewn the Essex level land with upturned elms; it had torn the leaves of the chestnuts to threads, and blackened the young beech as if a breath from a furnace had seared them. Here and there it had taken a rick and sifted it and scattered the straw over the adjoining fields. It had ripped roofs and tossed the brown tiles about and heaped them like russet autumn leaves. At sea it had caught and foundered coal-barges from the north, and sunk fishing-smacks. It had torn great gaps in sea-walls, like the bites made by children's teeth in rounds of bread and butter. It had twisted and turned about old sandbanks, had swept some away, and torn channels where had been no road. For some miles out to sea, for two or three days, there was neither crystalline purity nor amethyst blue in the water; it was cloudy and brown with the mud it had churned and that it held in suspension. Along the shore lay wreaths of foam, not white, but brown; not evanescent as a bubble, but drying into a crust.

The lightship lay far away from the zone of turbid sea, and the ocean about the bank in which she was wedged was deeply blue, full of laughter, and shake of silver curl, as though bent on passing off its late fury-fit as an excusable frolic.

"Where are we?" asked Josephine.

"I fancy that I know," answered Cable; "but without a chart, I cannot make you understand. Now here we must bide till we are taken off, and you may tell me what brought you to the lightship."

"I was out rowing yesterday afternoon," said the girl, "and I was caught unawares, the storm came on so suddenly. I rowed against the wind till I could row no more, and I saw I could do nothing. I was being carried out to sea; and then I felt that my only chance was to reach your vessel."

"That was wise of you. But your father should not have let you come out alone."

"Oh, I go out, and go alone, when I choose."

"But — if he had looked at the glass, he would have seen the fall."

"I did not ask his leave. I went because I wanted fresh air to blow the bad thoughts out of my head that troubled me."

"Bad thoughts trouble you!" exclaimed Cable, and looked steadily at her out of his crystalline blue eyes, clear and sparkling as the sea that surrounded them. "I

should not have supposed that possible. Where the head is that of an angel, one does not expect that it shall hold bad thoughts. No one looks for explosions in a porcelain vase."

Josephine laughed a short, impatient laugh, and tossed her chin. The elastic was tight; she put her finger under it; the skin was compressed and reddened by the band.

She was a handsome dark girl, with transparent olive skin, and large lustrous eyes like agates. The lashes were long; when she half closed her lids, they gave a languor to the orbs, dispelled at once when full lifted. Her cheek flushed not the rose pink, but the ripe hue of the apricot. She had very dark hair, a rounded chin, broad temples; was firmly built. To any one experienced in detecting types, a tinge of Jewish blood would have been recognized in the features and hue. "Well," she said, and laughed again, "the hurricane has blown my bad thoughts out of my head, as it has carried the down from the willow flowers and scattered them — Heaven knows where. Woe be to him who picks them up! — they will detonate and injure his hands."

"Were they so bad?"

"You said yourself — explosives."

"Miss Cornellis, I made a clumsy comparison. If I may ask — what were these thoughts?"

She fidgeted with her feet and plucked at the elastic band. In her nervous confusion, she drew it out, let it slip, and the elastic snapped on her delicate skin so sharply as to make her cry out. Then she took off her hat, and holding her knees, swung the hat from her finger, and let the wind play with her hair, and unravel it, and scatter it and toss about the short growth over her brow.

"Were the thoughts like to explode?" asked Cable.

"The questions you put to me are not fair, captain," said the girl. "My thoughts are my own."

"Not a bit, Miss Cornellis; you said yourself they were blown about for any one to pick up."

"Well — and I am too much indebted to you to wish you to gather them. They are dangerous. Hands off!" She hugged her knees, and played with the string of her cap, and looked at the plunging waves on the sand. Her brow darkened, and her eyes lost their sparkle. "Captain, when shall we get home — I to my worries, you to your babes?"

Cable shook his head. "We must wait. Ah, miss, patience is an article of which a good cargo is laid in, in a lightship. One consumes a lot of it in a fortnight — separated from all one loves at home, and with none to speak to but a lout of a boy with no more intelligence than a jelly-fish."

"I should think it pleasant to live in a lightship. I could be well content to stay where I am now. If I go home, I shall get into troubles again."

"But — what are your troubles?"

"I'm adrift," said the girl. "As I stood bound to the mast last night, and the wind and the waves carried the boat and me where they would, I thought it was a picture of myself morally. You have your seven little anchors holding you. I have nothing. You are tied by many little fibres to hearth and home. I have none of these fibres; if I have, they hold to nothing."

She was still looking before her. She put the elastic band of her hat between her teeth and bit and tore till it parted.

"There!" said Cable. "Now, how are you to keep your hat on?"

She looked at the broken string. "I did not know what I was about," she said; "I was thinking my thoughts again."

"I see," said Cable. "These same thoughts are not wholesome; they hurt her who harbors them and those they concern."

"Yes," she said; "they drive me mad. I do not know what to do, where to go. I care for no tie any more than that of my hat I have torn. I would tear any one of them that restrained me."

"I do not understand you," said the lightshipman, shaking his head. "I've seven little girls at home, and I'd be sorry to think any one of them should grow up with such thoughts as you have in your head."

"They will not. Do not be afraid. They will always look up to and respect you. Did you not see how the lantern swung at the masthead all through the storm? It never went out; it burned all night; no wave engulfed it. We could always look up to that. You are the light to the little vessel of your family, and your children will look up to that."

"And you, my dear young lady?"

"I — I have no light above me."

"And what about helm and helmsman, compass, chart, Miss Cornellis?"

"I have nothing, neither helm nor helmsman, nor compass, chart, nor anchor, nor light. I am — drifting — a derelict."

CHAPTER III.

A SEA-NETTLE.

CABLE went about his work as usual. He would not have to relight the lamp, as the boat was not at the station, but a cast-away; however, he cleaned the lamp as usual and put the burners in order. Then he went into the cabin to clear away the breakfast and make all tidy, after the night. It had not occurred to Josephine to do anything. She was not accustomed to put her hand to menial work; she expected to be waited upon.

She half sat, half lay on the side of the vessel that leaned over, nearest the water, listening to the pleasant lap of the waves, with the glitter on her face from the sun reflected in the glassy water. She amused herself with watching the foam bubbles dance along, with wondering what the dark things were beneath the green surface that drifted by. Then she looked up and let the hot sun burn her face; she shut her eyes, and basked, or opened them to see the gulls and kittiwakes hover and dart above. Then she put both her hands about her eyes, and tried to distinguish whether that faint white patch far away in the blue were the moon or a ghastly cloud. The tide had risen, and occasionally the waves came up so high that her hand over the side dipped in the water, and she sought to catch the weeds that were floating on it. With her fingers hanging over the bulwarks, with salt drops falling from them, she sang the mermaid's air in "Oberon." She was happy, doing nothing, inhaling the fresh sea air, basking in the bright sun.

Josephine Cornellis was the daughter of a gentleman of independent means, who lived in a villa or cottage near the sea at Hanford. The house was not beautiful, built of white brick, and square, but it was comfortable. It had a glass conservatory to the south before the drawing-room windows; and a pretty garden, inclosed within tarred wooden boards, that went down to the sea-wall. Mr. Cornellis lived in Rose Cottage with his unmarried sister and his daughter. He was a man of whose antecedents little was known. He had bought Rose Cottage some seven or eight years ago, and had come there with his sick wife, because the doctors ordered her sea air and the chlorine effluvium from the rotting seaweed. She had died there, a feeble, dispirited woman, whom few had got to know; and the husband remained on, as widower, with the little daughter whom he allowed to go much her own way.

Mr. Cornellis was suspected of having Jewish blood in him; but no one knew anything about his ancestry. His true history was this. His great-grandfather, the first of the name, was an Austrian Jew, who came by his appellation in this way. The emperor Joseph II. issued an order that all Jews in his dominions were to provide themselves with fixed surnames. Accordingly, the Hebrew Levis and Samuels and Isaacs chose for themselves the most flowery appellations they could invent, and became a Mountain of Roses (Rosenberg) or a Valley of Lilies (Lilienthal), or affected heraldic distinctions, as Red Shield (Rothschild) or Golden Star (Goldenstern), or simply Stag (Hirsch) or Lion (Löwe). But old Moses Israel had not a lively imagination, nor much ambition, and when summoned before the magistrate to have his name registered, he was at a loss what to call himself. "Come, old skinflint," said the official, taking the pen from his ear, "come—the name."

"The name!" stammered Moses Israel.

"The surname. It must be entered on the protocol. I have no time to waste on you."

"Surname!" repeated the Jew, and put up his hand to his head.

"I see," said the magistrate, "you have a cornelian ring on your forefinger. Cornelian shall be your name, *or*—"

"*Or!*" Moses Israel accepted the appellation given him from his ring rather than risk the alternative. Austrian officials did not lose much time with a Jew in those days. So the son of Moses Israel called himself after his father, Levi Carneols, but came to England, where he softened the Carneols into Cornellis. He married an Englishwoman, and professed Christianity. The great-grandson of old Moses Israel was Justin Cornellis. As his father was not well off, and he was obliged to do something for a livelihood, and as he had no love of hard work, he attached himself to a missionary society, and was sent about Asia and northern Africa in quest of the lost tribes. He drew three hundred a year from this society, and rambled about, sending home occasional reports, pure fabrications, based on absolutely no facts, spiced with appeals to fanaticism and piety. This lasted till somewhere in the Levant he caught the affections of a young English lady, the daughter of a merchant, and eloped with her, got married, and then threw up his position as missionary to the lost tribes.

The relations of his wife were very

angry at the marriage, and Cornellis did not get with her as much money as he had calculated on securing. Nevertheless, he got something—her mother's portion; and with her and her income, he settled in England, where he did his best to dissipate her fortune on his own selfish pleasures. He neglected his wife, and spent much of his time in town. She became a mother, and then her health gave way. She had not the spirit to bear up against her disappointments. She had idealized the earnest, handsome missionary; and when she found him a sceptical, selfish man, her disappointment crushed her spirit. She lived on for several years, till her daughter Josephine was about twelve, and then died.

Mr. Cornellis was a man who knew human nature, or prided himself on knowing it; but he knew only its weaknesses. He held mankind in contempt, as something to be preyed on by the man who had intelligence.

Associated with such a father, void of principle, it may be understood how Josephine could speak of herself as a derelict without anchor, light, or chart. She was a girl with natural warmth of character and generous feeling; but they were blighted by the cold sarcastic breath of her father's spirit, a spirit that sneered at kindness, yet affected it in public; that made a mock of enthusiasm, yet pretended to it when likely to be profitable.

For some time Mr. Cornellis had cut himself completely adrift from all his old associates; but as his means became reduced, he began again to court them, and resumed his cloak of piety and benevolence, as occasion served, much as an actor would put on his costume for the part he was prepared to represent.

There are hypocrites of all sorts in the world; the most common kind is that which deceives itself. Those who belong to this breed are unconscious hypocrites, and no one would be more surprised than themselves to be stripped of their masquerade. But Mr. Cornellis knew perfectly what he was about. He wanted something of a certain class of men, and he dressed his window to catch them. At home, he made no pretence to believe in the goodness of the articles exposed; he scoffed at the fools who were caught by them.

Josephine respected her father for his ability, but could not love him. He showed her little affection; he ridiculed all exhibition of feeling.

Her aunt was not an interesting woman.

She was a butt for her brother's jokes; a woman with a mind essentially commonplace, without taste, refinement, and ability. She was stout and plain. There was in her, however, a certain amount of honesty and kindness. Josephine depised Aunt Judith because she was stupid. There was no one about her whom she could love.

Richard Cable came up, took a bucket, turned it over, and seated himself on it, with his knitting, near Josephine.

"I have been watching a violet-colored jelly-fish," she said languidly. "It opens and shuts like a parasol, and so works its way along; but how it can think to do this perplexes me, as it has no brains."

"There are certain to be jelly-fish where the water is shallow and warm."

"What an ideally perfect life they lead, floating when the sun shines, sinking when storm threatens."

"But, Miss Cornellis, it is not a good life at all for such as us — we must always keep up, never sink."

"And to drift with the tide," she said.

"This makes the difference between us and jelly-fish," said the sailor. "They go with the current, and we swim against the tide. God has withdrawn brain from the creature because it does not require one, floating as it does with the tide. Brain is needed only for those whose life is made up of effort."

"Yes," she answered, and laughed: "I suppose it is so. And yet, there is a luxury in having the consciousness of brain-power in one, and yet — swimming with the tide."

"That is not a luxury — it is a treason," said Cable. "Would you be a jelly-fish, Miss Cornellis? Then choose only lukewarm and shallow water as your element." There was a tone of reproach in his voice.

She was displeased at it, and pouted.

"Would you like a net, miss, and try to catch prawns?" he asked after a pause.

"No. I want to be a jelly-fish for the nonce — do nothing, think of nothing, but enjoy the sun and the glitter of the water."

Again a silence of some duration.

"Did you chance to see my mother and any of my little ones about, before you left Hanford?" asked Cable. "Excuse my asking; but I have not seen them for ten days."

"No," answered Josephine. "I don't know them by sight."

"There are seven," said Cable.

"So I have heard. You have lost your wife?"

"Yes. Poor Polly died ten months ago."

"Tell me something about the children," said Josephine. She lacked sympathy to hear concerning them. She spoke carelessly. She was vexed in her idle mood at being disturbed. She was in no way interested in the children; if they had been drowned, she would not have cared.

"It's a funny thing for a man to do, to knit," she said sleepily.

"I knit for my babe; and I knit the love of my heart in and out with the wool, to keep the dear little feet warm."

"I suppose you are fond of it. I hate babies."

Cable said nothing. He looked at Josephine's handsome face and wondered. He knitted a round, thinking, and then he said: "Some day you may have babes of your own, and then you would like them to have a thousand feet, and to clothe all the little feet in socks knitted out of your heartstrings. You would give them everything you had; you would love them so dearly."

"I cannot understand you. Are you talking Chinese?"

"No — the language of nature."

"Yes; I suppose it is so. Cats and dogs, and I have no doubt also jelly-fish, love their young. As the brain gains, there is less of this animal affection. My father is a very clever man. He does not care much for me. You see, I am of no use to him."

"He not care for you!"

"Oh, he *cares* for me, because he has the trusteeship of my mother's little fortune. You must see, Mr. Cable, disinterested affection is, and must be, irrational. That, I should think, was obvious to the meanest capacity."

Cable continued his knitting. Her words troubled him, and his hand was unsteady; he dropped a stitch.

Josephine had her eyes half closed, watching him, and a smile twinkled on her lips. She was amused at him, he was so simple. He loved his children, he had little brain. Then she laughed out.

Cable raised his bright blue eyes and met hers. He did not speak; but he questioned the occasion of her laugh with them. He had a suspicion that she laughed at him.

"I only want one thing to make me quite happy," she said. "I was thinking of some chocolate creams I left on my dressing-table. Do you know that when I have been missed, Aunt Judith will eat my chocolate creams, and so console herself for my being drowned? What is there for dinner to-day?"

"Salt pork. I have nothing else."

"It is well Aunt Judith is not here. She would be more troubled at having salt pork, than at being cast away on a sandbank."

"You do not speak respectfully of your aunt."

"I do not respect her."

"I wish, miss," said Cable, "you would promise me, when you are on shore, that you would look at my little ones."

"O yes; I will carry them bonbons; but I give you fair warning that I shall not fall in love with them."

Richard Cable's brow was troubled, and his hands would not make the stitches right. He laid the little sock aside, and folded his rough brown hands round his knee. He was a man who thought a good deal. Isolated from all companions for every alternate fortnight, except only from the tiresome, stupid boy who was no associate, he lived much in his own thoughts. In the lightship he had time on his hands, time in which to think; and perhaps the nature of his occupation, perhaps natural proclivity, had made of him a man who lived an inner life, a quiet, serene-souled man, who had never known a greater trouble than the death of Polly, his young wife, whom he had married when she was eighteen, and he hardly one-and-twenty. At seaside places, where there is much fishing, the men marry early. He had loved his Polly warmly, placidly, not passionately. There had been no cross-currents in his courting; all had gone smoothly to marriage; and since marriage, the course had also been smooth till the great breakdown ten months ago. He was a God-fearing man, with a simple, childlike trust and faith; and he was a kindly man to all around him. Though he grumbled about the boy Joe who was associated with him, he was considerate of him, and gentle with him, sparing him hard work, and careful to speak no unseemly word before him. Joe looked up to him as a dog to its master, with a hearty devotion; and his parents were inclined to joke him about his references to Master Cable's opinions, as though they were infallible.

When Richard's fortnight was out, and he came back to Hanford, no man could be happier than he, as he sat with the baby on his knee, and put his rough finger into its mouth and let it try its new tooth on it; with the six other little girls round him, all fair-haired, with clear complexions and blue eyes. But though he dearly loved them all, and made most fuss

with the baby, the eldest, Mary, sat nearest his heart. She was called after his dead wife; and there was a look about her eyes and something in all the upper part of her face that made him think of Polly. He took her to walk with him, but did not speak much. He was a silent man, thinking his own thoughts. These thoughts were of a simple order, and the revolution in his brain was by no means excentric; but now he was brought in contact with a young girl who belonged not only to a different social sphere, but to a distinct moral and mental order; and against his will, she exerted a powerful disturbing influence on his mind. He did not understand her; he was uncertain whether she spoke out the real feelings of her heart; or whether she dissembled with him, and affected a callousness which she did not actually feel. He looked long and steadily at her, trying to read her character. She felt his eyes on her, and every now and then half opened her lids and looked at him in reply to his gaze; then he started and turned his head away with a sensation as if he had received a shot.

"How long is it since your father died?" asked Josephine, sitting up and putting on her hat.

He paused awhile to gather his thoughts before he replied, then he said quietly, gravely, without a muscle changing in his face: "I have lost him since I was an infant. I do not remember him."

"What did he die of? Was he drowned at sea?"

"I do not know that he is dead."

"Not dead!" She opened her beautiful brown eyes in surprise. "Where is he, then?"

"I do not know."

"How droll! Why does he not live with your mother and you?"

He paused again — a dark color mantled his brow and temples. "He deserted my mother."

"And you have never been after him?"

"No." He moved uneasily.

"Nor would I — unless he had money."

Cable stood up and paced the deck with his head down. He raised it now and then and looked over the sea to the horizon. He was wishing that a sail were visible. He became uneasy at being cast away on a sandbank with this girl. Her presence disturbed the equanimity of his mind. He was attracted by her, yet she repelled him. He pitied her, yet he feared her.

Presently he came up to her, and she raised her brown eyes to him to ask what

he wanted. He bent his away. "Look into the water," he said a little roughly.

"The water is falling; I can see through to the sand."

"Do you see yonder yellow mass floating by?"

"Yes — like a ghostly sponge."

"Do you know what it is?"

"A sort of jelly-fish."

"It is a sea-nettle."

"A plant?"

"No; a living being. If you were to touch it, it would sting you, perhaps paralyze you. I have known bathers in deep water who have encountered one of these harmless-looking creatures, and the touch has deadened their nerves, so that they have sunk as lead and never come up again alive."

"It is a pretty thing, too, with its long filaments. You hinted that there were human beings like jelly-fish."

"There are. What I say, I think. And there are human beings, even beautiful young girls, like sea-nettles. The jelly-fish have no heads; they do not hurt. The sea-nettles have no hearts; they sting and kill."

"And I," laughed Josephine, "I am one of the latter! You are not complimentary. I have not hurt you — at least I have had no intention of doing so."

"The sea-nettle has no thought of hurting the bather; its touch palsies without its having spiteful purpose, simply because it don't consider the feelings of those it encounters."

Her face became grave, and she turned it abruptly away towards the sea.

He continued his walk. Then he went into the cabin and fetched his telescope. He looked intently in one direction; Josephine looked over the bulwarks in another; he at the far off, she at the near — the ebbing tide and the drifting weed and living creatures in the shallows. Then he came across to her. "I am sorry I spoke rudely," he said.

She turned her face. There were tears in her eyes, perhaps of mortified vanity. She put out her hand to him. "Do not be afraid to touch me," she said with a forced laugh; "I will not hurt you. I would not do so for a great deal. I dare say I am hard. I am unhappy. I trust no one; believe in nothing; have no love, no hope. I will not sting. Tell me the truth always, however unpalatable. I hate lies."

Then he stooped and touched the tips of her fingers with his lips. "I pity you infinitely," he said. "You must find some

one or something to love, or you will be lost."

His voice was so kind, his manner so deferential, such genuine, hearty compassion streamed out of his honest eyes, that she was softened. "I will come and see you sometimes," she said; "I will see your mother and the children. I will try to get interested in them, and get out of myself, and away from the hateful atmosphere that surrounds me at home." Then she laughed. "Mr. Cable, throw me a rope now and then, and haul me out of the shallow water in which I live, and where I shall become a sea-nettle."

"With God's help, I will do what I can," he said gravely, and put his hand to his cap, as offering a salute.

From All The Year Round.

A BELGIAN CHRISTMAS EVE.

"TEN minutes too late, Monsieur!" said the porter, with a shrug and a smile that was meant to be consolatory, as I alighted in front of the great railway station, merely to hear that the train which should have wafted me seawards and Londonwards had started without me. It was vexatious; but there was no help for it. There was an evening train by which I could travel, and so, leaving my luggage in the cloak-room at the station, I drove back to my former comfortable quarters in the hotel which I had lately left. It was pleasantly situated, that hotel, overlooking one of those broad boulevards that are the pride of that old Belgian city — a city of gardens, and parks, and open spaces that keep it bright and healthy, if less quaintly picturesque than some others of the great towns of the Low Countries.

The day was fine, clear, and frosty, but the winter sun shone cheerily on the tall elms, leafless now, of the boulevard upon which I gazed, musing over recollections of former Christmas eves, such as this was, very variously spent in different quarters of the world. Presently my practised ear caught the approaching sound of military music, slowly played, and next the unmistakable roll of muffled drums, the heavy tread of marching feet, and the clank of accoutrements.

"An officer's funeral!" I thought, and the conjecture was confirmed as an advanced guard, with reversed arms, came in sight, and halted in front of a large white house, next door to the hotel. I now observed, for the first time, that the

wide *porte-cochère* of this mansion was open and the doorposts and lintel draped with hangings of black edged with silver, while in front of the entrance stood a hearse, drawn by four sleek, black horses, whose trappings of black velvet were trimmed with silver, too. Of silver also were the four huge lamps, lighted now, and blinking, like yellow eyes, at the pale sunshine of the short winter's day, which decked the angles of the roof, while in front towered a tall silver cross. The great Flanders horses, as if proud of their caparisons, pawed the pavement impatiently, bringing a shower of sparks at every hoof-stroke, and seemed eager for the start.

"The millinery and upholstery of mourning ceremonial," said I to myself, "are much the same all the world over. Your undertaker has a gainful trade, no doubt. But what have we here?"—as a slender young fellow, in a court suit splendid with embroidery, wearing a sword and carrying a cocked hat under his arm, tripped out of the house and gave orders to the black-coated satellites who stood beside the equipage, with the tone and manner of one accustomed to be obeyed. And then I remembered that foreign funerals of the more expensive sort require, by tradition, the presence of some such functionary, who directs the proceedings, and who is styled an usher. The make-up, in a theatrical sense, of this individual usher was faultless, and he was evidently impressed, himself, by a sense of the weight and dignity of the part which he had to play, as deputy grand marshal of the palace at the court of King Death. He wore his gold-hilted sword as gracefully as if a rapier had dangled gaily at his side since his boyhood; his costume was perfect, from the lace ruffles that almost hid his small hands to the buckled shoes whose varnished leather encased his dapper feet; and the pearly whiteness of his silk stockings was unmarred by speck or crease, as he moved to and fro, gesticulating, finding fault, waving his wand of ebony as if it had been the *bâton* of the leader of an orchestra.

Never was there a critic so hard to satisfy as this active young master of the ceremonies. Again and again he skipped out into the roadway, at imminent risk of being crushed by some jolting drag or fast-trotting tandem returning from the afternoon promenade in the Bois, to take an artistic survey of the hearse and its decorations; and each time he insisted on some change in the position of the

costly frippery that bedecked it. Presently there were carried forth several gigantic wreaths of those Parma violets, of which Nice sends so many cargoes from her sun-kissed gardens to the bleaker north, and then the usher became almost frantic with excitement. He would confide the arrangement of these monstrous garlands to no meaner hands than his; nor was he easy to please, even with his own skill, in massing the rich luxuriance of the flowers.

Around each of the big silver lamps, blazing as in defiance of the daylight, a wreath was hung; three more were on the roof; three within the hearse, where the vacant space seemed to await the coffin. I say "seemed" advisedly, for, if ever there was a four-wheeled impostor, brought out from its dismal coach-house for ostentation alone, it was that same hearse. But the usher was in his glory, now by the aid of a step-ladder scaling the roof to shift the places of the wreaths; now diving in between the heavy curtains of the mortuary car, like a showman anxious to get his puppets ready for the coming show; hurrying in tip-toe haste; capering; scolding; but always with a face the intense seriousness of which was clearly single-minded and earnest. Then came a pause, and then the heavy tread of men trained to keep step, but walking now with somewhat of a shuffling gait, by reason of the burden they had to bear. That burden was the coffin, covered with a rich pall, worked in gold, with coronets and heraldic bearings, and carried by soldiers.

Solemnly the usher skipped forward, almost staggering under the weight of three colossal violet wreaths, and these he proceeded to place upon the coffin, so that one floral crown should overlap another; and being at last satisfied with the display, he waved his hand aloft, and immediately the music struck up, and the procession began to move. It had to pass in front of the hotel, so that all the actors and accessories of the dismal show glided, with slow steps and frequent halts, past my window. First went the escort; then the band; and next the coffin with its martial bearers, while beside it was led the charger, covered with a huge veil of crape, through which could be seen the holsters and the sword dangling at the saddle-bow, which its dead master would never mount again. Two and two, and bareheaded, came the mourners, on foot, and apparently indifferent to the chill of the frosty air; men of wealth and station, as I guessed, and with whom were mingled a

number of officers of the garrison in varied uniforms. Far and wide rang out the dirge of the music; the empty hearse with its nodding cross and blazing lamps, was followed by a long line of coroneted carriages, the owners of which, doubtless, walked in front, and which were tenantless too; and then came on the rearguard with reversed arms, slowly marching on their way to the taper-lighted church and the distant cemetery.

The funeral had not long gone by, before I became conscious of a certain stir and bustle in the street below, which evidently portended some important event. Spectators, market-women, workmen, and bloused peasants, homeward-bound with baskets emptied of the eggs, and chickens, and shapeless lumps of yellow butter, began to congregate, mingling with some score or so of that minor bourgeoisie that lives frugally on its modest income, and, having overmuch leisure, is greedy for a sight of any street spectacle. There were idle troopers, too, belonging to the cavalry, whose trumpets rang out shrilly, ever and anon, from the barracks hard by; while a milk-woman on her rounds, with glistening brass cans in the little green cart that her sturdy mastiff, with his brass-studded harness and red worsted tassels, drew so easily, forgot her customers as she secured for herself a place in the foremost rank. Then children suddenly appeared, basket-laden, strewing the street with flowers and cut fragments of colored paper, until the rough paving-stones all but disappeared beneath an irregular mosaic of red and white, green and blue. The bells of neighboring churches sent forth, with common accord, a joyous peal, which was echoed by those of a monastery on the farther side of my hotel, and through the gate of which I had often seen the poor — such beggars as Sterne depicted — going in for their daily dole of bread and soup. From afar came the boom and clang of music, blended with the deep, rich notes of the chanting, as the head of the procession came in sight.

It was difficult to believe that the town could have contained so many girls — young, well dressed, and pretty — as had been by ecclesiastical influence or by social considerations, induced to walk in that procession. They were of all ages, from the lisping child ill at ease in her stiffly starched frock and white shoes, to the tall maiden, carrying a heavy flag with the air of a Joan of Arc; but there they were, squadrons of girls in white; bevvies of girls in blue; companies of girls in

pink, or lilac, or maize color; but all either actually bearing some emblem or badge, or feigning to assist the progress of some shrine, or reliquary, or colossal crucifix, or group of images, by grasping the end of one of the hundreds of bright ribbons that were attached to these, the central features and rallying-points of the show. On, on they streamed, walking demurely to the music of bassoon and serpent, cornet and drum, of clashing cymbal and piping clarionet, while the musicians, collected from many a parish of the city and suburbs, beat and blew their best. Anon the music was hushed, and nothing broke the silence, save the deep voices of the chanting priests, and then arose the shrill singing of many children, as school after school, well drilled and officered by nuns or friars, as the case might be, marched on to swell the apparently interminable array.

A marvellous effect was there of color and grouping artistically arranged, and a rare display, too, of treasures ecclesiastic that seldom see the light of day. There is nothing now in the market, were an empress the bidder, to equal that old point-lace just drawn forth from the oaken chest in which it usually reposes, and which was the pious work of supple fingers that have crumbled to dust two centuries ago. Where can you find such goldsmith's work as yonder casket, that in bygone ages was consecrated as the receptacle of some wonder-working relic; or see such a triumph of art as that jewelled chalice, the repoussé work of which was surely wrought by fairy hammers, so light and delicate is the tracery?

Those who take a share in the procession seem to have an all-engrossing interest in their task, which makes them for the moment deaf and blind to all that has not reference to the business of the hour. The youngest prattler who has been entrusted with a miniature silken pennon, whereon some sacred motto has been worked in gold or silver, is as earnestly devoted to the duty as are those two stalwart men, who have quite enough to do as they support, by its double poles, a heavy parochial banner of purple velvet and gleaming bullion, or yonder band of damsels in white, with flowing veils, tall and fair as so many lilies, who cluster round the gilded shrine, within which glimpses can be caught of the gorgeously attired images within.

On, and still onwards, like a shining river bathed in multi-colored light, flows the apparently endless stream of the great procession, pausing, sometimes, when the

sound of chanting voices is alone heard; and soon, at the tinkling signal of a silver bell, resuming its slow stateliness of march. The route already traversed must have been long; the keen air, as the day begins to die, grows sharper still; but no one of the many actors, old or young, in this outdoor panorama, appears to suffer from fatigue or cold; the whole pageant passes on with the steady regularity of a machine. As a pictorial effect the thing was admirable. The eye became, as it were, surfeited with rich hues, with azure and carnation, and purple and green; it was relieved by pure white, set off by the glitter of gold and gems. No such success could have been achieved save by traditional skill passed on from age to age, and linking this nineteenth century of ours to a very remote past indeed, when this very pageantry belonged to a faith long since dead; and it was in praise of the divinities of half-forgotten Olympus, that hymns were sung, and flowers twined, and cars adorned with gold leaf and plumes and fluttering silk. Be sure that it was a gallant show, too, in that old time, when Jupiter Optimus Maximus was worshipped in Rome's Capitol, or when the more popular rites were performed for the sake of Ceres, or Venus, or Dian of the silver bow. And young children and maidens swelled the bright throng then, even as now, and there were song, and sparkle, and the sound of instruments that would be strange to our ears, but which made music welcome enough to the ear then, as the white bull, wreathed with roses, and with gilded horns, was led slowly through the narrow streets amidst the shouting crowd.

On, and onwards still, as if the whole feminine population of the kingdom — between the age of seven, say, and that of seven and twenty — had been pressed into the service, swept the procession. Fresh bands of music; new companies of chanting priests, of deep-voiced deacons, whose scarlet robes were all but hidden by costly lace, awakened the echoes of the quiet streets. Chariots with bleeding hearts conspicuously borne aloft; chariots with gigantic crucifixes; chariots resplendent as the noonday sun, with the lavish display of cloth of silver, and cloth of gold, and tenanted by venerated images, — went lumbering by.

And still the children sang and the diapason of the chanting rolled out like solemn thunder on the air, while at every instant some novel feature of the ever-varying spectacle claimed its meed of

praise. Prettiest, perhaps, of all the sights there was a little — a very little — child, a beautiful boy with golden curls, fantastically clad in raiment of camel's hair, who carried a tiny cross, and led by a blue ribbon a white lamb, highly trained, no doubt, since it followed with perfect docility and exemplary meekness. A more charming model of innocent infancy than this youthful representative of John the Baptist, as with filleted head, small limbs seemingly bare, and blue eyes that never wandered to the right or left, he slowly stepped on, none of the great Italian masters ever drew. On, still on, over the flower-strewed pavement flowed the living stream, fit successor to processions of the far past, when beauty, and faith, and splendor, long since vanished like the hoarfrost from the hawthorn boughs, paraded the old streets of this very town.

The spectators, I noticed, behaved very variously. There were *esprits forts* clearly among the bourgeois looking on, who seemed coldly indifferent to what they saw, if not actually hostile, and who declined to doff their hats as the holiest images and the most hallowed emblems were borne by. But the peasants, one and all, bared their heads in reverence; and the milk-woman, with her cart and her cans, had pulled her rosary, with its dark berries and brass medals, out of her capacious pocket, and was telling her beads as devoutly as her own great-grandmother could have done. Forward, with the same steady pace, poured the tide of the procession, to all appearance regardless of the crowd or of the gazers who filled the windows of the houses that lined the route.

Some rivalry there may possibly have been between the different parishes which had sent forth their boys and girls, their bands and flags, and the jealously guarded treasures from crypt, and chancel, and sacristy to swell the pomp. Saint Jossé, with its famed old church, to which pilgrims resort even from the banks of Loire and Rhine, could not permit itself to be outshone by fashionable Saint Jacques, where it is easy for a bland abbé, who knows the world of the salons, to collect subscriptions that are less missed by the givers than a lost bet on the races, or a luckless stake at baccarat. And Saint Ursula, grim patroness of a network of ancient streets, where aristocratic mansions of the mediæval type are elbowed by mean shops and hucksters' stalls, yet tries to avoid the disgrace of being overcrowded

by moneyed, pushing, parvenu All Saints, where tall new houses, radiant with terracotta and plate glass, shelter the rich proprietors of the still taller brick chimneys that dominate a mass of workmen's dwellings on the outskirts of the parish. But such a spirit of emulation only serves to enhance the glitter of the show.

And now the clashing cymbals, and the boom and bray of the brass instruments, lately at their loudest, are hushed, that the rich thunder of the chanting may be the better heard, and the spectators press forward, or stand on tiptoe, to peer over the shoulders of those in the foremost rank. Something was plainly to be looked for that was regarded as the central pivot, or kernel, of the show. And here it comes. Surrounded by chanting priests, and preceded by scarlet-capped and white-robed acolytes swinging weighty censers, under his canopy of state borne over his head by four strong men, some dignity of the Church goes by. He wears no mitre — not even that of a bishop *in partibus infidelium* — and, therefore, I conjecture him to be a dean. He is, at any rate, splendid as jewels, and gold embroidery, and antique lace can make him; and he walks beneath his gorgeous baldaquin of gold and purple, chanting, too, but in a thin and reedy voice, for he is old, and his hair, silver white, contrasts somewhat plaintively with the magnificence that environs him, as amidst clouds of steaming incense he totters on. The bystanders begin to disperse, for it is getting late and cold, and the shadows are beginning to creep from darkling nooks and corners, and the spectacle is over. The procession is out of sight, and fainter and fainter grow the sounds of the music and of the chanting. The last spectator to depart was a young monk, with a pale face and dreamy eyes, clad in the brown robes of his order, and with his tonsured head bare, who, during all this time, had knelt on the cold stones at the monastery gate, his lips moving as his lean fingers grasped his rosary, and an expression of rapt devotion on his wan countenance, that would have done credit to some hermit saint of a thousand years ago, when the crown of martyrdom was easy to find.

"Monsieur est servi en bas," said in a German accent the Teutonic waiter, who interrupted my reverie. It was time for my early dinner, and then for the drive to the station; but I have never regretted that I missed the earlier train, and ever remembered with pleasure that special Christmas eve in Belgium.

From The Daily Telegraph.

PIRATES PRESENT AND PAST.

THE latest instance of the nineteenth-century way of hauling down the black flag is found in the story of "a strange affair" which happened quite recently in New Zealand. Two seamen, named Penn and Caffrey, murdered a man on Great Barrier Island, and ran away with a cutter called the Sovereign of the Seas, and also with a girl. The narrative is related with a brevity that cannot but distress the curious. The name of the lady is left in darkness. Of her beauty, of her qualifications as a pirate's wife — the Medora of the south Pacific — no hint is given. We are barrenly told that "they seized arms and provisions and commenced to sail for South America, but, fearing pursuit, they put back on the Australian coast, and scuttled their vessel fifteen miles north of Port Macquarie." Portions of the wreck came ashore, suspicion was excited, the pirates were arrested and conveyed to Auckland. Strictly, they were pirates only in having seized and run away with a vessel. They had not yet hoisted the black flag, nor exhibited any of the old symptoms of this sort of marine depravity. It is very warrantable, however, to suspect their intentions. They were bound away for the South American coast when they changed their minds; there, maybe, they hoped to ship a few beachcombers — gentlemen who would do honor to even the ship's company of a Morgan or a Blackbeard — and then start in search of some Acapulco ship of to-day, some well-freighted craft manned, perhaps, by a slender body of Spaniards. As was the Centurion to the galleon, so would the Sovereign of the Seas be to the thousand-ton vessel she might tackle. But the result, as usual, is without poetry. The preparations did, indeed, promise a highly seasoned dish. The swift and nimble cutter, the seizure of arms, the presence of a heroine, the two determined seamen with appetites rendered sanguinary by their pretty little piece of practice on the man they had left behind them on Great Barrier Island, — all this was assurance of adventures more thrilling than anything of the same kind that ever dropped from the fertile pen of Mr. Fenimore Cooper. The baleful shadow of the police, however, seems to have hung gloomily upon the undertaking from the very beginning. The moral influence of the law was working in these pirates when they weighed anchor, and operated so powerfully when they were out of sight of land that, as though constrained by some

diabolic spell, they shifted their helm and trimmed sail for their fate. An unromantic sequel indeed — without even the gibbet, the clanking chains, and the carrion crow of the lonely seashore to inform the flat issue with something of the fine old spirit! In a lively American novel an Irish sailor is made to inveigh against civilization. "What's the use of bein' snivelized?" he exclaims. "Snivelized chaps only learns the way to take on 'bout life and snivel. You don't see any darned beggars and pesky constables in Madagasky, I tell ye; and none o' them kings there gets their big toes pinched by the gout." The sailor might have carried his protest further by pointing out how injuriously civilization has served the sea life. Fifty years ago the start of the Sovereign of the Seas with muskets, ammunition, lovely woman, and two stout hearts, with appetites whetted by that little job on Great Barrier Island — her start with all these picaroonish commodities aboard would have been the beginning of a noble marine campaign, which must have speedily led to the command of a fine smart ship and the hundred diversions of scuttling, blowing up, hanging, plank-walking, marooning, and the like. When one considers the behavior of the crew of the Sovereign of the Seas it seems pitiful that buccaneering should have come to this. How gallantly Shelvocke, Cowly, Clipperton, Dampier, pushed on! With what lordly resolution did they beard the haughty Spaniard, skirting uncharted coasts to come at him, stealing his niggers, sacking and firing his towns, robbing his altars, insulting his ladies, emptying his ships, and drinking to the health of Britannia's queen or king — God bless him or her! — in hearty punch manufactured out of the don's cellars! It is, indeed, true that the origin of the buccaneers does not partake of the sublime: but the calling borrowed a great glory from the scores of valorous cut-throats who fortified their spirits by "long drinks" of brandy mixed with gunpowder, and fought like bloodhounds under their fearful flag. These famous heroes were originally settled in the island of St. Domingo; they salted and smoked the meat of the animals which they had slain in chase at spots which they called boucans, and from this term they took their title. They went equipped as became such valiant creatures. Their apparel consisted of a shirt and a pair of pantaloons, both formed of coarse linen cloth, dyed with the blood of animals. Their boots were made of hog-

skin — they did not condescend to so effeminate a luxury as stockings — and they covered their heads with a round cap. Around their waists they wore a strap cut out of a raw hide, to which they hung, each man, several knives and a very short sabre. Their arms consisted of a firelock that carried two balls, weighing an ounce apiece. Though they despised stockings, they were not above such comforts as are to be obtained by a plentiful retinue; for we are told that every one was attended by several valets, a number of servants, and by twenty or thirty dogs. Their habits are described as being rather lower than those of the Hottentot. Raw marrow was one of their favorite dishes. They ate lying on the ground, having neither benches nor tables. Stones furnished them with pillows quite soft enough for their heroic brows; and the trunk of a tree was as good a table as they could ask for. From the annals of this suave and gentle race of men the novelists have drawn materials for some very choice contributions to the literature of romance. The poets have also favored them: —

Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells, he steals, he kills, for gold.

From The Spectator.

AMATEUR ART IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN Paris, in 1792, in the very middle of the great Revolution, "Frilled promenaders saunter under the trees; white-muslin promenaderess, in green parasol, leaning on your arm. Dogs dance, and shoeblacks polish, on that Pont Neuf itself, where Fatherland is in danger." In London, in 1688, in the middle of a small Revolution, which yet was great in its consequences, people were just as busy amusing themselves, playing at art, and making their houses beautiful after their own fancies, as they are in the peace of the present day. But the fashionable work of that time was not so easy; it took a great deal of study and time and material; it was by no means within the reach of every young woman thinking herself artistic. There is a certain air of stateliness, a stiff distinction, tempered with condescending encouragement, in this thin brown folio that has lived two hundred years, printed at Oxford in 1688, and sold by the author, Mr. John Stalker, "living at the *Golden Ball* in *James's Market*,

London." The book is "A Treatise of Japaning and Varnishing, Being a compleat Discovery of those Arts . . . with the Method of Guilding, Burnishing, and Lackering, with the Art of Guilding, Separating, and Refining Metals: and of Painting Mezzo-Tinto Prints. Also Rules for Counterfeiting Tortoise-shell, and Marble, and for Staining or Dying Wood, Ivory, and Horn. Together with Above an Hundred distinct Patterns for Japan-work, in Imitation of the Indians, for Tables, Stands, Frames, Cabinets, Boxes, &c."

The book opens with a very respectful dedication to "the Right Honourable the Countess of Darby." "And how," says the author, after apologizing for his presumption, "can such a book as this, that has nothing to recommend it, but the usefulness, and truth of the Experiments it contains, be better secured, against the Censures of this our Critical Age we live in, than by the Patronage of a Lady, that is no less Eminent for her Quality, Beauty, and Vertue, than for her Incomparable Skill and Experience in the Arts that those Experiments belong to, as well as in several others,"—from which we may conclude that the Lady Derby of those days was something of an amateur artist.

Before Mr. Stalker goes on to the practical part of his book, which is very practical indeed, and must have been a most valuable guide to the amateurs of his day, he writes a short "Epistle to the Reader and Practitioner," laying before him the pleasures and advantages of the work, explaining its object, and speaking with a cheerful confidence quite absent from the dedication, in which the poor treatise itself is described as far from faultless, and its author mean. Now that he is no longer on his knees before his patroness, he assumes quite another air, and assures the gentlemen and ladies who follow his rules, "If you punctually observe them, you must of necessity succeed well." As for the *raison d'être* of his book, "We have laid before you an Art very much admired by us, and all those who hold any commerce with the inhabitants of Japan; but that Island not being able to furnish these parts with work of this kind, the English and Frenchmen have endeavored to imitate them." Here we must interrupt Mr. Stalker to remark, with a sigh, that we did not know the fashion of shams had begun so early; but this treatise of his is proof positive. He will excuse us, and proceed: "That by these means the Nobility and Gentry might be completely

furnisht with whole Setts of Japan-work, whereas otherwise they were forc't to content themselves with perhaps a Screen, a Dressing-box, or Drinking-bowl, or some odd thing that had not a fellow to answer it: but now you may be stockt with entire Furniture, Tables, Stands, Boxes, and Looking-glass-frames, of one make and design, or what fashion you please; and if done by able Hands, it may come so near the true Japan, in fineness of Black, and neatness of Draught, that no one but an Artist should be able to distinguish 'em."

After this, have we of these days any right to repine if our Oriental curiosities are made in Manchester or Birmingham? But Mr. Stalker has high principle to guide him, and plenty of indignation: "As for our Undertakers in this kind they are very numerous, and their works are different; some of them have more confidence than skill and ingenuity, and without modesty or a blush impose upon the Gentry such stuff and trash, for Japan-work, that whether 'tis a greater scandal to the Name or Artificer, I cannot determine. Might we advise such foolish pretenders, their time would be better employed in dawbing Whistles and Puppets for the Toy Shops to please Children, than contriving Ornaments for a Room of State. . . . These pages will assist 'em to distinguish between good Work and Rubbish, between an ignorant Knave and an Artist, and put a stop to all the cheats and cousenage of those whiffing, impotent fellows, who pretend to teach young Ladies that art, in which they themselves have need to be instructed, and to the disgrace of the Title lurk and shelter themselves under the notion of Jappanners, Painters, Guilders," etc.

But the gentlemen and ladies for whom Mr. Stalker wrote were likely to skip all this fine language, and to hurry on to the practical part of his treatise. They may have lingered a moment, for encouragement and satisfaction, on such assurances as these: "The glory of one country, Japan alone, has exceeded in beauty and magnificence all the pride of the Vatican at this time, and the Pantheon heretofore." According to Mr. Stalker, the towns and cities of Japan are roofed with gold, so that they "enjoy a double day by the reflection of the sun's beams." "What can be more surprizing, than to have our Chambers overlaid with Varnish more glossy and reflecting than polisht Marble? No amorous Nymph need entertain a Dialogue with her Glass, or Nar-

cissus retire to a Fountain, to survey his charming countenance, when the whole house is one entire Speculum."

Inspired by such visions, we go on to the table of contents of this wonderful treatise, and here we find a list of all the things we are to learn. What unending stores of delight for a country-house in winter two hundred years ago! We provide ourselves, of course, with drugs and spirits, gums and metals, and we lay in also our store of tools, — strainers for the varnish or "Lacker," "tin-tunnels," bottles, vials and "Gally-pots," varnishing-pencils of camel's hair of different sizes, "the best that I know are sold in Blackamoor Street;" "Pencils to draw with, small and greater, Goose, little Goose, Duck and Swallow-quills;" "two hundred Mussel-shells, Dutch-rushes, to be bought at the Ironmongers, Tripoly for polishing, store of Linnen-rags," "sallet-oil for clearing up your work." And then, being ready prepared, we shall begin by making several kinds of varnish, for which full directions are given; we shall go on to varnish different woods; we shall make isinglass-size, gold-size, gum-water, japan of different colors; we shall lay speckles, make raised work, prepare wood, copy the designs in the book, our japanned wood being ready, with colors and gold; we shall go on to learn "gilding and lackering," to overlay wood with "Burnisht gold or silver," to gild silver, copper, brass, or Prince's metal, to color gold, to silver over brass or copper, to refine silver, to counterfeit tortoise-shell, to dye wood, ivory, etc., red, yellow, black, or green.

What person of taste and industry, in the year 1688, would endure plain furniture in his house with powers like these in his hands? To begin with, there are all sorts of pretty things to be made, copying the very striking designs of which the pages of the book are full. Mr. Stalker says they are exactly imitated from Japanese buildings, towers and steeples, figures, rocks, and the like, and that he has only "made them more pleasant, yet altogether as Antick." Powder-boxes, patch-boxes, adorned with landscapes, birds catching butterflies, Japanese gentlemen walking, or sitting under trees; brushes of various shapes, a "Pincushing Trunke" for jewellery, the frame of a looking-glass, a standish, a comb-box. After these come more ambitious designs for tables, cabinets, etc.; wonderful birds, especially one monster who would want a whole piece of furniture to himself; trees and flowering plants never seen in nature; monkeys,

stags, rabbits, not so hard to recognize; and then most amazing groups of figures, shooting, hawking, fighting; "a Pagod Worshipp in ye Indies," in which people very oddly dressed in jackets and trousers prostrate themselves before an object on a throne. Certainly "as much pleasing variety as can reasonably be expected." Here are frightful punishments, splendid spired palaces, an embassy, which is perhaps the most interesting plate of all. The king, who wears a hat and an apron very like those of an Anglican bishop, is sitting under a canopy like a four-post bed, with flags at the corners. One fat courtier kneels beside him, while the ambassadors, in mortal terror, carrying presents, creep sneaking up to the flight of steps that leads to the throne. Mr. Stalker himself thinks a good deal of this plate; in fact, he says, "I had rather see an embassy thus in miniature, than take a voyage into China that I might really behold one;" and he gives most exact directions for the copying of it. "As for the king, his face and hands should not be of the ordinary hue with inferior mortals; Gold best becomes his Majesties countenance, his eyes and beard black, his cap green gold set off with bright gold; his body may be clothed in bright red copper, shadowed with black; the table-cloth covered with green gold, shadowed or set off with bright." And so we go on with a full description of the ambassadors.

Here and there, in the midst of his practical directions, Mr. Stalker breaks out into jokes; the further he gets from his dedication, the more cheerful and confident he becomes. This kind of thing is evidently meant to make his gentlemen and ladies smile: "That necessary and serviceable friend, Venice-Turpentine, here also gives his attendance; who in the quantity of one pound to three pints of water, takes up his lodging in a clean, earthen Pipkin, almost as large again as the Inhabitants. These guests so disposed of, with their house of clay the Pipkin, place over a gentle fire, and by degrees warm them, till they being pleased with their habitation begin to simper, and dance a little; then do you promote their pastime by stirring with a stick. But if they finding the place too hot for them, should endeavor to escape by boiling over, which you'll soon discover by the rout and bustle, and rising of the water, release them," etc.

So one may imagine them working, our amateur artists of the seventeenth cen-

ture, thoroughly amused and interested, while King William III. was landing, and English history was turning itself round. No doubt the black and tarnished relics of their labors may be found in many a house throughout England, mistaken by the ignorant, as Mr. Stalker was quite sure they would be, for old Japan. It is a little sad now to turn over the leaves of his book, and realize the tremendous pains he took about it all. Leonardo da Vinci was hardly more sure of an eternity of fame.

Still, whatever we may think of the beauty or originality of this art of Japaning, it certainly, in the hard work, cleverness, perseverance, and skill required, might compare favorably with some of the fashionable work of the present day. But is it too bold a conclusion that an art which can be thus taught to a crowd of amateurs, and practised by them, can never expect to live, being hardly worthy of the name of art at all?

From The Daily Telegraph.

ROBBING A TRAIN IN TEXAS.

ONE day last month a train of six cars drew near to Bellevue Station, and halted at the water-tank just outside the station to replenish the boilers. As the engine stopped, three unmasked robbers approached. The first robber ordered the chief engineer, the second engineer, and a fireman to descend, threatening them that if they disobeyed him he would shoot them dead. The three officials had no arms, and were therefore at their interpellator's mercy. He led them about thirty yards away from the train, and in sight of several onlookers robbed them of all the valuables they possessed. Meanwhile, the brigand's two companions turned their attention to the train and its occupants. One passenger, who had by chance been looking out of the window, saw the indignity to which the three engine servants were subjected, and took in the situation at a glance. He ran hastily through the cars, and warned all seated in them that they were about to be robbed. It would appear that the old etiquette of "the road" in England, which prescribed that ladies should not be searched so long as, if young, they would dance a measure with a Claude du Val or a Paul Clifford, has not yet died out in Texas. To it the imperilled male passengers owed their immunity from heavy loss at Bellevue Sta-

tion about three weeks since. As the messenger flew through the cars, scattering alarm on every side, the male passengers ran hastily up to their female companions or friends, and loaded them with all the money they had in their pockets. Thus we are told that Miss Kate Haas, of Fort Worth, Texas, took charge of three thousand dollars and of several diamond studs and rings. Mrs. Chambers, of Potsdam, in New York State, was the custodian of five thousand dollars in money and some diamonds, while Mrs. Wittick, of Carthage, Missouri, was freighted with her husband's gold watch and several hundred dollars. In this manner money to the amount of about twelve thousand dollars and diamonds worth about half that sum were secreted by the lady passengers, whom the robbers were too gallant—or too hurried—to search. The bandits, as they would have been called in southern Italy, were evidently novices at their trade, but nevertheless they presented a sufficiently ugly and resolute appearance to overawe more than forty adult male passengers, whom they compelled to turn out their pockets. In the end the three freebooters retired from the platform, or sleeper of the last car, with three gold watches, ten silver watches, five revolvers, one gold ring, and rather more than one hundred dollars in their possession. Having descended from the car they swiftly mounted upon their horses, which were attached to some trees close by, and vanished in the distance. As the State of Texas measures seven hundred miles from north to south, and more than eight hundred from east to west, and contains one hundred and seventy-five millions of acres—an area as large as Belgium, France, and Spain combined—it is by no means improbable that the marauders, with a good start and active horses under them, will have given leg bail to their pursuers, although five posses of officers, including Sheriff M'Lain, of Montague, Marshal Black, of Bowie, and several "distinguished citizens" of the neighborhood, were included among the latter. The strangest part of this little history remains, however, to be narrated. Will it be believed that the five revolvers captured by the robbers were taken from the hands of five soldiers belonging to the 24th Regiment of United States Infantry? It appears that Captain Connors, of the above-named regiment, was upon the train, having two deserters under his custody, over whom the five private soldiers, fully armed, kept watch and ward. In the

first instance Captain Connors ordered his men to draw their revolvers, and to fight the robbers. At the earnest instance of several passengers, who thought that a free fight in one of the cars might endanger the lives of women and children, Captain Connors withdrew his first order, and instructed his men to offer no resistance. When the two robbers reached the soldiers, and demanded that their weapons should be given up, the five revolvers were meekly surrendered. Surely it might have been possible for Captain Connors and his five men to descend from the train and await the robbers when they alighted

with their booty. It is to be hoped that General Sheridan, the commander-in-chief of the United States army — an officer of distinction, who won his spurs in the American Civil War, and is not accustomed to tame and spiritless surrenders — will call Captain Connors to account for a display of pusillanimity which is certainly at variance with the best traditions of the United States regulars. Excepting Mrs. Wittick, who loudly demanded whether her forty or fifty male companions would submit to the indignity of being robbed by three men, no one seems to have shown any spirit.

HAILSTONES AS LARGE AS CRICKET BALLS.

— The storm that swept over Brisbane at the beginning of December was the most destructive experienced in the colony for very many years. From an account of the storm given by the *Australian Christian World* we learn that the phenomenal feature was the size of the hailstones, which did no little damage: "About midday the first signs were perceptible in the heavens, and until three o'clock in the afternoon heavy banks of clouds were rapidly rising at an unusual height in the air. Some idea as to the nature of the storm may be gathered when it is mentioned that though the hail only lasted about thirty minutes, yet hardly a house in Brisbane but what suffered more or less; while in the outlying districts the damage done to fruit and vegetable crops was very serious. Some of the hailstones were as large as cricket balls, though the more common size was that of a hen's egg. These fell with such great force that both the plate glass and galvanized roofing of many houses were cut through as though they were thin tissue. One man while closing his office door received a nasty cut on the forehead. Another person narrowly escaped a serious accident with his horse and cart; he had to lie down in the cart with his head under the seat, and though escaping serious injury was badly bruised; a horse at Woolloongabba broke out of the yard and was killed; the tops of some of the 'buses were so riddled that bags had to be used to protect the passengers; several men were severely cut after the hail had forced its way through their hard felt hats; one man, who was driving, got struck on the side of the head and had to be carried home." Another remarkable fact is that in one district the hail was said to be lying twelve and eighteen inches deep in some parts. One result of the storm was a sudden rise in the price of glass, which by the next morning was at a very high premium. In some cases the

price rose two hundred and fifty per cent. in less than twenty-four hours.

A BABOO COMING TO CUT A FIGURE IN THE WORLD. — A curious letter has been addressed by a native of Madras to the head of an important English company in Bombay, from which the following are extracts: "May it please your Honor, — Believing that the pitiable case of a promising Hindoo will be never overlooked by wealthy and benevolent gentlemen like your Honor, I beg to state that —

Let not mercy and
Truth forsake thee
Bind them about thy neck
Write them upon the heart
of thy table. — Bible.

I am a native of Madras. . . . As I was frustrated in all of my attempts in India I have finally made up my mind to leave India, for a distant foreign country like England, where I am certain there will be many chances for active young men like myself to enrich themselves, and thus cut a figure in this world. The Hindoos are for the most part vicious and also very jealous of their neighbors. The natives I should say do not seem to inhabit the promise of civilization. I am really sorry why the Almighty create such brutes at all. The prospects of the natives are generally barred, and consequently very limited, because they are not permitted to take foreign travels. For my first experiment I prefer London to other places, because the Englishmen are more tamed with the natives than the other nations. As I am too poor as already stated to pay money for a passage to London I humbly pray that your Honor may be pleased to grant me a passage to London gratis and thus enable me to land at London with much ease and comfort.

Say not unto thy neighbor, Go and Come
Again and to-morrow I will give when
Thou hast it by thee. — Bible.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. THE HOUSE OF DOUGLAS, ...	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i>	579
II. MAJOR AND MINOR. By W. E. Norris, Part II., ...	<i>Good Words,</i>	595
III. AMONG THE TRANSYLVANIAN SAXONS, .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	612
IV. THE STRANGE STORY OF MARGARET BEAU- CHAMP. By George Fleming. Conclusion,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	624
V. THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY: INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE AND LABORS. Part II., ...	<i>Leisure Hour,</i>	632
VI. A LOVER OF LEISURE, ...	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	634
VII. AN OLD COUPLE, ...	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	638

POETRY.

THE SHIP OF DREAMS, ...	578	JANUARY, ...	578
A MILE AND A BITTOCK, ...	578	"LO, THE DAY BEGINS TO RISE," .	578
SHE IS MY LADY, O SHE IS MY LOVE, .	578		

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THE SHIP OF DREAMS.

WHEN silent lies the sleeping town
In its profoundest rest,
There is a ship comes sailing down
Upon the river's breast.

Wide-winged as that enchanted swan,
She saileth through the night,
And purple grows the gloom upon
The magic of her flight.

The barque she bears no mortal name,
No crew of mortal mould,
Ulysses' ship of song and flame,
Of cedar wood and gold!

She is the ship that Turner knew
On the enchanted seas,
She floats far isles of music through,
And isles of memories.

And she is mystically fraught
With dreams remembered long,
That drift on all the tides of thought
And all the seas of song.

She hath Ulysses by her helm,
As in the olden time;
This ship of a diviner realm,
And of a fairer clime.

Longman's Magazine.

A MILE AND A BITTOCK.

A MILE and a bittock, a mile or twa,
Abune the burn, ayont the law,
Davie an' Donal' and Cherlie an' a',
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
Ane went hame wi' the ither, and then
The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
The clocks were chappin' in house and ha',
Eleeven, twal, and ane an' twa;
And the gudeman's face was turnt to the wa',
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
A wund got up frae affa the sea,
It blew the stars as clear's could be,
It blew in the cen of a' of the three,
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
Now Davie was first to get sleep in his head.
"The best o' freen's maun twine," he said,
"I'm weariet, an' here I'm awa to my bed,"
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
Twa o' them walkin' an' crackin' their lane,
The mornin' licht cam' gray an' plain,
An' the birdies yammert on stick an' stane,
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
O years ayont, O years awa,
My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa' —
My lads, ye'll mind on the bield o' the law,
When the mune was shinin' clearly!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Leisure Hour.

SHE IS MY LADY, O SHE IS MY LOVE!

No beauty born of pride my lady hath;
Her voice is as the path
Of a sweet stream, and where it flows must be
Peace and fertility.
Who loveth her no tumult hath or pain;
Her cloudy eyes are full of blessed rain —
A sky that cherisheth; her breast
Is a soft nook for rest.
She has no varying pleasure
For passion's fitful mood;
Her firm, small kisses are my constant food,
As rowan-berries yield their needful treasure
To starving birds: her smile
Gives life so sweet a style,
To die beneath its beams would be
To practise immortality.

Academy.

JANUARY.

THROUGH frosty skies the glittering stars look
down
On lands that lie in dreamless winter sleep;
Wrapped in a wealth of snowflakes soft and
deep.
The trees seem taller and more stately grown
In the white splendor of their transient crown,
Unvisited the hills their secrets keep,
And over all — hill, dale, and mountain
steep —
One vast, pure veil of loveliness is thrown.
A world of snow and silence, and beneath
The Past and Future resting side by side;
But soon new power shall stir in blade and
frond,
There shall be gladness after seeming death,
The advent of the springtime, far and wide,
And all the bliss of summer life beyond!
Leisure Hour. MARY ROWLES.

Lo, the day begins to rise,
And the shadows of the night,
Overtaken with surprise,
Blushing, fly his presence bright;
Cease thy briny tears to flow,
Not another murmur sigh;
Thine hath been the cup of woe,
Now be thine the cup of joy.

Wakened by the voice of morn,
See the little urchin Mirth,
How she, laughing care to scorn,
Skippeth o'er the jocund earth;
Don, O, don thy best attire,
Snatch, O, snatch this balm to pain,
Ere the beams of day retire,
And thy night sets in again.
JOSEPH SKIPPET.

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE HOUSE OF DOUGLAS.*

YET another of Mr. William Fraser's monumental works on Scottish family history is before us, not assuredly the least interesting or important of the series. Scotts of Buccleugh, Stewarts of Men-teith, Stirlings of Keir, Mackenzies, Montgomeries, Maxwells, Colquhouns, Lennoxes, and Frasers, must all yield the palm to the descendants of that "dark, iron grey man," Sholto Dhu Glass, who hovers, dimly seen, and intangible by the utmost antiquarian industry, on the confines of authentic narrative. Scarcely the unborn progeny of Æneas mustered a more imposing company in the shades, or the predestined scions of Este in the grotto of Merlin, than the long procession of Douglasses, black and red, who defile across the ample pages of the gorgeous volumes we are proud and fortunate to possess. Nor is their learned author unworthy to take a place beside even such well-versed genealogists as Anchises or Melissa. It is true he professes to read, not the future, but the past; his knowledge is no "gift of Persephone," but the fruit of the toilsome researches of a lifetime. The spirits at his command—*un gran numero eletto*—dwell in antique muniment-chests, whisper their secrets from black-letter grants and charters, own as the symbols of their bondage armorial seals, escutcheons, half-defaced inscriptions, yellow and tattered manuscripts. To his possession of the *ferrea vox* denied to the sibyl, not the present voluminous work alone bears witness, but many others of the same class, reviewed at intervals in these pages. Already in the days of the Bruce the sexton of St. Bride's had a story to tell of Douglas deeds and heroes, too long for the patience of Sir Aymer de Valence. "A less matter," he protested, "would hold a well-breathed minstrel in subject for recitation for a calendar month, Sundays and holidays included."† Yet the house was then only in its beginnings. Six eventful centuries have since

added their quota of vicissitudes to the tale.

The inheritance of the Douglas and Angus estates, which devolved upon the late Countess of Home by the death of her mother, the Dowager Lady Montagu, in January, 1859, brought in its train the possession of an extensive collection of family papers. The printing of the more important among them was suggested by and entrusted to Mr. William Fraser, already distinguished as a genealogist; and much interest was taken in the progress of the work both by the Earl and Countess of Home. Its completion neither of them lived to witness; but their son, the present earl, has spared no cost or pains in carrying out the design of his parents. He has unquestionably raised a noble monument to the best kind of family pride. Even the "grand old gardener," reputed more than commonly indifferent to the "claims of long descent," could scarcely, one would think, remain wholly unimpressed by the splendors of the Douglas ancestry thus detailed and commemorated. Towers, castles, palaces, moulder into ruins; hosts of retainers drop off like withered leaves; lands can be alienated, dignities disappear, titles become extinct; but a printed book survives as long as civilization itself; it confers a species of terrestrial immortality upon those whose deeds it records; its emergence from the press marks the beginning for them of a new kind of vicarious existence in the thoughts of others. As Shakespeare says in the "powerful rhyme" of one of the most beautiful of his sonnets:—

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall
burn

The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still
find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

Inscrutability of family origin was a traditional Douglas vaunt. "You may see us in the stem," they used to say, "you cannot discover us in the root; you may see us in the stream, you cannot trace us

* *The Douglas Book*. By WILLIAM FRASER, C.B., LL.D. In four volumes 4to. Edinburgh: 1886. (Privately printed.)

† Castle Dangerous, c. ix. Referred to at p. lxxxviii. of the "Douglas Book."

to the fountain." Towards the close of the twelfth century, accordingly, they abruptly present themselves before us, already possessors of Douglasdale in Lanarkshire, and already a power in the State. How they came to be what and where they were, of what ethnical ingredients their masterful natures were composed, whether the land gave its name to the lords or the lords to the land, it has proved vain to enquire, and would profit little to know. The wonder of their selection by destiny (so called) to play the part they did would be no whit the less could we trace back their pedigree in a line of unbroken descent to Japhet, and map and date the vagaries of their footsteps from the plateau of Pamir to the skirts of Cairn table. Their presence, however, if of uncertain origin, was undeniable in its effects.

An exhaustive history of the families of Douglas and Angus [Mr. Fraser justly remarks] almost includes the history of Scotland. At an early period in the annals of their country the Douglasses are found prominent in battle, in the Church, and at Court. In the national struggles for freedom and independence, their names and memories are cherished second only to those of Wallace and of Bruce. As warriors, they long held the distinguished position of leading the van of the royal armies in battle, and as senators of giving the first vote in Parliament, and also of carrying the crown at royal coronations. They thus long held the hereditary right of doing what in modern times was ascribed to one great member of another illustrious house, who was said

To shake alike the senate and the field.

The great qualities of the race developed in the adversity of their country. Sir William Douglas, surnamed "the Hardy," was as good a patriot as the distracted nature of the times allowed. He did homage to Edward I., but fought under Wallace, forfeited his estates, and died a captive in the Tower of London in 1298. He appears to have given himself up on a point of honor, and was never released. Yet he was no tame gaolbird. From within his cage, flappings of helpless furious wings are by chance audible to us. He is said to have comported himself at Berwick in a "very savage and very abusive" fashion; and his temper is un-

likely to have become mollified with the fuller persuasion of his hopeless captivity. But the Tower has closely kept the secret of his end.

The eldest son of William the Hardy was still a boy when his father's career thus came to an untimely close. His prospects were not bright. A stranger was in possession of his inheritance; Scotland lay prostrate at the tyrannous feet of the English king; his own safety and education were provided for in exile. In due time, however, he made trial of his fate. Presenting himself in the English camp before Stirling, about 1302, he demanded the restoration of his paternal estates, which had been handed over to Sir Robert Clifford. Under the lash of a stern denial, he left the royal presence in wrath which proved inextinguishable, and with that deep hatred of the southron planted in his heart which nerved his strong arm to many a desperate deed.

Among the many heroes [our author writes] of the wars for Scottish independence whose names are cherished in the remembrance of a grateful posterity, the Good Sir James of Douglas takes rank with Wallace and the royal Bruce. Succeeding to the misfortunes of his heroic but martyred sire, and withal inheriting his dauntless and unbroken spirit, Scotland had no more successful champion for her liberties and freedom than the "doughty Douglas." Side by side with his king he labored with unflinching fidelity and devotion amid dangers, privations, desertions, defeats, painful toilings, and hairbreadth escapes, until by a series of successes, to which he largely contributed, his country was redeemed from an alien yoke, and he had at length the satisfaction of seeing the independence of his country settled on a basis of enduring stability. No wonder he was beloved of his sovereign, and entrusted by him when dying with a most sacred mission, to bear his heart to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, nor less wonder can it be that the story of his life and deeds of chivalry are recounted to the youth of every succeeding generation as an example alike of pure and ardent patriotism and of heroic daring.

So closely associated with King Robert the Bruce in all his sufferings and wanderings, as also in his victories and ultimate success, was Sir James of Douglas, that the historians of the one cannot discharge their task without in large measure detailing the history of the

other. Hence in the noble epic poem of *Barbour*, which traces the life and battles of "The Bruce," the Good Sir James occupies a position little inferior to that of the king himself. (Vol. i., p. 105.)

Through his exploits it was that Castle Douglas became known as the "adventurous castle." Three several times he captured the place by stratagem or surprise, burning, devastating, finally razing it to the ground. It was not in his humor to stand a siege in it. He "loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." But if he could not hold it himself, he succeeded in making it a sore holding for others. The hideous incident of the "Douglas larder" finds a place in every history of Scotland. The problem to be solved was how to render the enemy's stock of provisions off-hand and completely unfit for human food. Not without a shudder can the solution found for it be detailed. To endless bushels of flour and meal, grain and malt, piled up in one vast heap on the cellar floor, were added, in plenty to correspond, stove-in hogsheads of wine and ale; the carcasses, still palpitating, of slaughtered sheep and oxen were flung in the midst; then, by a ghastly consummation, the prisoners of the garrison were massacred on the spot and the reeking mass was soaked with their blood, and crowned with their corpses. Yet this was done by a pattern of chivalry!

The third capture of the stronghold had more romantic associations.

The story is told of a wealthy heiress of noble English birth, beset with suitors, assembling them all at a festivity, and a minstrel having sung the deeds of the redoubtable Douglas in his own lands, and the danger of holding such a hazardous but honorable post as Douglas Castle, she openly declared her intention to bestow her hand upon the knight who should hold it for a year and a day in the interests of the King of England. Of all the knights who surrounded her table only one, Sir John de Wanton, was found brave enough to accept the conditions. His offers to hold the post were accepted, and he it was who at this time was in command of Douglas Castle, with a stronger garrison than any of his predecessors.

Understanding that the castle was not overwell stocked with supplies, Douglas conceived

a stratagem whereby he might draw out the governor with his troops into an ambush, and then overthrow them. On the morning of a great fair day at Lanark, after placing his men in ambush at a convenient spot, he instructed fourteen of them to fill sacks with grass, throw them over the backs of their horses, and, concealing their armor under countrymen's frocks, to drive their beasts past the castle as if they were traders on their way to market. The passage of the large cavalcade with provender so much needed by the garrison was reported to Sir John de Wanton, who at once ordered his men to start in pursuit, and rode at their head. They passed the ambuscade unheeded, and drew near their supposed prize, when suddenly the sacks were thrown away, the rustic garments followed, and Douglas's men leaping on their horses, the English were confronted with a body of well-armed and resolute warriors. Sir John de Wanton at once attempted a retreat to the castle, but only turned to find himself beset on all sides, and in the struggle which ensued the garrison were overpowered, and nearly all slain, with their commander. On his dead body, it is said, was discovered a letter from the lady in the hope of whose hand and heart he had accepted his fatal post. Douglas next proceeded to the castle, which was yielded up to him. On their surrender he not only spared the lives of the English soldiers who had remained therein during the affray, but dismissed them with marks of kindness to their own country. On this occasion Douglas razed the castle to the ground. (Vol. i., p. 118.)

Upon these incidents Sir Walter Scott founded his novel "Castle Dangerous," in which Douglas figures as the Knight of the Tomb. His tall, spare form and swarthy complexion fitted him to go disguised as the King of Terrors; and, indeed, most of his foes would gladly have exchanged his formidable presence for that of the spectre he personated. The mere sound of his name sufficed to scare English children into good behavior; and it is related that at the surprise of Roxburgh on Shrove Tuesday, 1314, a soldier's wife was hushing her babe to sleep with the comforting promise, "The Black Douglas shall not get ye," when a deep voice beside her muttered, "You are not so sure of that," a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and looking up she found herself in the dreaded presence of the nursery bogie. It is pleasant to hear that

mother and child were protected amid the carnage that followed.

Sir James Douglas had true military genius. In strategy, as in prowess, he was esteemed barely inferior to the Bruce himself. Of seventy engagements fought by him, he was victorious in all save thirteen. As a divisional general in a pitched battle, his qualities were finely displayed at Bannockburn. In the conduct of border forays, he was without a rival. His ambushes and stratagems are never recorded to have miscarried. His secrets were uniformly well kept; faithful unto death himself, he was rewarded with the fidelity of others. Of him was written the line in the old allegory of "The Howlat," which finds a place among the stray survivals from forgotten poems:—

O Douglas! O Douglas! tender and true!

For, fierce and even savage as was his mode of warfare, no gentler or gayer knight trod in lady's bower once his weapons were laid aside.

A noble career was crowned by a still nobler end. King Robert, dying of leprosy, June 7, 1329, enjoined upon the friend and comrade in arms of his youth to bear his heart to the Holy Sepulchre, and the sacred trust was embraced by Douglas with more than his accustomed ardor. But he was arrested, midway towards its accomplishment, by the inexorable consequence of his own chivalric devotion. Learning at Seville that the king of Castile was at war with the Moors, he proffered aid eagerly welcomed, and fell on the plain of Teba in Andalusia, August 25, 1330. If Barbour is to be believed, he paid his life as the price of the rescue of Sir William Sinclair of Roslyn from a swarming Saracen horde. Beneath his body, and reddened with his blood, was found the silver casket containing the Bruce's heart, and thenceforward the blazoned "three stars" of the Douglas coat-of-arms were augmented with a "bleeding heart." The remains of the hero were brought home by his sorrowing followers, and deposited in St. Bride's Church, where a monument was erected to him by his son, the "grim" Earl of Douglas. In spite of Cromwellian defacements, the dark stone effigy is still identifiable with him who was styled *Mallens Anglorum*. The crossed legs denote the crusader; the right arm in act to draw the sword from a scabbard held by the left implies a career arrested, a hand laid to rest before it was weary.

Among the Douglas heirlooms is a

sword of state said to have been a death-bed gift from the Bruce to his friend. A rude inscription, evidently of later origin, conveys in jolting rhymes the last pathetic royal command, with an encomium upon the Douglas family premature in 1329:—

So many guid as of the Douglas been,
Of ane surname, were never in Scotland seen.

Of the celebrated Emerald Charter, on the other hand, only the terms have been preserved in the record of the Great Seal of Bruce. This unique document owed its distinctive title to a ring placed by the king on the finger of Douglas in token of perpetual investiture in the privileges it enumerated.

Mr. Fraser has ascertained that the "good Sir James was married," and left a son and heir, who was slain at Halidon Hill, July 19, 1333, while still under age. In the same battle fell his uncle, Sir Archibald Douglas, youngest son of William the Hardy, by Eleanor de Ferrers, an English heiress, whom he had won for his second wife by the unceremonious courtship of forcible abduction. Sir Archibald was appointed regent of Scotland during the minority of David II., and to his rashness in exposing his army to the "fatal hail-shower" of English arrows was imputed a defeat which robbed Scotland of the flower of her nobility, and sent Scottish patriots once more to the fastnesses where they were unassailable, and could remain free,—free under difficulties, and with considerable penalties of famine, pestilence, and slaughter. The sufferings of the afflicted people during the twenty-two years' struggle ensuing upon Halidon Hill are but too vividly disclosed by the one atrocious fact that cannibalism, no longer the last expedient of agonizing nature, rose to the dignity of a profession in the person of "Christian of the Cleek."

The popular hero of the renewed guerrilla warfare was the Knight of Liddesdale. He was a Douglas of Lothian, and was thought to have revived the glories of his cousin, the good Sir James. But not even such brilliant feats as the surprise of Edinburgh Castle could render the comparison, still less his appellation as the Flower of Chivalry, appropriate. For his nature was deeply tainted with treachery, and his memory is forever blackened by one terrible crime. Sir Alexander Ramsay, a soldier no less illustrious than himself, had fought by his side during nine years; they were friends, comrades, associates in the same hopes and in the same cause, until jealousy came between.

In reward for Ramsay's gallant storming of Roxburgh Castle, the king, in an evil hour, substituted him for Douglas in the shrievalty of Teviotdale. Furious at the undesigned slight, the lord of Liddesdale thought only of revenge. His friend was kidnapped by his orders, while in the discharge of his judicial duties, carried off to his stronghold of the Hermitage, and there deliberately starved to death. His dungeon was situated beneath a granary, the gaping floor of which allowed some grains of oats to fall at the prisoner's feet; and by their means he kept death at bay for seventeen days, hoping no doubt to the last for a rescue. But the Hermitage was remote and unassailable; and outrage had in those evil times even a longer start of the crippled powers of order than when Phoenix made his mellifluous speech in the tent of Achilles. The dark vault inexorably closed on Sir Alexander Ramsay was reopened by no indignant vindicator, but by an inquisitive workman after four hundred and fifty years. What he found was some human bones mouldering beside a heap of oaten husks, a bridle, saddle, and sword.* The scene was not unsuitable to the tragedy thus revealed.†

Hermitage Castle relieves with its sullen towers the monotony of a landscape as desolate as the "glooming flats" that met the weary gaze of Mariana. It is a place of evil repute. "Soulis, the lord of gramarye," had his "warlock chamber" therein. To the keeping of his familiar fiend it is notorious that he committed the keys when he went away to his ghastly doom on the Nine-stane Rig. If the castle walls have stood the wear and tear of many centuries, it is only because, according to another savage tradition, its builders cemented its foundations with

human blood. Yet, even so, they have notably sunk under the weight of iniquity they carry. To be sure, the soil for miles around is of a boggy nature. Red Ringan's return to the castle, "riding all alone," as the ballad describes him, is not without significance in a question of subsidence:—

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
As he lighted at the wall,
Says— "Where did ye stable my stalwart
steeds,
And where do they tarry all?"

"We stabled them sure on the Tarras Muir;
We stabled them sure," quoth he;
"Before we could cross the quaking moss,
They were all lost but me."

The slayer of Ramsay was himself slain by a kinsman. William, first Earl of Douglas, was the son of the luckless regent Archibald. He returned from France about 1348 to find that his patrimonial estates had been freely dealt with during his minority. Chief among the offenders was his guardian and godfather, the "dark knight," who had not only appropriated the vale of the Liddel with its dreaded keep of the Hermitage, but later (as came to be known long after his death) he had purchased release from captivity in England by traitorously consenting to hold them as the vassal of Edward III. His godson waited five years for his remedy and revenge. They were of the primitive kind unhappily not yet grown wholly out of use. The disciples of the Land League still beat out the brains of poor Irish "land-grabbers" in precisely the same spirit as that in which the head of the house of Douglas waylaid his victim while hunting in Ettrick Forest, and made a simultaneous end of his sport and of his life. The romantic coloring given to the crime in ballad literature is dissipated by Mr. Fraser's demonstration that the Countess of Douglas, letting her "tears down fall" "for the Knight of Liddesdale," was a purely fictitious personage. Douglas was not an earl at the time, and he was unmarried.

The murderer none the less prospered. He regained and added to his alienated territories. He was the soul of the patriotic resistance to the lawless ambition of our third Edward. The skill of his dispositions procured for the English invaders the bootless misery of a "Burnt Candlemas" in East Lothian. He was created Earl of Douglas January 26, 1358, and succeeded, through his wife, to the earldom of Mar in 1374. His son married

* The huge bit of the bridle came into Sir Walter Scott's possession, and was by him presented to the Earl of Dalhousie, lineal descendant of Sir Alexander Ramsay. (*Tales of a Grandfather*, c. xv.)

† In the highly interesting and picturesque work on the "Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland," by Mr. David Macgibbon and Mr. Thomas Ross, architects, recently published in Edinburgh, which we recommend to the notice of our readers, there is an elaborate account of Hermitage Castle, one of the most remarkable historic edifices in Scotland. The external walls are still well preserved, though the interior is a ruin. This castle, which stands about four miles from Riccarton Junction, was first built on the present site by Nicholas de Soulis in the reigns of Alexander II. and Alexander III. in the thirteenth century. William de Douglas, Knight of Liddesdale, got a grant of the castle from David II., from whom it passed to the Earls of Angus, who enlarged it in the fifteenth century. The central portion of the old structure still remains. The north-east tower contained a dungeon in which it is said that Sir Alexander Ramsay was confined and starved to death. But there is only a very small stone hatch in the vault, and no granary above it. So much for local tradition.

the daughter of the first Stuart king, and he himself is believed (though Mr. Fraser demurs) to have been a candidate for the throne on the extinction of the male line of the Bruce in 1371. Not even the dramatic retribution of a violent death overtook him. He expired of a fever in his ancestral castle, and was buried with due pomp in Melrose Abbey in May, 1384.

His son James, second Earl of Douglas, was the hero of Otterburn—a hero after the border minstrel's own heart, intrepid, chivalric, of giant strength, potent in single combat, yet a swift and skilful guerilla, and withal tinged with the prescient melancholy of the north. His raid into Northumberland in 1388 was a favorite subject for ballads both north and south of the Tweed. In the famous one of "Chevy-Chase,"* which moved Sir Philip Sidney's heart more than with a trumpet, the facts are varied almost beyond recognition; but several less imaginative versions have also been preserved. One of much beauty and pathos opens as follows:—

It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England to drive a prey.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bamborough shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?"

There ensued a duel, in which Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur) lost his pennon, and obtained from his magnanimous foe the promise of an opportunity to recapture it, if he could, at Otterburn within three days. Douglas thereupon marched off his army, and prepared for battle in the appointed spot. His remaining there was an act of pure chivalry. There was nothing to prevent his retiring safely to Scotland with his prey. He, however, took every precaution to secure victory, and the remains of his camp, still conspicuous on the slopes of the Fawdon Hills, about thirty-two miles north-west of Newcastle, show that surprising diligence was exercised in fortifying the Scottish position. The Percys meanwhile hastily collected a force of about six hundred men-at-arms

and eight thousand infantry, outnumbering the Scots twice over, and marched for Otterburn.

The evening [of August 12] was well advanced [our author relates] when the English came in sight of the camp where the Scots, not expecting an attack so late in the day, were resting, some at supper, others asleep. Yet they were not altogether unprepared, as their plan of action had been arranged in case of a sudden attack, a piece of forethought on which Froissart bestows much praise. In the hurry of arming, when the first onslaught was made, and the war cry of "Percy! Percy!" rang through the camp, it is said part of Douglas's armor was left unfastened, and the Earl of Moray fought all night without his helmet. The Scots were fortunately favored by a mistake made by the English in their attack. Percy and his men reached the neighborhood of the Scottish camp unnoticed in the gathering shades of evening, and halted, it is believed, on a rising ground which lay to the left of the camp, towards Newcastle, where arrangements for the onset were made, as Hotspur resolved to lose no time, not even to rest his followers. He detached a small force under Sir Thomas Umfraville and his brother to pass on his own right to the northward of the Scots and cut off their retreat, or to attack the Scots in rear while they were engaged with Percy. Sir Henry Percy then led the main body over the rising ground, straight towards the entrance to the camp, which, as already stated, was on the eastern side, where also the plunder was piled and the servants were lodged, whose huts, in the twilight, the English mistook for those of their masters. This delayed them, for not only was the camp well fortified, but the servants made a stout defence, and as the alarm and the English war cries sounded over the camp, Douglas and his fellow leaders had time to make their dispositions for resistance.

The first move was to despatch a body of infantry to the aid of the servants to keep the English engaged. The rest of the Scots ranged themselves under their three principal leaders, who each knew what to do. The English soon drove back the servants, but as they forced their way further into the camp they found themselves still steadily opposed. In the mean time a large body of the Scots, under the Earl of Douglas, left the camp in silence, drew off towards a rising ground on the northward, and marching rapidly round, fell suddenly on the flank of the English, with shouts of "Douglas! Douglas!" This unexpected attack, made, as Wyntown asserts, by no fewer than twelve displayed banners, disconcerted the English; but they rallied bravely, and formed into better order. The war cries of the leaders now resounded on every side, and as the moon was shining the combat increased in intensity.

Froissart, who wrote from the account of eyewitnesses and combatants, says that at the

* The word "Chevy-Chase," though connected by tradition with the Cheviot Hills, is really a corruption of *chevauchée*, Norman-French for a "raid." (Burton's History of Scotland, vol. ii., p. 366, 2nd ed.)

first encounter many on both sides were struck down. The Englishmen kept well together, and fought so fiercely that the Scots were at first driven back. Then the Earl of Douglas advanced his banner, to which the banner of the Percys was soon opposed, and a severe fight raged in which the Scots had rather the worst, and even the Douglas pennon was for a time in danger. Knights and squires, says the historian, were of good courage, and both sides fought valiantly: cowards there had no place. The combatants met so closely that the archers could not use their bows, but the battle was waged by hand-to-hand conflict. The leaders especially were emulous of victory. When the weight and numbers of the English made their foes give way, the Earl of Douglas, "of great harte and hygh of enterprise," seized his battleaxe, or, according to some, a heavy mace, with both hands, and rushed into the thick of the fight. Here he made way for himself in such manner that none dare approach him, and went forward "lyke a hardy Hector, wyllynge alone to conquer the felde, and to dyscomfyte his enemyes." He was well supported by his followers, who, inspired by the prowess of their noble leader, pressed upon and forced back the English, though fighting was difficult in the dim light. At last, the earl was encountered by three spears at once; one struck him on the shoulder, another on the breast, "and the stroke glented downe to his belly." The third spear struck him on the thigh, and sore hurt with all three wounds, the hero was by sheer force borne down to the ground. As he fell he was struck on the head with an axe, and round his body the press was so great that no aid could be given to him, while a large number of the English in retreat marched over him.

Fortunately, when the Earl was struck down, his rank and identity were unrecognized by the English, or the issue of the conflict might have been very different. The English falling back, those Scottish knights who had closely followed Douglas came up to the spot where their leader had fallen. Beside him lay one of his personal attendants, Sir Robert Hart, while the Earl's chaplain, Richard Lundie, defended the body of the prostrate hero. The Earl's kinsman, Sir James Lindsay, with Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, were the first to reach their chief. The scene which followed is one of the most affecting in the annals of chivalry. When asked how he did, the dying Earl replied, "Right evil; yet, thank God, but few of my ancestors have died in their beds. I am dying, for my heart grows faint, but I pray you to avenge me. Raise my banner, which lyeth near me on the ground; shew my state neither to friend or foe, lest mine enemies rejoice, and my friends be discomfited." So saying, the Earl expired, with his war cry sounding in his ears, as Sir John Sinclair raised the fallen pennon, and his friends renewed the fight, first covering their leader's body with a mantle.

Obeying the last words of the brave Douglas, his friends shouted his name with increased energy, as if he were still in the forefront of the fray. They pressed upon the foe with vigor, being reinforced by the Earl of Moray and his men, who, attracted by the shouts of "Douglas! Douglas!" rallied to the cry, and so stoutly did the Scots follow the banner of the slain Earl, that the English were driven back far beyond where his body lay. And this, indeed, was the last charge, and virtually decided the contest in favor of the Scots, as the English, tired with their long journey from Newcastle, though they had fought valiantly, now began to break their ranks, and in a short time were in full retreat. In another part of the field also, the strenuous efforts of the Earls of March and Moray had turned the tide of conquest, and Sir Ralph Percy was a prisoner.

So a supposed prophecy and the earl's "dreary dream" were realized:—

I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.

Hence also Home's lines in the tragedy of "Douglas":—

Hosts have been known at that dread sound
to yield,
And Douglas dead, his name hath won the
field.

Froissart states [Mr. Fraser continues] that of the English about one thousand and forty were taken or slain on the field, and upwards of eight hundred in the pursuit, while more than a thousand were wounded. The Scots, he says, had one hundred slain, and two hundred made prisoners, the latter chiefly because of their impetuosity in pursuit. The number of prisoners taken by the Scots was very great, and the amount of their ransoms equalled 200,000 francs. But the rejoicing on this account, and because of the victory, was greatly mingled with sorrow at the death of the Earl of Douglas. His body was placed on a bier, and borne on the second day after the battle to the Abbey of Melrose. There his funeral obsequies were performed with due ceremony two days later, and he was buried under a tomb of stone, over which his banner was left to wave.

Percy's pennon, the capture of which had such tragic results, is still preserved in the family of Douglas of Cavers, who, with the Douglasses of Drumlanrig and Dukes of Queensberry, claim an illegitimate descent from the slain victor of Otterburn.

He was succeeded in the earldom by Archibald, surnamed the Grim, shown by Mr. Fraser to have been an illegitimate son of Sir James Douglas, the Bruce's friend. His *debut* on the historical stage was made at Poitiers, where he met with an adventure described as follows:—

When young Archibald, called "Blac Archibalde," son of Sir James Douglas, was taken prisoner, it was not known who he was, but as he wore very splendid armor his captors believed him to be some great lord. Late in the evening after the battle, when the prisoners met in the lodging in the town of Poitiers, Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, seeing Douglas and desiring to effect his release, looked on him, and, as if in a great passion, exclaimed, "O treacherous rascal, why have you stolen the armor of your lord, my cousin? Cursed be the hour in which you were born; for he sought you the whole day, and not finding you in camp, going forth unarmed, was slain by a flying arrow. Come here, and pull off my boots." Douglas carried on the farce, approached in a trembling manner, and kneeling down, pulled off one boot, with which Ramsay beat him about the head. The English interposed, assuring Ramsay that Douglas was certainly the son of some great noble. "No," said he, "he is a scullion and a rascal." Then, to Douglas, he added, "Go, you villain, to the field, and search among the slain for your master's body, that it may have at least a decent burial." He then ransomed the feigned serving-man for forty shillings, and striking him again, bade him begone. Douglas bore the buffets patiently, and made his escape as quickly as possible; for, if the English had known who he was, they would certainly not have liberated him for his weight of gold. (Vol. i., p. 322.)

It is added that he was dark, but not comely in countenance, more resembling "a cook boy than a noble." Yet this grim Archibald, "cook boy" though he looked, was a man of strenuous and not ignoble deeds. He owed the lordship of Galloway, granted to him by David II. in 1369, to his proved capacity for over-awing the turbulent Galwegians; and the vigor of his administration is still visibly attested by the formidable ruins of Thrieve Castle, built by him on an islet in the Dee.* Conspicuous and significant above the entrance is a projecting stone, or "gallows knob," of which the appropriate "tassel" was a dangling and struggling human body. By compendious methods of this kind order was restored, protection was afforded to the peaceable in consideration of certain fat heifers, punctually driven in to Thrieve; and the raiding and reiving Galwegian barons were taught to know their stern master. His prowess against the English in 1377 is thus described by Froissart:—

* Thrieve or Threave Castle is a lofty stronghold of the Douglasses, situated only two miles from Castle Douglas in Kirkcudbrightshire. The "hanging stone" is one of the corbels projected to receive a hoarding for the defence of the gateway. It was undoubtedly built by Archibald the Grim Douglas towards the end of the fourteenth century.

Sir Archibald Douglas was a good knight, and much feared by his enemies; when near to the English, he dismounted, and wielded before him an immense sword, whose blade was two ells long, which scarcely another could have lifted from the ground, but he found no difficulty in handling it, and gave such terrible strokes that all on whom they fell were struck to the ground; and there were none so hardy among the English able to withstand his blows. (Vol. ii., p. 225, Johnes.)

The grim earl left the power of his family considerably augmented. Through his wife, Joanna Moray, he became possessed of Bothwell and wide tracts in the north of Scotland; the whole of Galloway was annexed by grant or purchase; he scornfully refused a dukedom, when the title was introduced into Scotland in 1398; he successfully outbid the Earl of March for the honor of a royal alliance, his daughter Marjory becoming wife to the miserable Rothesay, and hence finding a niche in "The Fair Maid of Perth." He died at Thrieve on Christmas eve, 1400, much regretted and belauded by contemporary writers. Wyntoun describes him as "a lord of great bounty, of steadfastness and clear loyalty, of good devotion, and bearing a high character for justice." Another monk historian says that the "grim or terrible" earl "surpassed other Scots of his time in worldly prudence, bravery, and boldness, wealth and possessions. He was also very just, though rigorous in his judgments, and faithful to his promises. Wherever he went he was surrounded by a great company of knights and brave men. "He held the servants of the Church in great honor, and was not burdensome to monasteries or churches." (Vol. i., p. 351.)

His son and successor, another Archibald, is confounded with him in Scott's striking portrait of a "tremendous" Earl of Douglas, dreaded "alike from the extent of his lands, from the numerous offices and jurisdictions with which he was invested, and from his personal qualities of wisdom and valor, mingled with indomitable pride and more than the feudal love of vengeance."*

The fourth earl married the eldest daughter of Robert III., and was thus doubly allied to the crown, which, indeed, made but a poor figure beside his coronet. He combined with Albany to throw the heir apparent, his brother-in-law Rothesay, into prison; whose quickly ensuing death was officially decreed to have occurred "by the visitation of Providence, and *not other-*

* Fair Maid of Perth, c. ix.

wise." Yet the "otherwise" thus anxiously excluded has survived as at least a dark doubt in history.

The career of this second Archibald was more splendid than fortunate. His military ill luck, in fact, procured him his surname of the Tineman, or Loser; since in almost every one of the many battles fought by him, he was either defeated, wounded, or taken prisoner. More than once he incurred all these mischances simultaneously. For instance, at Halidon Hill, September 14, 1402, where, his generalship showing more valor than discretion, the "cloth yard long" English arrows made havoc of his army, and he himself, though clad in armor which had cost three years' labor to fashion, was wounded in five places, including the loss of an eye. While the prisoner of Hotspur, he concerted with him the revolt crushed by Henry IV. at Shrewsbury. How the "renowned Douglas" bore him on that day, Shakespeare, with something of a poet's freedom, has told us. This time he owed his captivity to the stumbling of his horse, and it lasted nominally ten years, although during most of that time he was a prisoner only by proxy.

In the last and most brilliant episode of his life, he remained, more tragically than before, a "tineman." In March, 1424, he landed at Rochelle at the head of ten thousand knights and foot-soldiers. On April 18, he swore fealty to Charles VII. at Chatillon-sur-Indre, was by him appointed lieutenant-general of the French forces, and invested with the great duchy of Touraine. This splendid gift conferred virtual sovereignty over one of the fairest regions in France. The rights reserved to the crown affected mainly Church patronage; substantially the administration was independent within the loose limits of feudal obligations. The entry of the new duke into Tours, along streets hung with tapestry and carpeted with flowers, and his solemn reception at the cathedral by the archbishop and clergy in full canonicals, formed a gay and gorgeous pageant, such as he was little used to. But more sombre and more congenial scenes quickly claimed him. The fatal battle of Verneuil was fought August 17, 1424. It was fought on the prearranged terms of "no quarter," consequently a vast proportion of those engaged in it perished, and the Scottish allies of King Charles were all but exterminated. Among the slain were the Earl of Douglas and his second son; and their bodies, ransomed from the English, were quietly laid in one grave in the

middle of the choir of the same cathedral church of Tours which they had lately entered in triumphant pomp.

To the Tineman succeeded a third Archibald, already notable as the Earl of Wigton and Longueville. Notable chiefly for a victory over the Duke of Clarence at Baugé in 1421, which won him his French title; but scarcely less so for keeping his head on his shoulders when James I. returned from his long captivity with vengeance in his heart. He appears to have steered his course both loyally and adroitly through the breakers of those troublous times; and the pre-eminence of his position was recognized, after the murder of the king in 1437, by his appointment as lieutenant-general of the kingdom. His administration was, however, short; for he died of fever, June 26, 1439. The noble Gothic monument erected to him in St. Bride's forms the subject of a beautiful illustration in the first of the volumes under review. He left two sons, and a daughter known as the "Fair Maid of Galloway."

After his death, the house of Douglas toppled rapidly towards its fall. William, sixth Earl of Douglas and third Duke of Touraine, was a lad under fifteen when he inherited almost regal power. Allowing for a slight stretch of rhetoric, he might have ridden on his own land from Garioch to Galloway; two-thirds of the territory south of the Forth owned his lordship, which extended besides over sundry large patches in northern counties, to say nothing of his splendid inheritance in France. No wonder, then, if his young head were turned, as it undoubtedly was. His arrogance and ostentation were such as to excite suspicion of deeper designs, which, at the worst, can have been but in embryo. He maintained an unheard-of state and magnificence, rode abroad attended by a couple of thousand followers, dubbed knights with his own hand, appointed a council for the management of his affairs, and was altogether a rising phenomenon of a somewhat menacing aspect. Crichton, the chancellor, and Livingston, the king's guardian, thought so, and took their precautions accordingly. The boy earl and his brother were enticed to Edinburgh by "pleasant writings;" and after some days of joyous companionship with the king (then ten years old), who conceived a passionate attachment for them, an entertainment was provided, at which (according to Boece's version of the affair) a black bull's head, the well-known token of impending death, made

its ominous appearance. The doomed youths sprang to their feet and drew their swords, but were quickly overpowered. A mock trial followed, after which the brothers, amid the tears and lamentations of the young king, were hurried out to the castle yard, and there instantly beheaded. This tragedy, enacted November 24, 1440, is commemorated in the popular rhyme :

Edinburgh castle, toun, and tour,
God grant you sink for sin,
And that even for the black dinnour
Earl Douglas gat therein.

The Douglas inheritance now fell to pieces. The duchy of Touraine, on the failure of heirs male of the first duke, reverted to the French crown; the lordship of Galloway devolved upon the sister of the slaughtered youths; while the entailed estates passed to James, Earl of Avondale, son of the Grim Archibald, and himself distinguished as the Gross. He enjoyed his accession of dignity but three years; and with his two sons, who in turn succeeded him, the roll-call of the Earls of Douglas comes to an end. The darkest chapter in the whole story is furnished by the life of William, the eighth earl.

Through his inherited position [writes Mr. Fraser] and his own personal qualities, he soon rose to be not only one of the most distinguished of his great race, but the foremost peer in Scotland. During his possession of the earldom the Douglasses reached the full zenith of their power, while his untimely death was the beginning of their decline and fall. The meagre history of the reign in which he lived prevents a just estimate of his character, though, according to the chroniclers of that time, he was the most prominent figure in Scotland; but the pictures drawn by them of this Earl are too deeply prejudiced to be altogether trustworthy. The territories of his family were the most extensive in Scotland, and the power thus placed in the Earl's hands was very great. No other Scottish noble ever gained such an independent position in the realm. The struggle between the Scottish Crown and the feudal aristocracy of Scotland may be said to have been fought between King James the Second and this Earl, and from the moment when Douglas fell by the royal dagger in Stirling Castle, and his honors and estates passed into weaker hands, the conflict was virtually decided in favor of the former.

By his marriage with his cousin Margaret, the Fair Maid of Galloway, the eighth earl reunited that great appanage to his entailed estates, and he wielded the power thus consolidated in a way to make it formidable to every peaceable inhabitant of the realm. His haughty and over-

bearing temper, his fierce activity, courage, and talent, combined with vast territorial influence to place in his hands unbounded facilities for disturbance and aggrandizement. An army of forty thousand retainers was at his absolute command. In 1448 he employed it to repel and retaliate for an English invasion; but it was equally available for civil war. His operations against Crichton in 1443 received some color of legality from his recent appointment as lieutenant-general; but he was no less ready to defy than to appropriate the royal authority.

Foremost among the outrages with which he stands charged is the murder of Maclellan, called the "tutor of Bomby." He appears to have been a thoroughly respectable man, whose only crime was that he continued loyal at a time when the Earl of Douglas was incensed with the king. This, however, was intolerable; the lord of Galloway was not one to brook opposition within his own domain. The castle of Bomby was accordingly assaulted, and Maclellan carried off to Thrieve, where he remained until Sir Patrick Gray, his mother's brother, came spurring in with a royal mandate for his immediate release and surrender to the messenger. It was obeyed by the delivery of his headless corpse. Douglas had taken the precaution to have his prisoner decapitated before breaking the seal.

No less audacious was the execution of Sir John Herries, in the teeth of the king's command; and the example of truculence was freely copied by retainers sure of countenance in the most villainous excesses. It is true that Mr. Fraser throws doubt on all such stories, but he avowedly takes the friendly side wherever a Douglas is concerned; and the attempt to turn the eighth earl into a dutiful and law-abiding subject can only be described by the phrase *laterem lavare*. The brick is, so to speak, all stain. One might sooner pulverize than cleanse it.

This earl was often at Thrieve Castle, and we are told that in his time the gallows knob rarely lacked its tassel. Yet in judging such rough dealings, place and epoch have to be taken into account. In a certain limited sense we are bound to admit that crimes, like virtues, "lie in the interpretation of the time." The brutal kind of justice meted out at Thrieve was absolutely the only form of that commodity available. The Earl of Douglas was supreme justiciary within his own territory. No king's writ ran in those days in Galloway or Douglasdale.

Picturesque incidents there were, too, as well as savage ones, in the turbulent career of Earl William. Such was the tournament held at Stirling in 1449 in honor of Burgundian visitors, where Douglas appeared with a retinue of five thousand followers; and two of the three Scottish champions were members of his family. Nor was his "pilgrimage" in the ensuing jubilee year less spectacularly effective. He travelled with a princely train, and was received with princely honors at Rome, as well as on his return by way of London, where the Garter king at arms received orders to attend him during his stay, and to conduct him to court.

Meantime, not only were his enemies active in his rear, but his friends were ill advised, and probably worse behaved. He averted imminent disgrace by hurrying home, presenting himself unexpectedly to the king, and winning, by the charm of his manners, and the apparent sincerity of his submission, amnesty for the past and the promise of future favor. Nevertheless, he was still alarmed and dissatisfied, consequently more restless and dangerous than before. The instability of his fortunes had become startlingly manifest to him; he looked anxiously about for means to secure them. An attempt to waylay and assassinate Chancellor Crichton failing, he entered into a league, offensive and defensive, with the great northern Earls of Crawford and Ross. The first of these two potentates was known as "Earl Beadie," or the "Tiger;" the second was the formidable Lord of the Isles. There can be no reasonable doubt that treason, potential if not actual, lay in the terms of an alliance subversive of anything like settled government or constituted authority. Thoroughly roused, the king sent for Douglas to Stirling; and he obeyed the summons, under safe-conduct it is true, but with haughty confidence in his personal ascendancy to bring him victoriously through the crisis.

The king [Mr. Fraser tells us] received him graciously, and invited him to dine and sup next day. Douglas found the courtiers talking of his bond with Crawford and Ross, and probably guessed the king's purpose, but accepted the invitation. After supper the king invited the Earl to a private conference, remonstrated with him against the bond, which he charged him to break, urging his duty as a subject. But Douglas, perhaps heated by wine, refused, and the interview waxing warm, the Earl defiantly declared that he would not break the confederacy. Starting to his feet, the king exclaimed, "False traitor! if you

will not, I shall!" and stabbed Douglas twice with his dagger, in the neck and in the body. Ere the Earl could recover himself, Sir Patrick Gray rushed into the chamber, and struck him on the head with a poleaxe, while others in attendance also stabbed the fallen Earl, whose dead body bore no fewer than twenty-six wounds.

His mangled body, flung carelessly out of the window, was picked up and privately interred in the Dominican Church at Stirling. And thus ended, by a ferocious outbreak of kingly passion, the career of the most powerful and most unbridled of the nine Earls of Douglas.

His four brothers, of whom the eldest, James, was recognized as his successor, rushed to arms to avenge his death, and with them more than half Scotland. The array seemed invincible; James II. quailed, and was on the point of throwing up the game and flying to France, when Archbishop Kennedy encouraged him with the apologue of the bundle of sticks to try the effects of negotiation. Apart and skilfully the confederated lords were accordingly dealt with. Angus and Huntley came in at once; Crawford submitted upon defeat; Douglas himself, after much bloodshed, was brought to terms. It was, indeed, only a truce which was thus patched up; the king was fully resolved to trample down a race which had grown beyond the proportions of subjects, and had become a standing menace to the throne. "Nec minus periculum," Tacitus says, "ex magna fama quam ex mala." The end came in 1455. James collected his forces, and the ninth earl offered but a feeble resistance. The Douglas strongholds were beleaguered and taken; the Douglas armies were defeated, notably at Arkinholme, in the valley of the Esk. The siege of Thrieve Castle was directed by the king in person; and the presence and agency in bringing about a surrender of the celebrated "Mons Meg" are fairly well authenticated. A less reliable tradition asserts that the second shot from the "great bombard" penetrated the massive walls, and carried off the right hand of the Fair Maid of Galloway as she sat in the banqueting hall and was about to raise the winecup to her lips. In token of the truth of the story, a massive gold ring was shown, bearing the inscription "Margaret de Douglas," which, found among the ruins early in the present century, is supposed to have been blown into the rubbish-heap of crumbling masonry with the delicate hand it adorned.

It was all over now with the Black

Douglasses. The last earl was a fugitive in England; he had neither son nor successor; his brothers were slain or proscribed; his estates forfeited. Captured in a border foray in 1484, he was relegated to the Abbey of Lindores, and there died after four years of seclusion. It is said that James III., in the sore strait which led him to Sauchieburn, offered him full pardon and restoration if only the magic of his name might be lent to the royal cause; but received the melancholy answer, "Too late." Both king and earl were dead within the year.

There has never since been an Earl of Douglas. Three marquises of the name, one duke, and six barons, including the present Earl of Home, have succeeded each other; but the earldom has not been revived. The Earl of Morton is now the true representative of the house of Douglas.*

They were a great race, those old Douglasses, and went down, it might be said, under full sail, with royals set, with every stitch of canvas drawing, with pennon flying at the masthead. They failed because the deeper spirit of the time was against them. Their side was the side of disintegration, and centralizing influences were evidently destined to prevail. All over Europe, the barons were collapsing in presence of the throne; the old chivalry was passing away; the old keen sense of local independence was growing weak; while the new monarchies were getting themselves into compact working order amid scenes and struggles such as those of the Douglas downfall.

Three great houses divided their spoils and rose on their ruins—the Hamiltons, the Scotts of Buccleugh, above all their kinsmen of Angus. The Red Douglasses—so called from their fair complexions—sprang from the first Earl of Douglas. The bend sinister which crossed their shield proved no bar to their promotion. Induced to take the king's side against his outlawed relatives, the "great" Earl of Angus was rewarded with the lordship of Douglas, and rapidly pushed himself into the front place among the magnates of Scotland. Hence the saying that "the Red Douglasses swallowed up the Black."

* The present (21st) Earl of Morton is descended in the direct male line from Sir John Douglas, younger brother of the Knight of Liddesdale. His descendant, Sir William Douglas of Lochleven, became sixth Earl of Morton on the death, without male issue, in 1538, of the eighth Earl of Angus, in whom the titles were, for the only time, combined; and the line of Morton earls has not since been broken.

His son, the fifth Earl of Angus, was famous as Archibald Bell-the-Cat. A brutally strong man, both in mind and muscle, he was yet capable of dying of heart-break. Under the sting of a personal affront from James IV. he rode off the field of Flodden before the battle, leaving, however, his two sons to fight and fall there. He was then advanced in years, and the stroke proved too heavy. Fulfilling his public duties to the last, though with the spring of life broken, he died after two months at St. Ninian's Monastery, whence his heart was brought to Douglas. Scott's graphic portrait of him in "Marmion" refers to a time just previous to the supreme disaster at "dark Flodden":—

Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doff'd his furr'd gown and sable hood;
O'er his huge form and visage pale
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont of yore, in battle fray,
His foe-man's limbs to shred away,
As wood knife lops the sapling spray.
He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

The above-mentioned "huge and sweeping brand" was the same with one blow of which, in a duel with Spens of Kilspindie, he had severed his thighbone, killing him on the spot; and it was presented by his descendant, the Earl of Morton, to Lord Lindsay of the Byres when he challenged Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill.* The feat, however, cost him the Hermitage, which James IV. obliged him, by way of penance for slaying a royal favorite, to exchange for Bothwell. His chief stronghold was "Tantallon vast," crowning in immemorial strength a sheer crag on the east Lothian coast:—

Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.

It remained, in fact, a virgin fortress until, in 1651, Cromwell's great guns battered a breach in its antique walls, thus accomplishing one of the two equal impossibilities of the adage: "To ding down Tantallon, and build a brig to the Bass."

The third son of Bell-the-Cat was Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, the translator of the *Æneid*;

* Note to canto vi. of *Marmion*.

whose meek and thoughtful eye
 Showed little pride of prelacy,
 More pleased that in a barbarous age
 He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
 Than that beneath his rule he held
 The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

Scott points the contrast between his studious tastes and the rude manners of the rest of his family by putting into the mouth of the old earl, his father, the remark:—

Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.

In which, however, he did his martial brood a wrong. Their signatures, reproduced in facsimile by Mr. Fraser, show that they were not wholly unskilled in caligraphy. Thus poetical license is bridled by antiquarian research.

A more congenial spirit to Bell-the-Cat than the mild Gawain was his grandson, the bad, ambitious man who married our English Margaret, widow of James IV., and was divorced by her to the discredit of all concerned. The sixth Earl of Angus gained, however, by his royal alliance, besides the opportunity of playing a conspicuously mischievous part in the history of his country, the honor of counting her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, among his descendants. The Countess of Lennox, mother of Darnley, was the only child (besides a boy who died in infancy) of his marriage with the queen of Scotland.

The eleventh earl was "suspect of papistrie," chiefly, it would seem, on the ground of a visit to Rome; for whatever leanings towards Catholicism he may have had he suppressed. Assuredly, however, the Covenant, although he signed it, had an ill savor to him; and his royalism was consoled with the title of marquis on the occasion of Charles I.'s visit to Scotland in 1633, and chastised with imprisonment and a fine through his joining Montrose in 1645. His great-grandson was the solitary Douglas duke.

The charter conferring this added dignity was dated April 10, 1703, the new duke being then nine years old; and his hereditary privileges of first place in voting and fighting, and of bearing the crown in solemnities, were the subject of anxious and effectual protest on the part of his guardians when the Act of Union was passed four years later. Queen Anne herself took interest in his education, though to little purpose, since his Grace grew up haughty, illiterate, and eccentric. He was indeed far from being a bad or depraved man. Much to his own discomfort, he

possessed—what had been forgotten in the composition of many more personally distinguished scions of his race—a conscience. His whole life was clouded by an event which, dark and deplorable though it was, would scarcely have cost a Douglas of the good old school his dinner. The victim, Captain John Ker, was the duke's guest at Douglas Castle, when, by some miserable chance, he slew him with his own hand. The affair was never cleared up; it is, however, most improbable that there was any deliberate intent to kill. The unhappy shedder of the blood of one to whom he is stated to have been sincerely attached, instantly quitted the country, and returned, at the age of thirty, to lead a life of unhealthy seclusion, to some extent enforced by his unpopularity, but leaving him a prey to designing persons.

Towards the close of his life, the duke undertook the rebuilding of Douglas Castle. The plan chosen by him was that upon which the Castle of Inverary had recently been erected for the Duke of Argyll by the celebrated architect Adam; but he insisted that the Douglas pile should surpass Inverary by ten feet in each of its three dimensions. An ancient prophecy declared that as often as Douglas Castle was destroyed, it should rise again more spacious and splendid than before; but this time it remained an uncompleted fragment. The project of its restoration was too ambitious to be realized.

The duke had meanwhile transferred his residence to Edinburgh, where he was visited by Lord Shelburne, whose character sketch of him is worth extracting.

In Scotland, [he writes] I suppose I saw the last of the feudal lords like my ancestors, in the person of the last Duke of Douglas. When I was introduced to him at Holyrood House, by appointment, he met me at the top of the stairs with his hat and sword. Lord Dunmore, General Scot, the father of Lady Tichfield, and Mr. John Home, the poet, went with me. He (the Duke) spoke occasionally to Lord Dunmore, but not much, and did not open his lips to General Scot. When anything was said about his family, he nodded to Mr. John Home to narrate what regarded it. I happened to say something about the Highlands, which I had misapprehended or been misinformed about, at which Lord Dunmore laughed. The Duke drew up, and vindicated fully what I had said, signifying by his manner to Lord Dunmore his disapprobation. I told him that I had seen a new house he was building in the Highlands. He said he heard that the Earl of Northumberland was building a house in the north of England, the kitchen of which was as large as his whole

house; upon which, the Duchess, an enterprising woman, as may be seen from the famous Douglas cause, observed that if the Douglasses were to meet the Percys once more in the field, then would the question be, whose kitchen was the largest? Upon this the Duke nodded to Mr. Home to state some of the great battles in which the Douglas family had distinguished themselves. I told him that I hoped to wait upon him in London. He said he feared not, he could be of no use there; he was not sufficiently informed to carry any weight there; he could neither read nor write without great difficulty. I told him that many of the greatest men in the history of both kingdoms could do neither, to which he assented. (Vol. ii., p. 470.)

The Duke of Douglas died at Edinburgh, July 21, 1761, after having vainly swallowed, by way of remedy for the irremediable evil of impending dissolution, a large quantity of quicksilver. His succession gave rise to the celebrated Douglas cause.

Lady Jane Douglas, his only sister, was born March 17, 1698. Nature was as generous to her as she had been niggardly with her brother. But destiny, alas! was less kind. The graces of her mind and person, her moral worth, religious principles, and affectionate disposition, failed to procure her favor and affection from none save just those on whom the happiness of her life depended. The lover of her youth, Lord Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleugh, jilted her on the eve of their marriage — an insult which stung her with such poignant anguish that she fled to France in male attire, resolved to bury her sorrow and disgrace (as she esteemed it) in a convent. Her purpose was frustrated; but for long years she would listen to no other suitor. She accordingly lived with her mother at Merchiston Castle, near Edinburgh, until the marchioness's death in 1736, when she set up for herself at Drumsheugh House within that city. She was still beautiful and eminently attractive, and, her straitened circumstances notwithstanding, enjoyed the highest consideration from all classes. Not until ten years later did she determine to overcome her repugnance to matrimony. The object of her choice was Colonel Steuart, afterwards Sir John Steuart of Grandtully, baronet, described as "a prodigious fine figure of a man," of gallant bearing and lively conversation, who had long been devoutly attached to her. The marriage was privately celebrated August 4, 1746, Colonel Steuart being then fifty-nine years of age, and Lady Jane well advanced in her forty-eighth year. The trouble in

store for them was aggravated by unfortunate and reprehensible measures of secrecy.

The Duke of Douglas had in early life been warmly attached to his sister, but in 1738 his suspicious temper took umbrage at some imaginary slight from her, and the split was designedly widened into a total breach by the whisperers with whom he was surrounded. Towards Colonel Steuart his feelings were still more bitterly hostile. He detested him for his Jacobite leanings; he despised him for the inferiority of his rank. It was certain that Lady Jane's subsistence of 300*l.* a year would be withdrawn if her marriage with him became known; and since Colonel's Steuart's property was wholly of the negative kind dealt with more conveniently in algebraical calculations than in the practical transactions of life, the subtraction of the only *positive* factor in their income must be averted, it seemed to them, at all hazards.

Lady Jane, accordingly, started for the Continent, accompanied by her friend Mrs. Hewit, and was in England joined by her (still unavowed) husband. It was not until after the birth of twin sons, which occurred at Paris, July 10, 1748, that she wrote to inform her brother of the change in her condition. His resentment, it was hoped, might be softened by an event so auspicious; for he was unmarried, and his sister's children were his nearest heirs. But he remained obdurate as the nether millstone. Friends and relatives interceded; Lady Jane supplicated in vain. Her allowance was revoked; her husband was driven to take refuge from his creditors within the rules of the King's Bench. Only the humanity of Mr. Pelham in obtaining for her a pension of 300*l.* saved her from utter destitution. Her difficulties and her devotion are touchingly apparent in the following letter, written to her husband from her lodgings in Chelsea: —

Dear Mr. Steuart, — You may judge how low money matters are with me at present, by this most scurvy poor halfcrown I send you. I'm quite ashamed of it, and to conceal it from my servants, I have enclosed it well wrapt up in the pretty little money box, which ought to contain gold; wish to heaven I could send of that useful, but rare metal with us. This poor bit of silver I send just to procure you a little rappee.

Don't be in pain about money when the time of day rules come, for then I'll pawn my coat rather than you should want money for coming out every day, as long as these days of freedom last; keep but up your spirits as I

do mine; I am perfectly content, and easy as to myself, all my distress of mind is for you, lest you should be discouraged. . . . The children are well. Mrs. Hewit sends her kind compliments. Adieu, dear Mr. Steuart, I ever am, with the tenderest affection, intirely your's, — J. D. S. (Vol. ii., p. 500.)

A supreme effort towards reconciliation with the offended Douglas dignitary was made in April, 1753, when Lady Jane presented herself, with her two little boys, a suppliant for admission at the gate of Douglas Castle. The duke, it would seem, was disposed to yield; but the malign influence of a menial prevailed, and his sister was spurned, like a vagrant, from his door. Had he but consented to see his nephews, the calumny of their supposititious origin, sedulously instilled into his mind, must have been dissipated; for the younger, Sholto, closely resembled his mother, while Archibald's features were as unmistakably those of a Steuart.

The deep distress occasioned to her by this repulse, combined with the death of her little Sholto, broke Lady Jane's heart. She died at Edinburgh, November 22, 1753, "very much emaciated and decayed," but without recognized disease. Five years later the duke took what he doubtless regarded as the most effectual means for excluding her son from his inheritance, by marrying the beautiful "Peggy" Douglas of Mains. Yet it altogether failed. They had no children; and the duchess embraced the cause of his nephew so warmly, that a quarrel and temporary separation ensued. Eventually, however, her representations and his better nature were victorious. The duke recognized with deep regret the injustice and cruelty of his conduct, and made for it what amends he could by altering his will in favor of "dear sister Janie's bairn."

The question whether Archibald Steuart Douglas were properly so described (for this was the virtual issue) took eight years and cost probably 100,000*l.* to determine. His birth in a foreign country under obscure and even suspicious circumstances, coupled with the advanced age of his mother at the time, gave grounds for a strong case against him, which was worked up and argued with great ability. Never before had a private cause attracted so much public attention. The spirit of mediæval faction seemed to have revived under the excitement of the pleadings. Society was torn asunder by contention and recrimination; yet no one admitted the possibility of a doubt. Ab-

solute certainty was found on both sides. The Hamilton adherents were as fully assured that the defendant was the offspring of some ignoble Madame Mignon in a slum of Paris, as the opposite party that he was the true son of Lady Jane Douglas. The trial, a contemporary relates,

has been the prevailing topic of conversation, and has occasioned dispute and wrangling in almost every company. High and low, young and old, male and female, have interested themselves in this cause with a warmth equally unprecedented and unaccountable. The pleasure of society was for a long time embittered by altercation, and whole evenings dedicated to cheerfulness were spent in ridiculous contest.*

Some color of dignity was lent to these squabbles by the fact that three duchesses, all of them gifted and energetic women, marshalled the combatants. Her Grace of Douglas was the inspiring genius of the defence. After her husband's death, she devoted all her thought and time to securing the succession to his nephew. Impressive both in herself and in her surroundings, she "was the last of the nobility" (according to a tradition preserved by our author) "who, in paying visits, or in travelling about the country, were escorted by halberdiers," and "she was also accustomed when she visited any family to leave her dress behind her as a present." In championing the cause of her adoption, she was equally intrepid and untiring. She kept open house for the lawyers in Paris, where witnesses had to be sought and entanglements unravelled; in Edinburgh, at Queensberry House; and in London, when the appeal came on for hearing. She directed, stimulated, and controlled the entire proceedings, and the eventual victory was beyond question largely due to her influence. The Duchess of Queensberry, celebrated as Kitty Hyde when "beautiful, and young, and wild as colt untamed," by Prior, Pope, and Horace Walpole, was active on the same side; while the opposing female potentate was no less a personage than the lovely Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, whose son, the heir male of the Douglasses, was the principal claimant of the late duke's estates.

We may here with advantage borrow Mr. Fraser's narrative.

The judges [he tells us] were equally divided in their opinions, and by the casting

* *Scots Magazine*, vol. xxix., p. 569.

vote of Lord President Dundas judgment was given against Mr. Douglas. During the litigation public opinion was much divided on the questions at issue. In the Douglas district people were unanimously in favor of Mr. Douglas, while in the country of the Hamiltons opinions were naturally in their favor. The same feeling prevailed to some extent in the metropolis. Each party had their partisans there. . . . Lord Campbell says that it had almost led to a civil war between the supporters of the opposite sides, and in England had excited more interest than any question of mere private right had done before.

The formal decret of the Court of Session was dated 15 July, 1767. It extends in manuscript to ten folio volumes, containing in all nine thousand six hundred and seventy-six pages. The adverse judgment was appealed to the House of Lords, where it was fought with as much if not greater keenness than in the Court of Session. The pleadings of counsel in the House of Lords occupied two months, January and February, 1769. During the pleadings the anxiety of the Duchess of Douglas was intense. Mr. Douglas, on the other hand, was quite composed.

Among the more exciting incidents of the trial was a duel between Thurlow, who achieved great fame as counsel for Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Andrew Stuart, agent for the Duke of Hamilton.

This affair of honor [our author continues] arose from remarks made by Mr. Thurlow in opening the case for Mr. Douglas on the conduct of Mr. Andrew Stuart, who felt aggrieved, and sent a challenge to fight next morning. Thurlow promised the desired meeting, but not until he had completed his arguments in favor of Mr. Douglas. After the hearing was concluded, the meeting took place, on the morning of Sunday, the 14th of January, 1769, in Hyde Park. Having discharged pistols at ten yards' distance without effect, they drew their swords, but the seconds interposed and put an end to the affair. Mr. Thurlow is said to have advanced and stood up to his antagonist "like an elephant." On his way to the field of battle he stopped to eat an enormous breakfast at a tavern near Hyde Park Corner.

The lord chancellor (Camden) and Lord Mansfield both spoke in favor of Mr. Douglas. Lord Camden regarded the case as "perhaps the most solemn and important ever heard" at the bar of the House of Lords. Lord Mansfield delivered himself with more earnestness than effect, notwithstanding that he fainted at the close of his oration.

After these speeches of the two greatest of the law Lords, the House of Lords, at ten o'clock at night, reversed the judgment of the

Court of Session, and affirmed the appeal in favor of Mr. Douglas, without a division. Thus practically ended the great Douglas cause.

In honor of this great victory, the Duchess of Queensberry, one of the two victorious Duchesses, gave a ball on Saturday, the 11th March, 1769. It was attended by several of the royal family, including the Duke of Cumberland and the Queen's two brothers, about 140 people, and six or seven and twenty couple of dancers. The ball was very fine. The Lord Chancellor invited himself, and seemed in very good spirits. His lady and daughter were invited. For that civility his Lordship wrote his thanks to the Duchess, adding that, if she would permit him, he would come and return his thanks in person. To which the Duchess answered in these words: "Katherine Queensberry says, Content upon her honor," this being the form of assent by the Lords in the House of Peers.

The Duchess of Hamilton continually brought up the Douglas cause to the King and Queen whenever she had an opportunity. But their Majesties never gave her an answer, and judiciously evaded the subject. The Duchess of Douglas, on the other hand, did not go out of her house, nor solicit any of the peers for their votes. After the judgment was pronounced in favor of Mr. Douglas, the Princess Amelia expressed her satisfaction, and her belief that the King and Queen were also pleased.

Amongst the partisans of the Duke of Hamilton was David Hume, the historian, who displayed great keenness, through his connection with Mr. Andrew Stuart. Contrary to his custom, Mr. Hume was much out of humor when the cause was decided by the Lords, and made several peevish remarks, which hurt him. After the final judgment, many pamphlets, including "Durando, a Spanish Tale," and letters continued to be published by partisans on either side. One of the ablest of these productions consisted of a series of letters addressed to Lord Mansfield by Mr. Andrew Stuart, against the opinion of his Lordship. But, while ably and even calmly written upon certain points, the feelings of the disappointed litigant appear throughout.

We rescue the following anecdote from the obscurity of a footnote (p. lxxxii.):—

So great was the excitement in London about the judgment in the Douglas cause, that Mr. John Home, the author of "Douglas," attributed the want of success of his tragedy of "The Fatal Discovery," and the thinness of audiences to hear it at the playhouses, to the absorbing interest of the Douglas cause. How different was the previously marked success of the tragedy of "Douglas," by the same author! Crowded and enthusiastic audiences night after night were gratified with it. Amidst the applause one more than ordinarily enthusiastic Scotch admirer was heard tri-

umphantly exclaiming, "Whaur's your Wallie Shakespeare noo?"

If such was the feeling in London [we return to our author's text, vol. ii., p. 531] the popular excitement and expression in Scotland were much more enthusiastic. A private letter to Sir John Steuart of Grandtully, written when the news reached Edinburgh, says: "Your brother has carried his cause unanimously; no division of the House. God make us all thankful. . . . Send off to Ballachin instantly. This is glorious. The joy here is beyond description. The express is not in above half an hour, and the windows are mostly illuminated already." In another private letter, the popular feeling in Edinburgh is thus referred to: "An express arrived here at eight o'clock Thursday night, with the news of Mr. Douglas having prevailed, which was so agreeable to the people in general, that in a few minutes the whole houses were illuminated; all the windows to the street were broke by the mob before candles could be lighted. They began with the President's house, the Justice Clerk's, Lord Galloway's, etc., etc., upon which the military in the castle were called. Last night the mob were as numerous as ever. The houses were again illuminated last night, and it's thought the mob will continue this evening. The military continue still to patrol the streets; and, notwithstanding, I hear of no damage done except the breaking of windows, which indeed is general."

These demonstrations were directed chiefly against the judges who had given their votes in favor of the Hamilton claims; but no unfestive window was allowed to remain whole. The extent of the illuminations was hence an index to the fear of the inhabitants quite as much as to their joy.

With the consummation of his victory, the son of Lady Jane Douglas sank into useful and respectable mediocrity. He continued the rebuilding of Douglas Castle, was created in 1790 a British peer, with the title of Lord Douglas of Douglas, was twice married, and lived to the age of eighty. A writer in the *Glasgow Gazette* in 1863 could still recall his appearance:—

When he came into Glasgow, as he did frequently from Bothwell Castle, in his elegant carriage and four high-mettled blood horses, with their handsome outriders in their cockades, he received the most polite attention from gentle and simple, young and old. He was a hale hearty old man down to the day of his death.

Not one of his eight sons left issue, and the estates descended through his eldest daughter, Lady Montagu of Boughton, to her grandson, the present Earl of Home.

From Good Words.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NO NEW THING," "MY FRIEND JIM,"
"MADEMOISELLE MERCIAC," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A PROVINCIAL COTILLON.

"WELL, this is indeed an unexpected honor!" exclaimed Mrs. Greenwood when, on the evening of her dance, she advanced to welcome Gilbert Segrave and found herself confronted not only with that indispensable personage, but with the towering figure of his elder brother.

"You invited me, didn't you?" said Brian.

"Of course I did; and I have been inviting you to every entertainment that we have given since Kitty came out; but this is the first time that you have deigned to accept my invitation."

"Shall I go away again?" asked the young man, smiling.

"No, indeed! Now that you have come, you will have to stay till the very end of the evening, and dance twice as much as anybody else to make up for lost time."

It seemed, however, that Brian had not come to Mrs. Greenwood's dance with any intention of doing his duty. When his hostess left him he did not make even a pretence of seeking for a partner, but backed into a recess, where he stood with folded arms, surveying the scene, occasionally nodding to some man of his acquaintance, but apparently failing to recognize any friend among the ladies.

A provincial ball-room generally presents a cheerful and animated spectacle to lookers-on, whose spirits are more liable to be affected by the aspect of the dancers than by that of the room itself. Mural decoration is probably neither conspicuous nor costly; but the people who attend these gatherings appear to do so with a view to enjoying themselves, and look not less happy over their dancing than they do profoundly dejected over their dinner-parties. In London, on the other hand, in spite of all the money that is spent upon flowers and suppers and ingenious systems of lighting, the tendency would seem to be rather in the contrary direction. But Brian was not occupied in drawing comparisons, for which, indeed, he did not possess the necessary data; nor, judging by the gradual look of disappointment which settled down upon his face, did he find the energetic capers of his fellow-guests in the least exhilarating

to contemplate. Pretty little Miss Greenwood found him out after a time and tried to entice him out of his retreat; but he alleged that he was too poor a performer to adventure himself in such a crowd, and, to avoid further importunity, sidled away, leaving her to wonder why, if he did not mean to dance, he had taken the trouble to put on his evening clothes and stick a gardenia and a spray of maidenhair in his buttonhole.

If this problem had interested her much, and if she had had leisure to study the features of its subject, she might have been able to bring forward a plausible solution a few minutes after the clocks struck eleven. It was at that unheard-of hour that Miss Huntley, whose experience of provincial habits was limited, thought fit to put in an appearance; and her hostess's ejaculation of "At last! Why, we gave you up more than an hour ago!" drew forth no apology from her. It would be doing her a great injustice to say that she had purposely arrived late, with a view to effect; but it is likely enough that she was not insensible to the very obvious stir created by her entrance, for she resembled all other women, good and bad, in liking admiration. She was dressed very simply in two shades of pink; but then she employed a dressmaker whose simple frocks cost a great deal more than any inhabitant of Kingscliff ever thought of paying for an elaborate one; so that it really was not easy for those good ladies to examine her without a bitter sense of the inequalities of life. Still they abstained as far as they could from saying ill-natured things about her, and tried not to notice the deplorable taste exhibited by their partners in staring at her, as though a pretty or a well-dressed woman had never been seen in the west of England before.

Miss Huntley moved down the room, escorted by the admiral, who had all his life appreciated feminine beauty very highly, and followed by Miss Joy, resplendent in ruby velvet. When she recognized Brian she greeted him with a little nod and a bright smile, which drew him out of his corner as a magnet draws a needle.

"How do you do?" she said; "I thought I should perhaps meet you here this evening. Admiral Greenwood, I mustn't monopolize you any longer; but it would be very kind of you if you would find a seat for Miss Joy somewhere."

Then, as the admiral obediently retired, with Miss Joy on his arm, she continued:

"Yes; I had an idea that we should meet to-night, although you told me that you were not much of a ball-goer. And do you know what I have done in anticipation of this pleasure? I have kept the cotillon for you."

Brian was so gratified, and at the same time so very much astonished, that these emotions quite deprived him for the moment of the use of his tongue. Miss Huntley looked at him, laughing softly.

"Am I going to be put to the open shame of a refusal?" she asked. "It will serve me right if I am. Please spare my feelings, though, by saying how very sorry you are that you are already engaged."

"But I am not engaged," answered Brian eagerly; "and if you will really do me such an honor—only I think I ought in honesty to tell you that I have never taken part in a cotillon in my life."

"I will teach you," said Miss Huntley composedly. "Wasn't there a sort of understanding between us that you were to be my pupil in certain accomplishments?"

"I shall be only too proud if you will undertake my education. But won't you give me a dance before the cotillon begins?"

Miss Huntley glanced at some ivory tablets which hung from her fan.

"Ah, I don't know about that; I am afraid you are a little late. You ought to have asked me the day before yesterday. However, I think I can manage to let you have the last waltz on the list, if that will do. And now will you do me a favor?"

"Of course I will."

"Then go and dance with Miss Joy."

Brian looked slightly taken aback.

"Does she dance?" he asked.

"Yes, when she is asked; and she dances very well too. I don't want to pass my partners on to her, because if I do she thinks they only ask her to please me; but you might introduce one or two people to her, might you not?"

Now Miss Joy was a lady of imposing proportions, and no stretch of charity could have set down her age at less than two or three and forty; so that Brian could only say doubtfully, "Well, I will do my best." But his reply was not heard by Miss Huntley, who had already moved away on the arm of a partner.

Brian's step was an erratic *deux-temps*, acquired with much difficulty in boyhood, and not transmutable into anything resembling the more graceful movements which go by the name of waltzing in these days. Such as it was, Miss Joy speedily fell into it, and by personal solidity and skilful

control of momentum, got him twice round the room without a mishap; so that when she paused, he remarked with some complacency, "I think we did that rather well."

"Very well indeed," she agreed. "Suppose we sit down for a few minutes now." And then she threw her partner into utter confusion by saying placidly: "I suppose Beatrice told you to dance with me, didn't she?"

"She told me that you were a very good dancer," he replied; "and I am sure that is quite true."

Miss Joy broke into a loud, but not unmusical laugh. She had a pleasant, honest full-moon of a face, Brian noticed, surrounded by a sort of halo of fluffy, light-brown hair, which was brushed up from her forehead. She opened her mouth very wide, and her little pale blue eyes disappeared altogether when she laughed.

"I ought to know something about dancing," said she; "I was a dancing-mistress in London for fifteen years."

"Were you indeed?" said Brian, much interested.

"Yes; it is more than fifteen years since I found it necessary to do something for my living. Not being very well educated, I thought I had better try to teach the one thing that I was really capable of teaching; so I applied at a ladies' school and soon established a large connection; for I have always been a most fortunate woman and have met with the greatest kindness everywhere. It was at a school that I first became acquainted with my dear Beatrice—such a charming girl as she was! Fond of taking her own way, no doubt; but what better way could she take, I should like to know? The schoolmistress used to moan and groan over her, because she was not like other girls; and it is not everybody who can make her out, and schoolmistresses naturally don't like girls whom they can't make out. But she and I became friends at once; and when she grew up and wanted a companion to live with her, what did she do but think of me and offer me the place. You may imagine how I jumped at it."

"Do you like that life so much better than giving dancing-lessons then?" Brian inquired.

"Oh, dear me, yes! Beyond all comparison. First of all, there is the delight of being always with Beatrice, which, as I often tell her, is like reading a perpetual three-volume novel, without the slightest idea of how it is going to end. And then, you know, there are anxieties about a pro-

fessional career. One can't lay by as much as one would wish, and sometimes one feels a little afraid of old age and what it may bring."

"I suppose one would," agreed Brian, half-amused, half-touched by these candid confidences. "Why do you say that living with Miss Huntley is like reading a novel?" he asked presently.

"Because she is so fond of fresh scenes and fresh people, and she has a way of interesting herself in them which makes me intensely interested too, until I discover that they are not really going to exercise any influence over her life. Sometimes, you understand, it looks as if they would; but Beatrice has such wonderful penetration that she very soon gets to the bottom of a person's character, and then——"

"And then she throws that person over?" suggested Brian, with a shade of anxiety.

"Oh, no; she is far too kind to do that; but the person generally seems to fade away, as it were, and somebody else takes his place."

"It is always *his* place, then?"

Miss Joy burst into another of her loud laughs.

"No; it isn't always a *he*, and I am giving you quite a wrong impression of Beatrice," she answered. "Beatrice is indescribable; to understand her you must know her, and even then! However, it is not necessary to know her well to see how kind-hearted she is. Your being here at this moment is a proof of it. The truth is that a dance is a great treat to me. It is ridiculous that it should be so at my age; but so it is; and that dear girl is forever trying to get partners for me and make me believe that they come forward of their own accord."

"May I, quite of my own accord, beg you to dance with me again?" asked Brian.

"Thank you very much; and I would with pleasure, only I know you don't enjoy dancing, and—does plain language affront you?"

"Not a bit; I prefer it; and it doesn't affront me in the least to be told that I am a shocking bad dancer, if that is what you mean. I won't insist, then; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll get you a really good partner—Mitchell, who commands the coastguard down here. He is the best-natured fellow in the world, and I'm sure he'll be delighted to give you a turn."

Having thus incidentally shown that his preference for plain language was not

merely theoretical, Brian jumped up, crossed the room, and presently returned, bringing with him a strapping, black-bearded young man, whom he introduced as Captain Mitchell, and who incontinently whirled Miss Joy away in the throng. He himself, after performing this charitable action, was pounced upon by Mrs. Greenwood, and commanded to take an old lady into the supper-room, whence he did not succeed in escaping until the time came for him to claim his promised dance from Miss Huntley. He found her standing in the doorway, surrounded by a little knot of white-waistcoated youths of the watering-place type (for Kingscliff now had its share of these not very attractive beings). She was looking absently over their heads, and seemed relieved when she descried Brian.

"Oh, here you are!" she said, taking his arm. "Would you mind sitting this dance out? We shall have plenty of exercise in the cotillon."

"I would much rather talk than dance," he replied.

So she led him into the library, and, ensconcing herself comfortably in the corner of a low sofa, motioned to him to seat himself beside her. "Well," she said, "how did you get on with Miss Joy?"

"Capitally," answered Brian. "We had a most interesting conversation—principally about you."

"Really! Then suppose, for a change, we have an interesting conversation about you now."

"I'm afraid that's impossible; you wouldn't find me an interesting subject of study."

"Who knows? My own impression is that I shall. For one thing, I hear that you are a great musician, which is decidedly interesting in itself—I mean it isn't what one expects in a country gentleman."

"So my father is fond of telling me."

"Your father, I should think, doesn't mean that for a compliment. He is alarmed about you; he thinks you clever, but eccentric, and he wishes you were more like your brother, who is clever without being eccentric."

"Well, yes, I suppose that is about the state of the case; but how did you know?"

"I guessed. Do you think you will be content to remain down here all the days of your life?"

"I think I shall," answered Brian consideringly. "It is my own home, you see, and I am fond of it. Of course I should like well enough to travel, and see something of the world; but it isn't likely

that I shall ever be able to afford that, so I don't think about it."

"But don't you want to see the world in another sense—the world of men and women?"

"There are men and women everywhere—even at Kingscliff," answered Brian, smiling; "and, from all that one hears and reads, I should fancy that human nature was much the same in other places as it is here."

"Yes; but if you confine yourself to a microcosm you must use a microscope, which is tedious and laborious work. By going out into the larger world you can read while you run. All sorts of events and catastrophes and imbroglios keep on passing before your eyes. You watch them; you take notes; you make comparisons; you feel that you are a human being, not a vegetable."

"And sometimes, perhaps, you get involved in one of the imbroglios or catastrophes."

"Well, perhaps. At any rate there is the possibility of it, and that is what makes life exciting."

"To many people that would be an important point, I dare say; but excitement is not what I care for personally. My notion of a happy man is a man who has a few plain duties to occupy him, and does them to the best of his ability."

"The flattest of flat prose, in fact."

"I suppose so. I am not poetical."

"You must be, or you would never have formed such an absurd ideal. Don't you know that people's ideals always lie off the road that they are bound to travel?"

"I can't say that I have observed it. What is yours?"

"I am sorry to tell you that it is as yet unformed. Hitherto I have generally managed to get exactly what I have wanted; but I dare say I shall be able to think of something preposterous and unattainable in due time. When can one hear you play the organ?"

Brian's face, which had worn a somewhat perplexed look up to now, brightened at this abrupt question. "Are you fond of music?" he asked. "They have a very good organ at St. Michael's, and if you really cared to hear it you might walk up there some afternoon. I practise on most days between four and five o'clock."

"To-morrow afternoon, for instance?"

"Yes, to-morrow, if you like."

"I will be there," said Miss Huntley; "then perhaps I shall find out whether you are poetical or not. In the mean time one of the plain duties which you value

so much lies before you. We must go and take our places for the cotillon."

No small surprise was created in the ball-room by the appearance of this couple among the dancers, and more than one knowing old lady whispered to her neighbor that the beauty was setting her cap at the squire's eldest son. For the Segraves are an ancient family, highly thought of in the west, and Miss Huntley, after all, was only a contractor's daughter. These good people little knew to what social heights the daughters of contractors may aspire nowadays, nor could they be aware that what they considered a fine match would be regarded as a hopeless misalliance by Miss Huntley's relations.

Gilbert, hurrying to and fro across the open space which had been cleared, and whispering last instructions to those upon whose support he counted, smiled and raised his eyebrows as he passed his brother's chair.

"What next!" he exclaimed under his breath. And then, to Miss Huntley, "I beg your pardon, but is it a wager?"

"You shut up, Gilbert," said Brian good-humoredly, "and don't chaff your elder brother, or I'll run round the wrong way in one of your elaborate figures and get you all hopelessly clubbed."

"I wish you would!" cried a loud voice on the speaker's right hand. "That young brother of yours fancies himself altogether too much!"

Commander Mitchell, R.N., was one of the very few people who did not like Gilbert Segrave, and, being a man of straightforward habit, he did not trouble himself to conceal his dislike. Nor, for that matter, did he make much secret of its cause. Everybody in Kingscliff was aware that Mitchell had fallen a victim to the charms of Miss Greenwood, and that that young lady would have nothing at all to say to him. At the cricket-matches and lawn-tennis tournaments, where he was wont to shine supreme, it was notorious that he became paralyzed and utterly useless the moment that Miss Kitty appeared upon the scene. He prostrated himself upon the earth before her, figuratively speaking, and, as usually happens in such cases, she trampled upon him without mercy. Now Captain Mitchell, having found Miss Joy to be in many respects a kindred spirit, and being perfectly indifferent as to the age and looks of all partners save one, had engaged that lady for the cotillon, and when, in answer to his last remark, she whispered, "Do you know I

think I agree with you," he felt that Providence had perhaps placed in his hands a fit instrument for the discomfiture of his rival. He therefore suggested that it would be amusing and productive of good results if they were to devote their joint energies to the marring of all Gilbert's combinations. But to this proposition Miss Joy was much too good-natured to accede.

"We could not spoil everybody's pleasure for the sake of annoying one person, who looks as if nothing would put him out of countenance," she urged. "Besides, Beatrice has been practising these figures with him and Miss Greenwood for the last few days, and I am sure she would be vexed if they turned out a failure."

In Miss Joy's eyes this last consideration was evidently final, and as her partner was in reality not less kind-hearted than she, he was forced to admit the justice of her reasoning, though with a mental reservation.

So the leader of the cotillon was suffered to work out his designs unmolested, and made a great success or them. In the intricate manœuvres which he directed, and the moving kaleidoscopic patterns which he formed with his living material, Brian contrived, by dint of keeping his eye steadily on Miss Huntley, and obeying her signs, to take part without signal disgrace; but he did not find the process very enjoyable, and confessed as much when interrogated.

"It seems to me," said he, "that the chief peculiarity of a cotillon is that you never dance with your partner in it. You can't even talk to her, because you are obliged to give your whole attention to your work."

"You will be able to do both now if you like," answered Miss Huntley. "The pretty figures are over, and the silly ones are going to begin."

What Miss Huntley called the silly figures—that is to say the presentation of bouquets and badges, and the time-honored jocularities, carried out by the help of looking-glasses, umbrellas, oranges, and the like—were evidently more popular than their predecessors, and were perhaps as new to a large proportion of the company as they were to Brian. It was, at all events, an undoubted novelty to most of those present to see a gentleman take the mirror in his hand and prepare to seat himself in the middle of the room, in order to exercise the privilege which is commonly reserved for the la-

dies; and to one spectator this proceeding appeared to be a piece of quite intolerable impudence.

"Just look at that self-satisfied young puppy!" Miss Joy's partner exclaimed, pointing to Gilbert. "Come, I'll take you up to him and see whether he'll have the cheek to refuse you."

"I don't feel the smallest doubt about it; and besides, it isn't our turn," protested Miss Joy.

But Captain Mitchell already had his arm round her waist, and had begun to waltz with such impetuosity that she was powerless to hold him back. Gilbert glanced up in some surprise as this ponderous couple bore down upon him. Not liking, however, to order them back to their places, he accepted the situation with a smile, and was in the act of seating himself when Mitchell, who had been circling round him like a hawk, suddenly reversed his step. Miss Joy's heavy velvet skirt, swinging out, caught the chair and whisked it away, and Gilbert, unable to save himself, descended upon the floor with a crash, looking-glass and all.

The episode, as was natural, produced a good deal of merriment; the author of it chuckled gleefully, while the victim, who, as Miss Joy had observed, was not easily put out of countenance, picked himself up, laughing, and went on with the figure as if nothing had happened. But little Miss Greenwood's cheeks flushed, and her eyes shot an indignant glance at Captain Mitchell, which boded that reckless man no good.

"Jealousy?" inquired Miss Huntley, indicating with a slight movement of her fan the three persons last named.

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Brian, with something of a laugh. "It's all nonsense, you know; I don't think Gilbert is serious, and he can't afford to marry."

"You really do seem to take prosaic views," she rejoined; "it must be the atmosphere of the ball-room that affects you in that way. Well, you have spent a very dull evening, haven't you? But cheer up, for it is over now, and we are all going away."

A few minutes later, while Brian was leading Miss Huntley to her carriage, and Gilbert was gallantly escorting Miss Joy, Mitchell came striding across the hall towards them, with the half-penitent air of a schoolboy who has been caught in some delinquency, and is resigned to the consequences thereof.

"Oh, Segrave," said he, "the admiral thinks I owe you an apology."

"My dear fellow, pray don't mention it," answered Gilbert pleasantly.

"The fact is," went on the other, "that I thought you wanted taking down a peg. Well, I suppose I must beg your pardon for knocking your chair from under you; but I can't say that I've altered my opinion."

"Hadn't you better go and back up your brother?" suggested Miss Huntley, as she stepped into her carriage. "Miss Joy's friend looks capable of eating him up."

"Oh, they are always going on like that," answered Brian; "they're very good friends really."

Then the carriage disappeared into the darkness, and he turned back into the house, marvelling inwardly at the infatuation which could lead two men with eyes in their heads to fall out over a Kitty Greenwood when there was a Beatrice Huntley in the same room.

CHAPTER V.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

THERE is a prevalent impression that slums of the worst kind — districts inhabited by a population which will not suffer the intrusion of a respectably clad person into its midst — are peculiar to large cities. That this is very far from being the case any one may satisfy himself by exploring the byways of most country towns, or even of such as can hardly be called more than large villages; and in the east end of Kingscliff there was a quarter which for many years possessed a reputation so evil that very few people cared to find out by personal inspection whether it was deserved or not. That it was a disgrace to the town was admitted on all hands; and when Kingscliff became a flourishing watering-place the disgrace became somewhat more acutely felt, because it was found to be a source of annoyance to the visitors. Nevertheless, it was not easy to see how matters were to be remedied. Sir Brian Segrave, to whom this collection of wretched tenements belonged, was willing to do all in his power; but that was not much, for he had no spare cash, and such improvements, sanitary and other, as he contrived to introduce, were deeply resented and promptly annihilated by his tenants. At length, however, a step was taken in the right direction. That part of the town was made into a separate parish, and, partly by a general subscription, partly by the benefactions of sundry rich old ladies, the Church of St.

Michael and All Angels was built upon the slope of the hill overlooking it.

Whether this would have mended matters much if the Reverend John Monckton had not been appointed to the living may be doubted; but in an auspicious hour John Monckton, who at that time was working in the East End of London, heard what was required and offered himself for a post which no one else, up to then, had been found willing to undertake. He was warned that his salary would have to come out of the offertory, from which source also the church expenses must be defrayed, and as a matter of fact he never received a penny of pay; but his means were sufficient to make that a subject of indifference to him. A High Churchman of the most advanced school (indeed he admitted himself to be a Ritualist, holding that names signify little), he had at first some opposition to encounter, not so much from his own flock as from outsiders; but this was soon overcome, and in less than a twelvemonth he had successfully accomplished a task which had hitherto baffled clergy, squire, and local authorities alike.

The methods by which he achieved this revolution were, of course, ostensibly various, and capable of being noted, commented upon and approved, or the reverse, by bishops, archdeacons, and others in authority; but the truth is that not one of them would have had a chance of success but for the magic of his personal influence; and if one might venture to criticise such a work, one would perhaps say that the danger of it lay in its absolute dependence upon one man and its very probable collapse on that man's death or removal. But, after all, the majority of revolutions, both small and great, are open to this objection. Mr. Monckton's wild parishioners adored him; he did what he liked with them; to please him they went to church, forswore drink, and even gave up thrashing their wives; and if, to begin with, they were actuated by no higher motive than the above, it was not for want of having higher motives set before them with unwearied persistency.

Meanwhile, as the services at St. Michael's were attractive, the music excellent, and the preaching (when the vicar was in the pulpit) of a thrilling character, the church speedily became fashionable, residents and winter visitors crowding its benches to the gradual exclusion of those for whose benefit they had originally been intended. This Mr. Monckton did not altogether like; but since he could not

close his doors against any particular section of society, he built a chapel for the poorer folk, where they could perform their devotions without being vexed by the sight of purple and fine linen, and the offerings of the richer congregation helped to defray the cost of this extension.

The organ which had been presented to the church by one of Mr. Monckton's wealthy admirers, was a fine instrument, full and sweet in tone, and fitted with all the latest modern improvements. Brian Segrave, who appreciated its qualities, and who was a friend and ally of the vicar's, had permission to play upon it as often as he pleased, and was accustomed, as he had told Miss Huntley, to avail himself of his privilege on most days of the week. She found him playing when, true to her promise, she entered the church at half past four o'clock on the afternoon after Mrs. Greenwood's dance, and stole noiselessly into a dark corner where she could not be seen by the performer.

It is not every one who cares for Sebastian Bach's music; but all will allow that the works of that composer are never heard to so great advantage as upon the organ. Perhaps it may be added that he requires a competent interpreter. Miss Huntley, who had been made to play Bach upon the piano and had always rather hated him, recognized the notes of the fugue which were just then filling the church with something of that pleased surprise which we experience when an artist makes us feel the beauty of some painting by an old master which we could not have discovered without an artist's aid. She listened eagerly, with parted lips, until the last chord died away; and if Brian had only known how immensely he had risen in her respect by the not very extraordinary display of talent and ability which he had just made he would doubtless have hastened to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs by playing classical compositions until he wearied her. For, although she was very fond of music, it can scarcely be said that she appreciated it with the educated taste of a connoisseur. As, however, he was quite unconscious that she was near, he proceeded, after an interval, to favor her with something which appealed far more powerfully to her senses. He was, in fact, only waiting her arrival to attack the grandest and most difficult piece in his *répertoire*, and to while away the time and calm his nerves — for it seemed likely enough that she had forgotten all about her engage-

ment—he began playing idly snatches of melody, fragments of this or that cantata or oratorio, linked together by vague connections of sound which he made up as he went along. His performance accurately reflected his thoughts, which for the moment were of a mildly melancholy kind. It floated down the darkening aisle in pathetic adagios and lingering chords, which melted one into the other, swelling and sinking like the wind on a summer night; and to the listener in the far corner it said all kinds of things which its originator had never dreamt of putting into it.

Miss Huntley was extremely impressionable. The solemn peace of the little church, the shafts of colored light that streamed through the west window from the sinking sun and fell upon the crucifix above the altar, the soft wailing of the organ—all these affected her with certain devotional cravings and memories of girlish enthusiasms which the noise and hurry of the world had extinguished. Her eyes slowly filled with tears; she dropped upon her knees; and it was in that unexpected posture that Brian found her when, his patience being exhausted at last, he rose abruptly from the organ and strode down towards the door.

He started and drew back, feeling that he had been guilty of an intrusion; but she got up without embarrassment (indeed it is probable that he did not interrupt any articulate petition) and advanced to meet him, holding out her hand as she did so.

"Thank you," she said; "I am so very glad to have heard you play, and I am glad, too, that you didn't know I was listening. It would be ridiculous impertinence on my part to offer you compliments, but there is no harm in my telling you what great pleasure you have given me."

"Have I really given you pleasure?" asked Brian, his face breaking into smiles. "Then I am very fortunate."

"Yes, you are very fortunate," she agreed, with a half-sigh. She had dropped her somewhat flippant manner of the night before, and spoke quite naturally, without any design to bewilder or attract her hearer. "With such talent as yours," she went on, "one is independent of the little accidents of scene and company. I quite understand now that it is the same thing to you whether you spend your life here or in London. Life is a perplexing affair," she added presently.

"It is what we make it," said Brian.

"Yes, if we are strong enough; but most of us aren't. I suppose you are right; there is nothing better than to have a few plain duties marked out for one and to do them. Nevertheless, one seems to want something more to fill up the intervals, and we can't all play the organ. It's a great misfortune to women to be independent, if they only knew it!"

She had been advancing slowly towards the door while she was speaking, and they now stood in the little porch. Some yards away from them a broad female back, surmounting a camp stool, stood out in bold relief against the red glow of the sky.

"Miss Joy, transferring the sunset to paper," observed Miss Huntley explanatorily. "The scene has yet to be discovered that can cause Miss Joy to strike her colors—her water-colors. For her, difficulties don't exist; she doesn't know what it is to be troubled with misgivings. To be sure, she is not independent, so she can't make a *very* great fool of herself. Women who are independent generally do make fools of themselves in one way or another, don't you think so?"

"In the majority of cases I dare say they do," answered Brian meditatively, "but there are exceptions, and I should fancy that you were one of them."

"I can't see why you should fancy that. I only came of age six months ago; I haven't had my liberty long, and if you knew all the queer things I have contemplated doing with it you would probably change your opinion. The old lawyer who manages my affairs for me gave me some excellent advice—I know it was excellent advice. 'Look before you leap; never take any step without consulting those older and wiser than yourself; above all, don't be guided by your impulses,' etc. If one could make up one's mind to follow a few maxims of that kind one would at least be preserved from playing the fool. Only it would be so dreadfully dull. I think I like the little Latin sentences at the beginning of the Psalms better. 'Ad te levavi oculos meos,' 'Dominus illuminatio mea,' 'Lucerna pedibus,' those would be the mottoes to live by, wouldn't they? Nobody ever dreams of doing so, though."

"Some people do," said Brian.

"Oh, I think not—at least I never met anybody who did. Of course I know lots of religious people—my sister-in-law, for instance—who bears a high character. But then she makes her religion fit in with her life; she doesn't square her life with her religion. I abhor half measures, and

that is partly why we had to give up living together."

"Did you live with her long?" inquired Brian.

"All my life, except when I was at school. That is, I lived with my brother, you understand. He being my nearest relation, there was no help for it until I attained my majority; then I made a formal declaration of independence and went forth on my own account, with Miss Joy to look after me. Clementina says she can't think how it will end, and I am bound to say that, for once, I find myself in agreement with Clementina."

"Is Clementina your sister-in-law?" Brian asked.

"Yes," she answered, glancing at him with a momentary surprise, which he did not understand at the time. Afterwards he heard from Gilbert, who was better acquainted with London society than he was, that Lady Clementina Huntley was a personage whom everybody knew at least by name.

"She must be a disagreeable sort of woman," he remarked.

At this Miss Huntley burst out laughing, and startled the sketcher, who glanced over her shoulder and nodded in a friendly way. "Come and look at my daub," she called out.

They complied with this request; and when the work of art in question was handed to Brian for inspection he did not dare to lift his eyes from it, lest he should encounter those of Miss Huntley. Miss Joy, judging by her production, belonged to the impressionist school. Her picture had no foreground at all; Kingscliff, in the middle distance, was represented by blotches of deep purple, with perpendicular strokes here and there, which a clever person might have discovered to be meant for chimneys; the purple was gradually shaded off into blue, which in its turn gave place to a sea of orange, in the midst of which was a blood-red ball, evidently the sun, as seen through the mists of evening. Brian was sorely puzzled to know what he ought to say to this. "It's—it's a bold piece of coloring," he remarked feebly at last.

"Yes, I think it is," agreed Miss Joy with much complacency. "Not exaggerated though, is it now? People are apt to call pictures of sunsets exaggerated, you know; but really the difficulty is to make one's colors vivid enough. Well, I'm glad to see that you are not laughing, at any rate. Beatrice always laughs at my sketches; she can't help it, poor dear;

and I know she has gone away now because she is afraid of exploding and hurting my feelings. Oh, and she has picked up a friend, I see. Dear me! isn't it Sir Brian Segrave?"

Brian looked up and saw that Miss Huntley had indeed withdrawn to a distance of some twenty yards, and was standing by the roadside, talking with apparent animation to his father, who, mounted on the grey cob, was listening to her with that air of deferential courtesy which he was accustomed to assume in the presence of ladies. Brian strolled down and joined them presently; and the old gentleman said,—

"Miss Huntley has been paying you some pretty compliments; it seems that you are nothing less than a genius. I wasn't aware of it, I confess; but perhaps you will say that no man is a prophet in his own country."

His voice had an inflection of irony which he never could keep out of it when speaking to his son upon that subject. Sir Brian's earnest desire was to be just in all his dealings, and to give every man such credit as might be his due; but he would have been glad to give his heir credit for qualities which he feared that that musical genius did not possess.

"Mr. Segrave is quite satisfied with his own country," remarked Miss Huntley, either by a happy chance or by that instinct of hers which so often led her to say what was agreeable to her hearers. "He tells me that his ideal of existence is to spend all his days at Kingscliff, and that the daily round, the common task, will furnish all he needs to ask. I can't quite make up my mind whether he is right or wrong."

"My dear young lady," cried Sir Brian, "I am delighted to hear that you find him in such a sensible frame of mind, and I do trust that you will not attempt to remove him from it. The life of a country gentleman may not be exciting, but I can assure you that it gives a man occupation enough, if he does his duty. In these days he won't have done badly if at the end of his life he can hand the land on to his successor as he received it from his forefathers."

"Or improved," said Brian, meaning to be complimentary.

"I have improved the property," returned his father a little sharply. "Doubtless you will be able to improve it still more. Selling any part of it is, of course, not improving it, and I hope you will never be tempted to do that."

To this Brian made no direct rejoinder. He knew what his father meant, but did not care to make rash promises. Presently, however, he observed, "The question is how much longer one will be allowed to hold land which is urgently required by a whole townful of one's neighbors. At the rate public opinion is moving just now, I should say that by the beginning of the next century landed proprietors will find their rights are not worth much when they clash with the convenience of the sovereign people."

"In other words," said Sir Brian, "the sovereign people will legalize spoliation as soon as it gets the upper hand. I am sorry to hear you speak so coolly of the possible ruin of your country."

"The landlords would be compensated, I suppose," said Brian. "I should be sorry for the landlords; but at the same time I think there is something to be urged on the other side. It is admitted, you see, that public convenience justifies the running of a railway through a man's park."

"I beg to say that I differ from you utterly and absolutely," cried his father; "railways stand upon quite another footing. There is nothing—not one word—to be urged in favor of robbery. Compensation! Do you think that if a man picks my pocket he may offer me half a crown for its contents and cry quits? With such ideas as that you would find yourself in congenial company in Newgate."

"Or in the House of Commons," said Brian, laughing. "By good conduct and strict attention to business I hope to keep out of both; but Gilbert is sure to be an M.P. one of these days, and I dare say he'll do the best he can for us."

"Gilbert is a sound Conservative," returned his father; "I wish I felt as sure of you as I do of him."

Good-natured Miss Joy, who with her paint-box and camp-stool had now been added to the group, thought the conversation was taking too personal a turn, and hastened to change it. "I really must manage to make a sketch of that dear old Manor House," said she. "If one could only get into the grounds, one ought to have a lovely view of the two bays from them."

"I will tell the woman at the lodge to let you in whenever you please," said Sir Brian. "The view is considered fine; and in former years, when there were no field-glasses in Kingscliff and nobody possessed telescopes, except the fishermen,

who had too good manners to turn them inland, the garden used to be a pleasant place to sit in. Now times are changed, and there is an end of all privacy."

"I should think it a delightful house to live in, all the same," said Miss Huntley. "Does it stand empty all the year round?"

"We have no occasion to use it ourselves, and I have not cared to let the place," answered Sir Brian a little coldly. He added, after a pause, "I dare say you may have heard that the Kingscliff people—for I suppose we must call Mr. Buswell and his friends Kingscliff people now—are anxious to purchase it. If they could have their way I believe they would pull it down and build some more of their grotesque villas upon the site."

"Wretches!" exclaimed Miss Huntley. "But of course they won't have their way."

"They most assuredly will not while I live," replied Sir Brian. "At my death the Manor House will go to my son here, who seems to anticipate being compulsorily ejected from it. I only hope that nothing short of compulsion will persuade him to give up his mother's property."

It seemed impossible to keep the old gentleman off that subject; and in truth Brian's prospective interest in the Manor House had always been a rather sore point with him. The place had belonged to his wife, who had bequeathed it to him, with remainder to her elder son, thinking that she was consulting her husband's wishes in so doing. She had, indeed, consulted him verbally in the matter, but had failed to discover what his wishes were. In his rigid, punctilious way he had declined to bring any pressure to bear upon her; but secretly he had thought that Gilbert, who would be so ill-provided for, ought to have the house. And now, to crown all, Brian remained obstinately silent when the possibility of its being ultimately sold was mentioned in his presence!

Poor Sir Brian was aware that he had a hasty temper, and that when it got the better of him he was apt to say things which made him feel sorry and ashamed after he went to bed at night. Feeling that his temper was on the point of getting the better of him now, he somewhat hastily wished the ladies good-evening, lifted his hat, and rode away.

When he reached home he found Gilbert in the library, reading the papers, and could not resist saying to him, "That fellow Brian puzzles me altogether. He was speaking just now in a way that, upon my

word, would have made anybody set him down as a rank socialist."

"Oh," said Gilbert, "he isn't a socialist. That isn't his line at all."

"Pray, what *is* his line? I should feel much indebted to you if you could tell me."

"Well, I doubt whether he cares much about politics, one way or the other. If you asked him he would probably tell you he was a Conservative; but he certainly hasn't Conservative instincts. A Conservative, I take it, likes to keep what he has got, and that is more than poor dear old Brian ever could or ever will do. It used to be notorious at Oxford that he would give the coat off his back to any one who asked him for it."

"You speak as if you admired that kind of disposition," snapped Sir Brian. "I do not. Such a man as you describe is not, to my mind, a generous man; he is simply a weak fool. And such a man is in no way fitted to be the owner of Beckton. In that position he can never be rich, and he will be constantly tempted to — to — in short, to do things which would make me turn in my grave."

Gilbert looked serious for a moment, and then smiled. "I hope it will be many years before Brian is owner of Beckton," he answered.

"Oh, yes; that is the right thing to say, and I'm sure you mean it; but I am an old man. It's a thousand pities that you are not the elder son."

"Really, do you know, I don't think so," said Gilbert; "I am much better qualified to shift for myself than he is. An infant could impose upon Brian; but I have a modest conviction that it would take a rather clever rogue to get the better of me."

"That's just what I say," returned his father. "However, there's no good in talking about it."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PENALTY OF GOOD NATURE.

WHEN Brian was left with the two ladies, Miss Joy wandered away to the lych-gate which gave entrance to the churchyard, and, leaning over it, became absorbed in contemplation of space. As a chaperon, Miss Joy was more accommodating than discreet. As soon as she was out of earshot Miss Huntley turned to the young man, with an odd, compassionate sort of smile, and said, —

"When you were a little boy, and read the Old Testament stories out of a picture

Bible, which used you to like best, Jacob or Esau?"

"Oh, Esau, of course," answered Brian. "As far as that goes, I like him best still. I should think everybody did."

"Perhaps; but I wouldn't imitate him if I were you. Why couldn't you say a few words to reassure your father when he was begging and entreating you not to sell your birthright?"

"Because I can't tell what the future is going to be, and one has no business to make promises which one may not be able to keep. My father must know that I shouldn't like to cut up the property any more than he would."

"Oh, you foolish Esau! He doesn't know it at all, and you ought to have told him. Your brother Jacob would have told him in a moment."

Brian shook his head.

"Not he! Gilbert is twice as cautious as I am."

"Exactly so; and that is why he would take very good care to avoid rousing needless alarm. And Beckton is not entailed, Admiral Greenwood tells me."

Brian looked down for a moment, and then raised his frank grey eyes to those of his mentor.

"I can't say what my father wants me to say," he answered. "I would if I could, but I don't feel that it would be honest under the circumstances. The best plan is to avoid the subject altogether."

"As if he would let you do that! Well, you are foolish, but I like you all the better for it."

"Then," returned Brian quickly, "I am quite content to be a fool."

"It ought to create a bond of sympathy between us, no doubt. As I was telling you, I am convinced that my destiny is to make a fool of myself, only I doubt whether I shall ever do so with my eyes open. That is what constitutes my inferiority to you."

"Does it?" asked Brian, laughing.

"Yes, I think so. Good-night. I like your church, and I shall form one of the congregation next Sunday."

With that she left him, and he set off homewards in a state of mind so jubilant as amply to justify the character that had just been given of him. There never lived a more modest man, but he thought Miss Huntley liked him — which was true enough — and he had the dawning of a hope that her liking might deepen into a warmer feeling, which was perfectly ridiculous. Gilbert could have told him how ridiculous it was. Gilbert was versed in

the ways of the world, and knew that Miss Huntley had it in her power to make a really brilliant marriage. Women who possess that power very seldom fail to take advantage of it; an heiress who is also a beauty may think herself entitled to a few years of amusement, but in the end she is pretty sure to go the way of all heiresses. So Gilbert would have said, and he would not have been wrong.

Brian, however, had two good reasons for viewing the matter from a less cynical standpoint. In the first place, he had not learnt to think meanly of human nature, and in the second, it would have been quite preposterously impossible to him to think meanly of Beatrice Huntley. She was, indeed, already in his eyes what she never afterwards (except for one brief period of time) ceased to be — the very type and embodiment of feminine perfection, the realization of his dreams, the only woman whom he could ever love or think of loving. That she had as yet done remarkably little to earn such unqualified devotion is nothing to the point. There are people who can be in love without being in the least blind to the defects of the beloved one; but Brian, for his weal or his woe, was not one of those reasonable beings, and because he considered flirts a very objectionable and contemptible class of persons, it followed, by the plainest principles of logic, that Miss Huntley could not be a flirt. It was this conviction that caused him to be somewhat unduly sanguine. He did not, it is true, flatter himself that he could without any difficulty gain the love of the most adorable woman in the world, but he thought there was a chance of his doing so, because she had shown him such marked favor. So he spent the evening in a state of happy, smiling abstraction, which amused his brother, who guessed what was the matter with him, and irritated his father, who did not; and when he retired for the night the visions of his head upon his bed were of the most extravagant character.

That when we are especially light-hearted adversity is in the air is a phenomenon which has been so often observed as to have passed into proverbial form in times of remote antiquity. Brian, like other people, had learned the proverb from his Latin grammar, but perhaps had hardly yet lived long enough to accept it as a warning. He came down to breakfast the next morning with a countenance free from care, and, having satisfied a healthy appetite, carried his letters away

to the harness-room, where it was his habit to smoke a matutinal pipe. Even after he had opened and read the first of them, which was written in a clerkly hand, and purported to come from one Reuben Solomonson, he scarcely understood what it was all about, nor realized that he was in somewhat serious trouble. It appeared, indeed, that he owed Mr. Solomonson £1,900, odd shillings, which, if true, was startling enough, but he could not help thinking that there must be some mistake about it. So careless was he and ignorant about money matters that it required an effort of memory on his part to recall the circumstances set forth in the letter. He remembered, to be sure, that, when at Oxford, he had consented to back a bill to oblige a man named Tracy, with whom he had been upon more or less friendly terms, and now that he was put in mind of it, he remembered also that upon two subsequent occasions something had been said about renewal, and that he had been requested to go through the formality of signing his name again, but he had been assured, and had quite believed it, that this was a mere matter of form, and he was certainly under the impression that the original sum had not been anything approaching £1,900. No doubt there was a mistake, and Tracy would put it all right.

Mr. Solomonson, however, did not seem to think so. He wrote politely, almost affectionately; he commented in feeling terms on the bad behavior of Mr. Tracy, and was evidently filled with grief at being compelled to make a demand which might be unwelcome. But he must have his money, he said, because he could not possibly afford to lose it; or, rather, he must have a thousand pounds. With regard to the remaining nine hundred, he was disposed to think that an arrangement might be come to, and that he might (though not without personal inconvenience) continue to be Mr. Segrave's creditor for that amount a little longer — of course at the customary moderate rate of interest.

When Brian had taken in the meaning of all this, he began to be rather uneasy, but it was not until he had perused his next letter that his eyes became fully opened. This was from an old college chum, and contained, amongst other things, the following highly disquieting piece of intelligence:—

"I suppose you have heard that Tracy has gone an utter mucker. Somebody told me that he had enlisted, but I don't know whether that is true or not. Any

how, he has disappeared from view, leaving no assets, and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth in Jewry."

Brian knocked the ashes out of his pipe, pushed his hat off his forehead, and strolled out into the stable yard, where Gilbert and the coachman were anxiously examining the curby hocks of one of the carriage horses. Gilbert's stock of information was varied and extensive, and his opinions, being grounded upon principles of common sense, were always worth having; but Brian, after hesitating for a moment, decided that he would not apply to his brother in his present perplexity. Valuable though common sense is, it does not meet all requirements, and the worst of those who possess that attribute is that they are apt to be a little peremptory and contemptuous with those who do not. Brian, therefore, turned away without interrupting the veterinary consultation, and strode at a brisk pace across the park towards Kingscliff. When he reached St. Michael's Church he turned sharply to the right, a further walk of a few minutes bringing him to a small new house of ecclesiastical design, surrounded by a tidy little garden. The servant who appeared in answer to his ring informed him that the vicar was at home, but could not say whether he was disengaged or not.

"All right," said Brian, seating himself in the porch and producing his pipe from his pocket; "if he isn't I'll wait till he is. Tell him there's no hurry."

However, he was not kept waiting long. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed when the door behind him was thrown open, and the figure of a man of something under middle height, clad in a black cassock and wearing a biretta on his head, stepped quickly out into the sunlight. John Monckton was at this time about five or six-and-thirty years of age, but looked more. His short, black beard had a good deal of gray in it; there were deep lines on his forehead and on either side of his mouth; his eyes, too, were slightly sunken. The expression of his face, when in repose, was distinctly sad; no one could fail to see that it was the face of one who had taken life hard, and had probably passed through some sharp mental struggles. But the moment that he began to speak the lines softened wonderfully; a pleasant light came into the eyes, and you perceived at once that you were in the presence of a thoroughly sincere and trustworthy fellow-creature. Fellow-creatures of that stamp are less common than we are, as a rule,

willing to admit; but we have to admit their rarity when we are brought into contact with one of them, and it was no doubt to this that John Monckton owed the singular ascendancy which he exercised over all classes of his parishioners. The female division of them had an immense admiration for his outer as well as for his inner man; but it must be said that this was no fault of his, and that all manifestations of it had met with such scant encouragement that they were now, for the most part, reduced to the language of the eyes. For the rest, he was strongly built, had a fine constitution, lived sparingly, and very seldom had a day's illness.

"Ah, Brian," he said, "you're just the man I want. Simpson has sent up to tell me that he has caught one of his bad colds, and doesn't think there is a chance of his being able to take the organ on Sunday. Can you help me out?"

"Of course I can," answered Brian; "I should like it of all things. And I say, Monckton, may we have Tours's *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* in F?"

"Yes, if you like; only you will have to give up a morning to practising them with the choir, you know."

"I shall be delighted. Then in the evening I should like to have Turle's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in D. I suppose I can't choose the hymns, can I?"

"Within certain limits you can. I'll give you a few to select from."

"Thanks. I wish I could persuade you to drop Gregorians, Monckton."

Monckton smiled and shook his head.

"Well, you may say what you like, but they're not music, and I don't care who swears that they are. I'll undertake to prove to you — but perhaps you are busy?"

"Not more than usual; I have about a quarter of an hour to spare."

"Oh, by the way, that reminds me," said Brian (for he had really forgotten it) "that I came here to ask your advice. It seems to me that I have got into a most awkward fix."

"Come in, then," answered the other, "and let us hear about it."

He led the way into his study, a small room liberally furnished with books, but with very little else, and, seating himself at his writing-table, took the letter which the young man silently held out to him.

His face grew grave as he read. "Hullo, Brian!" he exclaimed, "this is a bad job. I needn't ask whether you have £1,900 at your banker's."

Brian felt in his waistcoat pocket and produced five sovereigns and some silver. "I think I've got about ten pounds more in my desk," he said, "and then there's fifty more that I lent to a fellow who said he would pay me back last month. He hasn't done it yet, though. That's all I've got to finish the year upon."

"Who is this Tracy? Is he in any degree an honest man? And has he relations who would be likely to hold themselves responsible for his debts?"

"Well, really, to tell you the truth, I don't know much about him; but I'm pretty sure that he has no near relations. He has been his own father ever since he was a boy, and I believe he had a good bit of money to start with. But he has been going down the hill at no end of a pace lately, and now I hear that he has bolted."

"Brian, my dear boy," said Monckton, "I don't want to scold, but you had no business whatever to back that bill. Don't you see that you were practically making your father back it?"

"I didn't see it at the time," answered Brian ruefully. "Of course that's not much of an excuse; only, you know, one does *not* expect a man to let one into trouble after one has been solemnly assured that one is running no risk."

Monckton drummed with his fingers upon the table meditatively and made no reply. Presently he asked, "What are you going to do about it?"

"I wish I knew! That money-lender seems civilly inclined. I suppose you wouldn't advise me to try and renew—or whatever they call it?"

"No; I certainly shouldn't advise that. The only result would be that a short time hence you would be called upon to pay three or four thousand pounds, instead of two. I am afraid you will have to make a clean breast of it to your father."

"I'd rather do anything in the world almost than that!" exclaimed Brian quickly.

"But there is nothing else in the world to be done. He will be very angry, and he will say some harsh things; but that you must bear. This will be a great provocation to him—I know I should feel it so myself in his place—and I suppose it will be rather a serious loss too."

"That's just it!" sighed Brian. "I don't the least mind his abusing me; he has done that often enough before now, and I know very well that he doesn't mean half of what he says. But I hate the idea

of his being done out of two thousand pounds, poor old fellow! It's all he can do to make both ends meet as it is, and he won't put down useless servants and horses. His one notion of economy is to deny himself. I wish I could raise the money somehow! I wish I could earn it! It's rather disgraceful for a man to be without means of making his living, don't you think so?"

"Well, hardly in your case, because Sir Brian wouldn't let you enter any profession, and I dare say, as he grows older, you may be of use to him at home. As for your raising or earning this sum, of course that is out of the question. Your father will have to pay it. If that is a punishment to you—and I know it is—you must remember that you deserve some punishment. It doesn't require such a very great deal of moral courage to refuse to back a bill, does it?"

"I'll never do such a thing again in my life; I can promise you that much," answered Brian penitently. "I don't think it was want of moral courage that made me do it this time either. I supposed it would be all right."

"Then you must suffer for your folly," returned Monckton, smiling and rising from his chair. "My time is up now, and I haven't given you much comfort, I'm afraid."

"I can't say that you have," Brian confessed; "but you have told me what to do, and that was all that I came here to ask. Good-bye, Monckton, and thanks for your advice. I'll turn up for the choir-practice on Saturday."

After he was gone Monckton stood for a moment, stroking his chin with his right hand, while he rested his elbow upon the palm of his left. "Poor boy!" he mused; "I should have liked to lend him the money, and I believe I might have managed it; but it would have been a mistake. He had to learn his lesson sooner or later, and he will get a sharp one now, I suspect. It's fortunate that he is so sweet-tempered."

CHAPTER VII.

SIR BRIAN PRONOUNCES JUDGMENT.

BRIAN's ears tingled a little as he walked away from the vicarage. He had an immense respect for John Monckton; he was extremely sensitive to any censure that might fall upon him from a quarter whence censure seldom fell upon anybody, and in the not very severe rebuke which

had been addressed to him there had been one thing which he had not liked. Monckton had accused him of moral cowardice. Now he did not conceive himself to be wanting in courage of any kind, nor in truth had he backed Tracy's bill from any weak disinclination to say no, but out of sheer heedlessness and misplaced faith in another man's word. That might be, and in fact had been proved to be, foolish; but it was not cowardice. In truth, Brian, though sincerely regretting his folly, imputed rather less blame to himself in this matter than perhaps he ought to have done. However, it did not take him long to pardon John Monckton, while, as for the tremendous wiggling which he would doubtless receive from his father, he had no difficulty at all about pardoning that in advance. His feelings were entirely different from those which nine young men out of ten would have experienced in his place. Nine young men out of ten are aware that results count for a great deal more than motives in this world, and that the heinousness of owing two thousand pounds is little, if at all, extenuated by the circumstance that somebody else has spent the money. What distressed Brian was, as he had said, rather that misfortune had come upon his father than that he had been the cause thereof.

That his father would abuse him like a pickpocket was a matter of course; his father always did abuse somebody when misfortunes happened, and was sorry for it immediately afterwards. Poor choleric Sir Brian would fly out at his coachman, his butler, or his gamekeeper; would use language to them which, proceeding from any other master, would have brought about a prompt resignation on the part of the aggrieved servant; and then, a few hours later, he would seek them out, with a penitent, hang-dog countenance, and say, "I beg your pardon, So-and-so, I forgot myself just now. I ought never to have spoken as I did." To which these worthy folks would reply, "Oh, never mind, Sir Brian! don't you worrit yourself about that." "Not but what you richly deserved it, you know," Sir Brian would often rejoin, if he chanced to remember what had made him angry; and so the whole affair would blow over, with a laugh on both sides.

It was with this easy toleration that Brian was in the habit of accepting the old gentleman's tirades. He understood the hasty temperament which was so unlike his own; he loved his father (who in

truth was a lovable man), and, owing to that dissimilarity of temperament, his affection was in many ways more paternal than filial. Brian the younger was always making allowances — a thing which Brian the elder had never done in all his life.

Thus our young friend went his way, with far too little of the Prodigal's spirit upon him, and gave his mind to the consideration of how £2,000 might be most easily raised. Being singularly devoid of information bearing upon such subjects, he soon allowed his thoughts to drift away to Turle's *Magnificat* in D, and thence, by a natural transition, to the pleasing fact that Miss Huntley meant to be in church on Sunday. Would she come in the morning or in the evening? he wondered. Probably in the morning, because of late dinner, which was a pity, the evening music being always the more beautiful. However, he would do his best, and perhaps, if she was very much pleased with the first service, she might return for the second. Then perhaps — Here Brian's reflections became less precise, but a beatific vision of walking home with Miss Huntley in the moonlight presented itself to his imagination.

On reaching home he found that Sir Brian was away on magisterial duty, and would not be back before dinner-time, while Gilbert, who had gone off with his gun to shoot the partridges of a neighbor, was not likely to return home so long as the daylight lasted. Brian was not ill-pleased with a reprieve which compelled him to postpone his avowal to the hour which might be considered the most favorable of the twenty-four for making it. His father, like many another good man, was commonly in a genial mood after dinner, and if there was a moment at which it could be tolerable to him to hear that his son and heir had committed an act of egregious folly, it would probably be when he had drawn his chair round to the fire-side and was sipping his second glass of claret.

However, when the dinner hour arrived, it appeared that the fates were not as propitious that day as could have been wished. Sir Brian had sat upon the bench for a considerable number of years; yet he had never been quite able on these occasions to divest himself of the impression that he was presiding at a court-martial. The consequence was that he sometimes exceeded his powers and had to be set right; whence unpleasantness was too apt to ensue. It is probable that some

such *contretemps* had occurred in the course of the afternoon, for Sir Brian had returned home in what Gilbert called a "gunpowdery temper." He had not been seated at table for five minutes before he had managed to fall foul of everybody within reach, as well as of sundry others, who, happily for themselves, were out of reach. He began by stating, without giving grounds for the assertion, that Admiral Greenwood was a wooden-headed, opinionated old ignoramus, who knew just about as much of the laws of his country as he did of the ordinary courtesies of society; and when Gilbert, with something less than his accustomed tact, took up the cudgels on behalf of the offending admiral, he was incontinently commanded to hold his tongue.

Then the butler caught it. "Porter," called out Sir Brian furiously, "how many times am I to speak to you about your boots? Creaking I can put up with—I am obliged to put up with it, because I know that no earthly consideration would induce you to spare me that annoyance—but I cannot and I will not tolerate boots which literally *yell*. Go and take them off this minute."

After this the footman was ordered to leave the room for dropping a fork; and when the cook had been informed by message that she would disgrace a village pot-house it seemed as though justice had been dealt out impartially to everybody except Brian, who had bowed his head before the storm and was eating his dinner in silence. However, his turn was coming, and perhaps the old gentleman may have had an intuition of that. Soon after the dessert had been put upon the table Gilbert made a grimace at his brother, shrugged his shoulders slightly, and slipped away. Sir Brian, who was moving towards the fire at the moment, did not at first notice the absence of his second son, but when he did he made a grievance of it.

"Gilbert is not very ceremonious, I must say," he remarked. "In my young days it used not to be considered good manners to march away from the dinner-table without a word of apology, but I suppose it would be too much to expect civility from the present generation. Pray don't let me detain you if you want to go and play the piano or the hurdy-gurdy or anything of that kind."

"I don't want to play anything just now," answered Brian good-humoredly, "and I'm glad Gilbert has gone, because

I have something to tell you. Something unpleasant, I am sorry to say."

"Oh, that's of course," grumbled the old gentleman; "it isn't often that you have pleasant things to tell me. Well, go on; you have let one of the horses down, I suppose. Just like you."

"I wish that were all; though I don't think it would have been particularly like me to do it. No; I have done much worse; I've got into a horrid money difficulty."

"Then you had better get out of it the best way you can. I haven't a spare shilling, and I am tired of paying your bills. You are not a child any longer; you know what you have to spend, and you must make it do. When I was your age I received a smaller allowance, and had to pay my mess expenses out of it."

"I know I have been extravagant," Brian acknowledged; "but I mean to turn over a new leaf now and spend nothing on extras. In fact, I was going to ask you to give me a hundred a year less in future."

"Give you a hundred a year less!" repeated his father incredulously. "May I inquire why?"

"Because I am afraid you will have to pay down a rather large sum for me. I am very sorry about it; but it hasn't been altogether my fault. When I was at Oxford I backed a bill for a man who has since come to grief and disappeared, and now the money-lender writes to me to demand payment."

Sir Brian's features hardened. Hitherto he had been only playing at anger, by way of getting rid of pent-up irritation; but he was really angry now, and this sobered him.

"You have backed a bill," said he with awful calmness. "For how much, may I ask?"

"I can't tell you; I have forgotten what it was originally. But it is close upon two thousand pounds now."

"Have you the money-lender's letter?" inquired Sir Brian. "The chances are that you have been swindled."

Brian produced the letter and handed it to his father, who read it through deliberately.

"And where," asked the latter presently, "do you suppose that I am going to find two thousand pounds?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Brian.

"You don't know! I can well believe that; and you might add with equal truth that you don't care. What if I decline to satisfy this extortionate demand? What

would happen, do you think, in that case? Oh, don't trouble yourself to answer; you don't know, and you don't care. Now, be so good as to listen to me for a few minutes. When I succeeded to this property I found it heavily embarrassed. With some difficulty, and by exercising the greatest care, I have now very nearly freed it, and if I were to die to-morrow my successor would be able — just able — to live in a style becoming his position. He would have to look after the pounds, though, and not despise even the shillings. As I have never seen any reason to expect that my successor would be as economical as I have been, it has been my wish to lay by a trifle every year, so that he might find himself with a certain sum of ready money in hand to start with. You would probably be much amused if I told you how small have been the annual amounts that I have contrived to devote to this fund; two thousand pounds, I may say, will make a very large hole in it. And now I have to ask myself — not for the first time — whether you are one to whom I can safely entrust the keeping up of our estate and our name."

Brian was somewhat impressed by this harangue, which was not at all in the style that he had anticipated; but he did not understand that his father was threatening to disinherit him.

"My only excuse," said he, "is that it never occurred to me to think that Tracy would leave me in the lurch. Indeed, I don't think now that he meant to do such a thing."

"Upon my honor," exclaimed Sir Brian, "your excuse seems to me to be your condemnation. If you were a spendthrift, as young fellows often are, there would be a chance of your sowing your wild oats; but you are a great deal worse than that; you are hopelessly incapable and indifferent. You will always be at the mercy of a swindler; you will always be in difficulties, and you will always think that it doesn't much matter. I believe you think that the loss of this two thousand pounds doesn't much matter to me."

Brian sighed.

"No; I don't think that, and I know it will worry you terribly, and I wish with all my heart that it didn't." He added, after a pause: "I wonder whether you would allow me to make a suggestion."

"Make your suggestion by all means," answered his father, with a short laugh, "it is sure to be sensible and practical."

"Well, really I think so," said the young

man. "It won't be what you like, perhaps; but I believe it is sensible and practical. Why should you not make this money by letting Buswell have a few acres of land to build villas upon? Would the loss of those few acres spoil the symmetry of the property in any degree? Would it cause you the smallest personal inconvenience? I understand your objecting to sacrifice the Manor House; but really——"

Sir Brian literally bounded off his chair

"That will do, sir!" he thundered; "that will do. It is very evident now what would happen if you stepped into my shoes after my death. My wishes would be cast to the winds, all the toil and sacrifice of my life would be thrown away."

He stopped short and seemed to have some difficulty in getting rid of an obstruction in his throat. Then he resumed speaking with forced deliberation, but with a slight quiver in his voice.

"You have been good enough to let me see your intentions; I shall be equally candid with you. You will never inherit this property. I consider that you have forfeited your claim to it, and I shall put your brother in your place. This is not a mere personal question between you and me. I hold myself responsible to those who have gone before as well as to those who will follow after me, and I have not the right to leave Beckton in unworthy hands."

"Beckton is yours, sir, to do what you like with," answered Brian quietly.

This cool acquiescence did not half please the old man, who perceived that his son did not take him seriously.

"When it is too late," said he, "you will perhaps be sorry for having defied me."

"My dear father, I am not defying you."

"Not defying me!" shouted Sir Brian, working himself up into a passion. "How can you have the face to say that! You disregard my most solemn injunctions; you tell me in so many words that you are only waiting for my death to cut the whole place up into building-lots, and then you assert that you are not defying me! Upon my word, I stand astounded at your impudence!"

Before Brian could make any reply to this somewhat exaggerated accusation, the door opened and Gilbert entered. Sir Brian instantly burst out into an impetuous explanation.

"Gilbert, you will consider yourself henceforth as my heir. I can trust you

to carry on the work that I have begun; I can't trust your brother. He has made a proposition to me which — which I shall find it difficult to pardon; although his conduct has brought its own punishment with it. To-morrow I shall alter my will."

And, without waiting for a rejoinder from either of the young men, Sir Brian hastily left the room.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Gilbert compassionately, "what have you been doing?"

Brian briefly related the story of Tracy's misadventures, and of his own participation therein.

"The governor has run away with an utterly absurd notion," he added in conclusion. "I only put it to him whether it would not be worth while to part with a small strip of land, and he instantly assumed that I wanted to sell the whole property. He has a mania upon that subject, you know."

Gilbert shook his head.

"People who have manias ought to be humored," he remarked. "I'm afraid you have made a very great mistake, old man. Heaven knows I have never dreamt of cutting you out; but if the thing is to be, you may be sure, at any rate, that I shan't let you starve."

Brian looked a little surprised.

"Oh, thanks," he answered, "but I don't think there is much fear. The governor threatens all manner of dire things when he's in a rage; but he doesn't act hastily. To-morrow morning he will see the utter injustice of what he calls his intentions."

It must be admitted that Brian was rather exasperating to sensible, matter-of-fact folks. Gilbert was not sure that the injustice of putting him in the place of an inept elder brother would be so very glaring, nor did he quite like the cavalier fashion in which his prospective generosity had been acknowledged.

"Well," said he, "time will show. For my own part, I shall be sincerely sorry if my father sticks to his word."

"I am sure of that," replied Brian, with a nod and a smile. "Everybody says you ought to have been the elder brother, and in one sense I believe everybody is right; though I fancy you would have been rather thrown away as a country squire. However, you are not the elder brother, and you can't be made so by the stroke of a pen. The governor will see that when he comes to think things over. Are you going to plunge into law-books now, or shall we have a game of billiards?"

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

AMONG THE TRANSYLVANIAN SAXONS.*

WHEN the waving surface of the green oat-fields begins to assume a golden tint, when the swelling heads of Indian corn hang heavy on their stalks, and the sweating peasant prepares for the last act of his hard summer labor, then also do the goodwives in the village begin to talk of matters which have been lying dormant till now.

Well-informed people may have hinted before that such and such a youth had been seen more than once stepping in at the gate of the red or green house in the long village street, and more than one gossip had been ready to identify the speckled carnations adorning the hat of some youthful Konrad or Thomas as having been grown in the garden of a certain Anna or Maria; but after all, these had been but mere conjectures, for nothing positive could be known as yet, and ill-natured people were apt to console themselves with the reflection that St. Katherine's Day was a long way off, and that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

But now the great day which will dispel all doubt, and put an end to surmise, is approaching, — that day which will destroy so many illusions and fulfil so few; for now the sun has given the last touch to the ripening grain, and soon the golden sheaves are lying piled together on the clean-shorn stubble-fields, only waiting to be carted away.

Then one evening when the sun is sinking low on the horizon, and clouds of dust along the highroad announce the approach of the returning cattle, a drum is heard in the village street, and a voice proclaims aloud that "to-morrow the oats are to be fetched home."

Like wildfire this news has spread throughout the village, the cry is taken up and repeated from mouth to mouth with various intonations of hope, curiosity, anticipation, or triumph — "To-morrow the oats will be fetched!"

A stranger, no doubt, fails to perceive anything particularly thrilling about this intelligence, having no reason to suppose the bringing in of oats to be in any way more interesting than the carting of potatoes or wheat; and to the majority of landowners, the thought of to-morrow's work is chiefly connected with dry, prosaic details, such as repairing the harness and oiling the cart-wheels; but there are

* For portions of the matter contained in this article, I am indebted to the accounts of a Saxon village pastor, who has made of his people the study of a lifetime.

others in the village on whom the announcement has had an electrifying effect, and for whom the words are synonymous with love and wedding bells.

Five or six of the young village swains, or maybe as many as eight or ten, spend that evening in a state of pleasurable bustle and excitement; busying themselves in cleaning and decking out the cart which is to fetch the oats to-morrow, furbishing up the best harness, grooming the work-horses till their coats are made to shine like satin, and plaiting up their manes with gaudy-colored ribbons.

Early next morning the sound of harness-bells and the loud cracking of whips causes all curious folk to rush to their doors; and as every one is curious, the whole population is soon assembled in the street, to gaze at the sight of young Thomas, all attired in his bravest clothes, and wearing a monstrous nosegay in his cap, riding postilion on the left-hand horse, and cracking his whip with ostentatious triumph, while behind, in the gaily decorated cart, is seated a blushing maiden, who lowers her eyes in confusion at seeing herself the object of general attention, — at least this is what she is supposed to do, for every well-brought-up maiden ought surely to blush and hang her head in graceful embarrassment when she first appears in the character of a bride; and although no formal proposal has taken place, yet by consenting to assist the young man to bring in his oats, she has virtually confessed her willingness to become his wife.

Her appearance on this occasion will doubtless cause much envy and disappointment among her less fortunate companions, who peep out furtively through the chinks of the wooden shutters, at this sight of a triumph they had hoped for themselves.

"So it is the red-haired Susanna, after all, and not the miller's Agnes, as every one made sure," the gossips are saying. "And who has young Martin got on his cart, I wonder? May I never spin flax again, if it is not verily the black-haired Lisi who was all but promised to small-pox Peter of the red house," — and so on, and so on, in endless variety, as the carts go by in procession, each one giving rise to manifold remarks and commentaries, and not one of them but leaves disappointment and heartburnings in its rear.

This custom of the maiden helping the young man to bring in his oats, and thereby signifying her willingness to become his wife, is prevalent only in a certain district

in the north of Transylvania called the *Huferland*, the land of oats, a broad expanse of country covered at harvest time by a billowy sea of golden grain, the whole fortune of the landowners.

In other parts of the country, various other bridal customs are prevalent, as for instance in Neppendorf, a large village in the neighborhood of Hermanstadt, inhabited partly by Saxons, partly by Austrians, or *Ländler*, as they call themselves. This latter race is of more recent introduction in the country than the Saxons (who count seven centuries since their emigration), having only come hither in the time of Maria Theresa, who had summoned them to the country in order to replenish some of the Saxon colonies in danger of becoming extinct. If it is strange to note how rigidly the Saxons have kept themselves from mingling with the surrounding Magyar and Roumanian races, it is yet more curious to see how these two German races have existed side by side for over a hundred years without amalgamating, — and this for no antagonistic reason, for they live together in perfect harmony, attending the same church, and conforming to the same regulations, but each preserving its own identical customs and costume.

The Saxons and *Ländler* have each their different parts of the church assigned to them; no Saxon woman would ever think of donning the fur cap of a *Ländler* matron — as little would the latter exchange her tight-fitting coat for the wide-hanging cloak of the other woman.

Until quite lately, unions have very seldom taken place between members of these two races. Only within the last twenty years, have some of the Saxon men awoke to the consciousness that the Austrian women made better and more active housewives than their own phlegmatic countrywomen, and have consequently sought them in marriage. Even then, when both parties are willing, and all preliminaries have been arranged, many a projected union makes shipwreck on the inflexibility of the two fathers, who will neither concede the least trifle to the other's wishes. Thus, for instance, when the Saxon father of the bridegroom demands that his future daughter-in-law should adopt Saxon attire when she becomes the wife of his son, the Austrian father, as likely as not, will take offence, and withdraw his consent at the last moment. Not a pin nor a bow will either of these two consent to sacrifice to their children's happiness.

Thus many hopeful marriages have been nipped in the bud, and those few which have been accomplished, have been almost invariably based on the understanding that each party retains its own attire, the daughters following the mother, the sons the father, in the matter of costume.

Among the *Ländler*s, the marriage proposal takes place in a way which deserves to be mentioned. The youth having secretly fixed upon the girl he would like to make his wife, prepares a new silver thaler (about 2s. 6d.) by winding round it a piece of bright-colored ribbon, and wrapping the whole in a clean sheet of white letter-paper. With this coin in his pocket, he repairs to the next village dance, and takes an opportunity of slipping it unobserved into the maiden's hand while they are dancing together. By no word or look does she betray any consciousness of his action, and only when back at home she produces the gift, and acquaints her parents with what has taken place. A family council is then held as to the merits of the pretendant and the expediency of accepting or rejecting the proposal. If the latter be decided upon, the maiden must hasten to intrust the silver coin to a near female relation of the young man, who, on receiving it back, is given thereby to understand that he has nothing further to hope in that direction; but if three days have elapsed without the gift being returned, he is entitled to regard this as a consent, and may commence to visit in the house, on the footing of an official wooer. In cases of rejection, it is considered as a point of honor that no word should betray any hint of what has passed to the outside world — a delicate reticence one is surprised to find in these simple folk.

This giving of the silver coin is probably a remnant of the old custom of buying the bride, and in many villages it is still usual to talk of the *Braut-Kaufen*.

To return, however, to the land of oats, where, after the harvest has been got in successfully, the bridegroom prepares to make fast the matter, or, in other words, officially to demand the maiden's hand of her parents. It is not consistent with village etiquette, however, that the bridegroom *in spe* should apply directly to the father of his intended, but he must depute some near relation, or an intimate friend, to bring forward the request. The girl's parents, on their side, likewise appoint a representative to transmit the answer. These two ambassadors are called the *Wortmacher* (wordmakers) — sometimes also the *Hochzeitsväter* (wedding fathers)

— and are treated with marked consideration and deference during the wedding festivities.

Much talking and speechifying are required to transact a peasant wedding correctly from beginning to end, and a fluent and eloquent *Wortmacher* is therefore a much-prized individual. Each village has its own set formulas for each of the like occasions — long-winded, pompous speeches, rigorously adhered to, and admitting of neither curtailment nor alteration. The following fragment of one of these speeches will give a correct notion of the general style of Saxon oration.

It is the *Hochzeitsvater* who, in the name of the young man's parents, speaks as follows: —

"A good morning to you herewith, dear neighbors, and I further wish to hear that you have rested softly this night, and been enabled to rise in health and strength this morning. And such being the case, I will thank the Almighty for his mercies towards you; and should your health and the peace and happiness of your household not be as good as might be desired in every respect, so at least will I thank the Almighty God that he has made your lot endurable, and beg him further to send you in future only so much grief and trouble as you may be enabled patiently to bear at a time.

"Furthermore, I crave your forgiveness that I have made bold to enter your house thus early in the morning, and trust that my presence herein may in no wise inconvenience you or put you to shame, but that I may always comport myself with honor and propriety, and that you may have no cause for displeasure in listening to the few words I have come hither to say.

"It has not remained unknown to me, dearest neighbor, that many years ago you were pleased to enter the holy state of matrimony, taking to yourself a beloved wife, with whom you have lived ever since in peace and happiness; and that furthermore, the Almighty God, not wishing to leave you alone in your union, was pleased to bless you, not only with transitory temporal goods, but with numerous offspring — with dearly beloved children — to be your joy and comfort. And amongst these dearly beloved children is a daughter, who has prospered and grown up in the fear of the Lord to be a comely and virtuous maiden.

"And as likewise it may not be unknown to you, that many years ago we too thought fit to enter the holy state of

matrimony, and that the Lord likewise was pleased to bless our union, not with temporal goods and riches, but with various beloved children, among whom is a son, who has grown up, not in a garden of roses, but in care and toil, and in fear of the Lord.

"And now this same son, having grown to be a man, has likewise bethought himself of entering the holy state of matrimony, and has prayed the Lord to guide him wisely in his choice, and to give him a virtuous and God-fearing companion.

"Therefore he has been led over mountains and valleys, through forests and rivers, over rocks and precipices, until he came to your house, and cast his eyes on the virtuous maiden your daughter. And the Lord having been pleased to touch the hearts of the two young people with a mighty love for each other, they have begged me to come hither to crave your consent to letting them become man and wife."

Probably the young couple have grown up within sight of each other, the garden of the one father adjoining the pigsty of the other, but the formula must be adhered to notwithstanding, and neither rocks nor precipices omitted from the programme of the speech; and even if the parents of the bride be a byword in the village for their noisy domestic quarrels, yet the little fiction of conjugal happiness must be kept up all the same, with a magnificent sacrifice of veracity to etiquette worthy of any diplomatic newspaper discussing a royal alliance. And in point of fact, a disinterested love-match amongst Saxon peasants is about as rare a thing as a genuine courtship between reigning princes. Most often it is a simple business contract, arranged between the heads of the families, who each of them hope to reap advantages from the contemplated alliance. It too often happens that young girls of fifteen, and even younger, having no experience of life or of their own feelings, are persuaded by their parents to give their hand with indifference, or even dislike, to some man whose property happens to fit in conveniently; and when they urge the want of sympathy to the husband proposed, these objections are met by the practical advice of the long-sighted parents—"Try him for a time, and perhaps you will get to like him; and if not, well the misfortune is not so great, and it will then be time enough to seek for a divorce."

When the answer to the proposal has been a consent, then the compact is sealed by a feast, called the *Brautvertrinken*

(bride-drinking), to which are invited only the nearest relations on either side, the places of honor at the head of the table being given to the two ambassadors who have transacted the business.

A second banquet, of a more solemn nature, is held some four weeks later, after the rings have been exchanged in the presence of the pastor.

The 25th of November, feast of St. Katherine, is in many districts the day selected for tying all these marriage knots. When this is not the case, then the weddings take place in Carnival, oftenest in the week following the Sunday when the gospel of the marriage at Cana has been read in Church, and Wednesday is considered the most lucky day for the purpose.

The preparations for the great day occupy the best part of a week in every house which counts either a bride or a bridegroom among its inmates. There are loaves and cakes of various sorts and shapes to be baked, fowls and pigs to be slaughtered—in wealthier houses even the sacrifice of a calf or ox is considered *de rigueur* for the wedding feast; and when this is the case, the tongue is carefully removed, and, placed upon the best china plate, with a few laurel leaves by way of decoration, is carried to the parsonage as the customary offering for the reverend *Herr Vater* (the pastor).

The other needful provisions for the banquet are collected in the following simple manner. On the afternoon of the Sunday preceding the wedding, six young men belonging to the brotherhood are despatched by the *Altknecht* from house to house, where, striking a resounding knock on each door, they make the village street re-echo with their cry, *Bringt Rahm!*—"Bring cream!"

This is an invitation which none durst refuse. All those who belong to that neighborhood are bound to send contributions in the shape of milk and cream, eggs or butter, lard or bacon, to the wedding houses within their quarter. Every gift, even the smallest one of a couple of eggs, is received with thanks, and the bringer rewarded by a draught of wine.

Next day the women of both families assemble to bake the loaves for the wedding feast; the future mother-in-law of the bride-elect keeping a sharp lookout on the girl, to note whether she acquit herself creditably of her household duties. This day is in fact a sort of final examination the bride has to pass through, in order to prove herself worthy of her new dignity;

and woe to the maiden who is dilatory in mixing the dough or awkward in kneading the loaves!

While this is going on, the young men have been to the forest to fetch wood; for it is a necessary condition that the wood for heating the oven where the wedding loaves are baked should be brought in expressly for this occasion, even if there be small wood in plenty lying ready for use in the shed.

The cart is gaily decorated with flowers and streamers, and the wood conveyed home with much noise and merriment, much in the ancient English style of bringing in the Yule log. On their return from the forest, the courtyard gate is found to be closed, or else a rope from which are depended straw bunches and bundles, is stretched across the entrance. The women now advance with much clatter of pots and pans, and pretend to defend the yard against the besiegers; but the men tear down the rope and drive in triumphantly, each catching at a straw bundle in passing. Some of these are found to contain cakes or apples, others only broken crockery or egg-shells.

The young men sit up late into the night, splitting up the logs into suitable size for firewood. Their duties further consist in lighting the fire, drawing water from the well, and putting it to boil on the hearth. Thus they work till well into the small hours of the morning, now and then refreshing themselves with a hearty draught of home-made wine, the women meanwhile having lain down to rest.

When all is prepared, it is then the turn of the men to take some sleep, and they wake the girls with an old song, running somewhat as follows:—

All in the early morning grey
A lass would rise at break of day.
Arise, arise,
Fair lass, arise,
And ope your eyes,
For darkness flies,
And your true love will come to-day.

The lassie would so early fill
Her pitcher at the running rill.
Awake, awake,
Fair lass, awake,
The dawn doth break,
Your pitcher take,
For come to-day your true love will.

Another song of equally ancient origin is sung the evening before the marriage, when the bride takes leave of her friends and relations:—

FAREWELL SONG OF THE SAXON BRIDE.

I walked beside the old church wall,
My love stood there, but weeping all.

I greeted her, and then she spake:
"Dear love, my heart is like to break.

I must away, I must be gone;
When to return, God knows alone!

When to return?—when the black crow
Bears on its wing plumes white as snow!"

I set two roses in my father's land—
O father, dearest father, give me again thy hand!

I set two roses in my mother's land—
O mother, dearest mother, give me again thy hand!

I must away, I must be gone;
When to return, God knows alone!
When to return?—when the black crow
Bears on his wing plumes white as snow!

I set two roses in my brother's land—
O brother, dearest brother, give me again thy hand!

I set two roses in my sister's land—
O sister, dearest sister, give me again thy hand!

I must away, I must be gone;
When to return, God knows alone!
When to return?—when the black crow
Bears on his wing plumes white as snow!

I set again two roses under a bush of yew—
O comrades, dearest playmates, I say my last adieu!

No roses shall I set more in this my native land—

O parents, brother, comrades, give me once more your hand!

I must away, I must be gone;
When to return, God knows alone!
When to return?—when the black crow
Bears on his wing plumes white as snow!

And when I came to the dark fir-tree,
An iron kettle my father gave me;
And when I came unto the willow,
My mother she gave me a cap and a pillow.
Woe's me! but those who part can tell
How sharp the pain to say farewell!

And when unto the bridge I came,
I turned me round and looked back again;
I saw no father nor mother more,
And I bitterly wept, for my heart was sore.
Woe's me! but those who part can tell
How sharp the pain to say farewell!

And when I came before the gate,
The bolt was drawn, and I must wait;
And when I came to the wooden bench,
They said, "She's but a pcevish wench!"
Woe's me! but those who part can tell
How sharp the pain to say farewell!

And when I came to the strangers' hearth,
They whispered, "She is little worth;"
And when I came before the bed,
I sighed, would I were yet a maid!
Woe's me! but those who part can tell
How sharp the pain to say farewell!

My house is built of goodly stone,
 But in these walls I feel so lone!
 A mantle of finest cloth I wear,
 But 'neath it an aching heart I bear.
 Loud howls the wind, wild drives the snow,
 Parting, oh, parting is bitterest woe!
 On the belfry tower is a trumpet shrill,
 But down in the churchyard the dead lie still.

Very precise are the formalities to be observed in inviting the guests. A member of the bride's family is deputed as *Einlader* (inviter), and, invested with a brightly painted staff as insignia of his office, he goes the round of the friends and relations to be asked.

It is customary to invite all kinsfolk within the sixth degree of relationship, though many of these are not expected to comply with the summons — the invitation in such cases being simply a matter of form, politely tendered on the one side, and graciously received on the other, but not meant to be taken literally as being but honorary invitations.

Unless particular arrangements have been made to the contrary, it is imperative that the invitation, in order to be valid, should be repeated with all due formalities, as often as three times — the slightest negligence or divergence from this rule being severely judged and commented upon; and mortal offence has often been taken by a guest, who bitterly complains that he was only twice invited. In some villages it is, moreover, customary to invite anew for each one of the separate meals which take place during the three or four days of the wedding festivities.

Early on the wedding morning the bridegroom despatches the *Wortmann* with the *Morgengabe* (morning gift) to the bride. This consists in a pair of new shoes, to which are sometimes added other small articles, such as handkerchiefs, ribbons, a cap, apples, nuts, etc. The ambassador, in delivering over the gifts to the Wortmann of the other party, speaks as follows:—

"Good-morning Herr Wortmann, and all worthy friends here assembled; the friends from our side have charged me to wish you all a very good morning. I have further come here to remind you of the laudable custom of our fathers and grand-fathers, who bethought themselves of presenting their brides with a trifling morning gift. In the same way our young master the bridegroom, not wishing to overlook this goodly patriarchal custom, has likewise sent me here with a trifling

small gift may be agreeable and pleasing to you all."

The bride, on her side, sends to the bridegroom a new linen shirt, sewed and embroidered with her own hands. This shirt he wears only twice — once on his wedding morning for going to church, the second time when he is carried to his grave.

Before going to church all the men assemble at the house of the bridegroom, and the women at that of the bride. The young people only accompany the bridal pair to church — the elder members of both families remaining at home until the third invitation has been delivered. Then all together proceed to the house of the bride, where the first day's festivities are held.

There is much speechifying and drinking of healths, and various meals are served up at intervals of three and four hours' distance, each guest being provided with a covered jug, which must be always kept replenished with wine.

It is usual for each guest to bring a small gift or contribution to the newly set up household of the young couple, and these are deposited on a table spread for the purpose in the centre of the courtyard; or, if the weather be unfavorable, inside the house, bride and bridegroom standing on either side to receive the gifts.

First it is the bridegroom's father, who, approaching the decorated table, deposits thereon a new, shining ploughshare, as symbol that his son must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; then the mother advances with a new pillow, adorned with bows of colored ribbon, and silver head-pins stuck at the four corners. These gay adornments are meant to represent the pleasures and joys of the married state; but two long streamers of black ribbon, which hang down to the ground on either side, are placed there likewise, to remind the young couple of the crosses and misfortunes which must inevitably fall to their share.

The other relations of the bridegroom follow in due precedence, each with a gift in their hands. Sometimes it is a piece of home-made linen, a colored handkerchief, or some other article of dress or decoration; sometimes a roll of sheet-iron, a pair of scissors, thread and needles, a packet of nails, or a farming or gardening implement, each one laying down his or her offering with the words, "May it be pleasing to you."

Then follow the kinsfolk of the bride with similar gifts; her father presenting

her with a copper caldron or a kettle, the mother with a second pillow, decorated in the same manner as the first one.

Playful allusions are not unfrequently concealed in these gifts,—a doll's cradle, or a young puppy dog wrapped in swaddling-clothes, often figuring among the presents ranged on the table.

Various games and dances fill up the pauses between the meals; songs and speeches, often of a somewhat coarse and cynical nature, being a part of the usual programme. Among the games enacted at some of the Saxon peasant weddings, there is one which deserves to be mentioned, affording as it does a curious proof of the tenacity of old pagan rites and customs, transmitted by verbal tradition from one generation to the other. This is the *Rössel-Tanz*, or dance of the horses, evidently founded on an ancient Scandinavian legend to be found in Snorri's Edda. In this tale, the gods Thor and Loki came to a peasant's house in a carriage drawn by two goats or rams, and asked for a night's lodging. Thor killed the two rams, and with the peasant and his family consumed their flesh for supper. The bones were then ordered to be thrown in a heap on to the hides of the animals; but one of the peasant's sons had, in eating, broken open a bone, in order to get at the marrow within, and next morning, when the god commanded the goats to get up, one of them limped on the hind leg, because of the broken bone. At first Thor was in a great rage, and threatened to destroy the whole family, but finally allowed himself to be pacified, and accepted the two sons as hostages.

In the peasant drama we have now before us, the gods Thor and Loki are replaced by a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel, and instead of two goats, there are two horses and one goat, also the two sons of the peasants are here designated as Wallachians. Everything is of course much distorted and changed, but still all the principal features of the drama, which space forbids me here to enlarge upon, are clearly recognizable. The killing of the goat and its subsequent resurrection, the rage of the colonel, and the transferment of the two Wallachians into his service, being all parts of the performance.

At midnight, or sometimes later, when the guests are about to depart, there prevails in some villages a custom which goes by the name of *den Borten abtanzen*—dancing down the bride's crown or head-dress. This head-covering, which can only be described as resembling a chim-

ney-pot hat without brim or crown, and from which depend long streamers of ribbon reaching to the ground, is the sign of her maidenhood, which she must lay aside now that she has become a wife, and it is danced off in the following manner. All the married women present, except, perhaps, a few very old and decrepit ones, join hands, the two brideswomen taking the bride between them. Thus forming a wide circle, they dance backwards and forwards, round and round the room, sometimes forming a knot in the centre, sometimes far apart with outstretched arms, will suddenly, either by accident or on purpose, the chain is broken through at one place, which is the signal for all to rush out into the court-yard, still holding hands. From some dark corner there now springs unexpectedly a stealthy robber, one of the bridesmen, who has been lying there in wait to rob the bride of her crown. Sometimes she is defended by two brothers or relations, who, dealing out blows with twisted handkerchiefs or towels, endeavor to keep the thief at a distance; but the struggle always ends with the loss of the headdress, which the young matron bewails with many tears and sobs. The brideswomen now solemnly invest her with her new head-gear, which consists in a snowy cap and veil, held together by silver or jewelled pins, which are sometimes of considerable value.

When the young couple go to church the day after the wedding, they are met at the church door by a group of masked figures, who surround them, singing and hooting, and playfully endeavor to separate the young matron from her husband. If they succeed in so doing, then he must win her back in a hand-to-hand fight with his adversaries, or else he must give a piece of money as her ransom.

In general, it is considered a bad omen for the married life of the young couple if the wife be separated from her husband on this occasion, therefore it is customary for the young husband to take his stand close by the church door while his wife is praying within, and then be ready to catch hold of her as soon as she steps outside. For greater precaution, the man often holds her round the waist with both hands during the dance which immediately takes place before the church, and at which they assist merely as spectators, taking no active part, as it is not considered seemly to dance in the church attire.

As commonly several couples are married at the same time, it is usual for each separate wedding party to bring its own

band of music, and dance thus independently of the others.

On the occasion of a triple wedding I lately witnessed, it was very amusing to watch the three wedding parties coming down the street, each accelerating its pace till it came to be a sort of race up to the church door to secure the best dancing-place. The ground being rough and slanting, there was only one spot where anything like a flat dancing-floor could be obtained, and the winning party at once secured this enviable position, while the others had to put up with an inclined plane or a few hillocks accidenting their ball-room floor.

The ten to sixteen couples belonging to each wedding party are enclosed in a ring of bystanders, each rival band of music playing away with heroic disregard for the scorched ears of the listeners. "Polka!" calls out the first group; "*Walzer!*" roars the second, for it is a point of honor that each party should display a noble independence in taking its own line of action; and if, out of mere coincidence, two of the bands happen to strike up the self-same tune, one of them is sure to change to something totally different as soon as aware of the unfortunate mistake,—the caterwauling effect produced by this system baffling all description. "This is nothing at all," said the worthy pastor, from whose garden I was overlooking the scene, laughing at the evident dismay with which I endeavored to stop my ears. "Sometimes we have eight or ten weddings at a time, each with their own fiddlers. That is something worth hearing indeed!"

The rest of that day is spent much in the same manner as the former one, only this time in the house of the bridegroom's parents.

Among the customs attached to this first day of wedded life is that of breaking the distaff. If the young matron can succeed in doing so at one stroke across her knee, then she will be sure to have strong and healthy sons. If the reverse, she has only girls to expect.

The third day is called the finishing-up day, each of the two families assembling its own friends and relations to consume the provisions remaining over from the former banquet, and at the same time to wash up the cooking utensils and the crockery, restoring whatever has been borrowed from neighbors in the shape of plates, wine-jugs, etc., etc., the new-married couple joining the entertainment, now at the one, now at the other house. This

day is the closing of the wedding festivities, which have kept both families in a state of unusual bustle and excitement for fully a week. Everything now returns to every-day order and regularity, the young couple usually taking up their abode in a small back room in the house of the young man's parents, and putting off till the following spring the important business of setting to build a house of their own. Dancing and feasting are now at an end, and henceforward the earnest of life begins.

By-and-by, when a few months have passed over the head of the new-married couple, and the young matron becomes aware that the prophecies pointed at by the doll's cradle and the broken distaff are likely to come true, she is carefully instructed as to the conduct she must observe in order to ensure the well-being of herself and her child.

In the first place, she must on no account conceal her state, or deny it when interrogated on the subject—for if she do so, her child will never learn to speak; nor may she wear beads on her neck, for that would cause the infant to be strangled at its birth. Carrying peas or beans in her apron will produce malignant eruptions; and sweeping a chimney will make the child narrow-breasted.

On no account should she be allowed to pull off her husband's boots, nor to hand him a glowing coal to light his pipe; for both these actions bring misfortune. In driving to market she may not sit with her back to the horses, nor may she ever drink at the well out of a wooden bucket.

Also, her intercourse with the pigsty must be very carefully regulated; for if she listen too attentively to the grunting of pigs, her child will have a deep, grunting voice; and if she kick the swine or push them away with her foot, the infant will have bristly hair on its back. Hair on the face will be the result of beating a dog or cat, and twins will be the consequence of eating double cherries or sitting at the corner of the table.

During this time she may not stand god-mother to any other child, or else she will lose her own baby, which will equally be sure to die if she walk round a newly made grave.

If any one throw a flower suddenly at the woman who expects to become a mother, and hits her with it on the face, her child will have a mole at the same place touched by the flower.

Should the young matron imprudently

have neglected one of these rules, and have cause to fear that an evil spell has been cast on her child, she has, however, several very efficacious recipes for undoing the harm. Thus if she sit on the doorstep with the feet resting on a broom for five minutes at a time on seven consecutive Fridays, thinking the while of her unborn babe, it will be released from the impending doom; or else let her sit there on Sundays, when the bells are ringing, with her hair hanging unplaited down her back; or else climb up the belfry tower and look down at sunset on to the landscape below.

When the moment of the birth is approaching, the windows must be carefully hung over with sheets and cloths to prevent witches from entering; but all locks and bolts should, on the contrary, be opened, else the event will be retarded.

If the new-born infant be weakly, it is usual to put yolks of eggs, a glass of old wine, bran, or sawdust into its first bath.

Very important for the future luck and prosperity of the infant is the day of the week and month on which it happens to have been born.

Sunday is of course the luckiest day, and twelve o'clock at noon, when the bells are ringing, the most favorable hour for entering upon life. If a Sunday's child have its fingers rubbed with oil on every seventh birthday (7th, 14th, 21st, etc.), it will henceforward be able to perceive underground treasures through its transparent finger-tips.

Wednesday children are *Schlabberkind-er* — that is, chatterboxes; Friday bairns are unfortunate; but in some districts Saturday is yet more unfortunate, while in other places they are merely supposed to grow up dirty.

Whoever is born on a stormy night will die of a violent death.

The full moon or growing moon is favorable, but the decreasing moon will produce weakly and unhealthy babes.

All children born between Easter and Pentecost are more or less lucky, unless they happen to have come on one of the distinctly unlucky days, of which I here quote the most important. These unlucky days are: —

January 1st, 2d, 6th, 11th, 17th, and 18th.
February 8th, 14th, and 17th.
March 1st, 3rd, 13th, and 15th,
April 1st, 3d, 15th, 17th, 18th.
May 8th, 10th, 17th, 30th.
June 1st, 17th.
July 1st, 5th, 6th, 14th.
August 1st, 3d, 17th, 18th.

September 2d, 15th, 18th, 30th.

October 15th, 17th.

November 1st, 7th, and 11th.

December 1st, 6th, 11th, and 15th.

I leave it to more penetrating spirits to decide whether these seemingly capricious figures be regulated on some hidden system, the mystic workings of which have baffled my understanding; so that I am utterly at a loss to explain why January and April have the greatest number of unlucky days assigned to them, while June and October have the smallest proportion; and why the 1st and 17th are hardly ever harmless, while all days between the 18th and 30th are invariably good.

Both mother and child must be carefully watched over during the first few days after the birth, and all evil influences averted. The visit of another woman who has herself a babe at the breast, may deprive the young mother of her milk; and any one who enters the house without sitting down, will assuredly carry off the infant's sleep.

If the child be subject to frequent and apparently groundless fits of crying, that is a sure sign that it has been bewitched, either by some one whose eyebrows are grown together, and may consequently be supposed to have the evil eye, or by one of the invisible evil spirits whose power is great before the child has been taken to church; but even a person with quite commonplace eyebrows may convey evil by unduly praising the child's good looks, unless the mother remembers to spit on the ground as soon as the words are spoken.

I will here quote a few specimens of the various recipes in vogue for undoing such evil spells: —

Nine straws, which must be counted backwards from nine till one, should be placed in a jug of water, drawn from the river with the current, not against; into this are thrown parings of wood from off the cradle, the doorstep, and the four corners of the room in which the child was born, also nine pinches of ashes, likewise counted backwards. When all these various ingredients have been boiled up together, the water is poured boiling hot into a large basin, and the pot left in it upside down. If the boiling water draws itself into the jug (as of course it will), that is proof positive that the child was bewitched; and the mother should moisten its forehead with the water before it is cold, and give it (still counting backwards) nine drops to drink.

The child that has been bewitched may likewise be held above a red-hot plough-share on which a glass of wine has been poured; or else a glass of water in which a red-hot horseshoe has been placed, given to drink.

In almost every village there used, not long ago, to be old women who made a regular trade out of preparing the water which was to undo evil spells.

The Saxon mother is careful not to leave her child alone until it has been baptized, for fear of the malignant spirits, who may steal it away, leaving an uncouth elf in its place. Whenever a child grows up clumsy and heavy, with large head, wide mouth, stump nose, and crooked legs, the gossips are ready to swear that it has been changed in the cradle, more especially if it prove awkward and slow in learning to speak. To guard against such an accident, it is recommended to mothers obliged to leave their infants alone, to place beneath the pillow either a prayer-book, a broom, a loaf of bread, or a knife stuck point upwards.

Very cruel remedies have sometimes been resorted to in order to force the evil spirits to restore the child they have stolen, and take back their own changeling. For instance, the unfortunate little creature suspected of being an elf was placed astride upon a hedge and beaten with a thorny branch till it was quite bloody; it was then supposed that the evil spirits brought back the stolen child.

The infant should not be suffered to look at itself in the glass till after the baptism, nor should it be held near an open window. A very efficacious preservative against all sorts of evil spells is to hang round the child's neck a little triangular bag stuffed with grains of incense, worm-wood, and various aromatic herbs, and with an adder's head embroidered outside; a gold coin sewed into the cap will likewise keep the spirits away.

Two godfathers and two godmothers are generally appointed at Saxon peasant christenings, and it is customary that one couple should be old and the other young; but in no case should a husband and wife figure as god-parents at the same baptism, but each one of the quartet must belong to a different family. This is the general custom; but in some districts the rule demands two godfathers and one god-mother for a boy—two godmothers and one godfather for a girl.

If the parents have lost other children before, then the infant should not be carried out by the door in going to church,

but handed out by the window, and brought back in the same way. It should be carried by the broadest street, never by narrow lanes, else it will learn thieving.

The godparents must not look round on their way to church; and the first person met by the christening procession will decide the sex of the next child to be born—a boy if it be a man.

If two children are baptized out of the same water, one of them will soon die; and if several boys are christened successively in the same church, there will be war in the land as soon as they are grown up. Many girls denote fruitful vintages for the country when they have attained a marriageable age.

If the child sleeps during the baptismal ceremony, then it will be pious and good-tempered; but if it cries, it will be bad-tempered or unlucky; therefore the first question asked by the parents on the return from church is generally, "Was it a quiet baptism?" and if such has not been the case, the sponsors are apt to conceal the truth.

In some places the christening procession returning to the house of the parents finds the door closed. After knocking for some time in vain, a voice from within summons the godfather to name seven bald men out of the parish. When this has been answered, a further question is asked as to the gospel read in church; and only on receiving the answer, "Let the little children come to me," is the door flung open, saying, "Come in; you have hearkened attentively to the words of the Lord."

The god-parents next inquiring, "Where shall we put the child?" receive the following answer:—

On the bunker let it be,
That it may jump like a flea;
Put it next upon the hearth,
Heavy gold it will be worth.
On the floor then let it sleep,
That it once may help to sweep;
On the table in a dish,
It will grow then like a fish.

After holding it successively on each of these places, it is finally put back into the cradle, while the guests prepare to enjoy the *Tauf-Schmaus*, or christening banquet.

Each person is expected to bring a small contribution in the shape of eggs, bacon, fruit, or cakes; and the god-parents do not fail to come each laden with a bottle of good wine, besides some other small gift for the child.

The banquet is a noisy and merry one,

and many are the games and jokes practised on these occasions. One of these, called the *Badspringen* (jumping the bath), consists in putting a lighted candle on a washing-trough, which is placed upside down on the ground. All the young women present are invited to jump over without upsetting or putting out the light. Those who are successful in this evolution will be mothers of healthy boys. If they are bashful, and refuse to jump, or should they be awkward enough to upset the candle, they will be childless, or have only girls.

The *Spiesstanz*, or spit-dance, is also usual on these occasions. Two roasting-spits are laid on the ground crosswise, as in the sword dance, and the movements executed much in the same manner.

Sometimes it is the grandfather of the new-born infant who opens the performance, proud of displaying his agility as he sings:—

Purple plum so sweet,
See my nimble feet,
How I jump and slide,
How I hop and glide;
See how well I dance,
See how well I prance.
Purple plum so sweet,
See my nimble feet.

But if the grandfather be old and feeble, and if the godfathers cannot be induced to exert themselves, then it is usually the midwife who, for a small consideration, undertakes the dancing.

It is hardly ever customary for the young mother to be seated at table along with the guests; and even if she be well and hearty enough to have baked the cakes and milked the cows on that same day, etiquette demands that she should play the interesting invalid and lie in bed till the feasting be over.

For full four weeks after the birth of her child must she stay at home, and durst not step over the threshold of her courtyard, even though she has resumed all her daily occupations within the first week of her recovery. "I may not go outside till my time is out; the Herr Vater would be sorely angered if he saw me," is the answer I have often heard from a woman who declined to come out on to the road. Neither may she spin during these four weeks, lest her child should suffer from dizziness.

When the time of this enforced retirement has elapsed, the young mother repairs to church along with her infant to be blessed by the pastor; but before so doing she is careful to seek the nearest

well and throw down a piece of bread into its depths, probably as an offering to the *Brunnenfrau* supposed to reside in each water, who is said to lure little children down to her.

With these first four weeks the greatest perils of infancy are considered to be at an end; but no careful mother will fail to observe the many little customs and regulations which alone will ensure the further health and wellbeing of her child.

Thus she will always remember that the baby may only be washed between sunrise and sunset, and that the bathing-water may not be poured out into the yard at a place where any one can step over it, which would entail sickness or death, or at the very least deprive the child of its sleep.

Two children which cannot yet speak must not be allowed to kiss each other, or neither of them will ever learn to talk.

A book laid under the child's pillow will make it an apt scholar; and the water in which a young puppy has been washed, if used for the infant's bath, will cure it of all skin diseases.

Whoever steps over a child as it lies on the ground will cause it to die within a month. Other prognostics of death are to rock an empty cradle, to make the child dance in its bath, or to measure it with a yard measure before it can walk.

Death, to the Saxon peasants, appears in the light of a treacherous enemy, who must be met with open resistance, and may be conquered by courageous opposition or conciliated with a bribe. "He has put off death again with a slice of bread," is said of a man who has unexpectedly survived some great danger.

When the first signs of an approaching illness declare themselves in a man, all his friends are strenuous in advising him to held out against it, not to let himself go, but to grapple with this foe which has seized him unawares. Even though all the symptoms of typhus fever be already upon him, though his head be burning like fire, and his limbs heavy as lead, he is yet exhorted to bear up against it, and on no account to let himself lie down, for that would be a concession to the enemy.

In this way many a man goes about with death upon his face, determined not to give in, till he drops at last senseless in the field or yard where he has been working till the last moment.

Even then his family are not disposed to let him rest. With well-meaning but mistaken kindness, they endeavor to rouse

him by shouting in his ear. He must be made to wake up and walk about, or it will be all over with him; and not for the world would they send for a doctor, who can only be regarded as an omen of approaching death.

Some old woman versed in magic formulas, and learned in the decoction of herbs and potions, is hastily summoned to the bedside; and the unfortunate man would probably be left to perish without intelligent advice, unless the pastor, hearing of his illness, takes it upon himself to send for the nearest physician.

By the time the doctor has arrived, the illness has made rapid strides, and most likely the assistance comes too late. The first care of the doctor on entering the room will be to remove the warm fur cap and the heavy blankets, which are well nigh stifling the patient, and order him to be undressed and comfortably laid in his bed. He prescribes cooling compresses, and a medicine to be taken at regular intervals, but shakes his head and gives little hope of recovery.

Already this death is regarded as a settled thing in the village, for many of the gossips now remember to have heard the owl shriek in the passing nights, or there has been an unusual howling of dogs just about midnight. Others call to mind how over-merry the old man had been four weeks ago, when his youngest grandchild was christened, and that is ever a sign of approaching death. "And only a week ago," says another village authority, "when we buried old mother Barbara, there was an amazing power of dust round the grave, and the Herr Vater sneezed twice during his sermon; and that, as every one knows, infallibly means another funeral before long. Mark my words, ere eight days have passed he will be lying under the nettles."

The village carpenter, who has long been out of work, now hangs about the street in hopes of a job. "How is the old man?" he anxiously inquires of a neighbor.

"The pastor has just gone in to knock off the old sinner's irons," is the irreverent answer.

"Then I may hope to be called in soon for making his coat (coffin). High time I was able to turn an honest penny again. I have a heap of damaged boards which were refused by the railway engineers still lying on my hands."

Sometimes, however, it is the thrifty peasant himself who, knowing the ways of village carpenters, and foreseeing this in-

evitable contingency, has taken care to provide himself with a well-made solid coffin years before there was any probability of its coming into use. He has himself chosen out the boards, tested their soundness, and driven a hard bargain for his purchase, laying himself down in the coffin to assure himself of the length being sufficient. For many years this useless piece of furniture has been standing in the loft, covered with dust and cobwebs, and serving perhaps as a receptacle for old iron or discarded shoes; and now it is the dying man himself, who, during a passing interval of consciousness, directs that his coffin should be brought down and cleaned out, his glassy eye recovering a passing brightness as he congratulates himself on his wise forethought.

Death is indeed approaching with rapid strides. Only two spoonfuls of the medicine prescribed has the patient swallowed. "Take it away," he says, when he realizes his situation — "take it away, and keep it carefully for the next person who falls ill. It is a pity to waste it on me, for I feel that my time has come, and nothing can do me any more good. Send for the preacher, that I may make my peace with God."

The last dispositions as to house and property have been made in the presence of the pastor or preacher. The house and yard are to belong to the youngest son, as is the general custom among the Saxons. The elder son and the daughter are to be otherwise provided for. The small back room belongs to the widow, as jointure for the rest of her life; likewise a certain proportion of grain and fruit is assured to her. The exact spot of the grave is indicated, and two ducats are to be given to the Herr Vater if he will undertake to preach a handsome funeral oration.

When it becomes evident that the last death-struggle is approaching, the mattress is withdrawn from under the dying man, for, as every one knows, he will expire more gently if lying on straw.

Scarcely has the breath left his body than all the last clothes he has worn are taken off and given to a gipsy. The corpse is washed and shaved and dressed in bridal attire — the self-same clothes which forty years previously he had donned on his wedding morning, and which ever since have been lying carefully folded by, and strewn with sprigs of lavender, in the large *Truhe* (bunker), waiting for the day when their turn must come round again.

A snowy sheet spread over a layer of

wood-shavings is the resting-place of the body when it is laid in the coffin; for the head, a little pillow stuffed with dried flowers and aromatic herbs, which in most houses are kept ready prepared for this contingency.

An hour before the funeral, the bell begins to toll the *Seelenpuls* (soul's pulse), as it is called; but the sexton is careful to pause in the ringing when the clock is about to strike, for "if the hour should strike into the bell," another death will be the consequence.

Standing before the open grave, the mourners give vent to their grief, which, even when true and heartfelt, is often expressed with such quaint realism as to provoke a smile.

"My dearest husband," wails the disconsolate widow, "why hast thou gone away? I had need of thee to look after the farm, and there was plenty room for thee at our fireside. My God, is it right of thee thus to take my support away? On whom shall I now lean?"

The children near the dead mother. "Mother, mother, who will care for us now? Shall we live within strange doors?"

A mother bewailing her only son. "O God, thou hast had no pity. Even the emperor did not take my son to be a soldier. Thou art less merciful than the emperor!"

Another mother weeping over her two dead children, exclaims, "What a misfortune is mine, O God! If I had lost two young foals, at least their hides would have been left to me."

And the children standing by the open grave of their father, cry out, "Oh father, we shall never forget thee! Take our thanks for all the benefits received during thy lifetime, as well as for the earthly goods thou hast left behind."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE STORY OF MARGARET
BEAUCHAMP.

BY GEORGE FLEMING.

PART II.

I ONLY saw Miss Beauchamp once in all the week which followed my confession. Little Mabel had been threatened with a return of the fever, and, day or night, her sister never left her side. Stanleigh himself saw her but for a few minutes at a time. Morning and evening she would come for a quarter of an hour or so and take a turn with him in the garden.

Once, as I was waiting in the darkened hall to hear news of my little playfellow, I saw Margaret pass. She was coming down the broad stair with her hand on the banister, dressed in black, with the heavy hair pushed carelessly away from her forehead; on her face was an expression of tragic, speechless endurance, such as I shall never forget. Years afterwards, on the walls of the Salon, I saw a picture by a great French painter, a picture of Marie Antoinette on her way to the scaffold, and it wore the face of Margaret Beauchamp as she passed me that day. She passed so near to me that the folds of her dress swept against my foot; but she did not notice my presence, and I crept away as if by merely looking at her I had done her a wrong.

On the Sunday afternoon, all the bells ringing for afternoon service, Forbes came in and handed me a note. It was the only time she ever wrote to me. Just a few words to say that Mabel was better, much better, and longing to see me. Would I come? And she signed herself, "Your friend, Margaret Beauchamp."

I threw the book I was trying to read down upon the table, and sprang to my feet.

"You are going, then?" Forbes said; and before I could answer he added, "The child is better now; entirely out of danger. But they have had a bad time of it all the week."

At the prospect of seeing her once more I felt my heart beat and expand with a sympathy which was ready to include all the universe. "I have been so very sorry for you too, old chap," I said.

Forbes gave a queer little laugh. "I am of Aristotle's opinion," he said dryly. "A white thing that lasts a long while is no whiter than what lasts but a day. The chief wisdom of man consists in appreciating to the full the quality of whiteness while it lasts. Yes — while it does last!"

He was standing in the middle of the room with his hat on his head, and he continued to watch me with the same provoking, patronizing smile. "Go, dear boy! You must not keep little Mabel waiting."

At another time I might have felt inclined to resent such a tone; but then I was simply too happy to care. It was a cloudless afternoon. I made my way as best I might along the Parade, through the devious files of church-goers. There was an air of peace, a sort of Sunday calm and well-being upon all the placid faces. I passed whole family groups, the children in their finery walking soberly in front;

and, as I reached the Beauchamps, Billy, with Tottie at his heels, came bounding out to meet me. The very footman who opened the door had a smile and a word of subdued rejoicing.

I ran lightly up the stairs. Mabel had been moved into another room that day, and I found her lying, muffled up in shawls, on a sofa drawn close to the bow-window. Her small face looked smaller, whiter, more determined than ever; but she greeted me with her sister's own smile.

"Now we can be happy—just we three," she said, in a weak little thread of a voice.

She made me sit down beside her and give her my hand to hold. "Sister Margaret will sit on the other side and take my other hand in hers, because we are all friends; we are three friends, are we not, Margaret?"

"Yes, darling. But you remember what you promised."

"Oh! I am not to excite myself, I know. I am to eat whatever is given me, and not to excite myself. Oh, I have so much experience with doctors, you see," she explained with perfect gravity.

At a sign from Miss Beauchamp I took up a book of fairy tales which was lying open upon the table, and began reading one of them aloud. After a very little time the child dropped asleep. I looked across at Margaret. Her eyes were fixed upon the open window and the flat shining plain of sea. I could study her face unobserved. In that short week it seemed as if half the youth had gone out of it.

Presently she turned her head a little and her sad eyes met mine. "If you had not come to-day," she said in a very low voice, "if Mabel had not sent for you, I should have sent for you to-morrow. I have been trying—to do without help—but —"

A dark crimson spot burned and flickered out upon her pale cheek. She bit her under-lip hard, and then threw back her head again with something of the old defiant grace. "Mr. Balfour, I want you to answer me seriously, please. Do I impress you as a person who is likely to become insane; the victim of an—an hallucination?"

"Good heavens, Miss Beauchamp—"

"Hush! Oh, please hush! Whatever I say you are not to awaken Mabel. If you want to help me at all you must promise to be very quiet and listen. And first you must answer my question. You are going to be a doctor: in such a matter as

this you ought to understand. Am I, Mr. Balfour?"—she kept her great desperate eyes riveted upon my face—"am I, to the best of your knowledge and belief, the kind of person who is likely to suffer from—from—what shall I say?—from visions called up by a diseased, an over-excited imagination?"

"Miss Beauchamp, I am more ignorant than you think. But to the best of my knowledge and belief you are the very last person in the world who would be subject to such—to such phantasmagoria. You have not the temperament for it; you have an unusually clear mind; you are in perfect health. I beg of you, I entreat you, not to distress yourself with such an absurd—forgive me!—with such a cruelly absurd impossibility."

"Then you would accept any statement I made—anything, you understand, however improbable—as the reliable evidence of a sane person?"

"Anything. Upon my honor!"

"Ah!" She let her head fall against the back of her tall chair with a slow gesture of utter discouragement. There was silence between us for a full minute, only broken by the soft breathing of the sleeping child. Some footsteps passed close under the window, and I heard voices, a girl's light laugh; then Margaret spoke.

"Do you remember," she said, "that Stanleigh came to see us the first evening that we spent here? I see that you do. But perhaps you have forgotten that it was a particularly bright, clear night. After he had gone—and we sat a long time in the garden—I went directly to my room. I was not very tired. I felt almost too happy to go to sleep, yet I did. I fell asleep directly. Some time in the night—I cannot tell you what time it was, but the moon was shining full into my room—I woke suddenly, with the feeling that there was something, *something*, near me. I am not nervous, naturally, Mr. Balfour. I sat up and looked all about the room. The window was wide open, and where the moonlight fell clear upon the white wall, I saw, I felt, the passing of a shadow; yet not a shadow—something more elusive, transparent, indefinite—like the ring about one's breath on a piece of looking-glass. It was not enough even to startle me. I think I was only curious. I looked, and while I was looking, I seemed to feel—there, on my wrist—the faintest possible pressure of something light and cool. I was not frightened—I tell you I was not frightened—only curious. In the morning I had forgotten the whole thing,

like a dream. In any case I should not have thought of speaking of it before the children. But three days after the same thing happened again, only it was all more vivid, more coherent, the shadow and the touch on my arm. I got up that time, and meant to ring my bell and waken Parker. I could not do it, Mr. Balfour, I could not. When I was a child my uncle took me once to see the working of a galvanic battery. They made me put my hands upon some knobs and I could not take them away. Something outside of me, something which made me sleepy, held them fast. Well, this was the same thing over again. I had no power to move, no will. I threw myself down on my bed again, and when I woke it was bright morning, and Mabel was knocking at the door. Since then —"

For the first time since she began speaking she lifted her great tragic eyes to mine. She leaned forward in the dusk and laid her little hot hand upon my wrist tremulously: "It comes," she said; "last night — it was here!"

The comprehension of what she had borne, of what in all these days and nights of silence she had suffered, pierced me to the heart with a sickening stab of pain.

"But why," I said, "why have you not asked any one before to help you?"

"I cannot tell Stanleigh!"

I felt the shudder that ran through her from head to foot.

"But, Miss Beauchamp —"

"I cannot! Don't ask me why. I cannot! I cannot!" she repeated in the same wild, hushed whisper. And then, after a long pause, "Oh, do not blame me! I have tried, and it — it comes between us. It will not let me. All about me I feel danger; danger to us both, to him and to me. I feel it! Oh, I have borne it as long as I could, and to-day I could not! It — it is getting so much plainer, Mr. Balfour; so much less like a shadow, that it frightens me. Ah, it frightens me!" she said, with a little piteous catch in her voice.

"Good God!"

We sat for a minute or two with clasped hands like two frightened children; through the silence little Mabel's breath went and came in the divine security of sleep.

Then she said, "I have your promise that you will not tell Stanleigh?"

"Ah!" I cried, "you must give me time! I must think. I must help you. There are a thousand ways to rid you of

this horror; only give me time to think! Above all, we need proof."

At that moment the lamp-lighter, whistling as he tramped his round, halted under the window and touched the street-lamp to flame. The light streamed in full on the gay embroidered coverlet and the little motionless figure.

"Mr. Balfour," Margaret said in a strange voice, "I cannot move my other hand without awakening Mabel. Will you unclasp that bracelet for me and — and look —"

I did as she bade me, and I saw — ah! merciful Heaven, it was no illusion. I saw it, on either side of her wrist, under the gold, three dull red stains, the clutch of some unspeakable thing upon her shrinking flesh!

She leaned nearer; she whispered; I could hardly hear what she was saying, —

"And last night, Mr. Balfour, and once before — ah, I know now that it can see. *It has begun to look at me.*"

The morning found me still under the same confusing impression of horror and bewilderment; yet, so far as Margaret's action was concerned, I believed myself to have hit upon the only satisfactory expedient for deliverance. As soon as I thought there was a chance of finding any one up, I started on my way to the Beauchamps.

It was a radiant morning: cool, transparent sky arching illimitably over the blue sea-plain. At the horizon a procession of white-sailed fishing-boats stood steadily away from shore; the chalky curve of cliff, sparkling in the early sunlight, seemed to repeat and heighten that joyous note of pure white. At that hour I was the solitary possessor of all the wide Parade. A few belated housemaids, intent on finishing their daily task of cleaning doorsteps, paused over their scrubbing to stare after me as I passed. A tidy, healthy-looking girl was just putting together her pails and brushes before the Beauchamps' hall door. She wished me a civil good-morning, addressing me by name; and then, as she opened the door for me, "There is no one down yet, sir, I think, but Miss Margaret. If you please, sir, I saw her in the young ladies' morning-room, sir, as I was coming down stairs." The judgment of the servants' hall was eloquent in the very way in which she lifted aside her pail for me to pass.

I found Margaret waiting for me beside the open window. There was a new color on her cheek, a new light of hope and expectation in her eye.

"Ah!" she cried, turning swiftly about,

and holding out both her hands, "you bring me help! I know—I feel it, I see it in your face! You bring me courage!"

"I have brought you the answer," I said; standing there before her, her new loveliness made a sort of desperate coward of me. I dared not hesitate; I could not stop to discriminate phrases; I threw my conclusions, as it were, pell-mell at her feet.

"Miss Beauchamp," I said, "there is only one course for you to take, and you must—I entreat you to adopt it immediately. You have done me the honor to consult me; well, this is my answer,—you must leave this house. You must leave all this accursed horror behind you. I won't reason with you as to what it is—I won't say it is your fancy. It doesn't matter; only leave it. Tell Stanleigh to take you away. Marry him at once. Let him take you away from us all—and take care of you——" the words choked me, and I repeated them with a sort of bitter satisfaction in my own pain. "Let Stanleigh marry you, and take you away from us," I said.

A deeper, lovelier rose flushed in her face, as she said unsteadily, "It is impossible. I cannot—I dare not tell him."

"But what—what are you afraid of then?" I urged.

"Ah!——" She drew in her breath with a sort of long, shuddering sigh. She sat down beside the table and put her two elbows upon it, and hid her face in her hands. "It is coming between us. It has come! And yet I cannot tell him; I cannot, I cannot!"

I looked at her bowed figure with a sudden flash of inspiration. "Heaven help us!" I cried, "you are afraid not for yourself but for him!"

Billy had come clattering down the stairs and out into the garden while we stood there talking. Now I heard him scrambling up beneath the window. A little brown head slowly appeared above the window-ledge; his round bright eyes went swiftly wandering about the room. "I heard voices. Halloa, Margaret, is that you? I thought it was the servants, and I should catch old Parker up to some of her tricks. I say, Balfour, you *are* an early customer, and no mistake!"

"I moved and stood in front of his sister. "My dear boy, it is high time some one set you a good example."

"Oh, I dare say! And I suppose you picked up your taste for early rising at school. But I say, Madge, I can't hold on here much longer. Just catch hold of

Tottie, will you? The little beggar will run after me over the wet grass, and aunt will be in such a wax if he wets his precious feeties."

He dropped the dog into the room very gently and cleverly with one hand, and disappeared once more into the garden.

"Poor Tottie!" Margaret said mechanically, and stooped to smooth the little creature's ruffled curls. But as she put her hand near him, the little brute drew himself up, stiffened all over, and began to tremble violently; then slowly, step by step, he dragged himself backward out of her reach, until he disappeared, whimpering, beneath the cover of the sofa. "You see," said Margaret, very bitterly.

She got up from her chair, walked over to the window, and then, coming back to her place by the table, she suddenly put both hands before her face and burst into a passionate fit of tears.

I waited until she had wept herself into comparative quiet. I could see the convulsive movement of her shoulders under the delicate summer gown that she wore, and each stifled sob seemed to burst and tear at my own breast. When she was quieter, "Dear Margaret," I said, "be brave! You have been so good, so noble, so patient; only be brave a little longer. Don't break down now. I will say nothing to Stanleigh, I promise you. When he comes, tell him everything or nothing, as you like. Only make him take you away from here at once. There is no reason—there need be no delay about your marriage."

I went a step nearer and laid my hand on the table beside hers.

"You are so generous," I said, "I think if you reflect a little you will understand what your suffering costs me. I would not speak of myself if I knew better how to persuade you. But, if not for your own sake, yet I think you will put an end to this to—to spare your friend."

"Ah, my friend!" she echoed through her sobbing. For an instant she laid her hand, her poor little disfigured hand, upon mine. More than thirty years have passed since that morning, and nothing has effaced in me the memory of her touch, the ring of her voice as she spoke.

I left her as all the house was beginning to awaken. I would not go back to our lodgings. I had no shadow of reason to avoid Forbes, and yet the very idea of meeting him filled me with a sort of curious repugnance. I breakfasted somewhere in the town; and then wandered about aimlessly, making a point of speak-

ing to as many people as I could. About three o'clock, I found myself sitting on the shady side of the pier, the centre of a group of idle, good-for-nothing sailors and longshore men. Mere reprobates, lazy hangers-on to life's fringe as they were, I was yet thankful to them for giving me a firmer sense of reality; their coarse appreciation of the chance pleasures of existence made the world seem more possible. My nerves ached with the pressure; I sickened for the familiarities and securities of every day.

As we lounged in the shadow of the great pile of stone, they filled their afternoon pipes more leisurely with tobacco of my providing, and one after another each hoary mariner uplifted his voice in tales of dubious worth. It was in the very midst of one of these fallacious histories that I sprang abruptly to my feet.

"Oh, yes, they will go away together and that will be the end of it!" I cried out, in very mockery of my thoughts.

I left my late companions speechless with mingled wrath and confusion of spirit, and, like an arrow shot from the bow, I sped away to the Beauchamps' house upon the cliff. During the last three weeks we had been accustomed to go in and out there at our will; but with my hand on the bell, I remembered the termination of my morning visit. Instead of ringing, I turned aside and forced my way through the overgrown laurels.

At the farther end of the garden, I stumbled upon a clear spot of turf and threw myself down upon it to wait — I did not myself know for what — unhinged, wearied beyond expression. I had not sat ten minutes in that cool green shade before I fell asleep.

I was awakened by the sound of voices close beside me. For a moment they mingled vaguely, uneasily with my dream; then it was my own name caught my ear. "Jealous? and of Will Balfour?" I heard Forbes's voice repeating. Then I heard him give a little laugh. "Pardon me, Margaret, if I remind you that such a suggestion could only wrong yourself — or me!"

"Ah, Stanleigh! You are cruel!" she answered quickly. Her voice had a tremble in it like the quivering of a wounded creature.

They had halted not ten paces from me; where the broad, gravelled walk ended beside an old pear-tree, the oldest in the garden, propped up by iron supports, and girded about its trunk with a circular wooden bench. I had not had the wit to

move away at the first, and while I hesitated Margaret spoke again; she made my showing myself an impossibility.

"Stanleigh, it is not a question of any one but you and me." She turned and clung to him suddenly. "Oh, it is cruel to force me to repeat it! Yet you love me — forget that I am speaking. It is not I who ask; it is your own love that expects it." She bowed her head until it rested against his arm, on her clasped hands. "Stanleigh, I want you to marry me; to marry me and take me away from here," she said.

There followed a full minute of complete silence. Twice I saw Forbes lift his head as if about to speak, but no sound came. Then her hands dropped to her side; she shrank away from him slowly, with averted face. "Ah," she cried, "and you have forgotten — already!" It was the summing up of all unspoken and unspeakable reproach.

"You excite yourself," said Forbes; "and I can assure you that I have forgotten nothing — nothing!"

He took her by the hand and made her seat herself beside him on the moss-grown bench. "You do me the honor of suggesting that we should no longer delay our marriage. I can only remind you of your own former determination to await the very last day of the period set by Sir John. You give me no new reason. It seems to me it is not I who — forget."

"And if I answer you, Stanleigh, that I have reasons, sufficient reasons, which I cannot — which I may never tell you — if I answer you that, what then? But oh, my own," she said, "my own — that you should ask me to give reasons for our love!"

Stanleigh's eye shifted uneasily. "It is you who are cruel now, Margaret. But those reasons; I am not a child!"

"It has come between us at last. At last! You do not love me, Stanleigh."

His face darkened. He looked weary, harassed. His lips set close; with that expression he looked dangerous.

"I have told you, Margaret, that I am not a child. Am I then so unreasonable?" he asked bitterly. "After all I ask only for a divided trust. For no doubt you have taken Mr. Balfour into your confidence."

"Yes."

Her voice was toneless as if she hardly heard herself speak. She gave a long, hopeless sort of sigh; and then with a sudden, swift movement she slipped to the ground, kneeling on the weedy turf,

her arms about his neck, her head resting on his breast.

"I ask you to marry me, love, and yet what security have I? If you will not love me, you will not trust me now — what security is there for all the years to be? Yet I will tell you all you ask of me. If there is only one will between us, let it be yours. Have your own way; be master, Stanleigh." She pressed her cheek closer against him with a gesture of infinite appeal. "Do you remember that day we rode through Dimmock Wood together?" her sad voice grew suddenly fluent, resonant with the music of a great love. "I think that you would have died for me — for the touch of my hand, that day — if I had asked you, Stanleigh. And now — ah, don't move," she said, "don't take your arm away. I will tell you all, Stanleigh, and then — happen what will! if only it is not to you!"

I could bear no more. Whether they were aware of my presence or not, seemed now the smallest matter. I plunged straight through the crowding laurels. In five minutes I had gained the gate; I had left that pleading, maddening voice behind me; I had reached the friendly commonplace of the street.

Between ten and eleven that same night Forbes walked into my room. He had been dining at the Beauchamps, but to my surprise I saw that he had changed his evening dress and wore a rough morning-coat. I got up as he came in, and we stood looking at one another across the table.

"My dear Balfour," he began, "I have a request to make and an apology to offer you. Let us begin with the more important first. I have been grossly unjust both to you and to Margaret; I mention her name because I am aware that you know of it already. And I ask your pardon."

"I fell in love with her," I answered calmly, "when I saw her step out of the railway carriage at the station. She holds me, you know, about one degree less important than Billy. I don't see why you should not be told of it, or why you should not have seen it long ago for yourself. It was plain enough."

"Ay, plain enough!" he echoed with a laugh.

He tapped with his finger-tips absently for a minute upon the gaudy table-cover, the burning candles lighting up his face. "By Jove!" he cried, "I believed myself to be a fine fellow, but you have shamed me." He stretched out his hand with the gesture of a prince. "Think of me what

you like. Yet I thank you for the lesson; for the sake of old friendship, I thank you."

"I was there," I retorted, "this afternoon, under that tree. How can I touch your hand?"

His forehead flushed all over, but he controlled himself with an effort. "As you please. Yet I spoke in the name of an old kindness." He thrust his hands into the pockets of his shooting-coat. "You have half sickened me of speaking. I came in here prepared to offer you what reparation lies in my power. She has told me everything, and to-night I intend to sit up and watch in their garden. She has been made, I am convinced, the victim of some infernal trick. The night is warm and still; I came here to ask you to watch with me."

There was only one answer possible. I looked for my hat on the chair where I had tossed it. "I am ready whenever you care to lead the way."

"You had better take a plaid with you, or a top-coat. It will be chill enough before daybreak," Forbes added dryly.

All the familiar way up the hill we paced in silence side by side, and my heart smote me for the rejected proffer of his hand. The light, white mist which enveloped us the instant we stepped into the cool outer air, the great silence of the night, the low wash and murmur of the sea, brought each its measure of sanity and healing indifference. I glanced twice or thrice inquiringly at my companion, but some devil of pride held us both silent.

As we turned into the Beauchamps' garden by the little side gate, some clock in the house struck the half-hour after eleven. It was, as Forbes said, a very warm, still night; but the fine weather of the last three weeks seemed on the point of breaking. The air was full of an impalpable haze, which, as the red and laggard moon rose higher, filled all the spaces between the trees with a sort of luminous whiteness. You could see plainly, and you could not. At twenty paces distance the laurel-bushes loomed like trees. There were no lights burning on that side of the big, silent house, which looked at once so strange and so familiar. In the garden, too, all was still; the thread of water trickled steadily into its basin; now and then a bird whistled, or something rustled lightly in the dark, motionless trees — that was all.

For a long time Forbes continued his monotonous pacing up and down like a

sentinel; the wet gravel sparkled in the moonlight, and at regular intervals his shadow moved across it, and his deliberate footstep crushed the loose stones. As he was taking perhaps his fiftieth turn, I got up from my seat by the old sun-dial and joined him.

"Won't you sit down for a bit? I can take your place."

"I am not tired," he said briefly.

"Look here, Forbes."

"Well?"

"Oh, you may be as confoundedly superior as you please, but—there are some things I could find it in my heart to say I shall never forgive you, and yet—confound it all! There—I wish you would shake hands."

He laughed; but I went back to my seat a little comforted. Presently he came and sat down beside me at the opposite end of the bench. He leaned his back against a tree, and I could see his upturned profile dark against the sky. We were neither of us inclined to speak. For my part, I tried with all my might to banish the very thought of Margaret. Her face kept rising up before me—her face as I had last seen it. If I shut my eyes and listened to the fountain it was worse; I saw her then as when we rode the downs together—a mocking vision, smiling, rose-flushed.

All this time Forbes never said a word. The night grew full of faint, uncertain sounds; rustlings in the grass—an unripe apple dropping in the orchard with the echo of a step. In the house, a clock kept striking the quarters and the half-hours. As the moon set, the light changed without seeming to diminish. About half past two we heard a cock crow from the other side of the wall; then after a very long interval, another answered; then half a dozen. From this shut-in garden we could see the zenith of the arching sky grow bluer, colder; the stars were extinguished one by one while the eye was yet fixed upon them. A sudden wind stirred in the tree-tops; the garden scents were overcome by a thrill of salt air from the sea.

"It is dawn," said Forbes, rising and stretching out his cramped arms.

As at a given signal, the birds began twittering and piping from every crotch and angle of the branches. The roses, which all night long had looked like dark round spots sprinkling the bushes, now began royally to reassert their presence, showing scarlet and white and dusky red.

"So that is over, and nothing gained,"

he said half regretfully. He went up to the dripping fountain and dipped his hands into its mossy basin, and dashed the ice-cold water over his face and hair.

"Ah!—look!" I cried out.

The shutters of Margaret's window were pushed gently open, slowly, as if yielding to the pressure of a deliberate hand.

"She has not slept either, poor child!"

Forbes murmured with a sudden flash of tenderness.

He stepped out into the middle of the cleared space before the dial. "Four o'clock of a July morning, and all's well!" he called out in a long, musical note.

I half hoped that she would show herself; but there was no answer. The sun climbing well up in the clear, empty sky shone full at last above the matted tree-tops, flooding all the fresh quiet of the garden, the blank, silent house. That silence began to trouble me.

"Do call out again. Say something to show her we are here," I said to Forbes.

He looked at me with an odd expression and answered nothing. After a moment he stooped and broke off a handful of dewy roses. "It will serve for a fair good morrow, a troubadour's greeting to the lady of his dreams," he said with a sort of mocking tenderness, and tossed the bunch of flowers through Margaret's open window. He stood with upturned face looking after them; the fatigues of a watchful night had left not a trace on his superb physique; he was fresh and vigorous as the morning.

We saw the roses fall fairly into the room. There was no answer. Again we stood facing one another, silent.

The clock in the house struck sharply on the half-hour. "She said that she, too, would be waking," he muttered, half to himself. He turned once more and looked at the house, scanning the blank line of windows. "Come on!" he said impatiently. We made the circuit of the place half running, and then a very obvious difficulty brought us up standing; the doors were all locked.

"Shall I ring?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes—no. The servants will be in bed. They won't hear you." We went back into the garden. Margaret's window was still flung wide open. The sunshine poured into the room. All at once I remembered Billy. "Hold on, Forbes. I think those lower windows can be made to open." I swung myself up on the ledge and all the panes rattled as I shook them. "Come on, now—just another push; so—gently now—together!" The slight

bolt gave way with a rattle of broken glass on the gravel.

"I hope we shan't frighten all the women into fits; it's a clear case of burglary with violence," Forbes said under his breath, swinging himself down into the room. But neither of us felt the least inclined to smile. We stepped cautiously up the broad carpeted stair; the house was marvellously still, and the air felt dead and close after the garden. Forbes led the way to a door on the second landing, where he paused and knocked gently. "Parker! wake up, Parker!"

At the third or fourth summons a sleepy voice called out: "Who is there? Go away. What's the matter?"

"It is I, Mr. Forbes; and Mr. Balfour is with me. Don't be frightened, but look sharp, there's a good woman, and open your door."

We waited for a minute or two. On the floor beneath us Tottie began shrilly barking. Then the key turned with a rattle in the lock, the door was set ajar, and Parker's face appeared in the opening — her sober face swollen, flushed, and unrecognizable with sleep.

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, what is it? Oh, sir, don't say Miss Mabel is took worse!"

"Look here, Mrs. Parker, I want you to go to Miss Margaret's room and wake her. Wake her, do you hear? And then say it was I who sent you."

"Oh, gentlemen!" the woman said, drawing back, much affronted, "if it is all for a silly joke that you wakened me — and me making no doubt that at least it was illness in the house."

She would have shut the door in our faces, but Forbes caught her by the arm. "Do as I tell you. You don't know what you are talking about," he said imperatively. "Your dress! Oh, confound your dress! No, never mind, there's a good soul — you can settle your dress as you come back."

He half led, half dragged her to the top of the stairs. "There — go quick — oh, never mind arguing — go!"

We heard her unwilling footsteps shuffle down the stairs and along the hall. She paused before Margaret's door; we could hear her knocking; for a minute or two only Tottie's sharp, wiry yelp answered.

Then the woman gave a call of distress. Some panic had seized her; as we ran down the stairs we could hear her rattling at the lock.

"Oh, sir — oh, Mr. Balfour — if this is some trick! Oh, I should never believe

any one could treat me so! And she sleeps so light — Miss Margaret! it's me — Parker — oh, pray open the door, Miss Margaret!"

I had got my shoulder against the lock but Forbes pushed me aside roughly. "Stand back — all of you. It's *my* place," he said. His lips were as white as death, but his eyes blazed like the eyes of a madman. He braced himself against the angle of the wall; there was a splintering sound of wood, and the middle panel cracked across the bottom. He tore off one of the pieces, put in his hand and unlocked the door.

There, stretched out on a couch near the window, in the white gown I had seen her wearing, lay Margaret.

Forbes walked straight up to her. "Oh, God!" he cried out in a high, unnatural voice, "Oh, God — Balfour!"

When we found her she must have been dead for some hours. On either side of her throat were two dull red marks, like bruises, exactly like the marks on her wrist, as we ascertained when we compared them afterwards. There was no sign of any struggle about her, no violence. Her eyes were open; there was a half-smile on her lips; she lay high on the pillows, as if watching us. One hand rested on her breast, the other arm, with the bracelet still on her wrist, hung straight down by her side, and on the floor, within an inch of the dead fingers, lay Forbes's roses, as they fell.

I do not pretend to have given this story precisely in Sir William's own language; yet many of the remarks are textually his own. I particularly remember the words in which he described the dead girl to us.

When he had finished, there was a little silence; nobody ventured on a comment. At last the Boy moved his elbows off the table. "By Jove!" he said, sitting up, and drawing a deep breath.

"For a long while after that," Sir William added, "or it seemed a long while then, Forbes and I saw very little of each other. I travelled, and then took up my profession in good earnest. I thought I should never learn to endure further association with the man whom I could not but consider, to a certain extent, responsible for her death. For if she had obeyed her own strenuous instinct — if she had never told him; and yet, who knows? who can answer such a question? Slowly, slowly, I took hold again of life. For nature, gentlemen, is the great, insidious, indefatigable enemy of our griefs; suffer-

ing is sterile, and she will not let men suffer. She lures us back, reclaims us, forces us back, if need be; and the first time after any overwhelming wreck of passion that we are conscious of the grateful warmth of the sun, the falling rain, hunger, thirst, fatigue, life has already taken repossession. A man may struggle, gentlemen; nature can wait."

He pushed aside his empty glass and leaned back in the old leather chair.

"You must have heard of Stanleigh Forbes and his political successes. He wrote to me on the occasion of his marriage, and after that I saw him often. His wife is a distant connection of old Sir John's; the Beauchamp family interest has always been faithful to him. Next year I expect one of his sons to come to me. The lad has talent, and I offered to take him and teach him what I can; had things gone differently it might have been Margaret's boy."

From The Leisure Hour.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY:
INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

PART II.

SPEECHES.

It is as a speaker on religious and philanthropic platforms that Lord Shaftesbury will be best remembered by tens of thousands of persons in all parts of the country. His speeches were, as he says, "like the sands on the seashore, innumerable," and they were upon every conceivable subject. He was guided in their preparation by a few simple rules, to which he remained faithful to the end of his career. "He did not write his speeches, and never accustomed himself to trust to notes. He got together all his evidence and everything he wished to quote, and these he put into shape, but the connecting matter he never formally prepared. He thought the subject well over, made himself master of the facts, and trusted for the rest to the inspiration of the moment. In one or two instances when he had to speak in the House of Lords, where less than anywhere else he felt the requisite inspiration, he committed his speech to memory, nearly word for word, and then handed the MS., to which, however, he never referred, to the reporters for publication when he was specially anxious for an accurate report. It was a saying of his that, for an ordinary speech, it was not of great consequence

how it was commenced, but it was all-important how it ended, and he almost always, therefore, prepared his peroration, sometimes committing it to memory."

He was a very rapid speaker (he had the reputation of being the most rapid speaker in the House of Lords), and the reporters not unfrequently complained that they found some difficulty in following him.

Some of his most laborious speeches were on behalf of oppressed nationalities; and among those which cost him the greatest effort was one in 1844 on behalf of the ameers of Scinde—a long and forcible indictment against the Indian government, in the course of which he said, referring to the ameers, "You have torn them from their thrones, reduced them to the level of your meanest dependants, seized their dominions, incarcerated their persons, plundered their houses, and exposed them to various forms of privation and insult."

In 1863 the persecution of the Poles by Russia drew forth from Lord Shaftesbury some of the most impassioned speeches he ever uttered. In a speech at the Guildhall, which it "tore him to pieces to deliver," he threw his whole mind and soul and strength into his pleading, and excited the most intense enthusiasm. In the House of Lords, on the same subject, he shortly afterwards made a speech of nearly three hours' duration. Apart from the labor in the compilation of his facts and arguments, it was a subject which made a heavy demand upon his sympathies. There was a passion and a pathos in his utterance which was never wrung from him more forcibly than when pleading the cause of oppressed and persecuted peoples. Among his celebrated speeches, subsequent to those delivered on the factory question, was one on Indian irrigation and inland navigation, of which he says, "Perhaps few of my efforts have cost me so much trouble to select, cut down, and prepare and arrange extracts, statements, and facts."

Lord Shaftesbury was, from his youth upwards, in the habit of using very strong and forcible language. "Sometimes," says his biographer, "this habit carried him too far, and when this was the case no one regretted it more than himself. Sometimes (when cruelty, injustice, and oppression were his theme) he regretted that language was inadequate to convey the expression of his indignation and disgust; sometimes he used 'a Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut;' and sometimes, in the heat and fervor of debate, or under the excitement of great popular applause, he

was led away, as every orator more or less is led, into expressions which, had there been time to consider the choice of words, he would have modified or left unsaid. . . . It was inevitable that occasionally he should be betrayed into the use of expressions stronger than the occasion justified. The only wonder is that these betrayals were not of far more frequent occurrence."

Lord Shaftesbury's letters, which form a very important feature of the work before us, are extremely interesting. The examples given in his correspondence with Mr. Haldane show his "versatility of style, his flashes of humor, his sympathies and antipathies, and his Christian philosophy."

Fine writing is the pest of all true theology; people will be brilliant, startling, original; and, in that spirit, they sacrifice everything to a "pregnant expression."

God will work out His own purpose according to His own wisdom. God will not prevent my being called a fool, but He will prevent my being one.

Retrospect must be fearful in every reflecting soul. All time past is filled with negligences, lost or spoiled opportunities, shortcomings, and abundant sins. Retrospects ought to bring nothing but confession and repentance; and then the prospect—the only thing to be cared for—will be peace and joy.

Education may be, instead of a great blessing, a great curse. We are training boys and girls too rapidly. We have a thousand candidates for one place. The 999 live, then, by their wits, and the wits are turned to fraud and sensationalism. This is not an argument against education, but a warning. "Make it healthy and safe."

Disraeli is a Hebrew, and that to my mind always imparts a certain sense of reverence. I can never forget that of this race our Blessed Lord came according to the flesh.

There are opinions expressed in these most interesting volumes which give scope to criticism, but there can be but one judgment as to the tenor and lofty spirit of the life portrayed.

LAST YEARS.

To many readers the record of Lord Shaftesbury's later years will perhaps have a greater charm than any other portion of the work. At the age of seventy he gave the following account of himself in his diary, a description which was applicable, in great measure, to the remaining years of his life.

"Dec. 22nd, 1871. — I am seventy years of age and six months. My eyesight is

very good, requiring glasses only for reading; I am somewhat deaf. I sleep well, walk easily, though not very far without fatigue. Am tolerably erect, and have very few grey hairs. Whatever mind I ever had, I think that I retain. Memory may be—I am not quite sure—a little weakened. Doubtless it is so in respect of getting things by heart. Am generally calm and collected, though oftentimes in high spirits, and oftentimes exceedingly low. Yet in neither extreme do I alter the opinions I have formed. I do not, of course, as I used to do, look forward constantly to some fresh thing to be achieved. I estimate obstacles more accurately, and confess the very short time at command. I have nevertheless projects, and it is pleasant to indulge them, though I may never be able to execute them. My feelings are as vivid and as keen as in my youth—on all subjects, I may say, except in cases of neglect or affront. Here, of course, I am not pleased; but I accept the matter, as the French say, a *faill accompli*, and there the question ends."

He was sensitive in the extreme all through life, and he was so on the question of old age. "The moment a man is said to be a fine man for his age," he wrote, "he is simply enjoying an euphonious term for a demi-twaddler. If he does anything well, people admire with a species of patronizing compassion; if he does it ill, they ascribe it to actual or approaching imbecility."

Nevertheless, it was his constant prayer that he might "die in harness," and his last years were full of unceasing activity. "Restless activity they call it," he said, "but why? Only because others are so *restful*."

"There is nothing more curious, in the whole of the diaries of Lord Shaftesbury," says his biographer, "than the record of his old age. He contemplates it in a hundred unexpected ways, and from very original standpoints; he speculates upon it, as if he were a disinterested person; he naively describes and discusses feelings and sensations common to old age, but as if he had not the least conception that they proceeded from that cause. Thus, in 1883, when visiting his friends at Castle Wemyss, where his health hitherto had always been benefited, he begins to think 'the air is relaxing. Soon get tired. I should like to try a very bracing climate.' It does not seem to occur to him that the difference in feeling is due to age."

To the very last he labored on, his faculties keenly alive, his heart tender as ever,

his sympathies just as fresh and his plans just as numerous as at any other period of his life.

The story of his last days, spent at Folkestone, whither he had gone for change of air and in the hope of recovering strength, is told by Mr. Hodder in the following words:—

"Free from distressing pain; with consciousness perfectly clear; surrounded by his sons and daughters, whom he loved with an untold and untellable love; undisturbed by any fear of death, unshaken in faith, and in full assurance of hope, he calmly waited the end.

"In a cheerful room on the ground-floor, looking out on a pleasant lawn, shaded with trees, and beyond it the great wide sea, the small bed he had brought with him was placed, and here his last days were spent. He could step from his room to the balcony and drink in the life-giving air which he so much enjoyed, and on bright days could look across the sea to the white cliffs of sunny France. Very solemn and very beautiful was the calm of the evening tide, and very sacred was that chamber, in which the prayer was constantly breathed, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

"During the interval which elapsed, he used to ask his daughters and his valet—whichever happened to be present—to read to him portions of the Bible he named to them. Every morning he begged that the twenty-third Psalm—that short cry of hope, beginning 'The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want'—might be read to him.

"He was, to the last, very anxious that the letters which still came to him should be answered, and used to dictate to his daughter, Lady Templemore, the replies he wished to be sent.

"The very last matter of actual business which he attended to was the filling up of the living of Shaftesbury (of which he was patron), and much care and thought were bestowed by him on the appointment. . . .

"In the sacred chamber where he lay, fully conscious that the end was near, one of his sons, come from Switzerland, where he was tending a loved one in her sickness, to whom he had to return, knelt before him at his bidding, and received his parting blessing, as the old patriarch laid his hand upon his head, bade him good-bye, and breathed a prayer. There other of his sons and daughters saw, day by day, the beauty of holiness, the grandeur of the triumph of faith. There one

who came to bid him farewell, heard words like these: 'I am in the hands of God; the ever-blessed Jehovah; in his hands alone. Yes, in his keeping, with him alone.'

"Then came a day, the first day of October, when the sun was shining in meridian splendor, flooding his chamber with the light he loved so well. His faithful valet, Goldsmith, handed him something, which he received with the words, 'Thank you.' These were his last words. And then, a few minutes later, fully conscious to the last moment, he passed, without pain, or sigh, or struggle, into the ineffable light."

The epitaph of Lord Shaftesbury cannot be written in better or more appropriate words than those of Holy Scripture:—

"When the ear heard him it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind and feet was he to the lame. He was a father to the poor."

From Temple Bar.

A LOVER OF LEISURE.

IN this pitilessly busy nineteenth century the very name of leisure has a soothing sound. Most people have a beautiful dream, a mirage of a state of perfect leisure. They may never realize it, or reach it themselves, save in the great world of books, where some of us spend the best part of our lives, and wherein it is the delight and solace of so many tired and sad people to wander, finding there all they had longed for, and more besides. "Wings have we," says Wordsworth,

and as far as we can go,

We may find pleasure

and he adds:—

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good:

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

Leisure has its especial literature; a very rich and charming one, to which belong Charles Lamb's "Essays," Cowper's

poems and letters, "The Imitation of Jesus Christ," Bacon's "Essays," John Evelyn's works, Izaak Walton's "Lives," "The Vicar of Wakefield," Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverley," Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and a thousand more books to be read reverently in the long winter evenings, before a fragrant wood fire, with drawn curtains, while the hungry wind is crying softly round the house; or on summer days, beneath the shadowy boughs of lime-trees, where bees are drowsy with honey.

There is something very pathetic in the story which tells us how Charles Lamb, in his dingy office, longed piteously to have a pension "on this side of absolute incapacity and infirmity," so that he might walk out in the "fine Izaak Walton mornings, careless as a beggar, and walking, walking, and dying walking;" but — "the hope is gone. I sit like Philomel all day (but not singing) with my breast against this thorn of a desk." And then one day, suddenly his wishes were granted, and "all being holidays, I feel as if I had none, as they do in heaven, where 'tis all red-letter days." "Would I could sell you some of my leisure!" he says to his friend. "Positively the best thing a man can have to do is nothing; and next to that perhaps good works." His words are so vivid that they bring before us, who are his literary lovers, the little spare figure clad in black, and the harsh features of the kindly face; the sweet, childlike nature and the quaint, delicate humor; all of which, indeed, we love none the less dearly for having met them only in the world of books and fancies. And as I write these words there rises before me the image of another lover of leisure, evoked by the beautiful old book "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," that is lying open on my writing-table. And this copy of "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*" in Hurstbourne library is in itself a thing to be handled with peculiar reverence and tenderness, for it belonged to Izaak Walton himself, the author of part, and the compiler of the other part of the book; and in it he has written his own name, and some notes, in his delicate, scholarly handwriting. There is a tiny smudge on the fly-leaf opposite his name; all these little details seem to make it more real, and to bring one closer to the dear old worthies who still live and speak and move in those pleasant pages.

Sir Henry Wotton was born in 1568, at Bocton Hall, in Kent. His father, Thomas Wotton, married first, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Rudstone; by whom he had

three sons, Sir James, Sir Edward (Lord Wotton) and Sir John. Thomas Wotton was often begged by his friends to marry again, and, says his biographer, "he was seriously resolved to avoid three sorts of persons, namely, those that had children, that had lawsuits, that were of his kin;" and as might be expected after such a declaration, he married a lady (Mrs. Elinora Morton) who united these several disadvantages. She was the mother of Sir Henry. Henry was sent to Winchester, and thence to New College, Oxford, where, Izaak Walton tells us, "*Albericus Gentilis*, then provost of civil law at Oxford," was wont "to call him *Henrice miocelle*; which dear expression of his was also used by divers of Sir Henry's dearest friends, and by many other persons of note during his stay in the university."

He is described to us as being "of a choice shape," and "tall of stature," and as possessing "a most persuasive behavior." His picture as an old man shows us a sweet, studious face; a high forehead, and kindly, intelligent eyes, lit up by a grave smile.

Sir Henry spent the greater part of his early life on the Continent, partly by choice and partly by necessity. For soon after he had returned to England (after an absence for his own pleasure of nearly nine years) he was compelled to leave it again. He had been a friend and companion of Essex; and "therefore did he, so soon as the earl was apprehended, very quickly, and as privately, glide through Kent to Dover," and thence across the Channel, where he lived, until "the sweet trouble of kingly government" fell upon James I. He was kindly received by the king, and after a time of loyal service to James, Charles I., and Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, he was finally, to his great satisfaction, made provost of Eton.

Here Sir Henry lived a life of ideal leisure, reading and thinking, entertaining hospitably his friends and neighbors, and those Eton boys who seemed to him the most promising. "Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call 'his idle time, not idly spent.'" He had lived in stirring times, and had seen the wonderful growth of thought and the development of literature of his century, which was the century of Shakespeare and Bacon, Spenser and Raleigh. He had lived in foreign courts, and had wandered over Europe. He had watched the march of events, — "so nimble were the times;" he had seen the kings of the earth gather and go by together, and the

invincible Armada prove "but a morrice dance upon our waves." Now, in his old age, he was well content to retire into the cloistered quiet of the college which to him was "as a quiet harbor to a seafaring man after a tempestuous voyage."

To my mind his leisure was of all leisure the most perfect. Cowper's leisure was darkened and distraught by terrible doubts and fears; Charles Lamb's leisure was tainted by ennui, until he himself grew weary of the "land, in which it seemed always afternoon." Ducis, the French poet, who had "wedded the desert, as the doge of Venice wedded the Adriatic Sea," and had "cast his ring into the forests," was saddened by the remembrance of the wife and child he had lost in bygone years. But Sir Henry, until the last few months of his life, kept "the blessing of a cheerful heart."

When he had, as he tells us himself, "arrived near those years which lie in the suburbs of oblivion," he went to revisit Winchester, where he had been at school as a little lad; and on his way home he said to his companion:—

How useful was that advice of a holy monk who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far experimentally true: that, at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sate when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me; sweet thoughts, indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares; and those to be enjoyed, when time (which I therefore thought slow-paced) had changed my youth into manhood; but age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes: for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and questionless possessed with the same thoughts that possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.

And again, a little later, Sir Henry's biographer repeats for us his words to his friend John Hales:—

I have in my passage to my grave met with most of those joys of which a discursive soul is capable: . . . Nevertheless in this Voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content; but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been, and am a man compassed about

with human frailties, God Almighty hath by His grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; . . . And, my dear Friend, I now see that I draw near my harbor of death; that harbor that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world.

There is an exquisite grace and sense of fitness in Sir Henry's similes, and a very tender touch of pathos in this description of his own life. Of his writings we have but little left. Izaak Walton tells us how, a little while before he died, Sir Henry, saddened and dispirited by illness, passed many hours alone in his study, and how he burnt many papers he had written in his youth. Who knows what records of sweet fancies, what noble thoughts and beautiful images he gave to the flames? "Always," wrote Sir Henry to a friend, "if we touch any tender matter, let us remember his motto—that wrote upon the mantel of his chimney where he was wont to keep a good fire, *Optimus Secretariorum*."

He had intended to write a life of Martin Luther, "but in the midst of this design," says Izaak Walton, "his late Majesty King Charles I., that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did by a persuasive loving violence" (to which may be added a promise of £500 a year) "force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the History of England." Of this history we have only a few pages. There are several poems of his extant; the well-known praises of the queen of Bohemia, his "queen of hearts" whom he served with such loving loyalty; the verses beginning "How happy is he born and taught," and a hymn which is less well-known, and from which I quote a few lines:—

O precious Ransome! which once paid,
That Consummatum Est was said:
And said by him who said no more,
But sealed it with his sacred Breath.
Thou then that hast dispung'd my Score,
And dying was the death of Death,
Be to me now, on thee I call,
My Life, my Strength, my Joy, my All.

His private letters are delightful; some addressed to Charles I. and to the queen of Bohemia, others to Izaak Walton, or to the "sweet and dear Jack Dinely," and a large number to Sir Edmund Bacon, who had married his niece Philippa Wotton. These letters are written in a pleasant, easy style, singularly free from artificial conceits, and full of graceful descriptions and epigrammatic sayings. The Count Palatine is "a gentleman of very sweet

hope," the lord treasurer Weston is "an enemy to frothy proceedings;" it "wrinkles" his face with care to tell Nicholas Pey that his arrears will cost him £500; he apologizes to Izaak Walton for the fact that "a most ingenious letter of yours hath lain so long by me (as it were in lavender) without an answer." He complains of some of his own faults, but "it is now too late to put me in a new Furnace." He never forgets to send a charming message to Lady Bacon, when he writes to her husband Sir Edmund: "I pray you, sir, let me in some corner of every Letter tell my sweet Niece that I love her extreamly:" or he sends his "hot love to the best Niece of the World." I myself can almost find it in my heart (loving Sir Henry as I must do perforce) to be jealous of his nieces and great-nieces, to whom he is so charming an uncle. Here is a little family gossip, written by him to Sir Edmund:—

I received the Communion in St. Bartholomews on Sunday last (being Easter-Day) in the same pew with Hester and her Mother; your Hester either becomes a little tincture of the Green Sickness well, or that becomes her well: well she looks I am sure, and in my fancy draws towards the countenance of her sister Stanhop more and more, but stealingly. My Niece Margaret is come home from her Artisan in Southwark with some pretty amendment. The manner of his cure in these imperfections is somewhat strange; he useth no bindings, but oyls and strokings; of which I take him to be (in all my reading) both the Instrument, and the Author. My Niece Ann will prove one of the handsomest Creatures of the World; being much grown, and having rectified a little squinting or oblique look which she had in one of her eyes, so far the remainder will prove a Beauty.

These young ladies were the daughters of Thomas, second Baron Wotton, and his wife Mary Throckmorton, and they were consequently Sir Henry's grandnieces. Hester appears later to have caused Sir Henry some anxiety, for he writes to Jack Dinely: "My Niece Hester is absolutely reclaimed from those foolish impressions which she had taken, God's name be ever blessed for it; and it is none of the least ends of my going to rivet that business." What "that business" was, I have not been able to discover. Hester became the third wife of Baptist, Lord Campden, the Royalist, who suffered many things in the king's cause. He raised a company of horse and foot for the king's army, and

burnt his beautiful house to the ground in order to prevent the Roundheads from establishing a garrison there. He was subsequently obliged to pay £9,000 composition for his estates to the Parliamentary sequestrators, besides an annuity of £150.

Margaret married Sir John Tufton; and Ann married Sir Edward Hales, of Tunstall, Kent.

In another letter Sir Henry gives an account of a certain duel, which is too characteristic of the times to be omitted.

Upon Munday was seven-night fell out another quarrel nobly carried . . . between my Lord Fielding and Mr. Goring Son and Heir to the Lord of that name. They had been the night before at Supper, I know not where, together; where Mr. Goring spake something in diminution of my Lord Weston, which my Lord Fielding told him it could not become him to suffer. . . . There upon these hot hearts appoint a meeting next day morning, themselves alone, each upon his Horse. They pass by Hide Park, as a place where they might be parted too soon, and turn into a lane by Knightsbridge; where having tied up their Horses at a Hedge or Gate, they got over into a Close; there stripped unto their shirts, with single Rapiers, they fell into an eager duel, till they were severed by the Host and his servants of the Prince of Orange, who by meer chance had taken some notice of them. In this noble encounter, wherein blood was spent, though (by God's Providence) not much on either side, there passed between them a very memorable interchange of a piece of courtesie, if that word may have room in this place: sayes my Lord F, Mr. Goring, If you leave me here, let me advise you not to go back by Piccadillia Hall, lest if mischance befall me and be suddenly noised (as it falleth out on these occasions now between us) you might receive some harm by some of my friends that lodge thereabouts.

My Lord (replies Goring) I have no way but one to answer this courtesie: I have here by chance in my Pocket a Warrant to pass the Ports out of England, without a Name (gotten I suppose upon some other occasion before). If you leave me here, take it for your use and put in your own Name. This is a passage much commended between them, as proceeding both from sweetness and stoutness of spirit, which are very compatible.

This letter is dated from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, 18th April, 1633, and is addressed to Sir Edmund Bacon.

Sir Henry Wotton died at Eton in December, 1639, aged seventy-one. He was buried by his desire in the college chapel, with his well-known Latin saying, carved on a plain stone, above him.

From The Contemporary Review.
AN OLD COUPLE.

"Un paradis perdu est toujours, quand on veut, un paradis reconquis." — RENNAN.

"Se nuova legge non ti toglie
Memoria." — *Purg.* II.

THEY lived in a simple cottage, very much like ordinary folk. Their children had left them — married, and settled at a distance, as children will; so, once more, they were all in all to each other. They had obtained permission to return to the garden in which they had spent their happy and innocent days. They found the gate swinging on its hinges, and the fiery cherub was not there. It consoled them to return to the old spot, though their conditions were so changed. The air around the rose-bushes was as sweet as ever, and they soon grew accustomed to the prickles.

During their exile they had become acquainted with those arts that provide men with shelter against the heat and cold. Accordingly, Adam built a small hut of stones, and Eve plaited wool and fibres into coverings for herself and her husband. As the ages went on, and the population of the world increased, they no longer lived in solitude. The fact that the spring came full three weeks earlier to the valley where they had built their cottage than to any even of the more sheltered nooks among the hills, led men who were beginning to look on the earth with practical business eyes to settle near them. The old gate, swinging on its hinges, presented no obstacle to the enterprising young colonist, and the inhabitants of the moss-grown tenement smiled, and held sacred the secret that the new comers had intruded on the precincts of Paradise. From the settlers they learnt many facts concerning the advance of the world, the arts of navigation, commerce, government, and war. But they remained a recluse old couple. It was only very rarely that a neighbor looked in, and chatted with them, as one does chat with the aged, of those matters that will interest and delight them. Women pitied Eve, believing that she was childless, and noticed with compassion her maternal manner to their little ones. To lovers she was somewhat austere; it was impossible to her to imagine courtship elsewhere than in the bowers of Paradise. She listened attentively when any spake to her of death; without violence or bloodshed she thought it must be tranquil as the deep sleep from which she woke when life was given to her. Tidings of war greatly

affected her, but beyond all other things she was distressed at the sight of children quarrelling. She would part the little disputants, and taking them on her knee, would tell them a story of two brothers who quarrelled till one of them grew so angry he slew the other in a field, and then went away from his parents very sorry, and could not come to live with them again for shame. But she did not speak, even to the little children, of God. Now and then she dropped a quiet tear on them, and their mothers would draw them away, saying they were sure now she must once have held in her arms a baby of her own.

In appearance Eve was exceedingly gracious and beautiful, full of reticence and dignity; people always spoke of her as a lady, and whispered to one another that she had come of good stock. To her husband she was full of a wistful courtesy; it seemed as if he had made some sacrifice in marrying her, and her devotion was mingled with gratitude. In Adam there was less that was peculiar than in his wife. He would stand often on his threshold in the evening and look out. He had forgotten that centuries had passed by, and was still yearning for the return of his firstborn — the wanderer. It was Eve who in the spring-tide turned to the meadow where the lambs were playing, and she always went alone. When she came back she would put her arms round her husband's neck and kiss him. He did not understand that she was come from a grave; but he was grateful for the kiss, and drew her away to look at the young sprouting blades of corn. He had become a husbandman, and was skilled in the tilling of the ground. Eve never looked happier than when he came home hot and hungry from working in the fields. She loved to set his meal, lay her head on his knee, and listen to his talk of the wonderful new ways of raising crops and planting vineyards. He was busy and contented, and there was no regret in his face. But their conversation did not always turn on commonplace matters. On winter evenings they often discussed ancient history, and showed a familiar acquaintance with the stories we now read in the early chapters of Genesis. Sometimes they would quarrel and grow sullen, or violently disagree. Then Adam's voice would be heard in reproach, or Eve's in contention, and Adam would walk out and lean against the old swing-gate that seemed to be the natural boundary of his little domain. When Eve saw him leaning

against the gate, and apparently forgetful of her, she would steal up to him softly, and they would walk home together, a new light in their eyes. All age had passed from their faces, and there was majesty in their least caressing touch, for they had no suspicion of intruders, and thought only of each other. After these hours of reconciliation, they would speak of quite another time in their lives, when evidently there had been deep accord between them; then, and then only, was Eve heard to laugh, — a silvery, ringing laugh, full of unimaginable mirth, and Adam, drunk with the witchery, would grow eloquent and tender.

As the ages passed on, though somewhat old-fashioned, they learned to read and write, for they were of strong, vigorous faculty; and, as they attracted and retained the love of all who visited them, they had intercourse with friends in various parts of the world. One traveller — he was an American — kept them regularly supplied with newspapers; these Adam read diligently to his wife; and his keen brown eyes looked up at her from their pages, without spectacles, as lustrous and fervid as when he repeated to her his conversation with the archangel Raphael. He learnt all about the slave-trade, and the excitement of Livingstone's discoveries; stories of travel and exploration were peculiarly interesting to him, for he was haunted by the superstition that some day one of these wonderful discoverers would come across his lost boy. Cain, he felt sure, was still a wanderer, and an exile; he looked for tidings of him, when he heard of the discovery of a new world; and later on, in the nineteenth century, when no murderer — but he checked himself, and resumed, in his thoughts, — when no *lost person* could remain hidden, even though he were lying at the bottom of some deep Alpine cleft, there seemed really a fair expectation that some clue to the missing one would be found. He even began once a description of his boy, as he looked when he last saw him, with the intention of forwarding it to the *Times*, but his wife bade him reflect that, if their son were still living, his costume, his skin, and the manner of wearing his hair would be changed.

A little before the time at which I am writing a serious grief befell this worthy old couple, and I fear it will be long before they will recover from the effects of it. Though, as I have hinted, they to some extent kept pace with the world, and had probably heard of the French Revo-

lution, the works and influence of the great thinkers were unknown to them. They could scarcely, indeed, be expected to feel interest in philosophy, holding as they did the simple clue to the mysteries of the universe. The literature of the Middle Ages they had always found excessively tedious, but they were well versed in modern poets and authors, and would sometimes remark of a favorite volume that it might have been written in their own garden. One day "The Earthly Paradise" was brought to them by an English traveller. They were sitting together under an almond-tree — one that they had planted in Eden, because it was the first fair creature that had greeted them in the wilderness, when they were driven from their home by the flaming sword. The tree stretched a bough of pink blossom, clear against the blue sky, above their heads, and they sat — the young Englishman noted, as he turned back to look at them, after bidding farewell — serene and without curiosity, the book unclosed upon their knee. This was before they had received the intelligence that so troubled them as quite to overcloud their lives. I cannot enter into the details of their religion, enough that they had always believed it a happy thing to be born, and had never regretted that they had peopled the world, even though they had brought sin and death into it by their one rash act of disobedience. For, though God had forced them and their offspring to labor and to suffer, he had never withdrawn from them the comfort and solace of love. It is doubtful indeed whether they would ever have learnt to care much for each other in Paradise, where there was neither peril nor discomfort. Adam once confessed to his wife that it was not until he saw tears in her bright eyes that he felt the longing to cherish her replace the old covetous desire of her beauty. In like manner it was when Adam returned from his first day of distress and fatigue with the spade that Eve felt a wifely tenderness spring up towards him in her bosom, and from that hour it was her chief happiness to mend his clothes, prepare his food carefully, and make his seasons of rest from labor full of refreshment and delight. "In Eden," she said, "there was nothing we could do for each other, and now we are quite dependent."

It must not be imagined that these two old people never thought regretfully of the days when everything happened just as they had planned; they often grew gloomy

and impatient, and when they found bad desires and selfish hopes creeping into their minds, their terror and astonishment were indescribable. But, as I have said, they never doubted that life was a blessing, that Providence was kind, and happiness within the reach of every human creature. I now come to the cause of the great misery that is at present disheartening and disturbing them. It has reached their ears that over wide tracts of Europe there are people, not suffering from war, famine, poverty, or pestilence, who yet bitterly bewail their lot, are inclined to think that the most satisfactory moments of their lives are those spent in sleep or in forgetfulness, and desire only to divert themselves, at whatever cost, till they die. When Adam heard of the strange lunacy that had thus befallen his offspring, he exclaimed, "Let these young people fall in love and marry." "That they cannot do," replied sadly the young European they were questioning; "they love no one but themselves. If they see a beautiful object or creature, they no longer desire to foster it, but to destroy or to consume it." "They are afraid of God; it is as when we hid ourselves in the garden," Eve whispered to Adam. "On the contrary," rejoined their guest, "they do not believe in any God, and they have no fear of punishment." "Yet surely sometimes they feel grateful; that, it seems to me, is one of the things that make up for having done wrong. In my youth I lived a quite blameless life; afterwards, when I had fallen into grievous sin, those whom I had injured were kind to me. It is the blessings one does not deserve that are so precious," added Eve timidly, and hid her face, that was blushing like a girl's, behind her husband's shoulder. "But these people, who believe everything is getting worse, consider that life gives them much less than their desert; even their poets, one of them especially, who was once full of marvellous hope, seem to think that, unless men can retain in their grasp forever the delights and affections that they prize, it would have been far better never to have possessed them." "And do the poets say this?" cried Adam, in astonishment. "Why, we two were in Paradise scarcely a twelvemonth, and yet —" Eve softly laid her hands on her husband's lips, and, turning to the stranger, contin-

ued: "There is a little bit of Paradise still in every human life, and its duration is probably as long as that enjoyed by the first two dwellers upon earth. We are old people, and our children are dead; I do not think I shall ever see my little ones again; by-and-by one of us will be left alone; but we shall remember till we die; perchance the unhappy people of whom you are speaking have never made any memories?" "Either they have been happy once, and lost the secret of living over again their happy days, or they care nothing at all about the past, and hold that every moment should contain its special little portion of felicity, as a dewdrop its spark of light." "If they have lost the secret of hoarding the hours," rejoined Eve, very gravely, "they may well wish they had never been born."

After this, nothing was said; over ill news old people brood; they do not get excited, or change color, but they wake in the night and turn over all they have heard, and repeat it to one another for many days, like a piece they would get by heart. I felt that this would happen, when I left them, as I did, abruptly; for I had divined their secret, and, though I am but a careless young fellow, I had no mind to witness the affliction of the worthy old couple, whom in some sort I regarded as my grandparents. I have never visited them again, and I shall tell no man the way to their cottage. They will live in my memory as I left them — simple, majestic figures, their faces full of astonishment and pain. I think of them frequently after a hard business day, or an evening spent in fashionable society. And my one hope with regard to them is that I may live to be old enough to see men desire the simplicity they have never lost. Can it be that, in obscurity as great as that which hides them from the eye of a busy world, the young and ardent are planning the conditions of a life that shall be as blessed in desire and fruition as that of the two young lovers, who, after the shedding of a few "natural tears" at the loss of their early illusions, accepted their lot, endured its hardships, shared its joys, and, redeemed by patience and hope from its degradation, find the ample years of age all too few to recount the consolations of memory?

MICHAEL FIELD.

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Fifth Series, }
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CONTENTS.

I. ROBERT SOUTHEY, ...	<i>National Review,</i>	643
II. A SECRET INHERITANCE. By B. L. Farjeon. Part V., ...	<i>English Illustrated Magazine,</i>	649
III. ABOUT FICTION. By H. Rider Haggard, ...	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	661
IV. RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN. Part III., ...	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	666
V. THE EVANGELICAL REVIVAL OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, ...	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	673
VI. WIT AND WITS, ...	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	680
VII. THE DOCTOR: AN OLD VIRGINIA FOX-HUNTER, ...	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	684
VIII. THE DEAD CITIES OF BELGIUM, ...	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	694
IX. AN OBSCURE ARCHIPELAGO, ...	<i>Leisure Hour,</i>	700

POETRY.

FEBRUARY FILLDYKE, ...	642	THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE, ...	642
"THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS," LATINE REDDITUM, ...	642	ROSES, ...	642

MISCELLANY, ...	704
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FEBRUARY FILLDYKE.

I.

FEBRUARY Filldyke! Fill
 All the ditches brown and still;
 Rouse the winter's failing hours
 With the passionate pulse of showers,
 Till root, and turf, and clod lie curl'd
 In a dim, dark water-world;
 Change to waves the icy floe,
 Breathe upon the vanishing snow;
 Gorge the culvert, swell the moat,
 Where the weeds at anchor float;
 Prompt with art surpassing words
 All the loves of all the birds;
 Break the frost upon the hill,
 February Filldyke! Fill!

II.

Bring the children of the rain
 And the sunshine here again;
 Bring the flowers that speak of spring,
 And the budding hedgerows bring;
 Roll the leaden mists away
 Into clouds of tender grey, —
 Grey, with rifts of blue between;
 Clothe the desolate marsh with green,
 Where the faint air comes and goes
 'Twixt the dull sad alder-rows,
 And the winter, waste and wan,
 Chills the light it looks upon;
 Flush the river and the rill,
 February Filldyke! Fill!

III.

Loosen all our icy chains
 By thy soft persuasive rains;
 Blow the great clouds in from sea,
 Flood the lowlands and the lea;
 That the boisterous March may find
 Matter for his shaping mind.
 Tempt the violets one by one;
 Lift the crocus to the sun;
 Draw with brush of vaporous light,
 Iris bows from height to height;
 Teach us all thy gentler ways
 In the truce of sunlit days
 Sign'd with fingers moist and chill,
 February Filldyke! Fill!

Temple Bar.

EDMUND OLLIER.

"THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS,"
 LATINE REDDITUM.

REX, Rex amoris, ut Pastoris
 Consiliis est me recturus:
 Sim Tuus, Deus: adsis meus:
 In ævum non sum periturus.

Quâ lymphæ rivi fluunt vivi,
 Me secum ducit, liberatum:
 Et quâ per prata virent sata,
 De cælo confert cibum gratum.

Me, jam vagantem, jam peccantem,
 Amore tamen me quærebat:
 Et lene stringens, manu cingens,
 Quam lætus! domum referebat.

Cum, Mortis valle, vagor calle,
 Impavidus, Te sequar ducem:
 Sceptro confidens, Teque videns,
 Prospiciam æternam Crucem.

Mihi parabis mensam: dabis
 Divinam Tuam unctionem:
 Sit Calix pura effusura
 Supernam benedictionem!

Sic, sic per vias, semper fias,
 O Deus! Pastor bonus, gratus:
 Sic, sic per vitam infinitam
 Ad laudes Tuas sim paratus!

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. P. M.

THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

THE violet invited my kiss,
 I kiss'd it and called it my bride;
 "Was ever one slighted like this?"
 Sighed the rose, as it stood by my side.

My heart ever open to grief,
 To comfort the fair one I turned;
 "Of fickle ones thou art the chief!"
 Frown'd the violet, and pouted and mourned.

Then, to end all disputes, I entwined
 The love-stricken blossoms in one;
 But that instant their beauty declined,
 And I wept for the deed I had done.

JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

ROSES.

LET me lie where the roses grow,
 Let them their fresh green branches throw
 Around my mound in the grass,
 Let them lift, in their fullest glow,
 Their faces high to laugh and show
 A welcome to those who pass.

But let no sound by me be heard:
 Babble of stream, or song of bird,
 Be stilled in the calm earth's breast.
 In the quiet gloom let me lie,
 Where the tired ear and weary eye
 May take their well-earned rest.

The day is gone, so long and drear:
 Sweet it is to be resting here,
 In the long and silent night.
 For fear and grief away are swept:
 Bitter tears are no longer wept,
 While I wait for endless light.

Light to reveal the cherished dead
 In lands from which all ills have fled,
 And the ruins which death has made.
 Lands which never shall hear a sigh,
 In which nothing but death shall die,
 And the roses never fade.

Temple Bar.

From *The National Review*.
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THERE are some names in literature which the lover of books never mentions without affection or reverence. They recall to him gifts of wisdom or of poetic beauty, that have permanently enriched his life; they are the names of his best friends, the choice companions of solitary hours, whose presence is alike acceptable in times of joy and sorrow.

No one has described the invigorating and soothing power of books more happily than Southey; and, with two or three exceptions, there is, perhaps, no man of letters of this century whose name is worthier of honor. Yet the reader who acknowledges this allegiance may confess at the same time that a measured feeling of admiration is the utmost he can give to Southey's poetry. His epics are not among the books he reads upon sleepless nights; neither will he take them with him on a voyage, as Southey took "Gebir." Open any copy you may find of "Madoc," "Thalaba," or "Roderick," and it will probably be as clean and fresh as the books of Leviticus and Chronicles in an otherwise well-thumbed Bible. The poet writes with the utmost purity of style, with great fertility of invention, with an elevation of tone worthy of a man who honors the art he practises, and with a frequent picturesqueness of detail which wins acknowledgment from the most exacting critic. His vast stores of knowledge are poured forth abundantly; but what he wants, or seems to want, is that incommunicable and divine gift which separates the inspired poet from the consummate artificer in verse.

Poetry made Southey happy, and he thought that it would make him immortal. The happiness was enjoyed to the full, but the ten volumes of his verse have not as yet received the recognition which their author anticipated. We are interested in learning that William Taylor, of Norwich, called "Madoc" the best English poem that had left the press since "Paradise Lost;" that Walter Scott read it through four times; that it kept Fox up until after midnight; that Landor said of "Roderick," "There is no poem in existence that I shall

read so often;" and that even Byron pronounced it "the first poem of the time." And in our day we hear with curiosity how Dean Stanley upheld against all comers the poetical merits of "Thalaba" and "Kehama." People read these criticisms and opinions, but they do not read the poems; and, as a poet, Southey is chiefly known to the present generation by his fantastic ballads and by a few personal lyrics which, like the "The Holly Tree" and the stanzas written in his library, touch all hearts.

That Southey fails in our own day to win the public ear may not be wholly due to a deficiency of poetical inspiration. It was not altogether owing to that cause, if we may judge from much of the verse then popular, that he failed during his lifetime to gain fame and wealth from his poetry. His sober method in such poems as "Madoc" and "Roderick" was not suited to the taste of an age that craved for rambling stories in verse, and gushed over "Lalla Rookh" and the "Loves of the Angels." In the first quarter of this century—a period which, if we except the Shakespearian era, is unsurpassed in our literature for wealth of poetical creation—neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth, Shelley or Keats, gained the popularity that puts money in the purse. Scott—whose success no one grudges, for he was great all round, and as good as he was great—knew perfectly well that "The Lady of the Lake"—his most successful though by no means his finest poem—was immeasurably inferior to the noblest productions of Wordsworth or of Coleridge. True poet though he was in his own vein, he could not, in verse at least, rise to their level. Yet Scott, and even Moore, reaped a golden harvest while Wordsworth was complaining that poetry did not yield him enough to pay for his shoe-leather, and Southey that it was "the worst article in the market." How popular Byron became is a story too familiar to be repeated; but the student of English poetry has long ago discovered that Byron's fame during his lifetime was not chiefly due to the intrinsically poetical qualities of his verse.

In the last year of the last century ap-

peared Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." "The Pleasures of Memory," published about seven years previously, had already passed through ten editions, and from Rogers the young Scottish poet seems to have caught his inspiration. It made him famous at once; yet it is difficult to say what attraction readers found in a poem full of inaccuracies and platitudes, and in which, as Hazlitt wittily says, "the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry." Campbell's youthful success, however, affords a striking illustration of the obvious fact that in "the realms of gold" immediate popularity is no proof of sterling worth. That he has secured a permanent place in literature is due to his noble gift as a lyric poet. His inspiring battle-pieces have in them the true ring, and just as Campbell was wont to shout out Scott's fine ballad of Cadyow Castle on the North Bridge at Edinburgh until, as he said, the whole fraternity of coachmen knew him by his voice, so will many a man recall the youthful enthusiasm and impetuosity with which he recited in his walks such poems as "The Battle of the Baltic" and "Ye Mariners of England." Yet the fact remains that Campbell's extraordinary reputation at the outset of his career was due to a poem that is comparatively worthless.

Time is the one trustworthy critic whose verdict is unimpeachable, and the way time has treated a number of poets who flourished between the years 1800 and 1825, might almost lead us to accept the judgment of Mr. Bagehot that "the pursuit of fame seems more absurd and trifling than most pursuits." Yet it is not unreasonable that fame should be dear to the poet, although not the main object he pursues. The true poet sings because he must, and is moved less by ambition than by delight. The joy of his art was felt to the full by Southey, who said in his younger days that he would rather leave off eating than poetizing. Even in those days of passionate enthusiasm there was a mechanical regularity in his verse-making which belies the common theory of inspiration. The clerkly virtue of punctuality is not one with which the Muse is credited; and a poet cannot make de-

mands upon her at specified hours as he can upon his cook, with the certainty of a response. In later life, as all the world knows, Southey wrote a good deal of rubbish, for he was poet laureate at a time when court poetry was required by the yard. It is a pity that, having done its work, the greater portion of this verse cannot be buried with the royal personages whom it praised.

In middle age Southey came to the conviction that his name was likely to live chiefly as a prose-writer. Unfortunately, his best years and energies were largely consumed upon labor which, however admirable of its kind, must be regarded as ephemeral. As he said himself, he had many mouths to feed, and all from an inkstand. Like Dr. Johnson, therefore, and in a spirit that "makes the action fine," he did a quantity of what is called hack-work. Such work is not more of a disgrace to an author than it is to a physician to prescribe in simple cases that need no skill, or to a celebrated barrister to take briefs which would not test the ability of the youngest member of the bar. The man who chooses a profession must live by it, and it is surely as pleasant and honorable to live by *Quarterly Review* articles as by the sale of ostrich-feathers or of mineral waters.

He regretted, of course, the want of full leisure to complete the great "History of Portugal" which he fondly hoped would put the coping-stone to his fame, and he anticipated that future ages would honor him as the historian of Brazil. I suspect he was mistaken in both cases, and it is quite possible that the work which Southey left in MS. and incomplete would share, though the theme is a noble one, the neglect and oblivion of the three quarto volumes that form the "History of Brazil." Sad to say also, his "History of the Peninsular War" is so completely superseded by Napier's that no publisher ventures to produce a new edition of a work which was the fruit of unwearied research, and for style has won the high applause of critics from Coleridge to Mr. John Morley. With all his literary sagacity, and he had it in large measure, Southey was unfortunate in the choice of popular

subjects. He believed that whatever interested him would also interest the public, and his greatest success, the "Life of Nelson," may be said to have been achieved by accident, as it grew out of an article in the *Quarterly*. Biography is Southey's forte; on this ground he is a master, and there is a virility and charm about such books as the lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper which, for many a day to come, should keep their reputation fresh. Professor Dowden, whose estimate of the poet is too well appreciated to need my praise, is not, I think, quite happy in the remark that there is no style fitter for continuous narrative than the pedestrian style of Southey. Although the context shows that this is not Mr. Dowden's meaning, a pedestrian style implies a steady, uniform, and unmodulated style, by the help of which a writer jogs along the foot-path way safely and surely, with no risk of stumbling, but also with no capacity of rising with his theme. This is not the characteristic of Southey's style, which is at once sinewy and flexible, easy and melodious, a style in marked contrast to that in vogue among popular writers of the age—to the alliterative rhetoric of Macaulay and to the richer, but frequently grotesque, composition of Carlyle. Southey, like Dryden, is one of the manliest of writers. He is totally devoid of affectation; he has no mannerism, and expresses himself simply because he thinks clearly. It has been well said that the inner temper of a man is reflected in his written prose. You may see in it whether he loves rhetoric more than truth, whether he cares more for himself than for his subject. The poet Gray observed that good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts; and if, as Carlyle said, and as Mr. Froude maintains, style is not like a coat that can be put off, but like the skin, an essential part of the living organization, then does the harmonious, idiomatic style of Southey indicate a nature unaffected, well-balanced, and serene. In his case Boileau's saying, *Le style c'est l'homme*, may be accepted without reserve.

So thoroughly, indeed, did he understand the art of good writing, that it would

be more accurate to say he did not consider it an art at all. "There may be secrets in painting," he wrote to Allan Cunningham, "but there are none in style. When I have been asked the foolish question what a young man should do who wishes to acquire a good style, my answer has been that he should never think about it, but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself." Again, to a friend he said, "People talk of my style! I have only endeavored to write plain English, and to put my thoughts into language which every one can understand."

It is needless, however, to remark that clearness of expression, though invaluable in style, is not the secret of its success. Something depends upon the ear, as Southey elsewhere admits, and more upon the fulness and richness of an author's mind—upon his sincerity of purpose and upon his perception of the niceties of language. Southey wrote from a full mind; it does not follow that "plain English" would be of service to an empty one. His prose writings, no doubt, exhibit the weakness, as well as strength, of his nature. He acknowledged that he could not stand severe thought. There are subjects about which he knew little and wrote feebly; there are opinions scattered through his volumes at which we are forced to smile. When he prophesies he fails, just as Cobden fails, and as Mr. Bright fails; and when he touches on spiritual experiences that arouse no corresponding emotion in his own heart, there is an evident want of sympathy and breadth. Few more delightful books exist in the language, and none more honest, than his "Life of Wesley." This "darling book," the favorite of his library, was more often in his hands, Coleridge wrote, than any other, and he added that it would not be uninteresting to the author to know that to this work, and to the "Life of Baxter," he was used to resort whenever sickness or languor made him feel the want of an old friend. But Coleridge was keenly alive to the biographer's inability to distinguish, in the great religious movement of the eighteenth century, between what was unques-

tionable fanaticism, and what, however mysterious, had the warrant of apostolic teaching. In his admirable narrative, Southey is, therefore, occasionally an uncertain guide, and his judgment fails to lessen — sometimes, indeed, it increases — the difficulties raised by his facts. But the reader, whether dissenting from the writer's opinions or not, feels, and rightly, an unhesitating confidence in the truthfulness of his statements. He is ever the most faithful of biographers.

Probably the book that gave its author the greatest pleasure was "The Doctor," that medley of grotesque fancies and out-of-the-way learning, of boyish humor and of the serene wisdom of age. It was the play-book of leisure hours, with which he amused himself more than he amuses his readers. Most of them, I think, find it irritating, and no one, probably, has the courage to read it steadily from end to end. "The Doctor," says Caroline Bowles, "makes me laugh and cry, pleased, and provoked, and out of all patience, in a breath" — a friendly criticism, and, on the whole, perhaps, a just one, of a book which Henry Nelson Coleridge considered "singularly thoughtful and diverting."

No English man of letters, save Dr. Johnson, has done so much to give dignity to the profession of literature as Southey, and I do not think there is a word in Coleridge's magnificent eulogium of his friend to which exception can be taken. His devotion to literature was the noblest of dedications, adopted without rashness, for he knew his strength, and pursued with unfaltering consistency and courage. And he had his reward. "Excepting that peace," he wrote, "which through God's infinite mercy is derived from a higher source, it is to literature, humanly speaking, that I am beholden, not only for the means of subsistence, but for every blessing which I enjoy; health of mind and activity of mind, contentment, cheerfulness, continual employment, and, therefore, continual pleasure." And while describing himself as one of the lightest-hearted men on the face of the wide world, he adds that if Gifford (then presiding over the *Quarterly*) could "see him by his fireside, he would see a man working hard and getting little — a bare maintenance, and hardly that — writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressive in learning; not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy."

After all, the attraction many of us feel for Southey is caused less by his genius

as a writer than by his personal character; and his life will be found more worthy of study than the finest of his works. The materials that exist for a thorough acquaintance with him are abundant; but in order to know and estimate Southey, all other sources of information are of small account in comparison with his own letters. I do not know whether to wonder most at their quantity or quality. It was, perhaps, inevitable, that whatever he wrote should be well written, but how he found time for such a persistent course of letter-writing is a marvel. "A letter," he said, "is like a fresh billet of wood upon the fire, which if it be not needed for immediate warmth, is always agreeable for its exhilarating effects. I, who spend so many hours alone, love to pass a portion of them in conversing thus with those whom I love."

It must have been a goodly portion, and in these letters the heart of the man is revealed. We see in them his well-nigh unrivalled energy in pursuit of knowledge; the delight in books which caused him, though a poor man, to accumulate a library of fourteen thousand volumes; a playful buoyancy of spirit, mingled with a pathetic melancholy, that led him to write of himself as old before he was fifty; a dislike of London as strong as the affection of Johnson and of Lamb for the mighty city; a sombre view of political affairs which, if not always reasonable, was invariably sincere; a generous appreciation of other poets and authors — no one, for instance, has written of Wordsworth with warmer praise — and a noble enthusiasm of friendship for which no sacrifice was too great, and which no absence or change could weaken. And more than this may be read in the copious utterances of Southey's correspondence, for we gain from it a bright picture of the domestic happiness in his mountain home at Keswick that made it, through many long and toilsome years, a scene of unclouded delight. Writing of the glorious scenery around him, he said he did not talk much about it, but added, "These lakes and mountains give me a deep joy for which I suspect nothing elsewhere can compensate." In the large room on the first floor of Greta Hall, surrounded on all sides by books, "the harvest of many generations," the work of his life was done; and when he went to the window there was "the lake and the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky."

No student could be more unlike the popular notion of the mere bookworm and

literary drudge than Southey. With a head on his shoulders that was the envy of Byron, and "the most spirited countenance that ever human form was graced with;" tall, firmly knit, and blessed with sound health and great muscular strength, in physique as in character, manliness was his most striking characteristic. But this manliness was combined with a susceptibility and tenderness that tried his strong heart to the uttermost. If he was the happiest of men, he was also the most sensitive, a singularity which struck Carlyle, who, on seeing him in his old age, wondered how, with such a nervous system, he had not been torn to pieces long since. "He must have somewhere," he wrote, "a great deal of methodic virtue in him; I suppose, too, his heart is thoroughly honest, which helps considerably." It was methodic virtue of an uncommon order, it was an honesty of heart rarely to be met with, that bound Southey's days together in natural piety. Although never until old age a year in advance of his liabilities, he contracted no debt he could not pay, and took voluntary burdens on his shoulders that would have crushed a weaker man. His lavish generosity was not due to impulse; it was a part of his life, and exhibited at every stage of it. To help a relative or friend or a deserving person who was neither, he would give money with the utmost cheerfulness, and time also, which was more valuable still; and as we read how ready he was at all times to accept fresh burdens of charity, how magnanimous he was, and how affectionate, we are not surprised that Sara Coleridge, who lived all her maiden life under his roof, should have said that, while indebted chiefly to Wordsworth in matters of intellect, "in those which concerned the heart and the moral being," she was more deeply indebted to the character and daily conduct of her uncle Southey. Yet there are moments, and one of them may be after reading his letters to Shelley, when the reader is disposed to think the laureate too faultless, and that he would have sympathized more with the elder brother in the parable than with the prodigal son.

Very noteworthy, in a retired student like Southey, was his capacity, to which I have alluded already, for making friends and keeping them. The friends of his youth were the friends of his old age, and Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and Walter Scott not only honored the author but loved the man. Landor, too, clung to Southey with the passionate ardor of his

nature, and, impulsive though he was, never faltered in his affection. "To be deprived of reading your works," he wrote from Como, "and of seeing you for so many years, is infinitely the greatest loss I sustain in losing my country." And in a letter at once nobly frank and sympathetic, written when Southey was in trouble, and had been long silent, he says, in language which from another pen would sound like exaggeration: "Believe me, Southey—and of all men living I will be the very last to deceive and flatter you—I have never one moment ceased to love and revere you as the most amiable and best of mortals, and your fame has always been as precious to me as it could ever be to yourself." What a wealth of fellowship was here! but, strange to say, this affectionate intimacy with the choicest intellects of his age is regarded by a living writer as evidence that Southey, like Davenant, with whom he is compared, sheltered himself "so snugly under the friendship of great men, that to this day criticism shrinks from dragging him forth into the glare of noon." Having the wit, we are told, to see, in 1800, that Wordsworth and Coleridge would reign over English poetry in 1830, "he came over to their camp with equal frankness and adroitness," and "imposed himself upon his own generation by the force of his character, by the abundance of his writings, and by the tact with which he attached himself to that party which was destined to popularity in the immediate future."*

The imputation, it will be seen, is a slur upon Southey's character. He was not only "no poet in the true sense," but an impostor, who traded on the friendship of distinguished authors. It is difficult to reply to a charge, in my judgment, so utterly without foundation; and had it come from a nameless writer, readers who know Southey would probably laugh for one moment at the perversity of the statement, and forget it the next. But literature is not without a debt to the editor of *Gray*, and Mr. Gosse is usually so sympathetic a critic, that when he makes an assertion such as this, it cannot be passed over without notice.

The statement that Southey's verse secured to the author, as Davenant's verse had previously secured to him, a large audience "recruited even from the literary class itself," need not be contested, but to Mr. Gosse's assertion that, for the mo-

* From *Shakespeare to Pope*, by Edmund Gosse, pp. 155-159.

ment, "Thalaba" and the "Curse of Kehama" impressed the majority of readers, I reply that there is no proof of this success in the circulation of those poems. Unfortunately for Southey's pocket, it was quite otherwise, and, while some of his contemporaries reaped thousands at their poetical harvest, he did not, except in one instance, gain hundreds. This is not all. Southey's literary independence and disregard of contemporary praise or blame is a prominent feature of his character, and the assertion that he contrived to shelter himself snugly under the friendship of others is, I venture to assert, wholly without foundation. The high estimate of his own powers, to which Mr. Gosse alludes, is a trait inconsistent with such conduct, but the strongest refutation of a charge which, were it true, would make Southey contemptible, will be found in the whole story of his life as unfolded in his letters.*

Southey, as every one knows, in his estimate of public affairs belonged to the minority. He had no faith in "self-government by count of heads;" he did not believe that change was necessarily progress, nor that revolution was reform. Like most of us, he had his prejudices, and expressed them sometimes in unguarded language. One of the most brilliant and popular of modern writers has expressed his opinion that, as a politician, Southey lacked judgment, and critics have been content to take Macaulay's word for it. They could not choose a worse authority. I do not say that the famous essayist of the *Edinburgh Review* was wilfully unfair, but he was unable to forget that Southey belonged to the opposite camp, and had been for years the ablest writer for the *Quarterly*. The opinion that Southey's poems stand far higher than his prose works is one which Macaulay is probably singular in holding; but his adverse estimate of several of the laureate's political statements may, perhaps, be justified. At the same time the general impression he tries to convey of Southey is marked by the exaggeration which so often stultifies his criticism. In the anxiety to be brilliant, truth is too frequently sacrificed to antithesis.

It may be admitted that, in some respects, Southey was a Tory of the old school. He objected to Catholic emanci-

pation, and to Parliamentary reform, and according to the principal journal of the period, showed his lack of judgment by saying that reform would lead to a new disposal of Church property, and to the spoliation of the Irish Church. He thought as, by a curious turn of the tables, Radicals think now, that the diseases of society can be remedied by State interference. Like Mr. Ruskin, his views on social questions were not those of the political economist; and it must be admitted that he held objections to some branches of science, as unreasonable as the poet Cowper's contempt for geology. On the other hand, Southey was in many respects a reformer in advance of his age. He favored national education; he wrote, in the early years of the century, against the absurd injustice of the laws of copyright; he was one of the first advocates for the establishment of Protestant Sisters of Mercy, and for a better order of hospital nurses; he joined Lord Ashley in his efforts to remove the abuses of the factory system, and to protect children; he objected to the needless severity of the criminal laws; he advocated a well-organized system of emigration, as well as the most liberal treatment of the colonies. Other instances of his ardor in the cause of social reform are recorded by Southey's son, who adds, and I think rightly, that his father was one of the chief pioneers of most of the great improvements taking place in our time.

Lord Macaulay — who, by the admission of his nephew, was a "determined and fiery partisan" — writes of Southey's intolerance and bitterness towards opponents; and Hazlitt, of all men! has echoed the same opinion. It is not necessary to defend him in this respect. He had strong feelings, and no doubt expressed them with a vehemence not always justifiable. But it was enough for him to meet an opponent to forget all points of difference, and in his heart of hearts he was among the most charitable of men. "Political questions," he wrote to Sir Henry Taylor, "will never excite any difference between us in the slightest degree. I have lived all my life in the nearest and dearest intimacy with persons who were most opposed to me in such things;" and to another correspondent he says: "I have an instinctive horror of bigotry. When Dissenters talk of the Establishment, they make me feel like a High Churchman; and when I get among High Churchmen I am ready to take refuge in Dissent."

His happiest hours were spent with the

* The correspondence fills many volumes, and is necessarily of very unequal value. I hope, before long, by the help of it, to present such a portrait of Southey from his own pen as may lead the readers of our day to give the honor he deserves to an English worthy whom the present generation seems to have forgotten.

great spirits in his library in a communion free from the discord of controversy. Some of his friends, especially Wordsworth, who had no bookish feeling about him, thought that Southey's love of books made him indifferent to other things. No doubt it was his tendency to live most joyously in his library — just as it was Wordsworth's tendency, although he could read a poem now and then which he had not written, to disregard all books save his own volumes; and it must be admitted that as life advanced, and the evening shadows fell upon him, he clung more than ever to his favorite authors. "Books," he wrote to Caroline Bowles, "are all but everything to me. I live with them and by them, and might almost say for them and in them." This was in 1830, when, to use Mr. Dowden's fine expression, he was "stepping downwards from the heights of life;" but the correspondence with Miss Bowles is itself sufficient to show that a growing passion for books neither lessened the warmth of his friendship nor his readiness to do good to others.

Looking over what I have written, I feel how impossible it is to represent the finest features of Southey's character in a sketch so slight and shadowy. Forty-three years have gone by since he was laid to rest in Crosthwaite churchyard, and, familiar though the name still is, the man is passing from remembrance. One of the poets of a younger generation, who knew him best and loved him most, died recently, ripe in years and honor, and, apart from Southey's son, there are now few men living who can speak of him with the affection of personal friends. Sir Henry Taylor, in a passage that has been often quoted, has expressed his conviction that, while there were greater poets in his generation and men of a deeper philosophic faculty, yet that for genial piety, moral strength, the magnitude and variety of his powers, the field he covered in literature, and the beauty of his life, it may be said of Southey "justly, and with no straining of the truth, that of all his contemporaries he was the greatest man."

It may be so, but comparisons are rarely satisfactory, and are always likely to provoke opposition. This, however, can be said, without any feeling of hesitation, that the more intimate we grow with Southey's daily life, the deeper is our admiration of its consistency and heroism. And this life of unflinching fealty to duty was pre-eminently a happy life. All his deepest affections were centred in his

home, and, while the home circle remained unbroken, to live laborious days was no pressure on his buoyant spirit. And his mirthfulness was not owing to that want of reflection which leads a man to be satisfied with the sunshine of the hour. He looked death in the face and did not fear him, believing in the "shall be hereafter." "I do not know," he writes, "that person who is happier than myself and who has more reason to be happy, and never was man more habitually cheerful; but this belief is the root which gives life to all and holds all fast." Life, said Pope, when the first heats are over, is all down hill. It was not altogether so with Southey, but, as the days went on, domestic sorrow tried his affectionate nature to the uttermost, and three years before he died silence and darkness covered that large heart and eager intellect. Could it have been with a poet's prescience of coming evil that Landor sent to his friend the well-remembered lines which are among the most touching he ever wrote? —

The dance of youth, O Southey, runs not round,
But closes at the bottom of the room
Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,
Where the weary sit them down,
And Beauty too unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown.

We hurry to the river we must cross,
And swifter downward every footstep wends;
Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss
Of half their faculties and half their friends.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
A SECRET INHERITANCE.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I TRAVELLED for many months alone. I made acquaintances which never ripened into friendships, and seldom did twenty-four hours pass without my thoughts wandering to Silvain. Thinking it not unlikely that one or both of the brothers had returned to their home in Germany, I wrote several letters to them there, without receiving an answer. This portentous silence increased rather than diminished my interest in the man I loved as a brother. In speaking of him in these terms I am but giving faithful expression to the feelings I entertained for him; up to that time I had never met a human being, man or woman, who had so entirely won my affectionate regard.

"Family circumstances rendered me more than ever my own master; I was free to go whithersoever my inclination led me, and certainly my inclination pointed clearly to that part of the world where I should be most likely to find my dear friend. But I had no clue to guide me; to turn east, west, north, or south, in search of him would have been a haphazard proceeding, and to hope for success in so unintelligent a search would have been the hope of a madman. My anxiety with respect to the fate of Silvain and Kristel never deserted me, but it was many years before I was enabled to take up the links in the chain.

"During those years a great and happy change occurred in my own life. I interrupt the course of my narrative here to remark that it is singular I should be relating this history fully, for the first time, within a comparatively short distance of places in which the most pregnant—and indeed terrible—incidents in the career of the twin brothers were brought to my knowledge. My wife is acquainted with some portions of this history, but not with all. The lighthouse in which Avicia was born is within a hundred miles of this spot. Indirectly it led me to the acquaintance of the lady who became my wife, and to as great a happiness as any man can hope to enjoy.

"Nerac is not my birthplace, and it was in passing through the lovely village on one of my visits to the village by the sea—visits made in the vain hope of obtaining intelligence of Silvain—that I was introduced to her. I pass over the records of a time which lives in my remembrance as a heavenly summer. Happy is the man who has enjoyed such a season. Happier is the man to whom such a season is the harbinger of such home joys as have fallen to my lot.

"When I first made the acquaintance of my wife, and for some years afterwards, her parents were alive, and I saw that it would be cruel to ask her to leave them. I did not put her love to such a test. I settled in Nerac, and married there.

"It is a solemnly strange reflection by what chance threads we are led to our destiny—a destiny which may be one of honor or shame, and which may bring a blessing or a curse into the lives of others whom, but for the most accidental circumstance, we should never have seen. The doctrine of responsibility is but little understood. Thus, had it not been for my chance meeting with Silvain in London, I should never have known my wife, and it

seems to me impossible that I should have been a happy or a good man without her. Such women as she keep men pure.

"Midway between Nerac and the village by the sea to which Kristel led his brother in his pursuit of the girl who was to bring them to their doom lies a forest of great extent, and it was in this forest, after a lapse of four years, that I came once more into association with Silvain and Avicia. I was called in that direction upon important business; at that period of my life I was an ardent pedestrian, and if the opportunity offered, was glad to make my way on foot, without respect to distance. I may whisper to you that I was in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise because I was afraid of growing fat.

"I was unacquainted with the locality, and I took a short cut, which proved a long one. When darkness fell I found myself entrapped in the forest amidst a wilderness of trees. Never shall I forget the night and the day that followed. It was such a night as that upon which you, my friend, were lying helpless in the woods near Nerac. Not relishing the idea of passing a number of lonely hours in such a place and under such circumstances, I made a vigorous effort to escape from the gloomy labyrinth. I did not succeed, and it was one o'clock in the morning by my watch before I made up my mind like a sensible person to rest till daylight. So I sat me down upon the trunk of a tree, and made the best of matters. Fatigued with my exertions I dozed for a few moments, then started up with a vague feeling of alarm, for which there was no cause, then dozed again and again, with repetitions of similar uneasiness; and finally I fell fast asleep.

"It was full daylight when I awoke. I arose refreshed, and gazed around with smiles and a light heart, despite that I was hungry and that there was no water in sight. I had no doubt that I should soon find myself in some place where I could obtain food. Resolving upon my course I set forward in the direction of rising ground, from the summit of which I should be able to overlook the country. In one part of the forest I was traversing the trees were very thickly clustered, and it was here I chanced upon the forms of a man and a woman lying on the ground asleep. The circumstance was strange, and I leant over the sleeping persons to see their faces. I could scarcely repress a cry of astonishment at the discovery that the man was Silvain and the woman

Avicia. It was from an impulsive desire not to disturb them that I uttered no sound, for truly their appearance was such as to excite my deep compassion.

"Avicia's head was pillowed upon Silvain's right arm, and his left hand was clasped in hers. In complete ignorance of what had brought them to this miserable position, there was, to my mind, in this close clasping of his hand in hers, a kind of protection, as though she were making an instinctive effort to shield him from a hidden danger. The faces of both were wan with suffering, and their clothes were poor and ragged. I trembled to think that they might be in want of food.

"As I gazed in pity and apprehension Silvain moved. A spasm of fear passed across his face, and he exclaimed in terror, 'Avicia! Avicia! He is coming nearer — nearer! We must fly!'

"Before the words were uttered she was awake and on her feet. She saw me without recognizing me, and she sank to the ground again, with a piercing scream which curdled through my veins, so much of fear and terror did it express. Dazed, and not yet fully awakened, Silvain threw himself before her in an attitude of protection.

"'Silvain!' I cried; 'do you not know me?'

"He looked up with a shudder, and passed his hand across his eyes. It was like the look of an intelligent animal who is being hunted to his death. But a softer expression came slowly into them as he gazed upon me and saw that it was a friend and not an enemy who stood before him. I spoke no further word at the moment, for the tears were running down his haggard face; his overcharged heart had found relief, and I turned from him.

"Presently I felt his hand upon my arm.

"'It is really you?' he said in a broken voice.

"'No doubt of that, Silvain,' I said in a cheerful tone, purposely assumed to put him at his ease, 'unless life is a delusion.'

"'Would it were!' he muttered, 'would it were!' And then, suspiciously, 'Did you come to seek me?'

"'No, Silvain; it is pure accident, if there be such a thing as accident.'

"'There is not,' he said; 'all is ordained.'

"'One of our old arguments, Silvain,' I said, still with a cheerful air; I would not humor his gloomy mood.

"'Do not mock me;' and he spread his hands, with upturned palms. 'Can you not see?'

"'I can see that you are in bad trim, which can easily be set right. Silvain,' I said reproachfully, 'this is not as we used to meet. I come to you with open arms, and you receive me with doubt and suspicion. Are we not, as we always were and always shall be, friends staunch and true? You are the same Silvain; I am the same Louis; unchanged, as you will find me if you care to prove me.'

"Avicia had risen and crept close to my side.

"'Friends staunch and true,' she said, echoing my words. 'You are not mocking him?'

"'Indeed, no.'

"'Then give us food,' she said.

"At this appeal I felt my pretended cheerfulness deserting me, but I caught the would-be runaway, and held it fast.

"'Food!' I exclaimed, rattling some money in my pocket. 'Would that I knew where to obtain it! Here am I, starving, lost in the woods last night, and with not an idea now how to get out of them. Can you show me the way?'

"'Yes,' she replied eagerly.

"'Then I am fortunate, indeed, in lighting on you, and I bless the chance. Ah, Silvain, how I searched for you! To leave me, without ever a word — I would not have believed it of you. It was as though you doubted my friendship, which,' I added, 'is as sincere at this moment as ever it was in the years gone by.' Here there was a little choking in my throat because of the tears which again flowed from his eyes. 'I went to the village three times to get news of you, and had to come away unsatisfied. I wrote to your home in Germany, and received no reply. We have much to tell each other. But I am forgetting. You are faint and weary, and so am I. Can you take us to an inn where we can put some cheerful life into our bodies?'

"I addressed this last question to Avicia, and she answered yes, and was about to lead the way when Silvain stopped her.

"'Is it on our road?' he asked.

"'Yes,' she answered, 'it is on our road.'

"He motioned to her to proceed, and she stepped forward, Silvain and I walking side by side in the rear. This companionship was of my prompting, for had I not detained him he would have joined Avicia. I was burning with curiosity to learn what had befallen my friend during the last few years, but I restrained myself from asking questions which I felt he was

not in the proper frame of mind at present to answer. Therefore as we walked onwards it was chiefly I who had to beguile the way. I told him all that had passed since we last met, narrated adventures which in former times would have interested him, and spoke freely of my settlement in life and of the happiness of my home. He acknowledged my efforts in monosyllables, but volunteered nothing of himself or Avicia. At the end of about an hour's walk we arrived at a village, in which there was one poor inn, and there we halted. Before we entered Silvain said,—

"A word first. I have been seemingly churlish and ungrateful, but I am not so. My heart is overflowing with thankfulness; presently, perhaps, I may have courage to unbosom myself. You are as you were; life is fair and sweet to you."

"It was only because he paused here that I spoke: 'And will be to you, Silvain.'"

"Never again," he said. "I am followed by a relentless spirit; I have been pursued for years by one who was heart of my heart, soul of my soul, but who now, from feelings of revenge, and as he believes of justice, is my bitter enemy."

"Dare I mention his name to you, Silvain?"

"I will do so. My brother Kristel. It is of him I wish to say a word to you before I partake of your charity."

"Silvain!" I cried, in remonstrance.

"Forgive me. I am tormented because of my condition, because of Avicia's misery. Answer me honestly. Is it really true that you came upon us by chance in the woods?"

"It is really true."

"Kristel did not send you?"

"I have not seen Kristel since you and I last met."

"Nor heard from him?"

"Nor heard from him."

"He took the hand I held out to him, and we followed Avicia into the inn, where, very soon, we were seated at a table with a modest meal before us. The food was poor enough, the wine was thin and common, but we could scarcely have enjoyed a grand banquet more. I speak not alone for myself, but for Silvain and Avicia; it was evident to me that they had not had many full meals lately. Avicia especially ate ravenously, and with a perfect sense of animal enjoyment, and it was only when she had finished that a certain terror, which I had observed in both her and Silvain, again asserted itself.

"Remain here awhile, Avicia," said Silvain, at the end of the meal; 'I wish to speak to our friend alone.'

"Are we safe?" she asked.

"I think so; I hope so. Sleep; it will do you good."

"Thank you, Silvain."

"She was seated on a hard bench, not conducive to repose; nevertheless she closed her eyes, and was almost immediately asleep."

"Poor girl!" said Silvain, with a sigh, 'she has suffered much—and in a few weeks will become a mother.'

"We strolled up and down outside the inn and conversed."

"You have behaved to us with true friendship," he said; 'and yet you can see we are beggars. Are you prospering?'

"I am not rich," I replied, 'but I can spare to a friend.'

"We are making our way to Avicia's home, to the lighthouse upon which I saw her for the first time otherwise than in my dreams. I doubt whether you can turn aside the finger of Fate as I behold it, pointing downwards to a grave, but you can perhaps help us to cheat it for a short time."

"You speak strangely, Silvain; the ominous fears which oppress you may be bred by a disordered fancy."

"In our former intercourse," was his reply, 'was my fancy ever disordered? I advanced nothing that was not afterwards proved; I made no pretence of accounting for the warnings I received; I make none now. I shudder to think of the future, not so much for my own sake as for Avicia's. Helpless, penniless, without a friend—'

"You are forgetting me, Silvain."

"Ah, yes, my friend, as you still declare yourself to be; I cannot but believe you. But Avicia—"

"I am her friend as well as yours."

"For God's sake, do not speak lightly! You do not know to what a pass I am driven."

"You shall enlighten me, and I may be able to counsel you. Do not think I am speaking lightly. As I am your friend, so am I Avicia's. As I will stand by you, so will I stand by her."

"In perfect faith, Louis?"

"It was the first time he had uttered my name, and I held it as a sign that I had dispelled his distrust. I replied, 'In perfect faith, Silvain.'"

"I accept it so. When I am gone, she will not be quite alone in the world. And now, will you give me a little money? I

do not ask you to lend it to me, for I have no expectation of being able to repay you. I will briefly explain the necessity for it. We are bound for the lighthouse; it is our only refuge, and there our child will be born. May it prove a comfort to the mother! We have fifty miles to go, and Avicia is not strong enough to walk —'

"Say no more," I interrupted, 'of the necessity for such a trifle; I can spare you more than sufficient for your purpose.'

"I took from my purse what was requisite for my immediate needs, and pressed the purse with the coins that remained into his hand. He took it in silence, and his emaciated form shook with gratitude."

"You ask no questions about these," he said, pointing to his rags.

"Why should I?" I asked in return. 'But there are one or two points upon which you might satisfy me.'

"I cannot go into my history, Louis. If you will give me your address, I will send it to you before the week is out. Indeed, after your noble promise with respect to Avicia, it is yours by right. It will not only enlighten, it will guide you."

"I will wait for it, and will make an opportunity of seeing you soon after I have read it. The points I wish to mention are these: While you and Avicia were sleeping in the forest, and I stood looking down upon you, you cried, not because of my presence, of which you were ignorant, but because of some disturbing dream, 'He is coming nearer — nearer! We must fly!' To whom did you refer?"

"To my brother Kristel. He is pursuing us."

"To your hurt?"

"To my destruction."

"Then you have seen him."

"I have not seen him. I know it through my dreams, as of old. You could not doubt their truth when we travelled together — ah, those happy days! — you cannot doubt it now."

"Then, what was love between you is turned to hate?" The words escaped me unaware; I repented of them the moment they were spoken.

"Yes," said Silvain, in a tone of deepest sadness, 'what was love between us is turned to hate. Ask me no more questions — in pity!'

"But one, Silvain. Have you any children?"

"None. The babe that Avicia will soon press to her breast will be our first-born."

"To matters upon which I saw he was then unwilling to converse, I made no further reference. He engaged a light cart and horse, and a man to drive them to the village by the sea. Then he woke Avicia, and I said farewell to them, and gazed after them till they were out of sight."

"As he had promised, I received from him before the end of the week a statement of his adventures. It is now among my papers in Nerac, and I remember perfectly all the salient particulars necessary to my story, which is now drawing to a conclusion. I will narrate them in my own way, asking you to recall the day upon which the brothers were last seen in the village by the sea."

CHAPTER XV.

"SILVAIN, Kristel, and Avicia, accompanied by her father, rowed from the lighthouse to the shore. The villagers saw but little of them; they passed out of the village, and Avicia's father returned alone to the lighthouse. Kristel loved Avicia with all the passion of a hot, imperious, and intense nature. He looked upon her as his, and had he suspected that Silvain would have fallen in love with her, it can readily be understood that he would have been the last man to bring them into association with each other. But so it happened."

"When Kristel and Avicia met in the Tyrol, Kristel was buoyed up with hopes that she reciprocated the love she had inspired in his breast. He had some reason for this hope, for at his request, when he asked her to become his wife and said that he could not marry without his father's consent, she had written home to her father with respect to the young gentleman's proposal, thereby leading him to believe that she was ready to accept him. It appeared, however, that there was no real depth in her feelings for him; and, indeed, it may be pardoned her if she supposed that his fervid protestations were prompted by feelings as light and as little genuine as her own. Unsophisticated as she was in the ways of the world, the fact of his making the honorable accomplishment of his love for her dependent upon the fiat of another person could not but have lessened the value of his declarations — more especially when she had not truly given him her heart. It was given to Silvain upon the occasion of their first meeting, and it was not long before they found the opportunity to exchange vows of affection — a circumstance of which I and

every person but themselves were entirely ignorant. But love is cunning.

"It was because of Avicia's fear of her father that this love was kept secret; he held her completely in control, and — first favoring Kristel and then Silvain, playing them against each other, as it were, to his own advantage in the way of gifts — filled her with apprehension.

"*'Looking back,'* Silvain said in his statement to me, *'upon the history of those days of happiness and torture, I can see now that I was wrong in not endeavoring to arrive at a frank understanding with my brother; but indeed I had but one thought— Avicia. As Kristel believed her to be his, so did I believe her to be mine, and the idea of losing her was sufficient to make my life a life of despair. And after all, it was for Avicia to decide. Absorbing as was my love for her, I should have had no choice but to retire and pass my days in misery had she decided in favor of Kristel.'*

"The base conduct of Avicia's father was to a great extent the cause of turning brotherly love to hate. Seeing their infatuation, he bargained with each secretly, saying, in effect, *'What will you give me if I give you my daughter's hand?—for she will not, and cannot, marry without my consent.'*

"And to the other, *'What will you give me?'*

"He bound them to secrecy by a solemn oath, and bound his daughter also in like manner, promising that she should have the one she loved. Silvain was the more liberal of the two, and signed papers, pledging himself to pay to the avaricious father a large sum of money within a certain time after his union with Avicia. So cunningly did the keeper of the lighthouse conduct these base negotiations, that, even on that last day when they all rowed together to the village, neither of the brothers knew that matters were to be brought then and there to an irrevocable end.

"The village by the sea lay behind them some six or eight miles. Then, upon a false pretext, Avicia's father got rid of Kristel, sending him on an errand for Avicia which would render necessary an absence of many hours. That done, he said to Silvain and Avicia, *'Everything is arranged. This day will see you man and wife. Come with me to the priest.'*

"*'But where is Kristel?'* asked Silvain, his heart throbbing with joy. *'Does he not know?'*

"*'Yes, he knows,'* replied Avicia's father, *'but, as you are aware, he had a*

sneaking regard himself for my daughter, and he thought he would feel more comfortable, and you and Avicia too, if he were not present at the ceremony. He bade me give you his blessing.'

"Satisfied with this—being, indeed, naturally only too willing to be satisfied—the marriage ceremony took place, and Silvain and Avicia became man and wife. They departed on their honeymoon, and instructed the keeper of the lighthouse to inform Kristel of their route, in order that he might be able to join them at any point he pleased.

"Then came the interview between Avicia's father and Kristel, in which the young man was informed that he had lost Avicia. Kristel was dismayed and furious at what he believed to be the blackest treachery on the part of his brother. He swore to be revenged, and asked the road they had taken. Avicia's father sent him off in an entirely opposite direction, and he set out in pursuit. Needless to say that he soon found out how he had been tricked, and that it infuriated him the more. Not knowing where else to write to Silvain, he addressed a letter to him at their home in Germany; he himself did not proceed thither, judging that his best chance of meeting the married couple lay near the village by the sea, to which he felt convinced Silvain and Avicia would soon return. Therefore he lurked in the vicinity of the village, and watched by day and night the principal avenues by which it was to be approached. But his judgment was at fault; they did not return.

"In the mean time the lovers were enjoying their honeymoon. In order to keep faith with Avicia's father in the bargain made between him and Silvain—which rendered necessary the payment of a substantial sum of money by a given time—it was imperative that Silvain should visit his boyhood's home, to obtain his share of the inheritance left to him and Kristel by their father. The happy couple dallied by the way, and it was not until three months after their marriage that they arrived at Silvain's birthplace.

"*'Perhaps we shall meet Kristel there,'* said Silvain.

"Instead of meeting his brother, Silvain received the letter which Kristel had written to him. It breathed the deepest hate, and Silvain had the unhappiness of reading the outpourings of a relentless, vindictive spirit, driven to despair by disappointed love.

"*'You have robbed me,'* the letter said; *'hour by hour, day by day, have you set*

yourself deliberately to ensnare me and to fill my life with black despair. Had I suspected it at the time I would have strangled you. But your fate is only postponed; revenge is mine, and I hold it in my soul as a sacred trust which I shall fulfil. You shall die by my hands. Never in this world or in the next will I forgive you. My relentless hate shall haunt and pursue you, and you shall not escape it.'

"And then the writer recorded an awful oath that, while life remained within him, his one sole aim should be to compass his revenge. It was a lengthy letter, and strong as is my description of it, it falls short of the intense malignity which pervaded every line. Kristel launched a curse so terrible against his brother that Silvain's hair rose up in horror and fear as he read it. These are Silvain's own words to me.

"After reading Kristel's letter,' he said, 'I felt that I was accursed, and that it was destined that he should kill me.'

"How to escape the terrible doom, though he had scarcely a hope of averting it, how to prevent the crime of blood-guiltiness lying upon Kristel's soul, — this was thereafter the object of Silvain's life. It afforded him no consolation to know that for the intense hate with which Kristel's heart was filled Avicia's father was partly responsible.

"In its delineation of the trickery by which Kristel had been robbed of Avicia the letter was not truthful, for there had occurred between the brothers a conversation in which Silvain had revealed his love for her. Kristel's overwrought feelings probably caused him to forget this — or it may have been a perversion of fact adopted to give sanction to hate.

"Kristel's letter was not the only despairing greeting which awaited Silvain in the home of his boyhood. By some unhappy means the inheritance left by his father had melted away, and he found himself a beggar. Thus he was unable to carry out the terms of the bargain Avicia's father had made with him. This part of his misfortune did not greatly trouble him; it was but a just punishment to a grasping, avaricious man; but with beggary staring him in the face, and his brother's curse and awful design weighing upon him, his situation was most dreadful and pitiable.

"It was his intention to keep Kristel's letter from the knowledge of Avicia, but she secretly obtained possession of it, and

it filled her soul with an agonizing fear. They decided that it was impossible to return to the village by the sea.

"It is there my brother waits for us,' said Silvain.

"So from that time they commenced a wandering life, with the one dominant desire to escape from Kristel.

"I cannot enter now into a description of the years that followed. They crept from place to place, picking up a precarious existence, and enduring great privations. One morning Silvain awoke, trembling and afraid. 'I have seen Kristel,' he said.

"She did not ask him how and under what circumstances he had seen his brother.

"He has discovered that we are here, and he is in pursuit of us,' Silvain continued. 'We must fly without delay.'

"This was an added grief to Avicia. The place in which Silvain's dream of his brother had been dreamt had afforded them shelter and security for many weeks, and she had begun to indulge in the hope that they were safe. Vain hope! They must commence their wanderings again. From that period, at various times, Silvain was visited by dreams in which he was made acquainted with Kristel's movements in so far as they affected him and Avicia and the mission of vengeance upon which Kristel was relentlessly bent. They made their way to foreign countries, and even there Kristel pursued them. And so through the days and the years continued the pitiful flight and the merciless pursuit. In darkness they wandered often, the shadow of fate at their heels, in Avicia's imagination lurking in the solitudes through which they passed, amidst thickets of trees, in hollows and ravines, waiting, waiting, waiting to fall upon and destroy them. An appalling life, the full terrors of which the mind can scarcely grasp.

"At length, when worldly circumstances pressed so heavily upon them that they hardly knew where to look for the next day's food, Avicia whispered to her husband that she expected to become a mother, and that she was possessed by an inexpressible longing that her child should be born where she herself first drew breath. After the lapse of so many years it appeared to Silvain that the lighthouse would be the likeliest place of safety, and besides it was Avicia's earnest wish. They were on the road thither when I chanced upon them in the forest.

CHAPTER XVI.

"AFTER reading Silvain's letter I lost as little time as possible in paying a visit to the village by the sea. I took with me some presents for the villagers, who were unaffectedly glad to see me, and not because of the gifts I brought for them. There I heard what news they could impart of the history of the lighthouse since I last visited them. The disappointment with respect to the money he expected from Silvain had rendered the keeper more savage and morose than ever. For years after the marriage of his daughter he lived alone on the lighthouse, but within the last twelve months he had sent for a young man who was related to him distantly, and who was now looking after the lights. This young man was deaf and dumb. What kind of comfort the companionship of a man so afflicted could be in such a home it is difficult to say, but the new arrival came in good time, for two months afterwards Avicia's father slipped over some rocks in the vicinity of the lighthouse, and so injured himself that he could not rise from his bed. Thus, when Silvain and Avicia presented themselves he could make no practical resistance to their taking up their abode with him. However it was, there they were upon my present visit, and I went at once to see them.

"They received me with a genuine demonstration of feeling, and I was pleased to see that they were looking better. Regular food and the secure shelter of a roof from which they were not likely to be turned away at a moment's notice, doubtless contributed to this improvement. The pressure of a dark terror was, however, still visible in their faces, and during my visit I observed Silvain go to the outer gallery at least three or four times, and scan the surrounding sea with anxious eyes. To confirm or dispel the impression I gathered from this anxious outlook I questioned Silvain.

"'I am watching for Kristel,' he said.

"'It is scarcely likely he will come to you here,' I said.

"'He is certain to come to me here,' said Silvain; 'he is now on the road.'

"'You know this from your dreams?'

"'Yes, my dreams assure me of it. What wonder that I dream of the spirit which has been hunting me for years in the person of Kristel? I think of nothing else. Waking or sleeping, he is ever before me.'

"'Should he come, what will you do, Silvain?'

"'I hardly know; but at all hazards he must, if possible, be prevented from effecting an entrance into the lighthouse. It would be the death of Avicia.'

"He pronounced the words 'if possible' with so much emphasis that I said,—

"'Surely that can be prevented.'

"'I cannot be on the alert by night as well as by day,' said Silvain. 'My dread is that at a time when I am sleeping he will take me unaware. Hush! Avicia is coming up the stairs; do not let her hear us conversing upon a subject which has been the terror of her life. She does not know that I am constantly on the watch.'

"In this belief he was laboring under a delusion, for Avicia spoke to me privately about it; she was aware of the anxiety which, she said, she was afraid was wearing him away; and indeed, as she made this allusion and I glanced at Silvain, who was standing in another part of the lighthouse, I observed what had hitherto escaped me, that his features were thinner, and that there was a hectic flush upon them which, in the light of his tragic story, too surely told a tale of an inward fretting likely to prove fatal. She told me that often in the night when Silvain was sleeping she would rise softly and go to the gallery, in fear that Kristel was stealthily approaching them.

"I saw her father. He gazed at me, and did not speak—not that he was unable, but because it was part of the cunning of his nature. Silvain informed me that Avicia expected her baby in three weeks from that day. I had not come empty-handed, and I left behind me welcome remembrances, promising to come again the following week.

"I kept my promise. Upon seeing me, a woman of the village ran towards me, and whispered,—

"'Kristel is here.'

"I followed the direction of her gaze, which was simply one of curiosity, and saw a man standing on the beach, facing the lighthouse. I walked straight up to him, and touched him with my hand. He turned, and I recognized Kristel.

"I recognized him—yes; but not from any resemblance he bore to the Kristel of former days. Had I met him under ordinary circumstances I should not have known him. His thin face was covered with hair; his eyes were sunken and wild; his bony wrists, his long fingers, seemed to be fleshless. I spoke to him, and mentioned my name. He heard me, but did not reply. I begged him to speak, and he remained silent. After his first look at

me he turned from me, and stood with his eyes in the direction of the lighthouse. I would not accept his reception of me; I continued to address him; I asked him upon what errand he had come, and why he kept his eyes so fixedly upon the lighthouse. I gave him information of myself, and said I should be pleased to see him in my home — with a vague and foolish hope that he would accept the invitation, and that I might be able to work upon his better nature. And still no word came from him. I did not dare to utter the name of either Silvain or Avicia, fearing that I should awake the demon that had taken possession of his soul.

"By the time that I had exhausted what I thought it wise and good to say, I found myself falling into a kind of fascination, produced by his motionless attitude, and the fixed gaze in his unnaturally brilliant eyes. It was a bright day, and I knew that my imagination was playing me a trick, but I saw clearly with my mind's eye the outer gallery of the lighthouse, and the figure of Avicia standing thereon, with her hair hanging loose, and a scarlet covering on her head. Was it a spiritual reflection of what this silent, motionless man was gazing upon? I shuddered, and passed my hand across my eyes; the vision was gone — but he gazed upon it still.

"I was compelled at length to leave him standing there upon the beach, and he took no notice of my departure.

"Others were observing him as well as I, and had watched me with curiosity during the time I stood by his side. When I was among them they asked if he had spoken to me.

"'No,' I replied, 'I could get no word from him.'

"'Neither has he spoken to us,' they said. 'Not a sound has passed his lips since his arrival.'

"'When did he arrive?' I inquired.

"'Yesterday,' they answered, 'and our first thought was that he would want a boat to row to the lighthouse, but he did not ask for it. Surely he must wish to see his brother! There is something strange about him, do you not think so? One of our women here insists that he is dumb.'

"'He must be dumb,' said the woman; 'else why should he not speak?'

"'There was a jealousy between him and his brother,' said an elderly woman, 'about Avicia.'

"'What has that to do with it?' exclaimed the woman who pronounced him

dumb. 'Jealousy, like love, does not last forever. She is not the only woman in the world, and men have eyes. They must have made up their quarrel long ago. Besides, if he *was* jealous still, which isn't in the least likely, that would not make him dumb! His tongue would be all the looser for it.'

"'More terrible,' thought I, 'is the dread silence of that motionless man than all the storms of wrath his tongue could utter.'

"From what the villagers said, I knew that they were in ignorance of the hatred which filled Kristel's heart, and I debated within myself what it was best to do. That the simple men of the village would not voluntarily make themselves parties to any scheme of blind vengeance on the part of one brother against another I was certain, but I was not satisfied that it would be right to give them my whole confidence, and tell them all I knew. At the same time it would not be right to allow them to remain in complete ignorance, for by so doing they might be made unwittingly to further Kristel's designs upon his brother's life. There was a priest in the village, and I went to him, and under the seal of secrecy revealed something, but not all, of the meaning of Kristel's appearance.

"'Come with me,' he said.

"I accompanied him, and once more stood by the side of Kristel. The priest addressed him, counselled him, exhorted him, and, like myself, could obtain no word from him. Kindlier speech I never heard, but it made no impression upon Kristel.

"'He *must* be dumb,' said the priest, as we moved away.

"'Not so,' I said earnestly; 'were he dumb, and unable to hear what is said to him, he would certainly indicate by some kind of sign that speech addressed to him was falling upon ears that were deaf. He is possessed by a demoniac obduracy, and his apparent indifference is but a part of a fell design to which I should be afraid to give a name.'

"The priest was impressed by this view of the matter, which could not but appeal successfully to a man's calm reason.

"'What can I do?' he asked. 'If a man is determined not to speak, I have no power to compel him.'

"'It is in your power,' I said, 'to prevent bloodshed.'

"'Bloodshed!' he echoed, in a startled tone.

"'Nothing less, I fear,' I said. 'Lay

an injunction upon the villagers not to lend that man a boat, and not, under any pretext, to row him to the lighthouse.'

"What dreadful thoughts do your words suggest!" exclaimed the priest. "They alarm and bewilder me."

"I am not at liberty to say more at the present moment," I said. "I shall not leave the village to-day. I myself will see that man's brother, and will obtain permission from him to reveal all I know. Meanwhile give not that soul-tossed wretch the opportunity of carrying out a scheme of ruthless vengeance which he has harbored for years."

"Tell me explicitly what you wish me to do."

"I have already told you. That man, with the connivance or assistance of any person in this village, must not be enabled to get to the lighthouse."

"He shall not," said the priest.

"And he mixed with the villagers, men and women, and laid upon them the injunction I desired. With my mind thus set at ease for at least a few hours, I engaged a couple of boatmen to row me to Silvain. I half expected that Kristel would come forward with a request, made if not in speech in dumb show, to be allowed to accompany me, and I had resolved what action to take; but he made no step towards me. He gave no indication even of a knowledge of what was taking place within a dozen yards of him, although it was not possible that the putting off of the boat from the shore could have escaped his observation.

"If he is not deaf and dumb," said one of the rowers, "he must have gone clean out of his senses."

"Neither one nor the other," thought I; "he is nursing his vengeance, and has decided upon some plan of action."

"Silvain and Avicia were on the outer gallery, and when I joined them Silvain drew me aside.

"You have news of Kristel," he said. I nodded, and he continued: "I know without the telling. He is in the village."

"Who informed you?" I asked.

"No human," he replied, with a sad smile. "I shut my eyes and see him standing upon the beach, looking towards us."

"In truth that was a physical impossibility, but I needed no further proof of the mysterious insight with which Silvain was gifted. I related to him all that had passed between me and Kristel and the priest, and of the precautions taken to keep from Kristel the means of reaching the lighthouse.

"That will not prevent him from coming," said Silvain; "he is a fine swimmer. I myself, were I desperately pushed to it, would undertake to swim to the village. You hold to your promise, — you hold to your promise, Louis, with respect to Avicia?"

"It is binding upon me," I replied; "my word is given."

"Faithful friend! Neither will my child be left without a counsellor. Louis, I shall never see the face of my child — I shall never feel his little hands about my neck!"

"Were it not for the tender sympathy I have for you," I said in a tone of reproof, "I should feel inclined to be angry. Did you not confess to me in former days that you could not see into the future? And here you are raising up ghosts to make the present more bitter than it is. No, no, Silvain. Black as things appear, there are bright years yet in store for you."

"I cannot help my forebodings, Louis. True, I cannot, nor can any man, see into the future, but what can I do to turn my brother's hate from me?" It was a cry of anguish wrung from his suffering heart. "I think of the days of our childhood, when we strolled in the woods with our arms round each other's necks, I think of the dreams we mapped of the future; running water by the side of which we sat, bending over to see our faces, and making our lips meet in a shadowed kiss, flowers we picked in field and meadow, errands of mercy we went upon together, twilight communings, the little sweethearts we had — all these innocent ways of childhood rise before me, and fill me with anguish. What can I do? — what can I do to bring him back to me in brotherly love? Louis, I have a fear that I have never whispered to living soul. It is that Avicia may have twin children, as Kristel and I are, and they should grow up to be as we are now! Would it not be better that they should be born dead, or die young, when their souls are not stained with hatred of each other and with evil thoughts that render existence a curse?"

"We were alone when he gave expression to his agonized feelings; Avicia had left us to attend to domestic duties. I could say nothing to comfort him; to harp upon one string of intended consolation to a man who is in no mood to accept it becomes, after a time, an oppression. He paced up and down, twining his fingers convulsively, and presently said, —

"It would be too much, Louis, to ask you to remain with me a little while?"

"No," I replied, 'it would not. Indeed, it was partly in my mind to suggest it. The crisis you have dreaded for many years has come, and if you wish me to stop with you a day or two I will willingly do so. It may be—I do not know how—that I can be of service to you. The boatmen are waiting in the boat below. I will write a letter to my wife, and they shall post it, informing her that I shall be absent from home perhaps until the end of the week, by which time I hope the cloud will have passed away. No thanks, Silvain; friendship would be a poor and valueless thing if one shrank from a sacrifice so slight.'

"I wrote my letter, and despatched it by the boatmen. Then we waited for events; it was all that it was in our power to do.

"Avicia was very glad when she heard of my intention to remain with them a while.

"Your companionship will do him good,' she said. 'He has no one but me to talk to, and he speaks of but one subject. If this continues long he will lose his reason.'

"The day passed, and night came on. There was but scanty living accommodation in the lighthouse, but a mattress was spread for me upon the floor of the tiny kitchen; and there I was to sleep. Avicia and Silvain wished me to occupy their bed, but I would not have it so. Before retiring to rest, Silvain and I passed two or three hours in converse; I purposely led the conversation into foreign channels, and when I wished him good-night I was rejoiced to perceive that I had succeeded for a brief space in diverting his mind from the fears which weighed so heavily upon him.

"Nothing occurred during the night to disturb us; I awoke early, and lay waiting for sunrise; but no light came, and when, aroused by Silvain, I left my bed and went to the outer gallery, I was surprised to see that all surrounding space was wrapt in a thick mist.

"A great storm will soon be upon us,' said Silvain.

"He was right; before noon the storm burst, and the sea was lashed into fury. It was a relief to see the play of lightning upon the angry waters, but it was terrible too, and I thought how awful and joyless a lone life must be when spent in such a home. This second day seemed as if it would never end, and it was only by my watch that I knew of the approach of night. With the sounds of the storm in

my ears I lay down upon my mattress and fell asleep.

"I know not at what time of the night I awoke, but with black darkness upon and around me, I found myself sitting up, listening to sounds without which did not proceed from the conflict of the elements. At first I could not decide whether they were real or but the refrain of a dream by which I had been disturbed; soon, however, I received indisputable evidence that they were not the creations of my fancy.

"Kristel! For God's sake, listen to me!"

"The voice was Silvain's, and the words were uttered in outer space. When I retired to rest I had lain down in my clothes, removing only my coat, and using it as a covering. I quickly put it on, and lit a lamp, to which a chain was attached, by which means it could be held over the walls of the lighthouse. The lamp was scarcely lighted, when Avicia, but half dressed, rushed into the little room.

"Silvain!" she cried. "Where is Silvain?"

"Her eyes wandered round the room, seeking him. At that moment the voice from without pierced the air.

"Kristel! Oh, my brother, listen to me!"

"I threw my arms round Avicia, and held her fast.

"Why do you hold me?" she screamed. "Are you, too, leagued against us? Silvain! Silvain!"

"It needed all my strength to restrain her from rushing out in her wild delirium, perhaps to her destruction. I whispered to her hurriedly that I intended to go to the outer gallery, and that she should accompany me; and also that if she truly wished to be of assistance to her husband, she must be calm. She ceased instantly to struggle, and said in a tone of suppressed excitement,—

"Come, then."

"I did not quit my hold of her, but I used now only one hand, which I clasped firmly round her wrist, my other being required for the lantern. The next moment we were standing upon the gallery, bending over. It was pitch dark, and we could see nothing; even the white spray of the waves as they dashed against the stone walls was not visible to us; but we heard Silvain's voice at intervals, appealing in frenzied tones to Kristel, who, it needed not the evidence of sight to know, was holding on to the chains and struggling with his brother. How the two came into that awful position was never

discovered, and I could only judge by inference that Kristel, in the dead of this deadly night, had made his way by some means to the lighthouse, and was endeavoring to effect an entrance, when Silvain, awakened by his attempts, had gone out to him, and was instantly seized and dragged down.

"So fearful and confused were the minutes that immediately followed that I have but an indistinct impression of the occurrences of the time, which will live ever within me as the most awful in my life. I know that I never lost my grasp of Avicia, and that but for me she would have flung herself over the walls; I know that the brothers were engaged in a struggle for life and death, and that Silvain continued to make the most pathetic appeals to Kristel to listen to him, and not to stain his soul with blood; I know that in those appeals there were the tenderest references to their boyhood's days, to the love which had existed between them, each for the other, to trivial incidents in their childhood, to their mother who worshipped them and was now looking down upon them, to the hopes in which they had indulged of a life of harmony and affection; I know that it struck me then as most terrible that during the whole of the struggle no word issued from Kristel's lips; I know that there were heartrending appeals from Avicia to Kristel to spare her husband, and that there were tender cries from her to Silvain, and from Silvain to her; I know that, finding a loose chain on the gallery, I lowered it to the combatants, and called out to Silvain — foolishly enough, in so far as he could avail himself of it — to release himself from his brother's arms and seize it, and that I and Avicia would draw him up to safety; I know that in one vivid flash of lightning I saw the struggling forms and the beautiful white spray of the waves; I know that Silvain's voice grew fainter and fainter until it was heard no more; I know that there was the sound of a heavy body or bodies falling into the sea, that a shriek of woe and despair clove my heart like a knife, and that Avicia lay in my arms moaning and trembling. I bore her tenderly into her room, and laid her on her bed.

"The storm ceased; no sound was heard without. The rising sun filled the eastern horizon with loveliest hues of saffron and crimson. The sea was calm; there was no trace of tempest and human agony. By that time Avicia was a mother, and lay with her babes pressed to her bosom. Sil-

vain's fear was realized; he was the dead father of twin brothers.

"The assistant whom Avicia's father had engaged rowed me to the village, and there I enlisted the services of a woman, who accompanied me back to the lighthouse, and attended to Avicia. The mother lived but two days after the birth of her babes. Until her last hour she was delirious, but then she recovered her senses and recognized me.

"‘My dear Silvain told me,’ she said, in a weak, faint voice, ‘that you would be a friend to our children. Bless the few moments remaining to me by assuring me that you will not desert them.’

"I gave her the assurance for which she yearned, and she desired me to call them by the names of Eric and Emilius. It rejoiced me that she passed away in peace; strange as it may seem, it was an inexpressible relief to her bruised heart that the long agony was over. Her last words were, —

"‘I trust you. God will reward you!’

"And so, with her nerveless hand in mine, her spirit went out to her lover and husband.

"We buried her in the village churchyard, and the day was observed as a day of mourning in that village by the sea.

"I thought I could not do better than leave the twin babes for a time in the charge of the woman I had engaged, and it occurred to me that it might not be unprofitable to have some inquiries and investigation made with respect to the inheritance left by their grandfather to his sons Kristel and Silvain. I placed the matter in the hands of a shrewd lawyer, and he was enabled to recover a portion of what was due to their father. This was a great satisfaction to me, as it to some extent provided for the future of Eric and Emilius, and supplied the wherewithal for their education. It was my intention, when they arrived at a certain age, to bring them to my home in Nerac, and treat them as children of my own, but a difficulty cropped up for which I was not prepared and which I could not surmount. Avicia's father, learning that I had recovered a portion of Silvain's inheritance, demanded from me an account of it, and asserted his rights as the natural guardian of his grandchildren. There was no gain-saying the demand, and I was compelled reluctantly to leave Eric and Emilius in his charge. I succeeded, however, in prevailing upon him to allow them to pay me regular visits of long duration, so that a close intimacy of affectionate friendship

has been established between them and the members of my family. Here ends my story—a strange and eventful one, you will admit. I often think of it in wonder, and this is the first time a full recital of it has passed my lips.”

From The Contemporary Review.
ABOUT FICTION.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE love of romance is probably coeval with the existence of humanity. So far as we can follow the history of the world we find traces of it and its effects among every people, and those who are acquainted with the habits and ways of thought of savage races will know that it flourishes as strongly in the barbarian as in the cultured breast. In short, it is like the passions, an innate quality of mankind. In modern England this love is not by any means dying out, as must be clear, even to that class of our fellow-countrymen who, we are told, are interested in nothing but politics and religion. A writer in the *Saturday Review* computed not long ago that the yearly output of novels in this country is about eight hundred; and probably he was within the mark. It is to be presumed that all this enormous mass of fiction finds a market of some sort, or it would not be produced. Of course a large quantity of it is brought into the world at the expense of the writer, who guarantees or deposits his thirty or sixty pounds, which in the former case he is certainly called upon to pay, and in the latter he never sees again. But this deducted, a large residue remains, out of which a profit must be made by the publisher, or he would not publish it. Now, most of this crude mass of fiction is worthless. If three-fourths of it were never put into print the world would scarcely lose a single valuable idea, aspiration, or amusement. Many people are of opinion in their secret hearts that they could, if they thought it worth while to try, write a novel that would be very good indeed, and a large number of people carry this opinion into practice without scruple or remorse. But as a matter of fact, with the exception of perfect sculpture, really good romance-writing is perhaps the most difficult art practised by the sons of men. It might even be maintained that none but a great man or woman can produce a *really* great work of fiction. But great men are rare, and great works are rarer still, because all

great men do not write. If, however, a person is intellectually a head and shoulders above his or her fellows, that person is *prima facie* fit and able to write a good work. Even then he or she may not succeed, because in addition to intellectual pre-eminence, a certain literary quality is necessary to the perfect flowering of the brain in books. Perhaps, therefore, the argument would stand better conversely. The writer who can produce a noble and lasting work of art is of necessity a great man, and one who, had fortune opened to him any of the doors that lead to material grandeur and to the busy pomp of power, would have shown that the imagination, the quick sympathy, the insight, the depth of mind, and the sense of order and proportion which went to constitute the writer would have equally constituted the statesman or the general. It is not, of course, argued that only great writers should produce books, because if this was so publishing as a trade would come to an end, and Mudie would be obliged to put up his shutters. Also there exists a large class of people who like to read, and to whom great books would scarcely appeal. Let us imagine the consternation of the ladies of England if they were suddenly forced to an exclusive fare of George Eliot and Thackeray! But it *is* argued that a large proportion of the fictional matter poured from the press into the market is superfluous, and serves no good purpose. On the contrary, it serves several distinctly bad ones. It lowers and vitiates the public taste, and it obscures the true ends of fiction. Also it brings the high and honorable profession of authorship into contempt and disrepute, for the general public, owing perhaps to the comparative poverty of literary men, has never yet quite made up its mind as to the status of their profession. Lastly, this over-production stops the sales of better work without profiting those who are responsible for it.

The publication of inferior fiction can, in short, be of no advantage to any one, except perhaps the proprietors of circulating libraries. To the author himself it must indeed be a source of nothing but misery, bitterness, and disappointment, for only those who have written one can know the amount of labor involved in the production of even a bad book. Still, the very fact that people can be found to write and publishers to publish to such an unlimited extent, shows clearly enough the enormous appetite of readers, who are prepared, like a diseased ostrich, to swallow stones, and even carrion, rather than

not get their fill of novelties. More and more, as what we call culture spreads, do men and women crave to be taken out of themselves. More and more do they long to be brought face to face with beauty, and stretch out their arms towards that vision of the perfect, which we only see in books and dreams. The fact that we, in these latter days, have as it were macadamized all the roads of life does not make the world softer to the feet of those who travel through it. There are now royal roads to everything, lined with staring placards, whereon he who runs may learn the sweet uses of advertisement; but it is dusty work to follow them, and some may think that our ancestors on the whole found their voyaging a shadier and fresher business. However this may be, a weary public calls continually for books, new books to make them forget, to refresh them, to occupy minds jaded with the toil and emptiness and vexation of our competitive existence.

In some ways this demand is no doubt a healthy sign. The intellect of the world must be awakening when it thus cries aloud to be satisfied. Perhaps it is not a good thing to read nothing but three-volumed novels of an inferior order, but it, at any rate, shows the possession of a certain degree of intelligence. For there still exists among us a class of educated people, or rather of people who have had a certain sum of money spent upon their education, who are absolutely incapable of reading *anything*, and who never do read anything, except, perhaps, the reports of famous divorce cases and the spiciest paragraphs in society papers. It is not their fault; they are very often good people enough in their way; and as they go to church on Sundays, and pay their rates and taxes, the world has no right to complain of them. They are born without intellects, and with undeveloped souls, that is all, and on the whole they find themselves very comfortable in that condition. But this class is getting smaller, and all writers have cause to congratulate themselves on the fact, for the dead wall of its crass stupidity is a dreadful thing to face. Those, too, who begin by reading novels may end by reading Milton and Shakespeare. Day by day the mental area open to the operations of the English-speaking writer grows larger. At home the Board schools pour out their thousands every year, many of whom have acquired a taste for reading, which, when once it has been born, will, we may be sure, grow apace. Abroad the colonies are filling up with English-speak-

ing people, who, as they grow refined and find leisure to read, will make a considerable call upon the literature of their day. But by far the largest demand for books in the English tongue comes from America, with its reading population of some forty millions. Most of the books patronized by this enormous population are stolen from English authors, who, according to American law, are outcasts, unentitled to that protection to the work of their brains, and the labor of their hands which is one of the foundations of common morality. Putting aside this copyright question, however (and, indeed, it is best left undiscussed), there may be noted in passing two curious results which are being brought about in America by this wholesale perusal of English books. The first of these is that the Americans are destroying their own literature, that cannot live in the face of the unfair competition to which it is subjected. It will be noticed that since piracy, to use the politer word, set in with its present severity, America has scarcely produced a writer of the first class—no one, for instance, who can be compared to Poe, or Hawthorne, or Longfellow. It is not, perhaps, too rash a prophecy to say that, if piracy continues, American literature proper will shortly be chiefly represented by the columns of a very enterprising daily press. The second result of the present state of affairs is that the whole of the American population, especially the younger portion of it, must be in course of thorough impregnation with English ideas and modes of thought as set forth by English writers. We all know the extraordinary effect books read in youth have upon the fresh and imaginative mind. It is not too much to say that many a man's whole life is influenced by some book read in his teens, the very title of which he may have forgotten. Consequently, it would be difficult to overrate the effect that must be from year to year produced upon the national character of America by the constant perusal of books born in England. For it must be remembered that for every reader that a writer of merit finds in England, he will find three in America.

In the face of this constant and ever-growing demand at home and abroad, writers of romance must often find themselves questioning their inner consciousness as to what style of art it is best for them to adopt, not only with the view of pleasing their readers, but in the interests of art itself. There are several schools from which they may choose. For in-

stance, there is that followed by the American novelists. These gentlemen, as we know, declare that there are no stories left to be told, and certainly, if it may be said without disrespect to a clever and laborious body of writers, their works go far towards supporting the statement. They have developed a new style of romance. Their heroines are things of silk and cambric, who soliloquize and dissect their petty feelings, and elaborately review the feeble promptings which serve them for passions. Their men — well, they are emasculated specimens of an overwrought age, and with culture on their lips, and emptiness in their hearts, they dangle round the heroines till their three-volumed fate is accomplished. About their work is an atmosphere like that of the boudoir of a luxurious woman, faint and delicate, and suggesting the essence of white rose. How different is all this from the swiftness, and strength, and directness of the great English writers of the past! Why,

The surge and thunder of the Odyssey

is not more widely separated from the tinkling of modern society verses, than the labored nothingness of this new American school of fiction from the giant life and vigor of Swift and Fielding, and Thackeray and Hawthorne. Perhaps, however, it is the art of the future, in which case we may hazard a shrewd guess that the literature of past ages will be more largely studied in days to come than it is at present.

Then, to go from pole to pole, there is the naturalistic school, of which Zola is the high priest. Here things are all the other way. Here the chosen function of the writer is to

Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art.

Here are no silks and satins to impede our vision of the flesh and blood beneath, and here the scent is patchouli. Lewd, and bold, and bare, living for lust and lusting for this life and its good things, and naught beyond, the heroines of realism dance, with Bacchanalian revellings, across the astonished stage of literature. Whatever there is brutal in humanity — and God knows that there is plenty — whatever there is that is carnal and filthy, is here brought into prominence, and thrust before the reader's eyes. But what becomes of the things that are pure and high — of the great aspirations and the lofty hopes and longings, which *do*,

after all, play their part in our human economy, and which it is surely the duty of a writer to call attention to and nourish according to his gifts?

Certainly it is to be hoped that this naturalistic school of writing will never take firm root in England, for it is an accursed thing. It is impossible to help wondering if its followers ever reflect upon the mischief that they must do, and, reflecting, do not shrink from the responsibility. To look at the matter from one point of view only, society has made a rule that for the benefit of the whole community individuals must keep their passions within certain fixed limits, and our social system is so arranged that any transgression of this rule produces mischief of one sort or another, if not actual ruin, to the transgressor. Especially is this so if she be a woman. Now, as it is, human nature is continually fretting against these artificial bounds, and especially among young people it requires considerable fortitude and self-restraint to keep the feet from wandering. We all know, too, how much this sort of indulgence depends upon the imagination, and we all know how easy it is for a powerful writer to excite it in that direction. Indeed, there could be nothing *more* easy to a writer of any strength and vision, especially if he spoke with an air of evil knowledge and intimate authority. There are probably several men in England at this moment who, if they turned their talents to this bad end, could equal, if not outdo, Zola himself, with results that would shortly show themselves in various ways among the population. Sexual passion is the most powerful lever with which to stir the mind of man, for it lies at the root of all things human; and it is impossible to over-estimate the damage that could be worked by a single English or American writer of genius, if he grasped it with a will. "But," say these writers, "our aim is most moral; from Nana and her kith and kin may be gathered many a virtuous lesson and example." Possibly this is so, though as I write the words there rises in my mind a recollection of one or two French books where — But most people have seen such books; besides, it is not so much a question of the object of the school as of the fact that it continually, and in full and luscious detail, calls attention to erotic matters. Once start the average mind upon this subject, and it will go down the slope of itself. It is useless afterwards to turn round and say that, although you cut loose the cords of decent reticence which

bound the fancy, you intended that it should run *uphill* to the white heights of virtue. If the seed of eroticism is sown broadcast its fruit will be according to the nature of the soil it falls on, but fruit it must and will. And however virtuous may be the aims with which they are produced, the publications of the French naturalistic school are such seed as was sown by that enemy who came in the night season.

In England, to come to the third great school of fiction, we have as yet little or nothing of all this. Here, on the other hand, we are at the mercy of the young person, and a dreadful nuisance most of us find her. The present writer is bound to admit that, speaking personally and with humility, he thinks it a little hard that all fiction should be judged by the test as to whether or no it is suitable reading for a girl of sixteen. There are plenty of people who write books for little girls in the schoolroom; let the little girls read them, and leave the works written for men and women to their elders. It may strike the reader as inconsistent, after the remarks made above, that a plea should now be advanced for greater freedom in English literary art. But French naturalism is one thing, and the unreal, namby-pamby nonsense with which the market is flooded here is quite another. Surely there is a middle path! Why do *men* hardly ever read a novel? Because, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is utterly false as a picture of life; and, failing in that, it certainly does not take ground as a work of high imagination. The ordinary popular English novel represents life as it is considered desirable that schoolgirls should suppose it to be. Consequently it is for the most part rubbish, without a spark of vitality about it, for no novel written on those false lines will live. Also, the system is futile as a means of protection, for the young lady, wearied with the account of how the good girl who jilted the man who loved her when she was told to, married the noble lord, and lived in idleness and luxury forever after, has only to turn to the evening paper to see another picture of existence. Of course, no humble producer of fiction, meant to interest through the exercise of the intelligence rather than through the senses, can hope to compete with the enthralling details of such cases as that of Lord Colin Campbell and Sir Charles Dilke. That is the naturalism of this country, and, like all filth, its popularity is enormous, as will be shown by the fact that the circulation

of one evening paper alone was, I believe, increased during the hearing of a recent case by sixty thousand copies nightly. Nor would any respectable author wish to compete with this. But he ought, subject to proper reservations and restraints, to be allowed to picture life as life is, and men and women as they are. At present, if he attempts to do this, he is denounced as immoral; and perchance the circulating library, which is curiously enough a great power in English literature, suppresses the book in its fear of losing subscriptions. The press, too—the same press that is so active in printing “full and special” reports—is very vigilant in this matter, having the young person continually before its eyes. Some time ago one of the London dailies reviewed a batch of eight or nine books. Of those reviews nearly every one was in the main an inquiry into the moral character of the work, judged from the standpoint of the unknown reviewer. Of their literary merits little or nothing was said. Now, the question that naturally arose in the mind of the reader of these notices was, Is the novelist bound to inculcate any particular set of doctrines that may at the moment be favored by authority? If that is the aim and end of his art, then why is he not paid by the State like any other official? And why should not the principle be carried further? Each religion and every sect of each religion might retain their novelist. So might the Blue Ribbonites, and the Positivists, and the Purity people, and the Social Democrats, and others without end. The results would be most enlivening to the general public. Then, at any rate, the writer would be sure of the approbation of his own masters; as it is, he is at the mercy of every unknown reviewer, some of whom seem to have peculiar views—though, not to make too much of the matter, it must be remembered that the ultimate verdict is with the public.

Surely, what is wanted in English fiction is a higher ideal and more freedom to work it out. It is impossible, or, if not impossible, it requires the very highest genius, such as, perhaps, no writers possess to-day, to build up a really first-class work without the necessary materials in their due proportion. As it is, in this country, while crime may be used to any extent, passion in its fiercer and deeper forms is scarcely available, unless it is made to receive some conventional sanction. For instance, the right of dealing with bigamy is by custom conceded to the writer of romance, because in cases of

bigamy vice has received the conventional sanction of marriage. True, the marriage is a mock one, but such as it is, it provides the necessary cloak. But let him beware how he deals with the same subject when the sinner of the piece has not added a sham or a bigamous marriage to his evil doings, for the book will in this case be certainly called immoral. English life is surrounded by conventionalism, and English fiction has come to reflect the conventionalism, not the life, and has in consequence, with some notable exceptions, got into a very poor way, both as regards art and interest.

If this moderate and proper freedom is denied to imaginative literature alone among the arts (for, though Mr. Horsley does not approve of it, sculptors may still model from the naked), it seems probable that the usual results will follow. There will be a great reaction, the young person will vanish into space and be no more seen, and naturalism in all its horror will take its root among us. At present it is only in the French tongue that people read about the inner mysteries of life in brothels, or follow the interesting study of the passions of senile and worn-out debauchees. By-and-by, if liberty is denied, they will read them in the English. Art in the purity of its idealized truth should resemble some perfect Grecian statue. It should be cold but naked, and looking thereon men should be led to think of naught but beauty. Here, however, we attire art in every sort of dress, some of them suggestive enough in their own way, but for the most part in a pinafore. The difference between literary art, as the present writer submits it ought to be, and the naturalistic art of France is the difference between the Venus of Milo and an obscene photograph taken from the life. It seems probable that the English-speaking people will in course of time have to choose between the two.

But however this is—and the writer only submits an opinion—one thing remains clear, fiction *à l'Anglaise* becomes, from the author's point of view, day by day more difficult to deal with satisfactorily under its present conditions. This age is not a romantic age. Doubtless under the surface human nature is the same to-day as it was in the time of Rameses. Probably, too, the respective volumes of vice and virtue are, taking the altered circumstances into consideration, much as they were then or at any other time. But neither our good nor our evil doing is of an heroic nature, and it is

things heroic and their kin and not petty things that best lend themselves to the purposes of the novelist, for by their aid he produces his strongest effects. Besides, if by chance there is a good thing on the market it is snapped up by a hundred eager newspapers, who tell the story, whatever it may be, and turn it inside out, and draw morals from it till the public loathe its sight and sound. Genius, of course, can always find materials wherewith to weave its glowing web. But these remarks, it is scarcely necessary to explain, are not made from that point of view, for only genius can talk of genius with authority, but rather from the humbler standing-ground of the ordinary conscientious laborer in the field of letters, who, loving his art for her own sake, yet earns a living by following her, and is anxious to continue to do so with credit to himself. Let genius, if genius there be, come forward and speak on its own behalf. But if the reader is inclined to doubt the proposition that novel-writing is becoming every day more difficult and less interesting, let him consult his own mind, and see how many novels proper among the hundreds that have been published within the last five years, and which deal in any way with every-day contemporary life, have excited his profound interest. The present writer can at the moment recall but two—one was called "My Trivial Life and Misfortunes," by an unknown author, and the other, "The Story of a South African Farm," by Ralph Iron. But then neither of these books, if examined into, would be found to be a novel such as the ordinary writer produces once or twice a year. Both of them are written from within, and not from without; both convey the impression of being the outward and visible result of inward personal suffering on the part of the writer, for in each the key-note is a note of pain. Differing widely from the ordinary run of manufactured books, they owe their chief interest to a certain atmosphere of spiritual intensity, which could not in all probability be even approximately reproduced. Another recent work of the same powerful class, though of more painful detail, is called "Mrs. Keith's Crime." It is, however, almost impossible to conceive their respective authors producing a second "Trivial Life and Misfortunes" or a further edition of the crimes of Mrs. Keith. These books were written from the heart. Next time their authors write it will probably be from the head and not from the heart, and they must then come down to

the use of the dusty materials which are common to us all.

There is indeed a refuge for the less ambitious among us, and it lies in the paths and calm retreats of pure imagination. Here we may weave our humble tale, and point our harmless moral without being mercilessly bound down to the prose of a somewhat dreary age. Here we may even — if we feel that our wings are strong enough to bear us in that thin air — cross the bounds of the known, and, hanging between earth and heaven, gaze with curious eyes into the great profound beyond. There are still subjects that may be handled *there* if the man can be found bold enough to handle them. And, although some there be who consider this a lower walk in the realms of fiction, and who would probably scorn to become a "mere writer of romances," it may be urged in defence of the school that many of the most lasting triumphs of literary art belong to the producers of purely romantic fiction, witness the "Arabian Nights," "Gulliver's Travels," the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and other immortal works. If the present writer may be allowed to hazard an opinion, it is that, when naturalism has had its day, when Mr. Howells ceases to charm, and the society novel is utterly played out, the kindly race of men in their latter as in their earlier developments will still take pleasure in those works of fancy which appeal, not to a class or a nation, or even to an age, but to all time and humanity at large.

From Chambers' Journal.
RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ROSE COTTAGE.

MR. CORNELLIS was standing at the window of his drawing-room, looking out into the conservatory, with his hands in his pockets. He was a dark, handsome man, with brown eyes, like those of his daughter, but harder; polished pebbles without any softness in them. He wore a moustache, no beard or whisker; he affected nothing clerical in his dress, but he wore black, chiefly because he thought it suited him. He was particular about his clothes, always was neat, and with fresh

white starched cuffs and collar and shirt-front; and his cloth suit fitted him admirably. One might have supposed that, with his rambling life in the East, he would have contracted untidy, careless habits; but this was not the case; he affected to be a well-dressed man. He knew how important it is for a man in Europe to maintain a good exterior, if he is to command the respect of men. No one will believe that the moral character is out at elbows, when the cloth coat is without creases; and every one mistrusts the uprightness of the man whose trousers bulge at the knees. Why not? Is not a dog with a patchy back out of sorts? and a moulting fowl an unprofitable creature? How are we to judge except by the exterior? There are telescopes constructed by which we can peer under water, and see what lies far down in the deeps; but we have no such apparatus for thrusting down men's throats and prying into the abysses of their hearts. Besides, if we had them, our fellows would decline to allow us to use them. There are stethoscopes by which the doctor can hear the inhalations of our lungs, the inflation of its vessels, and can detect which are sound and which carious; but there are no spiritual stethoscopes which we can apply to our neighbors' temples, and hear through them the operation of the brain, and distinguish base from healthy thoughts there. I maintain that we are justified in judging of a man by his coat and continuations, by his hat and gloves and his boots; for there is congruity in all creatures, and the exterior does almost invariably correspond with the interior. The face is the index of the mind. Who does not know that the pair of lavenders with the fingers showing at the ends indicates radical shabbiness through all the integuments of the character? and the dirty left-hand and clean right-hand dogskin an ill-balanced spirit?

Mr. Cornellis was piping low to himself between his very white front teeth, which were just so far apart as to allow the breath to hiss or whistle between them. It was unusual with him to have his hands in his pockets; that was a luxury in which he indulged himself only at home. Abroad, he played with his gold watchchain, curling it round his forefinger. He was now looking at a *Maréchal* Neil rose that hung its drops of yellow flowers from the roof; the sun streamed in through its pale green leaves upon the beautiful blossoms. Then Mr. Cornellis opened the French window and went into the conservatory, and still

hissing, plucked off the withered blooms, which he put in a basket kept for the purpose. He was tidy in that also. Then he pulled up a weed he saw in an azalea-pot; then opened his penknife with a three-penny bit, lest he should break his nail, and carefully cut a charming bud off the creeping rose. He came back into the parlor, laid the flower on the table, and said, "Put it in water, Judith."

"For myself?" asked Miss Cornellis, who was lounging with her back to the window in an armchair.

"For Gabriel," answered Mr. Cornellis.

"You never give me anything, Justin."

"Because you take what you want, Judith."

"I really cannot think how you can have the heart to be squashing aphids and picking roses —"

"I am not, and I have not been, what you call squashing aphids. If I want to kill the aphids, I use an insecticide or brushes."

"I don't care how you do it," said Miss Cornellis. "It is heartless of you, whether done with your fingers, or with brushes or Ghishurst's compound. Poor Josephine! Who knows where she may be? Perhaps floating dead on the surface, perhaps sunk in the deeps."

"Am not I her father?" said Mr. Cornellis sharply. "Have I not the feelings proper to my position? Of course I am troubled and anxious; but I do not forestall evils. If the worst comes to pass, her life is insured for a thousand pounds. You would not have me sit moistening handkerchiefs, at the prospect of an evil which may not have occurred."

"Where is Josephine? She went out in the boat, and neither she nor the boat has turned up since. I don't say that I expect you to blubber —"

"Merciful powers! Judith, how coarse you are. I said moisten, and that word is expressive enough. It is a mark of bad breeding to use exaggerated terms."

"Justin, I don't care twopence about the word; it is the thing concerns me. You don't seem to half feel Josephine's disappearance, and then — to talk in that cold-blooded way of having insured her life!"

"I did insure her, two years ago; and if she be lost, I shall claim the money."

"I never doubted that," said Judith. "You will always view everything from a monetary point of sight, even your daughter's death."

"My dear sister, one must live. I do not wear my heart exposed to all the

world, trailed to the light, spread out, tied to wires, and call every one to admire its tears, like the blossoms of a Marshal Neil. What are you about now, with your back to the light?"

"I — Nothing, Justin."

"I am positive you are doing something that affects your speech."

His sister hesitated a moment, and then said: "I have been searching poor dear Josephine's room, in hopes of finding some clue to her whereabouts."

"And pray, do you suppose she has gone a cruise in her own bedroom, and has run aground on the fire-mat, or shipped a sea in the wash-hand basin?"

"I thought I might find some trace of where she had gone."

"That is like your wisdom, Judith. Perhaps you supposed she had gone out meditating suicide, and had left a note to inform us of her intentions. You are hardly gifted with sufficient imagination to conceive of such nonsense as that. Well, what did you find?"

"Only a box of chocolate creams."

"And you are munching them! Really, Judith, you are heartless, not I."

"There is no harm in eating chocolate creams."

"None in the least, only — it is greedy to munch when you should suck. Hand the box to me."

Mr. Cornellis put a bonbon into his mouth. Were these two, the father and the aunt, unfeeling in consuming the contents of Josephine's box of chocolate, uncertain of the fate of the girl? We have no right to draw such a conclusion. Miss Cornellis looked at her brother, and thought him heartless because he sucked; and Mr. Cornellis considered his sister callous because she chewed; and we regard them both as lacking in proper feeling because they ate. Are we not as prejudiced, as unjust to both, as the one was to the other? When we attend the funeral of a dear relative, do we not partake of the breakfast? Do we not expect a well-spread table as the necessary concomitant to hearse and hatband? Are we entirely indifferent to the quality of the sherry? and whether we have the liver wing, or the drumstick of the chicken handed to us? and does not gall make itself felt in the chambers of the heart, if we are balked of one slice of tongue with the chicken? The widow up-stairs has her eyes red with tears, but is quite sensible whether there is sugar enough with the mint sauce with the lamb; and afterwards, in the hush of the evening, when

the masons have closed up the tomb about her darling, and the mourners are gone, she will speak to the cook in a broken voice full of suppressed tears, and bid her mind another time and stir the sugar in the saucedish before sending it in, and chop the mint a little finer. So also the widower, who, with manly self-constraint, has bottled up his tears and talked of the weather, thrusts the crust of his cold veal pie impatiently to the margin of his plate, because the paste is not flaky, and bans his destiny because now he has no one to keep his cook up to the mark.

Then why should we take offence at Mr. and Miss Cornellis consuming chocolate creams when they are not in the least certain that Josephine is dead? We are all humbugs and hypocrites, more or less; we draw a purely conventional line, and denounce every transgression of that line as evidence of inhumanity or want of taste; but within that arbitrary boundary, we are Pharisees, thanking God we are not as other men are, who eat chocolate creams in times of family bereavement, but content ourselves with gooseberry pie and custard, and blancmange and cabinet pudding.

"The lightship is lost," said Mr. Cornellis, "and that fellow Cable has gone to the bottom."

"He leaves a large family."

Mr. Cornellis shrugged his shoulders. "They will wriggle on. I knew a collier once who drowned himself because he thought his family would be well cared for if he were away, judging by the prosperity of the widows and orphans of some of his mates."

"No tidings whatever of Josephine's boat?"

"Not like to have them, with the gale off shore. If washed up anywhere, it will be on the Dutch coast."

"Do you really flatter yourself she is alive?"

"I will not believe otherwise till I am forced to it."

"Gabriel is much fidgeted about her disappearance. He makes more ado than you. He has taken greater fancy to her than I thought possible, considering how she treats him."

Judith had hardly said the words, before the door opened, and a man came in, a gentleman distinctly, but a feeble, mean creature, with a thin face, almost transparent nose, a low brow, and with faded, watery blue eyes. His face was pale, and the muscles twitched in it. The head shook on the neck with a nervous, con-

vulsive tremor. The expression of his countenance was a curious mixture of conceit and appeal. He wore a bottle-green coat with velvet collar. As he entered, a smell of opium pervaded the room, and neutralized the fragrance of the tea-rose.

"O Mr. Gotham!" said Aunt Judith, "we were just speaking of you."

"Eh, eh! My left ear was burning. What was it? No good, no good, of course."

"Certainly not, squire," said Mr. Cornellis, going up to him and clasping his hand with frank and almost boisterous geniality. "My sister has been shaking her head over you, wondering whether you have sowed all your wild oats yet; telling me what a scapegrace you are, what a roystering, dashing blade you are, and was asking me to deny you access to our house—and see! in you walk without ringing at the front door, or tapping here at the parlor entrance, just as if you were hail-fellow-well-met, and had the run of our house, and a right to the first place at our table. And, by George! squire, you are right; you are lord of the manor, and I have to do homage to you annually with a straw."

Mr. Gotham's weak eyes twinkled, and a pink blush suffused his nose. He looked from one to another, and giggled.

"Come here, squire," said Mr. Cornellis, handing him an armchair. "What sort of sport have you had with the harriers?"

"Not much. The last meet, killed two."

"Any nasty jumps?"

"Two or three."

"Glad to see you alive, squire."

"I don't myself care for a hare-hunt," said Mr. Gotham, letting himself stiffly and slowly down into the chair. "We run in a circle, you know. Nothing like a fox-hunt; but no more of that till next season."

"Who were out?"

"I—I—I can hardly say. I wasn't there. I had my neuralgic pains again, and so, at the last moment, reconsidered my purpose. But I intended to go, I intended fully. I began to dress for it, and got on my boots; but the neuralgia took me when I stooped, and I was obliged to have recourse to my drops. So—Judith, I frighten you, do I? No occasion for that. I am sadly changed, sadly—a poor broken being now." He looked eagerly, questioningly from sister to brother, and back again.

"Broken fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mr.

Cornellis. "Do you suppose, if Judith thought that, she would have been pulling a Marshal Neil for your button-hole? Ladies don't lavish flowers on broken beings and weaklings, but on boisterous fox-hunters and jolly dogs. I know women's hearts; but ah! so do you, you rascal!"

Mr. Gotham chuckled and blushed. "There!" he said, "I have come to hear about poor Josephine. I am so troubled. I could not sleep last night thinking about her. The anxiety brought on my neuralgia—all thinking and worry does, and I should not have slept last night at all but for my drops."

"It is really very kind of you, squire, to give her so much thought. We have been in sad distress, as you may judge. I am a father—her father; you must excuse me, Gabriel. I try to talk of other matters, but I can only think of my child; she is my own flesh and blood."

Mr. Gotham began to fidget in his chair; he put up his hand to his brow, and said in a tremulous voice: "Any news of the lightship? It is lost, I hear, and—I have not been particular in inquiries about it; I was afraid of seeming too particular."

"None," answered Mr. Cornellis with his hard eyes on the man.

He, feeble creature, looked at Miss Judith, then at her brother, as if he wanted to say more, but was afraid to commit himself.

"You need not hesitate," said Mr. Cornellis. "My sister knows all, and is close as the grave."

"I am very uneasy, very unhappy. I—I do not know what I ought to do. I could not possibly—and yet—you can hardly conceive how I have suffered, how the neuralgia has tortured me in consequence of—of—you can understand me."

"Let bygones be bygones," said Mr. Cornellis. "I knew an old bastion where the dead had been buried after a siege two hundred years ago. Lately, a speculative builder ran up houses over the site, disturbed the earth for his foundations and kitchens, and the first inmates of his new houses died of diphtheria. Never rake up old grave-ground, squire."

"No. I suppose you are right." Mr. Gotham stood up. "But I should like to talk the matter over with you in my house, when the worst is known. I'm not happy. I feel the pains coming on again. I think I must go home."

"Very well. I will come over. Take

something at once to soothe your lacerated nerves."

Mr. Gotham nodded.

"Do not forget your rose," said Cornellis. "My sister picked it expressly for you, but is too shy to offer it you with her own fair hands."

"The rose will lose half its charm unless it be presented by her," said Gotham with a bow; and when he had left the room, he sniggered. "He, he! I can turn a pretty speech to a lady! I'm an old buck! Am I not, Justin?"

"Not old. Why, what are your years—forty-five?"

"Oh, more than that, alas!"

"You don't look it. But it is the hunting, the fresh air. The back of a horse makes you, as Polixenes says, to be boy eternal."

"Yes. I subscribe very liberally to both the foxhounds and the harriers."

"And you are out with them continually."

"When I can. I have my horses and my hunting-suit; but the neuralgia interferes terribly with my sports. You will come in—you will be sure to come in, after I have had some rest—say, in three hours. I am so uneasy. There is really nothing heard of the lightship?" He looked appealingly to Cornellis.

"Nothing. And believe me, Gabriel, it will be best for all if the blue sea covers him."

Gotham's hand trembled in that of Cornellis. "I—I do not know. I am in pain. I cannot bear my sufferings. I must go home. You will come to me?"

"You are overdone, squire, with the hunt."

"I only intended to go."

"But—the exertion, even of that! And the drawing on of the boots, to a man so agonized with pain as yourself. Good heavens! the heroism, the self-mastery! What men there are in the world!"

He stood in his door, looking after the squire, who had not far to walk; his gate was within a stone's throw of Rose Cottage. Not a muscle in his face changed, to show in what way his thoughts turned. Then he went back to the sitting-room.

"Justin," said his sister, "I really think you might say a word to him. He is killing himself with opium."

"My dear Judith, when you see a man on his way to destruction, let him alone. If you try to divert him, he will go another way; but the destination will be the same, and the blame of his going will attach to

you. Give me another of those chocolate creams."

"You know best," said Judith. "You are very clever, and I am dull; but you might do something, I think."

The door suddenly opened, and Josephine appeared in it, browned from exposure, her eyes dancing. "I knew it, I knew it! I said as much to Richard Cable. Eating my chocolate creams!"

"Josephine!" Her father stepped forward; her aunt sprang up.

"Well, I knew aunt would be at them. I did not think it of you, papa. Pah! how the room smells of opium. I know that Cousin Gotham has been here."

"I am very, very glad to see you again, Josephine," said her father. "Give me a kiss. Where have you been? What has happened?"

"I—I have been on the lightship with Dickie Cable."

"He is not dead—not drowned?"

"No more than myself."

Mr. Cornellis was silent; his brow contracted.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Josephine, "what ravages you two have made on my box of chocolate creams!"

CHAPTER V.

HANFORD HALL.

MR. GABRIEL GOTHAM lived in what was called Hanford Hall, but in Essex every farmhouse is a hall. It was, however, the manor-house, and it was the best house in the place—a long, rambling building, plastered, and the windows painted Indian red; a house long and shallow. It was embowered in trees. The grounds were not extensive, but they were pretty. A steep slope to the sea, with noble elms on it; a set of terraces, where roses grew luxuriantly, and where, in summer, the beds of calceolaria and geranium made a gay contrast to the dense green of the trees and the sweeps of grass. Here and there on the terraces stood statues of plaster painted, somewhat spotted with black and green decay. The terraces were gravelled from the beach with grit that would not bind, and was carried about by the boots of him who walked on it over the grass and into the rooms. The entrance gates were somewhat pretentious; the posts supported heraldic lions holding shields; but these also were of plaster, not stone, and were painted.

When the tide was in, the view from the terraces and from the windows of the house was very beautiful, through peeps

among the elms to sea, and across Hanford water to a coast beyond, also studded with trees. The water was generally enlivened by passing sails, as Hanford was a colony of fishermen, either owning their own boats or going shares as a company in one smack. Barges came to Hanford with coal from Yorkshire and Newcastle; and barges left Hanford piled up on deck with straw, veritable floating stacks, for London. At certain seasons, the sprat-fishery supplied the farmers with unctuous dressing for their fields; at such times, clouds of gulls fluttered over the land thus manured, and unless the fish were quickly ploughed in, rapidly reduced the supply spread over the surface. At such times, the inhabitants of Hanford gifted with the sense of smell were heartily glad when the plough did turn the glebe over the dead fish; but there was a worse smell than that of sprats to which the Hanfordians were periodically subjected, and that was when a shipload arrived of what was locally termed "London muck," that is, the scrapings of the London streets and the refuse of the London ash-pits. When such a cargo arrived, it announced its presence to leeward for two or three miles; whereupon the farmers lifted up their noses, ordered out their wagons, and distributed the stench broadcast over the country. The gulls were unattracted by this dressing; consequently, the farmers were less precipitate in working it in.

At all times, daily, throughout the year, the noses of the Hanfordians were required to inhale the effluvium of decomposing weed when the tide went out, and so nature providently blunted the organ against offence through the periodical dressings of sprats and London muck. The smells, if not pleasant, were salubrious, according to the opinion of the inhabitants; and, to judge from their robust forms and florid complexions, these odors cannot have been noxious.

The marshes, backwaters, and ditches bred countless mosquitoes which lay in wait for strangers, whom they tortured to madness; but they did not touch natives. On a warm summer evening, the gnats might be seen hovering in clouds over the elms and oaks, so dense and so black, that the stranger supposed the trees were on fire and smoking. The mosquitoes brought birds, and the trees resounded with the song of nightingale, thrush, and blackbird. In winter, the water was covered with gray geese and wild-duck, and the shooting of these occupied the men, when nothing was to be got by the fishing.

What was it that made Mr. Gotham start and tremble and shrink back, as he passed through the side gate for foot-passengers into the grounds? Before him stood a woman, old, with gray hair, holding a baby in her arms, whilst two little children clung to her skirts. She was a fine woman, commanding, with bright eyes, and a strongly marked nose. She held herself very erect, and there were dignity and sternness in her manner and attitude as she confronted Gabriel Gotham. He, quivering and speechless, shrank from her, as trying to hide himself from her eye. He had occasion thus to cower before her; for if ever a despicable man had done a dastardly act, that man was Gotham, and the proud woman before him was the one he had wronged. Gabriel Gotham's father had been a solicitor at Newcastle; but his uncle, Jeremy Gotham, a successful merchant, had purchased the manor of Hanford and the hall. Jeremy had lived there in his old age, and as he had no children of his own, invited his nephew, Gabriel, to stay with him; also his brother and his sister-in-law occasionally. As a boy, Gabriel liked to be with his uncle; the old man made much of him, and was liberal in supplying him with pocket-money. He had a pony and a boat at Hanford, and was called by the hangers-on "the young squire." But Gabriel was a weak, lanky boy, badly put together, without color in his cheeks, and with pale blue eyes and fair limp hair—not at all the ideal young squire that his uncle would have desired as his successor. He supposed that the boy had been overworked at school or overtaken in his father's office, and insisted that the sea-air of Hanford would set him up. He urged him to out-of-door pursuits, to ride with the hounds and to row. But Gabriel preferred to jog to the meet and then ride home; and if he went out in the boat, to sit in the stern with his hands in his pockets and let some one else row him.

Jeremy was very proud of his position as lord of the manor, and made himself disliked by exacting all kinds of rights which he believed to be his legally, but which had been ignored or encroached on by the fishermen of Hanford. By the shore was a piece of sandy ground overgrown with coarse turf, occasionally covered by tides of extraordinary height. On this the Hanfordian youth were accustomed to play cricket. Jeremy Gotham laid claim to it; as lord of the manor, it was his. If the young men ran over it, they would establish a precedent, and he

would be unable to inclose and extend his grounds in that direction. Consequently, he railed it off. Thereupon the young men tore down his rails. He repalised the ground; it was again assailed. Then ensued a lawsuit, which he gained. But he had accumulated against himself so much ill-will that he was fain to accept a compromise, and allow the cricket club the use of the land for a small annual acknowledgment. Then, again, as lord of the manor he had heriot rights over two farms; and on the death of one of the farmers, he demanded the two best horses out of his stable. He had a right to the horses; but to exact his right was unwise, and brought on him bitter ill-will. There was a copious and unfailing spring in his stable yard. The villagers were badly off for drinking-water, they were supplied with surface water collected in tanks. This failed in dry summers, and they came with their cans and pails to his pump. He bore the inconvenience a little while; but when a farmer sent a barrel on a cart to be filled, he put a chain and padlock on the pump, and refused to remove it, and allow of water being taken from his well except at an acknowledgment—every cottager to pay him a shilling per annum, and every farmer five.

The dislike felt for the retired merchant who had set up as squire extended to his nephew; and Gabriel was jeered at when he rode out, and had stones or mud thrown at him when he showed himself in the village street. He was conscious of his own deficiencies, because told of them by his uncle, and because they were flung contemptuously in his face by the village lads. At the same time, his position as heir to the estate and house made him proud, or rather—for there is dignity in pride—conceited. Thus he grew up a mixture of diffidence and vanity. At the lodge lived a woman who had been wife of the boatman of the former squire, a Cornish woman, named Cable. She was left with an only daughter. Her husband had been drowned one night going out in a punt after wildfowl. Mr. Jeremy Gotham kept her as a lodge-keeper, and she did charing in the house. The daughter was two or three years older than Gabriel, a strong, handsome girl, determined in character; and she constituted herself the protector of the young squire. When he had been assailed with stones or bad words, he would tell her; and if she knew the name of the offender, and he was of or near her age, she would chastise him with her fist or with a stick. She often rowed

him out, when he had a fancy to be on the sea, and looked after him — that he had his greatcoat with him; that he wore his muffler; that he did not wet his feet, or, if they were wet, that he changed his socks as soon as he came home. This sort of intimacy had sprung up when they were children, and continued when they had grown up. No one thought seriously of it, as she was older than he, full of sense and strength of purpose; and he, a weak, washed-out creature without manliness. Nevertheless, she became attached to him. She was one of those strong characters which do not look for a support, but to become a support, and find satisfaction in sustaining the feeble creeper that pulls itself aloft by its means. There were several young fishermen in Hanford who tried to get Bessie Cable to walk out of a Sunday with them; but she gave encouragement to none, and finally left the place as servant to Mrs. Giles Gotham of Newcastle, who had taken a fancy to her when on a visit to her brother-in-law. Mrs. Giles could never get on with her servants, and laid all the blame on the Newcastle girls. If she could induce a young woman to come to her from a distance, she would be sure of keeping her for a twelvemonth. Moreover, the mother of Bessie being in the service of the Gotham family, the daughter might be reckoned on to do her utmost to have the interest of the Gothams at heart. The handiness, the willingness, the robustness, of Bessie, pleased Mrs. Giles; and so Bessie, whom her mother relinquished somewhat reluctantly, departed with her to Newcastle.

Gabriel remained with his uncle some time after his mother left. He was now a young man, who looked as if a good shake would shake him to pieces. His legs and arms hung too loosely to his trunk, his back was bent. He never, apparently, could get a tailor to master the conformation of his body and clothe him well. He maundered about, after Bessie was gone, much at a loss for a companion. He had clung to her and made an associate of her, had looked up to her and trusted her; and very forlorn he felt when deprived of her company and protection.

One day, a few months later, Mrs. Cable died suddenly of a stroke. The distance from Newcastle was too great for Bessie to come down to the funeral, and the poor woman left but a few trifles for Bessie to inherit. These Gabriel undertook to have put away safely for her.

Before Christmas, Gabriel went home

to Newcastle, taking with him such things of her mother's as Bessie wanted. His uncle was reluctant to let him depart, but could not dispute the right of his parents to reclaim him for a while. At Easter, Gabriel was to return to Hanford Hall. But at Easter, Gabriel did not appear; at midsummer, however, he did, looking the same — a limp creature without vigor of body or mind. What had happened in the interim between him and Bessie, his parents and uncle — only these interested parties — knew. What had occurred was this. On his return to Newcastle with plenty of money, which his uncle had given him, Gabriel was delighted to renew his friendship with Bessie. But circumstances were different. She was servant in his father's house, and that house was in the town. She had her duties, and could not row him on the sea or saunter with him in the garden. He found his way down into the kitchen, to complain to her about his mother's tyrannical ways; but Mrs. Giles came after him and pinned a dishcloth to his coat, and warned him not to go below stairs again.

Gabriel was almost a stranger in Newcastle, and had no friends there of his own sex and age. He was not a man to make friends, except of boys and girls. He was not muscular enough to feel himself the equal of those of his own age; he could not cricket, or shoot, or play billiards. If he found a boy before whom he could swagger, he would take him up for a day or two and patronize him and give him tartlets; but boys speedily found him out, and despised him and deserted him; occasionally, he caught them caricaturing him. Girls did not pay him attention; they slighted him; only Bessie Cable stood by him, ready to fight his battles and hold him up, and be to him the tower of strength he needed. His father despised him; his mother bullied him; but Bessie loved him with infinite pity and disinterested fidelity. He was flattered and touched, and in his loneliness drew towards her the more because forbidden to associate with her.

One day, both had disappeared from Mr. Giles Gotham's house. Gabriel had persuaded Bessie to elope with him over the Scottish frontier and to be married. Married they were in Scotland; and from Scotland, Gabriel wrote to his father and his uncle announcing the step he had taken. He received no answer from either. He remained in Scotland with his Bessie for some weeks, as long as his money lasted, the money wherewith he

had been provided by his uncle; and when that was expended, he wrote for more. Then he heard from Mr. Jeremy Gotham. His uncle was furious. He would disinherit him, unless he at once separated from the low-born maid-of-all-work he had mated with, and whom Mr. Jeremy absolutely refused to acknowledge. Then Gabriel wrote a penitent letter to his father. Mr. Giles came to Scotland, and discovered that the marriage could be invalidated. According to the act of Parliament on the subject, one of the parties contracting a marriage in Scotland must have been resident there twenty-one days previous to the ceremony. Gabriel had not resided there with Bessie the full time; it was short by exactly five hours; therefore, the marriage could be upset. With Gabriel's consent, it was upset. He was in no position to earn a livelihood; he was destitute of private means; he listened to reason, as his father said, and deserted Bessie. Mr. Giles had the marriage cancelled; and when Bessie became a mother, her child was not qualified to bear his father's name.

Three years passed before she reappeared in Hanford with her boy, Richard. There she remained. Of her story, nothing was known; she never spoke of it. She had lost her character whilst in service, people said; but so had many another maid, and the particulars did not transpire. Gabriel was received again into favor by his uncle. He and Bessie never met again to speak; she avoided him, as he avoided her. In his base mind rankled a sense of degradation, of shame for his desertion of the faithful creature. Her pride sustained her. She could not forgive his treachery. So she lived by herself, and reared her son, and the son did not know who was his father.

No wonder that now, after a lapse of but a little short of forty years, Mr. Gabriel Gotham started and shrank from the woman he had wronged, when she broke through her reserve and came to meet him within his own gates.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE EVANGELICAL REVIVAL OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE Evangelical revival, specially identified with the name of John Wesley,

* The Evangelical Revival in the Eighteenth Century, by John Henry Overton, Canon of Lincoln, and Rector of Epworth. London. 1886.

has long since won for itself an important place in the social history of the eighteenth century, and has now been made the subject of an interesting little monograph by Canon Overton, in Professor Creighton's series entitled "Epochs of Church History." Mr. Overton's volume, however, is not so much an historical narrative as a collection of biographical sketches and essays upon various aspects of the movement. One chapter is devoted to John Wesley himself, another to George Whitefield and others of Wesley's immediate colleagues, a third to a comparison between Methodism and Evangelicalism—a term for which the author apologizes—a fourth to the leading Evangelical clergy of the century, and a fifth to the contemporary Evangelical laity. Then we have separate chapters on the literature, the doctrines, and the results, of the revival, with a discerning estimate of its weak points and of the opposition which it encountered. All these topics are treated in an independent and charitable spirit; nor would it be easy to gather from Mr. Overton's temperate criticisms to which school of theological opinion he may profess to belong. But, after all, we miss that which the character of the volume would have led us to expect—a consecutive account of the rise and progress of Methodism in this country. For this we must still look to more elaborate biographical works, like Southey's and Tyerman's lives of Wesley, or learned monographs on the movement, such as that to be found in Sir James Stephen's admirable "Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography."

The part played by the University of Oxford in the early history of Methodism is treated far too lightly by Mr. Overton. During the first half of the eighteenth century, that university was equally degenerate both as a place of religion and as a place of learning. Too much has been made, it is true, of Gibbon's malicious strictures upon it, but the evidence is conclusive that, during the two generations when Oxford Jacobitism was at its height, Oxford education was at its lowest ebb. The influence of religion was no less weakened in the university, and had, indeed, been on the decline ever since the Restoration. Notwithstanding their boisterous demonstrations of sympathy with the High Church party in politics, many of its senior members, both clerical and lay, secretly leaned to rationalism, and the deism which came in with the Revolution of 1688 became rife again under the Georges. In the year 1730 three students were expelled

for holding deistical tenets; several heads of colleges issued a joint notice censuring the spread of deism among the students; and the vice-chancellor, in a *programma*, solemnly warned tutors and undergraduates against literature calculated to disturb Christian faith.

It was in this unpromising soil, teeming with High Church prejudices, deeply saturated by worldliness, and now tainted with deism, that the seeds of Methodism were sown at Oxford.

John Wesley, its chief founder, was the son of an excellent clergyman, Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, and, after passing through Charter-house and Christ Church, had been elected fellow of Lincoln in 1726. Having been ordained in the previous year, he acted for a while as his father's curate, and on his return to Oxford in 1729, found his younger brother Charles, then an undergraduate of Christ Church, already a member of a small religious association, which afterwards expanded into the Methodist communion. Of this little band John Wesley at once became the acknowledged leader. Their earliest meetings were held for the purpose of reading the Greek Testament, and encouraging one another in study and good works. But within a year their sympathies widened, and they extended their charity to others. William Morgan, one of their number, visiting a condemned prisoner, was struck by the misery which he witnessed in the gaol, and persuaded the Wesleys to aid him in what may be called a prison mission. With the consent of the Bishop of Oxford, and of his chaplain, they undertook the work of visitation, both in Bocardo, the debtors' prison, and in the county gaol. Active benevolence soon claimed even more of their energy than earnest study, which, however, they never abandoned. This handful of friends, themselves very poor, started a school for poor children, and maintained the mistress at their joint expense, assisted poor debtors and kept their families from penury, visited the parish workhouse, relieved the sick, and in all their ministrations strove to better the spiritual condition of those whom they befriended. Nor were the undergraduates neglected. Wesley and his associates did their utmost to rescue the weaker of them from vice, and to bring them under the influence of quiet and serious companions. They encouraged them to study earnestly, and to lay out their time carefully, specially insisting on habits of close thinking, for they were intolerant of indolence, even in thought. In

order to gain the confidence of his juniors, John Wesley would invite them to breakfast, and endeavor to interest them in his own efforts. To him and to his fellows the essence of the movement was not devotional but practical, not the propagation of a new creed, but the moral salvation of human souls.

From the first they adopted a strict code of religious observance, and made a practice of receiving the holy communion weekly—in that age, a rare act of religious devotion. Clayton, one of their first adherents, is said to have induced his colleagues to cultivate the habit of rigorous fasting. It was thoroughly in harmony with the self-denial and abstraction from the world already characteristic of the society. For instance, Wesley and his companions would sometimes break off deliberately in the middle of a sentence, when the chapel bell began to ring, that they might "beware of the lust of finishing." It is strange that George Whitefield, another of the early converts, should have almost fallen a victim to his ascetic enthusiasm. He confessed that he at first believed that Christianity had required him to "go nasty;" for which reason he abstained from washing, clothed himself in evil garments, and fasted so continuously during Lent that he became unable to walk up-stairs, and was compelled to submit to medical treatment. Charles Wesley, too, injured his health by excessive fasting; and John Wesley so exhausted himself, not only by fasting, but by overwork and walks of a length then almost unknown among students, that he broke a blood-vessel and was laid by for a time. The saddest case of all was that of William Morgan, whose fasting laid the foundation of an illness which developed madness, and terminated in his untimely death. This event naturally produced a sensation in the university, and was most unfairly laid at the door of John Wesley; but Morgan's father, no friend to Methodist practices, entirely exonerated Wesley, and even intrusted to him another son, as a pupil.

This ascetic discipline seems to have been almost the only outward and visible peculiarity of the society calculated to attract much attention or to provoke hostile criticism. As Mr. Overton remarks, it is "difficult to realize the fact that, in a place especially devoted to Christian education, the mere sight of a few young men going quietly to receive the holy communion every Sunday at St. Mary's, their own university church, should have attracted a

crowd of ridiculing spectators," or that piety and active benevolence should have been "thought eccentric in a little body of men, the leader of whom was an ordained clergyman, and all of whom were intending to take holy orders." But it is not so astonishing that an unsocial, if not Pharisaical, demeanor, sometimes attended with slovenliness of costume and even with neglect of personal cleanliness, should have exposed the young reformers to some obloquy among their companions, most of whom, no doubt, would have gained much by cultivating their acquaintance. At all events, they soon incurred a storm of juvenile ridicule. They were nicknamed Bible-moths, Supererogation-men, Sacramentarians, the Holy or the Godly Club. But the name by which they were specially known, and which has acquired a world-wide currency, was that of Methodists. This name was not of modern origin. There was an ancient society of physicians known by it, and, like the kindred name of "precisians," it had been applied, as Dr. Calamy informs us, to "those who stood up for God." It was now fastened on this little group of Oxford zealots, probably on account of the methodical rules whereby they endeavored to regulate their behavior and hours of work. Nor were the undergraduates their only foes. The seniors of Christ Church held a meeting to consider what could be done against them. At Lincoln College, the rector and fellows showed determined hostility to them; the master of Pembroke threatened to expel Whitefield unless he gave up visiting; a brother fellow would not oblige a Methodist by reading prayers for him in chapel, lest his obnoxious practices should be thus facilitated. Still, they persevered, and persecution doubtless contributed to keep their union unbroken. Whitefield, afterwards as great a power in the revival as Wesley himself, did not in Oxford assert his independence. As a servitor of Pembroke, he occupied too lowly a position to admit of his taking a lead in a society which, modest as it was, consisted of fellows, tutors, and ordinary students. Moreover, he entered college nearly three years after the movement was initiated, and during the early part of his career knew little of its promoters, though ardently desirous of joining them. This was accomplished by an accident. He was called to the bedside of a poor man who had attempted to cut his throat, and, pitying his miserable condition, sent in haste for Charles Wesley, begging the messenger to conceal his own name. The

injunction was disobeyed. Charles Wesley sought out Whitefield, asked him to breakfast, and immediately introduced him to the society. So narrow were his means that during his three years' residence at Oxford he received but twenty-four pounds from his friends, supporting himself mainly on the emoluments of his servitorship and the kind presents of his tutor. There was, indeed, little wealth in the infant Methodist Church, and John Wesley himself, having fallen into debt, had been thankful to find a garret for fifty shillings a year.

But Methodism in Oxford was short-lived, and its history virtually ends with the ill-advised mission of John and Charles Wesley to Georgia in 1735. Long before this, it had been manifest that, without John Wesley's personal influence, the society must cease to flourish. During his absence in 1733 the number of communicants shrank from twenty-seven to five; and it was because he then appreciated the importance of Oxford as his special field of duty that he declined the living of Epworth. In 1738 there were but three Methodist gentlemen in the university. In the following year none visited the prison or the workhouse, and the little school was on the eve of being given up. The Oxford Methodists could not survive without the presence and example of their leader; and within three years of his departure they were virtually extinct in the city which had been at once the cradle of the movement and the stronghold of opposition to it. After his return from Georgia in 1738, John Wesley revisited Oxford at intervals, but found himself unable to resuscitate the Methodist Society during these flying visits. The old prejudice against it, however, was still alive. In 1740, a student named Graves, being suspected of Methodism, was forced, in order to obtain his *testamur*, to sign a paper renouncing "the modern practice and principles of the persons commonly called Methodists." At midsummer, 1741, John Wesley spent three weeks in Oxford, in order to inquire about the exercises for his B.D. degree, and preached a sermon, of which it was predicted by Gambold, a former associate, then unfriendly to him, that it was not worth preparing it, as there would be no audience. In 1744 he occupied the university pulpit for the last time, in spite of the authorities, who would gladly have excluded him, if they could, from preaching in his turn. In the course of this sermon he roundly upbraided the gownsmen as a generation

of triflers, and reproached the fellows for their proverbial uselessness, pride, haughtiness of spirit, impatience, peevishness, sloth, gluttony, and sensuality. It was subsequently arranged that in future some other fellow should preach in Wesley's place. In 1751, according to the statutes, he resigned his fellowship on his marriage. Six years later, Romaine, who as a student had stood aloof from Methodism, was excluded from the university pulpit for insisting upon justification by faith, and the imperfection of our best works. Finally, in 1768, the vice-chancellor expelled six Methodist students from St. Edmund Hall, as disturbers of the peace; and this high-handed act was actually defended by Dr. Johnson at a time when university discipline was at its lowest—gambling, drunkenness, and blasphemy being condoned as venial offences. After this, we hear no more of Methodism at Oxford. It is not hard to understand why it failed to command success there after its first conquests, since it appealed more and more to the religious enthusiasm of the less educated classes, abandoning any attempt to satisfy the speculative reason.

Thirty years before this official condemnation of Methodism at the university, it had begun to spread with marvellous rapidity over the country. John Wesley himself dated the beginning of the revival from the spring of 1738, when he came under the influence of the Moravian Peter Böhler, and experienced a sudden "conversion," which he regarded as the birth of his true spiritual life. But the energy of his nature soon caused him to rebel against the mystic "stillness" of the Moravians, as well as the quietism of Law, his first spiritual guide, and launched him upon a career of missionary labor which he carried on without intermission for more than half a century. The preface to his journal records that "he published more books, travelled more miles, and preached more sermons, than any minister of his age." As Canon Overton tells us, "the whole length and breadth of England were traversed by him over and over again; he made frequent journeys into Scotland and Ireland; and at every town and village where he stayed, he was ready, in season and out of season, to preach the everlasting gospel." He constantly rode on horseback forty, fifty, or sixty miles a day; he found time for reading and writing on his journeys; and he would often preach three or four times a day. It has even been calculated that, in the course of his working life, he travelled above two

hundred thousand miles, and preached some forty thousand sermons. From the first, he was the life and soul of Methodism, yet Canon Overton, defending him against the charge of despotic self-will, remarks that several of its most distinctive features were not originated by him, but adopted in deference to the opinions of others. One of these was the practice of field-preaching, initiated by Whitefield, on the 17th February, 1739, when he delivered an open-air sermon to the colliers of Kingswood, near Bristol. Wesley felt and confessed a great repugnance to such a deviation from Church order, but soon afterwards followed Whitefield's example, though he never rivalled Whitefield's power of entrancing vast audiences. In the same year, the first separate meeting-house for Methodists was founded, also in Bristol; and, perhaps in consequence of this, Wesley and his associates found themselves generally excluded from the pulpits of churches. The next step towards separation was taken in the following autumn, when lay-preaching was sanctioned by Wesley, though not without great reluctance. In 1743, the rules of the society, which still constitute its fundamental law, were drawn up and issued with the signatures of John and Charles Wesley. In 1744, the first conference was held, and class-meetings soon became a characteristic feature of Methodism. Mr. Overton, however, is unwilling to suspect the early Methodists of schismatic intentions. According to him, the class-meetings "arose simply from the necessity of finding money to pay for what Wesley himself would have called a 'preaching-house' at Bristol." They were instituted for the purpose of a weekly collection, and converted incidentally into gatherings for the mutual censorship of conduct. With equal charity, he endeavors to show that many other Methodist institutions—such as the love-feasts, the watch-nights, the quarterly tickets, the band-meetings, the circuits, the offices of superintendents and circuit stewards, and the conference—grew naturally out of practical exigencies, and were not consciously devised as parts of an elaborate system designed to supplant the national Church. At all events, it is certain that, notwithstanding his disparagement of parochial discipline, Wesley remained at heart an Anglican, both in doctrine and policy. He was a stout opponent of Calvinism, he condemned the Puritan spirit of the seventeenth century, he avowed his dislike of the Presbyterian services in Scotland, and his admiration of the

services prescribed by the English liturgy; and, though he was not borne to his grave, like his brother Charles, by clergymen of the national Church, he always manifested, and especially in his later years, a cordial sympathy and respect for them.

Canon Overton, like Tyerman, Wesley's latest biographer, passes rapidly over the physical manifestations, or outward signs of the Methodist propaganda, on which Southey lays so great a stress, and which impressed contemporary observers as the most striking feature of the revival. Now, it is important to observe that contagious paroxysms of religious excitement are by no means peculiar to Methodism, or even to Protestantism. On the contrary, Protestantism has never yet rivalled Catholicism in its power of inspiring sudden and wholesale devotion. The sweeping triumphs of Latin Christianity over the barbarian conquerors are still unparalleled, or paralleled only by the success of Xavier and his followers. Pilgrimage was the expression of an intense and universal religious impulse, and it may well be doubted whether the most powerful spiritual leaders of modern times could extort so laborious a pledge of sincerity from their disciples. The audiences of Peter the Hermit and Bernard thrilled with a more overwhelming flood of emotion than John Wesley's congregations at the Kingswood collieries. The cry of "God wills it" that burst from the great council at Clermont spread wider and sank deeper into the heart of Christendom than the groans which filled the early Methodist prayer-meetings. The annals of the Middle Ages are full of passionate ebullitions of religious enthusiasm, sometimes colored by political feelings, but invariably accompanied by the two characteristic symptoms of Methodist revivalism — affections of the nervous system, and a temporary reformation of life and manners. They recurred during the exciting epoch of the Crusades, and the camp of Walter the Penniless was probably fertile in scenes wilder than those which John Wesley complacently recorded in his diary, and justified in his letters to his brother Samuel. Again, during the memorable years of tribulation which preceded and followed the black death, the emotional and spasmodic element became dominant in the religion of the day, and vented itself in three extraordinary outbreaks during the fourteenth century. Of the same nature were the panics which led to so many massacres of the Jews, and the strange popular suspicions which proved the ruin

of the Templars. The Reformation cleared the atmosphere for a time; not, however, without leaving the germs of new religious disorders, belonging to a different type, and corresponding to the more spiritual character of the reformed doctrines.

The sectarian fanaticism of the seventeenth century, extravagant as it was, owed much of its extravagance to political fanaticism. But we are fortunate in possessing, from the pen of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, an elaborate "Narrative of the Revival of Religion in New England," during the years 1734 and 1735, which shows that Methodist revivalism, as the systematic propagation of a religious epidemic, had been anticipated in the American colonies. Mr. Edwards's narrative is couched in the language of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Puritan divines, and is highly charged with the quaint technical phraseology of Calvinism. We read of "legal terrors," "legal distresses," "legal humiliation," "legal convictions," "legal awakenings," "legal humblings." The author writes in the spirit of a physician describing the pathology of a familiar disease to a brother professor, and displays a candor and good faith which does not shrink from recognizing the boasted "visions," as figments of the imagination. Nevertheless, his pages are darkened by a mysticism compared to which the fierce penitence of the flagellants may appear genial and humane. In all the varieties of experience which he enumerates, we do not find that he recognizes any exemption from the Slough of Despond. According as they have or have not passed this, he inexorably determines the respective destinies of men. He maintains the doctrine of God's arbitrary will to have been the most salutary medicine for the times. In many of the converted he discerned "a sort of complacency in the attribute of God's judgment as displayed in his threatenings of eternal damnation to sinners," and adds that "they have sometimes almost called it a willingness to be damned." Yet this morbid exultation does not seem to have struck him as any evidence of mental aberration, nor did he suspect that instances of suicide and religious insanity which he admitted, were related to revivalism by any physical connection of cause and effect.

Probably this New England revival is the earliest recorded precedent, within Protestant memory, for that initiated by John Wesley. It is remarkable that his sermons were far more productive of convulsions and hysterical fits than those of

Whitefield, although, as Canon Overton observes, they were less sensational, and, in their published form, appear little calculated to excite sentimental frenzy. On the other hand, it is certain that, while Charles Wesley mildly condemned, and Whitefield distrusted, such proofs of instantaneous conversion, John Wesley accepted and favored them as witnesses of the Spirit; at least, until a late period of his life. As his brother frankly said, with a large fund of common sense and administrative ability, he "seemed born for the benefit of knaves." He owned that, in some cases, "nature mixed with grace," and "Satan mimicked this work of God." But he did not perceive that indulgence of the religious passions has in it something of sensuality, and that Protestant revivalism, when it descends to a kind of jugglery in the production of moral renovation, cannot afford to cast reproach on the meretricious arts of Romanism. Wesley even declared, in deprecating the remonstrances of his brother Samuel, that he had known people converted in their sleep; but most of the instances which he mentions strongly resemble the accounts of demoniacal possession in the Gospels, the evil spirits being exorcised by prayer, and the converts relieved by a sudden access of saving faith. No wonder that Methodism was discredited in the sceptical world by these extravagances, that grave bishops and moderate Churchmen withdrew the qualified countenance which they had first given to it, and that before long the miracles of Methodist revivalism were out-heroded by certain foreign enthusiasts called the French prophets, against whom John Wesley himself warned his followers. Before his death, the fanatical excesses of early Methodism had already spent their strength, and a more rational tone of practical religion had supervened; but, among the communities which he founded, revivals on a smaller scale have recurred at irregular periods, both in this country and in America. Among the latter, may be specially mentioned those of 1816, 1843, and 1857-8, when, as we are informed by a sympathetic chronicler, the crews of ships on their homeward voyages were affected by the same wave of religious emotion which was sweeping over their countrymen on shore. Another memorable revival spread itself on both sides of the Atlantic in 1859-60, until its progress was significantly checked by the outbreak of the great American civil war. We must not, however, allow these questionable phe-

nomena to occupy too large a space in our general conception of Methodism. While many of its first converts insisted upon signs from heaven, tens of thousands were led to embrace it by the force of moral conviction; its cardinal doctrines left a permanent impression on the religious world, and became the inheritance of the great Evangelical school at the beginning of the present century.

The wonderful expansion of Methodism during the life of its founder is perhaps without precedent in religious history. In 1730, as we have seen, its only adherents were a handful of Oxford students; twelve years later it numbered eleven hundred members in London; long before the end of the century all Great Britain and nearly all the American colonies had rung with the eloquence of Whitefield or with the soberer but hardly less effective appeals of Wesley himself; meeting-houses had sprung up in every important town, an army of missionaries was engaged in itinerating over the country, and, partly through Lady Huntingdon's influence, Methodism had found a considerable amount of acceptance even in the higher ranks of society. Franklin's testimony to the power of Whitefield's preaching is well known; but Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, and even Hume, were also among his hearers. At the time of Wesley's death, in 1791, the Methodist Church, or Connexion, as it was called, numbered above three hundred preachers in Great Britain alone, and nearly two hundred in the United States, where the success of the Revolution had made it necessary for Wesley to establish a separate organization, under a "superintendent," whom, to the horror of good Churchmen, he consecrated as all but a bishop. The number of members in the United Kingdom already exceeded seventy thousand, and rose to more than one hundred thousand in the course of the next decade. Considering how carefully Wesley had weeded out backsliders and weak-kneed brethren; considering also that schism had broken out at an early stage and detached a considerable body from the orthodox Connexion, this aggregate may be taken as representing not merely the nominal but the effective strength of Methodism. As it had sprung from the bosom of the established Church, so its converts were chiefly drawn from that communion, or, at least, from a class of persons who belonged to none of the ordinary sects of Nonconformists. That it gave a powerful impulse to Dissent, in spite of Wesley's personal

attachment to the Church, may be inferred from the fact "that, whereas at George the First's death, the proportion of Dissenters to Churchmen was about one to twenty-five, by 1800 it was computed to be one to four." On the other hand, its indirect effect in stimulating zeal within the Church itself was undoubtedly great. Though neither Sunday schools, nor foreign missions, nor the abolition of the slave-trade, can be claimed among the results of Methodism—indeed, Whitefield himself was a slave owner—all these movements owed much to the religious and benevolent spirit kindled by Methodism, as well as by the more constant influence of the Evangelical school.

The short chapter in which Canon Overton shows the affinity and the contrast between Methodism and so-called Evangelicalism is one of the most interesting in the volume. It would be a great delusion to imagine that "Evangelical" religion, as now understood, was invented or first developed by the apostles of Methodism. Not to speak of the great Puritan divines, or of such American writers as Jonathan Edwards, there had never been wanting in the Church of England a succession of pious and sober-minded clergymen holding the same views as were afterwards connected with the names of Wilberforce and the Clapham school. Both Methodists and Evangelical Churchmen "aimed at reviving spiritual religion; they both so far resembled the Puritanism of the seventeenth century in that they contended for the immediate and particular influence of the Holy Spirit, for the total degeneracy of man, for the vicarious nature of the atonement, for the absolute unlawfulness of certain kinds of amusement, for the strict observance of the Lord's Day or Sabbath (for they used the words indiscriminately); and they both agreed in differing from Puritanism, by taking either no side in politics at all, or else taking the opposite side from that which the Puritans would have taken by disclaiming sympathy with Dissenters or Nonconformists, by glorying in the fact that they were members of the Church of England (Methodists no less than Evangelicals), and by the most staunch loyalty to the throne." The distinctions between them consisted mainly in the differences of spirit and mode of working. The Methodists were restless and impulsive, the Evangelicals valued moderation and self-restraint; the Methodists drew their converts from the lower and lower-middle

classes; the Methodists adopted an elaborate organization of societies in lieu of the parochial system, to which the Evangelicals adhered. But there were many connecting links between the two, and many excellent clergymen whom it would be difficult to assign exclusively to either camp. Such were James Hervey, William Romaine, John Newton, the friend of Cowper, Thomas Scott, Richard Cecil, the two Milners, Walker of Truro, and Fletcher of Madeley, who, though closely identified with Methodism, were thoroughly attached to parochial work, and refused to be diverted from it. These men, with others to whom Canon Overton devotes short notices, were only not Methodists because they were satisfied to labor for the good of souls within the sphere traced for them by the Church of England, and would assuredly have kept alive Evangelical religion in the country, even if Wesley and Whitefield had never existed.

As we review the work of the Evangelical revival of the last century, we cannot but recognize in it a noble expression of individual piety, and a powerful instrument for the purification of national character. The Christian life has seldom been seen in greater perfection, or missionary enthusiasm in a manlier form, than among the apostles of Methodism, with their Evangelical precursors and successors in the Church of England itself. They may have been inferior in mental stature to the greatest of the Puritan leaders, and in scholarly culture to the pioneers of the Tractarian movement. They knew little of Biblical criticism, and never dreamed of the influence to be exercised by modern science on theology; many articles of their dogmatic creed will not bear the scrutiny of a later philosophy; their popular discourses were too highly charged with appeals to mere religious emotion; their domestic controversies were sometimes carried on with an acrimony unworthy of their professions. But in personal holiness, in self-denial, and in single-minded devotion to Christian duty, as exemplified by Christ and his apostles, they rose as far above the ordinary moral standard of their age as they sank below its highest intellectual aspirations. Theirs was no barren faith; it constantly bore fruit in good works, and its unseen operation was felt in that practical spirit of philanthropy which stirred the heart of England, while the dreams of Rousseau were plunging France into anarchy, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. This is a debt

which the nation owes to Wesley and his Evangelical contemporaries, but which has never been fully acknowledged. It was they who labored most abundantly among the Christian ministers of their day to associate religion with humanity, making it a true bond of sympathy between classes, teaching rich men to regard the poor as their brothers in Christ, and poor men to console themselves with a hope beyond the grave, welcoming into their fellowship the very outcasts of society as the chosen objects of divine mercy; and thus insensibly combating those perilous counsels of revenge and despair which possessed the minds of the French peasantry at the same epoch, and culminated in the French Revolution.

GEORGE C. BRODRICK.

From Temple Bar.

WIT AND WITS.

WHAT is wit? The question has been often asked and often answered — with more or less felicity. But, in truth, nothing is more difficult to define. The spirit of wit is like a Proteus. It is full of "nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." It is epigram, pun, satire, extravaganzas, repartee — sometimes as rainbow, winged and mocking as an Ariel, sometimes as sly and elvish as a Puck, sometimes as savage as Dante's black-winged demon Draghignazzo, wheeling with his iron prong above the lake of pitch. In truth, wit varies like the minds of men. And it is a curious thing to note how the wit of one mind differs from another's, according to the faculties from which it springs.

Let us take some illustrations.

Dr. Johnson is the type of a large class — the class of those who have the wit of intellect. His wit was the result of a natural penetrating keenness of mind, which detected at a glance the weakest point in an opponent's armor, and struck at that point with a giant's strength. Perhaps no man ever surpassed the burly doctor in the "retort courteous" (pleasantly so called), which sometimes pierces like an arrow, and sometimes knocks down an opponent like a bludgeon. It is difficult to open Boswell without alighting on an instance. We will take the first that comes. A Scotchman who once heard him, in spite of his dislike to the Scotch, praise Buchanan, asked him with an air of triumph, "Ah, doctor, what would you have said of Buchanan if he had been an

Englishman?" The reply was quite a model of Johnsonian wit. "I could not then have said of him, what I will say of him now, that he is the only man of genius his country has produced."

All Johnson's best things are of this kind. Fancy he had none; and the wit of fancy, with its firefly gambols, not only was not his, but made him angry. A pun enraged him; a piece of wild extravaganzas was against his cast of mind. Wit of the same species as his own — the wit of Swift, the wit with which Pope and Dryden took immortal vengeance on their foes — he appreciated well, and loved as a *virtuoso* loves old wine. But it is probable that he would have seen very little wit in much of Sydney Smith, and none at all in Hood.

There was, no doubt, one side of Sydney Smith's rich wit which Johnson would have welcomed — the short, sharp, weighty sayings on life and human nature which have so much in common with his own. "Yes, you will find people ready enough to act the Good Samaritan, without the oil and the twopence." Such a saying only requires to be ushered in with a "Sir," to be in the very manner of Johnson, and worthy of his best.

But though Sydney Smith could thus rival Johnson in Johnson's own domain, his own peculiar realm was one which Johnson could not enter. His wit was, at its best, the perfect wit of fancy. His well known saying, for example, that a certain dean deserved to be preached to death by wild curates, is one which it is impossible even to imagine in the mouth of Johnson. It is precisely one of those things which could have sprung up in no other mind than that which actually produced it. It bears, like wine, the tang of its own soil. The wit of it bears no resemblance to the wit of intellect. Reason has no part in it; the wit of fancy is "the insane root, which takes the reason prisoner." It would be hard to prove by logic where its merit lies. As Charles Lamb said of the story of the Oxford scholar who met a porter carrying a hare and asked him whether it was his own hare or a wig: "There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blot ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof." It is, in short, the wit of fancy, and to fancy only it appeals.

Such was the most characteristic wit of Sydney Smith. Every idea that entered his mind seemed to be attended by a ludicrous image. Some one asked him what

he thought of the lord mayor. "I felt myself in his presence," he said, "like the Roman whom Pyrrhus tried to frighten with an elephant, and remained calm." We will take one other example—one out of hundreds. "My dear Rogers," he observed to the poet, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered; and lovely as we both are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu."

No man, we think, ever equalled Sydney Smith in the wit of extravaganza. He understood better than any other the artistic use of exaggeration. Mere exaggeration is not wit; nor can we lay down any law for making it become so. It succeeds, when it does succeed, not by rule or method, but by a certain natural happy instinct, impossible to analyze, but which acts by intuition. It was in this faculty that Sydney Smith excelled all men. We will take a few examples.

The Scots would have you believe they can ripen fruit; and to be candid I must own that in remarkably warm summers I have tasted peaches that made most excellent pickles.

Part of the effect of this is due, no doubt, to the art with which it is expressed—to its air of candid confession, which seems to be yielding the point in favor of the Scots, at the very moment when it tells so ludicrously against them.

Again:—

When so showy a woman as Mrs. — appears at a place, though there is no garrison within twelve miles, the horizon is immediately clouded with majors.

In this case it is not so much the mere exaggeration which gives it its effect, as the *grotesquerie* of the picture which it presents to the mind's eye.

Again:—

Such is the horror the French have of our *cuisine*, that at the dinner given in honor of Guizot at the Athenæum, his cook was heard to exclaim, "*Ah, mon pauvre maître! je ne le reverrai plus.*"

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that Guizot's cook of course never "exclaimed" anything of the kind, and that Sydney Smith invented the whole story. And a fine example of artistic exaggeration it is.

Theodore Hook was a wit of quite a different order. Wit, in him, sprang from an astonishingly fertile fancy, intense vivacity, and an ever-rushing flood of words. He was probably the only really great *improvisatore* ever born in England.

His extempore faculty has never among us been equalled or approached; and he had, besides, that strange personal magic which makes every word seem ten times wittier than if any one else had said it. His writings probably give a very faint notion of what he was in company. In this respect, his case resembles that of the great actors of the past; we are obliged to take his reputation, for the most part, on the testimony of others. But that testimony is singularly striking. His habit of sitting down to the piano, and breaking out into a song, of which the words, and often the music, were composed at the moment; bringing in, as he went along, allusions to each of his listeners in turn, or to the incidents of the evening—the ease and happiness with which this was done, seem to have struck his contemporaries almost with a sense of the miraculous. The following account of one of these performances—it occurs in Lockhart's sketch in the *Quarterly Review*—is interesting on two accounts. It not only shows us Hook; it shows us Coleridge also, and in a curious light:—

The first time I ever witnessed one of his performances was at a gay young bachelor's villa at Highgate, when the other lion was one of a very different breed, Mr. Coleridge. Much claret had been shed before the "Ancient Mariner" proclaimed that he could swallow no more of anything, unless it were punch. The materials were forthwith procured—the bowl was planted before the poet, and as he proceeded in his concoction, Hook, unbidden, took his place at the piano. He burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of "Lay Sermons" and the "Aids to Reflection." The room was becoming excessively hot; the first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then, exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and demolished another pane—the example was followed generally—the window was a sieve in an instant—the kind host was furthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was drowned in Hook's resumption of the song—and window, and chandelier, and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer, had apt, and in many cases exquisitely witty, commemoration. In walking home with Mr. Coleridge he entertained — and me with a most excellent lecture on the distinction between talent and genius, and declared that Hook was as true a genius as Dante — *that* was his example.

The picture of Coleridge, inspired by claret, thus "sounding on his way," like Chaucer's scholar, in the middle of the

night, is very characteristic and very amusing. And the text which he expounded is one full of interest, and may well detain us for a moment. What did Coleridge mean by saying that Hook was as true a genius as Dante? The assertion, at first sight, appears extravagant—a mere flight of fancy. Yet a little reflection will show that it is strictly true. What is genius? It is the faculty which effects easily, instinctively, and without knowledge of its own mode of acting, results which the intellect alone is unable, by any effort, to attain. The brain power of Bacon and the brain power of Newton put together could not have produced either the "Inferno" nor one of Hook's songs. Hook, like Dante, could do one thing which no other man who ever lived was capable of doing; and this is not talent, but genius. Some such course of reasoning as this it was, we cannot doubt, but adorned with every grace of language and play of fancy, that on this occasion "the old man eloquent" poured forth upon the midnight air.

There is another faculty of Hook's which deserves consideration. His love of practical joking is well known. But perhaps it has been hardly noted how very different, at their best, were his exploits of this kind, from those which generally go by that name. This is a point on which we wish to make a few remarks, and to illustrate our meaning by an example.

We are accustomed, and generally quite justly, to regard the race of practical jokers with no friendly eye. Their exploits usually display not only want of feeling, but want of sense. The clown's stock joke, to tie a piece of string across a street, in order to see the passengers fall down and break their legs, is worthy of a clown. To send a man ten miles on a fool's errand, is not above the capacity of a fool. But Hook's exploits, at their best, were of a far different kind. Lockhart has left us an account of one of these, which, as his article is not widely known, we will permit ourselves to quote in full.

He and Mathews, as they were rowing to Richmond, were suddenly bitten by the sight of a placard at the foot of a Barnes garden—*Nobody permitted to land here—offenders prosecuted with the utmost Rigor of Law*—thereupon followed their instant debarkation on the forbidden paradise—the fishing-line converted into a surveyor's measuring-tape—their solemn pacing to and fro on the beautiful lawn—Hook the surveyor, with his book and pencil in hand—Mathews the clerk, with the cord and walking-stick, both soon pinned into the

exquisite turf; the opening of the parlor door, and fiery approach of the napkined alderman—the comedians' cool, indifferent reception of him and his indignant enquiries; their gradual announcement of their being the agents of the Canal Company, settling where the new cut is to cross the old gentleman's pleasure:—his alarm and horror, which call forth the unaffected regrets and commiseration of the unfortunate officials, "never more pained than with such a duty;" the alderman's suggestion that they had better walk in and talk the matter over; their anxious examination of watches and reluctant admission that they might spare a quarter of an hour—"but alas! no use, they fear, none whatever:"—the entry of the dining-room—the turkey just served—the pressing invitation to taste a morsel—the excellent dinner—the fine old Madeira—the bottle of pink champagne, "a present from My Lord Mayor"—the discussion of half-a-dozen of claret and of the projected branch of the canal—the City knight's arguments getting more and more weighty—"Really this business must be reconsidered—one bottle more, dear gentlemen"—till at last it is getting dark—they are eight miles from Westminster Bridge—Hook bursts out into song and relates the whole transaction, winding up with—

Sir, we greatly approve of your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook—
My friend's Mr. Mathews the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!

Now this, it need scarcely be observed, could never have been either conceived or executed, except by a man of the very rarest gifts. It is a little comedy, played in real life, by a born actor. It is a thing which, as far as we can tell, no other man who ever lived could have conceived and carried out in detail. Coleridge would certainly have called it genius. It is sufficient for us to note that it is marked by a character quite its own.

Sheridan had every kind of wit, both of intellect and fancy. But, unless we are mistaken, he had no style which stands alone, distinct from that of any other man. He had nothing corresponding to Hook's extempore faculty, or to Sydney Smith's amazing witchery of fancy. His best things were the result of thought and preparation; and the germ, even of these, was often borrowed. Yet Sydney Smith and Hook put together could not have produced "The School for Scandal." Nor need we say that Sheridan was much more than a great wit. He wrote, it is true, the wittiest comedy on the stage; but he also delivered in Parliament the finest speech ever pronounced before the speaker's chair. His mind was a curious compound of the great and little—and his wit bore the impression of his mind. In the

debates of the House, it sparkled like some rare spar among a heap of pebbles. His power over that august assembly resembled a sort of spell—now, as with the speech on Warren Hastings, arousing such a tempest of excitement that no other speaker could be heard—now gravely bamboozling the queen's most faithful Commons with a piece of jargon which sounded something like a Greek quotation, and which he pretended was out of Pindar. His wit, like an elephant's proboscis, could uproot an oak-tree, or pick up a pin. It could make great statesmen look little and ridiculous. It could swindle a tradesman out of a pair of boots. It could proclaim, as he was picked up in the gutter, full of wine, that his name was Wilberforce, and that he was not often thus. Regarding this last case, it may be noted that Sheridan was seldom too far gone for a *bon mot*. On another occasion his doctor, finding him engaged with the sixth bottle, gravely warned him that he was infallibly destroying the coats of his stomach. "Then," replied Sheridan, coolly filling his glass, "my stomach must digest in its waistcoat."

A more interesting, a more extraordinary character than Sheridan's never existed in this world. But his wit, as we have said, resembled rather the wit of all other men put together than any striking faculty which belonged to himself alone. And doubtless this is the reason why he has been made to stand godfather to more jokes, good and bad, that were not his, than any other man who ever lived.

Douglas Jerrold had something in common with both Hook and Sydney Smith. But on the whole his wit has a peculiar flavor, not to be mistaken, which marks it as his own. It is bitterer than Hook's; it is less original than Sydney Smith's; it is different from both. Yet the difference is one rather to be felt than argued. "I sec," he once remarked to a certain *parvenu*, who had suddenly sprung out of the dregs of society, and who now appeared on horseback in the Row, "I see you now *ride* upon your cat's-meat." This is exactly Douglas Jerrold, sting and all. We will take another example. A *bon vivant*, who had already been looking on the wine when it was red, enquired of him the way to the Judge and Jury. "Keep in the way you are going," said Jerrold, "and you will be sure to get there"—a reply which reminds one of the story told of Bishop Wilberforce and a country fellow, one of a group of loungers, who asked him jestingly which was the way to Heaven.

"Turn to the right, and keep straight on," replied the bishop. This (if indeed it is not too ingenious to have been ever really spoken), was a mixture of epigram, pun, repartee, and moral maxim, all in one.

Jerrold, like all the wits of fancy, did not, on occasion, scorn a pun. We are not, perhaps, in our days, the best judges of this kind of wit; the dull and cold-hearted mangling of words, to which alone we are accustomed, has spoiled our taste and made us hate the word. A pun, if it is witty, is more than a mere jingling play of words—it presents, as well, a humorous *idea*. If we consider this distinction we shall perhaps be disposed to raise a certain class of puns from the low estate into which the general kind has fallen. According to our view, the merit of a pun depends entirely on the degree with which it presents, besides the play of words, a humorous idea to the mind. Hook's best pun, in his own opinion, was that made to a friend who pointed out a placard bearing the inscription, half-effaced, *Warren's B—*, "What ought to follow," he observed, "is *lacking*." This is admirable of its kind—but Hook shall give us another. James Smith said of their friend Hill, that it was impossible to discover his age, for the parish register had been burnt in the fire of London. "Pooh, pooh," said Hook, "he is one of the little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms."

Now the wit of this is not so much in the pun itself as in the idea which it conveys. It is, in fact, an example of the same kind of successful exaggeration of which Sydney Smith is the great master.

Jerrold's puns were often of this order. We will take a single instance. "Waiter, bring a bottle of old port; mind, *old* port, not *elder*."

Hood was, we think, the best pun-maker in our language. We know what Johnson thought of puns; and the best of those which we have quoted would very certainly have made the sage, to use the graphic phrase of Boswell, "puff in high disdain." But there are certain puns of Hood's which we think might have converted even him. The puns of others sparkle, but are cold; Hood's have the warmth of life. In his last illness, when he was wasted to a shadow, a mustard poultice was to be applied to his chest. "Ah, doctor," said the poor patient, smiling faintly, "it is a great deal of mustard to so little meat." Who could have thought that a pun could be pathetic?

Where shall we find an instance out of Hood?

The examples which we have taken, in our comparison of styles, have been selected wholly among wits whose reputation is based rather on their talk than on their writings. We had intended to consider further, from the same point of view, some of the famous wits whose best things are to be found only in their books. But the subject is too wide, however tempting — and we must turn away. The world of wit is an enchanted ground; and they who enter it must needs beware, lest, like the lotos-eaters, they forget themselves among its pleasant places, and linger there too long.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DOCTOR: AN OLD VIRGINIA FOX-HUNTER.

Now the doctor was a Southerner of the old school. Nor was he merely a North Carolinian, a Tennessean, a Kentuckian, or a Georgian — not any, thank you! No; our friend was a Virginian — a real "old-fashioned, blue-blooded, whole-souled, open-handed Virginian." And this he was by virtue of eight or nine generations of forebears who had fought, physicked, speechified, fox-hunted, raised negroes and tobacco, in that immortal commonwealth. No day passed but the doctor, in his simple fashion, unconsciously thanked God that he was a Virginian. For did not virtue, valor, honor, gallantry, select the Old Dominion in the days of the Stuarts as their special depot, from whence, in modified streams, these qualities might be diffused over the less fortunate portions of the Western world? To the unsophisticated Englishman, to the ignorant Frenchman or German, an American is an American. If he is not rampantly modern, sensationally progressive, and furiously material, he is nothing at all. But the doctor would scarcely ever speak or think of himself as an American, except in the same sense as an Englishman would call himself a European. The doctor was every moment of the day, and every day in the year, a Virginian above everything; and as I have already said, he felt thereby that a responsibility and a glory above that of other mortals had been conferred upon him by the accident of his birth. I may add, moreover, that he was unquestionably non-progressive, that he was decidedly not modern, while to this

day he is so reactionary that the sound of a railway irritates him; and finally, that he was, and I feel sure still is, eminently picturesque.

The doctor was about sixty-five at the time of which I write (not so very many years ago). He had never set foot outside Virginia, and never wanted to. That a country, however, or climate, or people, or scenery existed that could be mentioned in the same breath with the old Cavalier colony, never for one moment was accounted within the bounds of possibility by that good and simple soul.

And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the doctor was proud of his descent from pure English stock. "None of Scotch or Irish, or Scotch-Irish, for me. No, I thank you, sir." "My folks," he was fond of relating, "were real English stock, who came over 'way back in early colonial days, and settled on the York River. They were kin to the nobility." Whatever may have been the accuracy of this last claim, the doctor's patronymic in Virginia genealogy was above reproach, and would have secured him an *entree* (had he owned a dress-coat, and had he felt a hankering after Eastern cities) into those small exclusive coteries in transatlantic society that still recognize birth as superior to wealth and even intellect. I should not like it to be supposed that my dear doctor, of whom I am excessively fond, was given to blustering about either his State or his descent. Your fire-eating, blowing, swaggering Southerner belongs either to a lower social grade, to the more frontier States of the South, or, to a greater degree perhaps than either, to the fertile imagination of Yankee editors and dime novelists. The doctor was a Virginian. His thoughts and his habits, which were peculiar and original, were simply those of Virginians of his class and generation somewhat strongly emphasized. He was just and unassuming, kindly and homely. There was about him a delightful old-fashioned, if somewhat ponderous suavity of manner, that the rest of the Anglo-Saxon race have long, long outgrown. Even to hear a married female that was not black addressed as otherwise than "Madam" positively pained him. As for the children, the doctor had a separate greeting for every one of them, let his host's quiver be ever so full. Ay, and generally something more than that; for the doctor's capacious pockets were known by the little ones to be almost as inexhaustible in the way of chincapins, hickory-nuts, and candy, as his

well-worn saddle-bags were of less inviting condiments.

The doctor's belief in his country (and by his country of course I mean Virginia) was the religion in which he was born. He would never have dreamt of intruding it on you. International comparisons he could not make, for he had never been out of the State. I feel perfectly sure, however, if the doctor had travelled over every corner of the earth, that his faith was of that fundamental description which was proof against mere sights and sounds. He would have returned to the shade of his ancestral porch, temporarily staggered, perhaps, but still unconvinced that any land or any people could compare with old Virginia.

The average American in London is a spectacle which has in it nothing inharmonious; on the contrary, in these days it is sometimes hard to distinguish him from the native. To picture the doctor in London, however, requires an effort of imagination from which the intellect shrinks. Of one thing I am sure, and that is, he would be very miserable. He would call in vain for glasses of cold water like that from the limpid spring under the poplar-tree at home, of which the doctor consumes about a horse-troughful a day. He would hang over the apple-stalls, and groan over the deficiencies of a country that could do no better than that. He would get up two hours before the servants, and prowling about disconsolate and hungry till breakfast. What an apology, too, for a breakfast it would be without an "old Virginia hot-beat biscuit!" In his despair of getting a "julep," he might take a whiskey punch before his early dinner. But here, again, how could the emblazoned wine-card, with its, for him, meaningless contents, supply the want of that big pitcher of foaming buttermilk for which his simple palate craves? The pomp and wealth, the glitter and glare of a great capital, would be simply distasteful to our patriarch. In his own land he and his have been for all time aristocrats — after their own fashion, it is true, but still aristocrats. They have been strongly inclined to regard themselves as the salt of the earth — and perhaps they are; a good sturdy British foible this, intensified by isolation and the mutual-admiration atmosphere which such isolation creates. At any rate, gold lace and liveries and coronets are not indispensable adjuncts of honor and breeding. The doctor, however — if we can imagine him gazing on the stream of carriages rolling past Hyde

Park Corner on a summer evening — would be sensible, for the first time in his life, to a feeling somewhat akin to insignificance creeping over him. He would hate and despise himself for it, but still it would make him uncomfortable, and he would want to get away home. A depressing suspicion would come over our good friend that the haughty squires and dames knew no more of Virginia's history, or of Pages and Randolphs, and Pendletons and Byrds, than they knew of the obscure Elijahs and Hiram and Aarons that tilled the stony fields of New England. I fear, moreover, that the suspicion would be too well founded. As a Cumberland squire in the eighteenth century might have been disillusioned by a visit to the capital, so to a much greater degree would our good Virginia friend have in all probability suffered by a similar transportation. Once home again, however, I can safely affirm of the doctor, that these uncomfortable sensations would have vanished in no time. Once more in his cane-bottomed rocking-chair on the shady porch; once more within sight of the blue mountains, the red fallows, and the yellow pine-sprinkled sedge-fields of his native land, he would quickly recover from the temporary shocks that had irritated him. The sublime faith in "the grand old Commonwealth" would return, and he would thank God more fervently than ever he was a son of Virginia; not because of her present or her future — for he considered the Virginia he belonged to died with slavery — but on account of her people and her past. The doctor, happily, had been spared all these trials, and his faith remained pure and unimpaired. The only capital he had ever visited was the charming little city of Richmond, where every third man or woman he met was his cousin; where most of society call one another by their Christian names, dine in the middle of the day, and sit out on chairs in the street after supper. Richmond is delightful, and so are its people; but its atmosphere would tend to confirm, not to shake, the doctor's homely faith.

Perhaps the Southern States was the only part of the world where the practice of medicine has ever been looked upon as an honorable adjunct to the possession of considerable landed estates and an aristocratic name. As in England there are squire-parsons, so in Virginia there were squire-doctors, men of considerable property (as things go there) both in land and slaves, regularly practising in their own neighborhood. The slaves that consti-

tuted the bulk of their wealth have gone, but the lands and the practice remain—for those who still survive and are able to sit upon a horse.

The doctor is one of these survivals—and may he long flourish! He had only a moderate property—two farms—of which we shall speak anon. But then he was a Patton; and as everybody south of the Potomac knows, the Pattons are one of the first families in the State—none of your modern and self-dubbed F. F. V.'s are they, but real old colonial people, whose names are written on almost every page of their country's history. Besides this, Judge Patton, the doctor's father, was one of the greatest jurists south of Washington—"in the world," Virginians said; but as a compromise we will admit he was one of the first in America, and quite distinguished enough to reflect a social halo over his immediate descendants, supposing even they had not been Pattons.

The original Patton mansion was burnt down in 1840. Nothing was left but the office in the yard, where in those days our friend the doctor pursued his youthful medical investigations and entertained his bachelor friends. The judge was a busy man, and much absent. He was always "laying out to build him a new house;" but death "laid him out" while the scheme was still in embryo. The doctor, who, as only son, became proprietor, had his hands too full, what with negroes, and farming, and physicking, and fox-hunting, to carry it out till the war was upon him, and with its results put an end, as he thought at the time, to everything which makes life sweet.

It must not, however, be supposed that the doctor and his father had gone houseless or camped out since 1840. Not at all. From the old brick office, whose isolation had saved it from that memorable conflagration, there had grown—I use the word advisedly, as applicable to Virginia architecture—there had grown a rambling structure, whose design, rather than whose actual weight of years, gave it an appearance venerable enough to command the respect and admiration of summer tourists from New York and Philadelphia. It was not often such apparitions passed that way, and when they did, it was generally in pursuit of filthy lucre suppositiously concealed in the fields or the forests. Nor are mining prospectors as a rule sentimental, but sometimes they are in America. When such *rare aves* came by the doctor's front gate, they would almost always pull up and gaze through it with that ad-

miration and respect that Northerners are inclined to pay to anything in their own country that recalls the past.

"Oh, isn't that too quaint for anything!" the ladies that sometimes accompanied them never failed to remark. "That's a real old ramshackle Virginia house, by thunder! and a pretty heavy old fossil inside it, you bet!" said the more observant of the gentlemen.

The doctor would have gloried in such criticism had he heard it. He hated Yankees; he hated your new-fangled houses; he hated railroads; he hated towns; he hated breech-loading guns; sights and sounds and things that he was not familiar with at five-and-twenty, he would have none of when he was between sixty and seventy.

The doctor's house was unconventional to be sure, while weather and neglect of paint or whitewash had given it an air of antiquity to which it had no real claim. It lay a hundred yards back from the road, and appeared to consist of four or five small houses of varying dimensions, and occupying relationships toward one another of a most uncertain kind. Two of these leaned heavily together, like convivial old gentlemen "seeing one another home." The rest lay at respectful distances from each other, connected only by open verandahs, through which the summer breeze blew freshly, and lovingly fanned the annuals that spread and twined themselves along the eaves. Almost every style of Virginia rural architecture found place in this homely conglomeration of edifices, which even "old man Jake," the negro, who has for twenty years looked after the doctor's horses and stolen his corn, described as "mighty shacklin', and lookin' like as if they'd bin throwed down all in a muss."

It was, however, a real old characteristic Virginia house of its kind. There were squared chestnut-logs, black with rain and sun, against which the venetian shutters of the windows banged and thumped in gusty spring days as against walls of adamant. These same logs were got out of the woods and squared, the doctor would tell you, in days "when men had plenty of time and plenty of force (*i.e.*, slaves) to do those things properly." Then there were walls of pine weather-boarding, erected at a period when, the same authority would inform you, "people began to saw and season their lumber five or ten years before they started to build." There were roofs of wooden shingles slanting and sloping in every direction—black, rot-

ting, and moss-grown here, white and garish there, where penetrating rains had forced the slow and reluctant hand of repair. Dormer-windows glared out at you, patched as to their shattered panes with local newspapers of remote date, and speaking of stuffy attics behind, where hornets, yellow-jackets, and "mud-daubers" careered about in summer-time over the apple-strewn floors. Then there was the old brick office—relic of a distant past; of a period when the Virginia planters, though surrounded by the finest clay, were so absorbed in tobacco that they sent to England for their bricks. It is probable, however, that these particular bricks were produced upon the spot. At any rate, their comparative antiquity and presumably mellow tone have been ruthlessly effaced, for this is the only part of the doctor's mansion that he has selected for a coat of whitewash. It is used for professional purposes, and is known by the doctor's patients as the "sujjery." I know it is hopeless to try, by a bald description of timber and bricks and mortar, to give any idea of how the doctor's rambling homestead appealed to the sense of the picturesque, and to the affections of those of us who were familiar with it and with its inmate. No doubt, however, the latter had something to do with this. Nor should the surroundings be forgotten. The stately oaks that towered high above the quaint low buildings, and covered with leaves and *debris* the greater portion of that domestic enclosure which in those parts was known as the yard. The straggling, branching acacias that grew close to the house, and spread their tall arms above the roof, littering it in autumn with showers of small, curly leaves, and choking the wooden gutters (for the doctor considered tin piping as a modern heresy) with fragmentary twigs. The fresh, green turf that had matted and spread for one hundred and fifty years around this house and the more stately one that preceded it. The aged box-trees that had once, no doubt, in prim Dutch rows lined some well-tended gravel path, but now cropped up here and here upon the turf, like beings that had outlived their time and generation. The clustering honeysuckles, bending their old and rickety frames to the ground. The silver aspens before the door, whose light leaves shivered above your head in the most breathless August days. The slender mimosa, through whose beautiful and fragile greenery the first humming-birds of early June shyly fluttered; and the long row of straw hives

against the rickety fence, where hereditary swarms of bees—let well alone—made more honey than the doctor and all his neighbors could consume.

Yes! these objects are, and all and many more, are, twined around my heart, but the doctor's front gate occupies no such position at all. It was all very well for the people who stopped in the road and looked through its bars at the fine old oaks, the green lawn beyond, and the quaint, straggling structure, and then drove on their way. For those, however, whose duty or pleasure compelled them to penetrate that barrier, it was entirely another matter. It was a home-made gate—a real "old Virginia" gate—put up at the close of the war as a protest, it would almost seem, against Yankee notions of hurry. To look at that tremendous portal, you would have supposed that the doctor was the most defiant recluse, instead of the most hospitable of men. It was, however, a typical Virginia gate strongly emphasized, just as the doctor was a typical Virginia gentleman strongly emphasized. I couldn't speak accurately as to its dimensions, but I have often had to jump for life as it fell, and from the way in which it hit the ground, I should say that it must have weighed nearly a thousand pounds. Its weight would have been a matter of no importance whatever to any one but the doctor and the posts which supported it, had it been properly hung with two hinges and a latch. No doubt it had commenced life with these advantages; but during all the years I struggled with it, there was no latch, and only a bottom hook-hinge. It was kept in its place by two ponderous fence rails being leaned up against it. The most elementary mathematician will at once arrive at the result which ensued on the removal of these rails (a herculean task in itself) and the opening of the gate, unless extraordinary skill was exercised. It was really a performance beyond a single man; so most visitors, unless they were "riding for the doctor"—in the most serious business sense—holloaed for assistance, or rode about till some of the hands came up to the rescue. It must not be supposed that the doctor's establishment, though strongly typical in a sense, resembled to any extent the real old Virginia mansion. The Pattons, it will be remembered, had been burnt out, and the present pile had been originally intended only as a makeshift; but it was such a makeshift as would perhaps be seen nowhere out of Virginia. Of the more substantial

family mansions there were plenty crowning the hills in the doctor's neighborhood. Square blocks of brick, some many-windowed and green-shuttered, with huge Grecian porticoes supported by rows of white fluted pillars stretching along their face. Great big wooden barns, others with acres of roof and rows of dormer-windows, and crazy, crumbling porches, and stacks of red brick chimneys clambering up outside the white walls at the gable-ends, or anywhere else where they come handy for that matter. There were plenty of these within range of the doctor's house and the limits of his practice, and to the proprietor of every one the doctor was related. The stages of this relationship varied from the unquestioned affinity of cousins and nephews, to that which is described in Virginia by the comprehensive and far-reaching appellative of "kin." To be kin of the Pattons, moreover, was in itself a desirable thing in Virginian eyes. Though the doctor lived in such an unpretentious residence, and worked day in and day out as a country practitioner, there were people in the neighborhood holding their heads pretty high, who were always pleased to remember that their father's first cousin had married the doctor's mother's brother.

With all the doctor's quaint ideas and strong prejudices, I have said that he was a thorough gentleman. He was of the kind meant for use, and not for show. Good heavens! what would your dashing British Æsculapius, in his brougham or well-appointed dog-cart, have said to my old friend's appearance when setting out for a long winter's day's work? I can see him now, riding in at the gate on some wild January day, bringing hope in his kindly face, and good conservative time-honored drugs in his well-worn saddle-bags. A woollen scarf is drawn round his head, and on the top of it is crammed an ancient wideawake. A long black cloak, fastened round his throat with a clasp, and lined with red flannel, falls over the saddle behind. His legs, good soul, are thickly encased in coils of wheat-straw, wound tightly round them from his ankles upwards. In his hand, by way of a whip, he carries a bushy switch plucked from the nearest tree, and upon one heel a rusty spur that did duty at Bull's Run.

Now do not suppose that the doctor on such occasions was regarded as a scarecrow, or that his neighbors looked upon him as eccentric or even careless of attire; on the contrary, this was a good old Virginia costume. The doctor's appearance

as above described was not the desperate expedient of a frontier and transitory condition—not at all. It was a survival of two hundred years of a peculiar civilization; a civilization that had been wont to look inside the plantation fence for almost every necessary; a patriarchal dispensation whose simplicity was to a great extent the outcome of exclusiveness; a social organization wherein each man's place was so absolutely fixed, that personal apparel was a matter of almost no moment, and personal display, such as engages the well-to-do of other countries in mischievous rivalry, was hardly known.

The general shabbiness of Virginia was not the temporary shabbiness of a pioneering generation—that condition everybody can understand—but the picturesque and almost defiant tatterdemalionism of quite an old and thoroughly self-satisfied community, unstimulated by contact with the outer world. It was a mellow, time-honored kind of shabbiness of which Virginians are almost proud, regarding it as a sort of mute protest, though an extreme one, against those modern innovations which their souls abhorred. The doctor had been a widower since the first year of the war. In accordance with local custom, he had buried his wife in the orchard. A simple marble shaft in that homely quarter spoke of her virtues and her worth to the colts and calves that bit the sweet May grass around her tomb, and to the inquiring swine that crunched the rotting apples as they fell in autumn from the untended trees. Neither had the doctor been blessed with sons or daughters. Who he would "ar [heir as a verb] his place to" was a common subject of discussion among the negroes on the property. The doctor's profession, no doubt, was his first care; but his heart was with his farms and his fox-hounds. The doctor had practised over, or, as we used to say there, "ridden" the south side of the country for nearly forty years. He had studied medicine with the intention only of saving the doctor's bill in his father's household of eighty negroes. He had soon, however, dropped into a regular practice, and for the last five-and-twenty years, at any rate, no birth or death within a radius of ten miles would have been considered a well-conducted one without his good offices. The doctor's income, upon the well-thumbed scroll of hieroglyphics that he called his books, was nearly three thousand dollars a year. He collected probably about fifteen hundred. A considerable portion, too, of this fifteen hun-

dred was received in kind payments, not conveniently convertible, such as bacon, Indian corn, hams, wheat flour, woollen yarns, sucking pigs, home-made brooms, eggs, butter, bricks, sweet-potato slips, sawn plank, tobacco-plants, shingles, chickens, baskets, sausage-meat, sole-leather, young fruit-trees, raw hides, hoe-handles, old iron. To utilize these various commodities, it would have been necessary for the doctor to have had a farm, even supposing he had not already been the fortunate proprietor of two. Indeed, a farm to a Southern doctor is not only necessary as a receptacle for the agricultural curiosities that are forced upon him in lieu of payment, but for the actual labor of those many dusky patients who can give no other return for physic and attendance received. You could see a bevy of these Ethiopians almost any day upon the doctor's farm, wandering aimlessly about with hoes or brier-blades, chattering and cackling and doing everything but work.

The doctor might have been called a successful physician. He had no rivals. There were two inferior performers in the district, it is true, who were by way of following the healing art—small farmers, who were reported to have studied medicine in their youth. One of these, however, had not credit sufficient to purchase drugs, and the other was generally drunk. So it was only their near relations, when not dangerously indisposed, who patronized them—or some patient of the doctor's now and again, perhaps, who took a fancy the latter was too "aristocratic," till he got badly sick, and returned with alacrity to his allegiance. There is no doubt, I fear, but that the doctor practised on the lines of thirty years ago. Tory to the backbone in every other department of life, it was hardly to be expected that he should have panted for light and leading in that branch of learning in which he had no rival within reach. Papers or magazines connected with the healing science I never remember to have seen inside the Patton homestead; and yet, after a great deal of experience of the good old man's professional care, I have a sort of feeling that I would as soon place my life in his hands as in the hands of Sir Omicron Pi!

What time the doctor had to spare from physicking, I have said he devoted to farming and to fox-hunting. I should like to follow him for a bit on his long professional rounds, and listen to his cheery talk in homestead and cabin; to help him fill his long pipe, which he draws out of his top-boot when the patient has settled down

to sleep or quiet; to hear him once again chat about tobacco and wheat, politics and foxes. I should like, too, to say something of the doctor's farming—heaven save the mark!—on his two properties; the one "ard" him by his father, and the other one, the quarter place near by, that "cum to him with his wife, ole Cunnel Pendleton's daughter."

I must only pause to remark, however, that the doctor farmed, as he did everything else, in the good old Virginia fashion—or in what is now irreverently known as the "rip and tar [tear] principle." He didn't care anything about acres or estimates; and as for farm books, his professional accounts pestered him quite enough. Of rotations, he neither knew nor wanted to know anything. His great idea was to plough and sow as much land as he could scuffle over with all the labor he could scrape together. Of manuring, clovering, or fertilizing, he took little account. If he "pitched" a big crop only, he was a proud and happy man. When each recurring harvest brought results more insignificant than the last, a temporary disgust with the whole business used to seize on my old friend, and he would swear that the wheat crops had been of no account since the war; that tobacco had gone to the devil, and that he'd quit fooling with a plantation for good and all. In the eyes of those who knew him, however, such tirades meant absolutely nothing. A Virginian of his description could no more have helped farming than he could have altered any other of the immutable laws of nature. A younger generation, and many indeed of the older one, have learned wisdom and prudence in the management of land since the abolition of slavery. The doctor, however, and the few left like him, will be land-killers of the genial good old sort till they lie under the once generous sod they have so ruthlessly treated.

The doctor's first care was of necessity his patients; but there is no doubt, I think, that his real affections were divided between his farms and his fox-hounds. That he did his duty by the former was amply testified to by the popularity he enjoyed. That he signally failed in the treatment of his lands was quite as evident. For while he healed the sores and the wounds of his patients, the sores, the wounds, the storm-rent gullies, the bare galls in his hillsides, grew worse and worse. The maize-stalks grew thinner, the tobacco lighter, the wheat-yield poorer, year by year. One has heard of famous painters, who perversely fancied them-

selves rather as musicians — of established authors, who yearned rather to be praised as artists. So the doctor, who certainly had no local rival in his own profession, seemed to covet fame rather as the champion and exponent of a happily departing school of Southern agriculturists. In this case, the income derived from the profession just sufficed to make good the losses on the farm. So, though the doctor, in spite of his household expenses being almost *nil*, could never by any chance lay his hand on a five-dollar bill, he managed to keep upon the whole pretty free from debt. With a scattered practice, and an agricultural hobby extending over one thousand acres, including woods and old fields "turned out" to recover, it may be a matter of surprise that our old friend had leisure for a third indulgence, especially one like fox-hunting, which is connected in the British mind with such a large consumption of time. Nevertheless the doctor, like most of his compeers, was passionately fond of the chase, and in spite of the war and altered times, had kept hounds round him almost without a break since he was a boy. It will be seen, however, that fox-hunting, as understood and followed by the doctor, was by no means incompatible with his more serious avocations.

Now, if the fashion in which the doctor pursued the wily fox was not orthodox from a Leicestershire point of view, it was for all that none the less, perhaps indeed so much the more, genuine. Around New York and Philadelphia, it is true, the sport is pursued by fashionable bankers, brokers, and lawyers in a style the most approved. All the bravery and the glitter, ay, and much of the horsemanship of the British hunting-field, is there. But, like polo and coaching, it is there as a mere exotic, transplanted but yesterday, to the amazement and occasionally indignation of the Long Island rustics and the delight of the society papers. Everything is there — hounds, huntsmen, whips, red coats, tops, splendidly mounted hard-riding ladies and gentlemen, sherry-flasks, sandwich-boxes, etc., etc., — everything, in short, but the fox. So far, however, as I can learn, such an omission is of no great importance under the modern conception of hunting. That wouldn't be the doctor's way of thinking at all, though; for I must here remark, that that worthy sportsman's love of hunting is entirely on hereditary principles and of native growth. Fox-hunting for two centuries has been the natural pastime of the Virginia gentry.

They imported the chase of the fox and its customs from the mother country at a period when such things were conducted in a very different style from what they are now.

The hunting of the fox, as carried on in England early in the last century, let us say, offered, I take it, a very different spectacle from that seen in the elaborate and gorgeous cavalcades and the rushing fleet-footed hounds that race to-day over the trim, well-drained turf of the shires. No foxes were killed in those days in twenty-five minutes, I'll warrant. Men started their fox at daybreak, and pottered along, absorbed in the performance of their slow hounds, over the rushy, soppy, heathy country, from wood to wood, for hours and hours. They were lucky then, no doubt, if Reynard succumbed in time to admit of their punctual appearance at that tremendous three o'clock orgie, which the poet Thomson has so graphically laid before us.

Amid the glitter, the show, the dash, the swagger of modern fox-hunting, Englishmen who are not masters of hounds or huntsmen are apt to lose sight of the original ends and aims, the craft, and the science of the sport. It seems to me that fox-hunting nowadays, with the vast mass of its devotees, is simply steeplechasing over an unknown course. This is unquestionably a manly and a fine amusement, and far be it from me to breathe a word against it. I only wish to anticipate the sneers of your sporting stock-broker if he were to catch sight of the doctor and his hounds upon a hunting morning.

With the average Nimrod of modern days, I venture then to assert that fox-hunting is only a modified form of steeplechasing. With the Virginian, who is simply a survival of other days, it is nothing of the kind. The doctor knew nothing of bullfinches or double ditches, of post and rails or five-barred gates, in a sporting sense; but what he did not know about a fox was not worth knowing at all. As for his hounds, he could tell the note of each at a distance when the music of the whole pack was scarcely audible to the ordinary ear.

As far as I remember, the doctor used generally to keep about five couple of hounds. It is needless to say he always swore they were the "best stock of fox-dogs in the State." Jim Pendleton, his cousin across the hill, and Judge Massey, on the north side of the county, who also kept hounds, were quite prepared to take an affidavit of the same kind with regard

to their own respective packs. The doctor's hounds lived as members of the family. A kind of effort was spasmodically made to keep them from appropriating the parlor, and so long as the weather was mild, they were fairly content to lie in the front porch, or in one of the many passages which let the air circulate freely through the Patton homestead.

If the weather was cold, however, and the doctor had a fire in the parlor, the older and more knowing dogs seldom failed eventually to gain a lodgment. By persistently coming in at one door, and when kicked out by the long-suffering M.F.H., going round the house and slyly entering at the other, they invariably conquered in the long run, and established themselves on the warm bricks of the hearth before the great white-oak logs which blazed on the bright brass and-irons.

Of course it was not often that the doctor and his hounds were all at home together on a winter's day. If the latter were not hunting with him, they were out upon their own account, for, be it noted, they were absolutely their own masters, as is the way with Virginia fox-hounds. If the doctor chose to accompany them and do a great deal of tooting and some hallooing, I have no doubt a certain amount of satisfaction animated the breasts of the pack. But it made no difference whatever to the sporting arrangements they had planned among themselves, or to their general programme. Whatever happened, they were bound to have their hunt. As the doctor's pride and joy was not in his own performances in the pigskin — for he never attempted any — but in the achievements of his dogs, this want of discipline and respect was no drawback whatever to his satisfaction.

I have said the doctor could combine his favorite sport with the exercise of his profession. That is to say, if he were going out in any likely direction, he would manage to keep his hounds around him till he had despatched his lamp-light breakfast, and they would all start together. The pack, moreover, was easily increased, for the doctor had only to step round to the back porch, which looked across the valley to Cousin Jim Pendleton's place, and to blow lustily on his tremendous cow-horn.

A very little of this music was sufficient to bring the greater part of the rival pack scrambling in a half-guilty way over the garden fence. After a little growling and snarling and snapping, the strangers

would settle down among the doctor's hounds as if they had been raised on the place.

See the doctor attired for the chase emerging with his hounds from that awful front gate of his, which is being held up and open by the combined efforts of two stalwart negroes. It is a mild and soft February morning, at about the hour when the sun would be seen mounting over the leafless woodlands to the east of the house, if it were not for the dark banks of clouds chasing one another in continuous succession from the south-west. The doctor is not quite such a scarecrow to-day. The weather is mild, and he has left the coils of straw behind, having his stout legs encased in grey homespun overalls, which he calls leggings. The long Bull's Run spur is on his left heel. The black cloak with the red lining is on his back. The slouch hat upon his head, and spectacles upon his nose. A high stand-up collar of antique build and a black stock give the finishing touch to a picture whose "old-timiness," as the Americans say, would have thrown a Boston novelist into convulsions of ecstasy.

The doctor this morning is combining business with pleasure. He has to visit the widow Gubbins, who fell down the corn-house steps the week before, and broke her leg. But he has had word sent him that there is a red fox in the pine wood behind the parsonage, hard by the Gubbins domicile. I need not say the saddlebags and the medicine-bottles are there; but besides these, there is the great big cow-horn which the doctor carries slung round him, and blows long blasts upon as he goes "titupping" down the muddy lane. These blasts are rather with a view of personal solace than from any definite aims. The doctor loves the horn for its associations, and goes toot-tooting down the soft red road, and waking the echoes of the woods and fields solely for his own personal benefit and refreshment. Hector and Rambler, Fairfax and Dainty, and the rest — little wiry lean fellows of about two-and-twenty inches — hop over the big mud-holes, or creep around the dry fence-corners waiting for the first bit of unfenced woodland to trot over and commence the day's operations.

The doctor, however, is determined, if possible, to keep them in hand till they reach the haunt of that aforesaid red fox which is said to be lurking in the parson's wood. He hopes to be able to exercise authority sufficient to keep these independent dogs of his from getting on the trail

of a ringing, skulking grey fox in the first ivy thicket or open bit of forest they come to. It is no manner of use, however. The rutty, soppy road, soon after it leaves the doctor's estate, straggles unfenced through half a mile of mazy woodland. Though it is a historic turnpike of old coaching fame—a road the memory of whose once bustling gaiety well-nigh brings tears to the eyes of the old inhabitants—it is scarcely visible to the rare wagoner or horseman in these degenerate times, from the wealth of autumn leaves that hide its rugged face. Into the wood plunge the eager and undisciplined hounds, the dry leaves crackling and rustling under their joyous feet as they scamper and race amid the tall oak and poplar trunks, and one by one disappear beyond the very limited horizon. The doctor toots and toots till not only the forest but the hills and valleys beyond echo to the appeals of the familiar cow-horn. Mighty little, however, care the dogs for such tooting. They look upon it as a harmless sign of encouragement, a pleasant accompaniment to the preliminaries until the more serious work begins. Nor do they care in the least when the doctor drops his horn and begins to halloo and shout and storm—not they. He might as well shout and storm at the wind. The doctor gets very mad. He doesn't swear—Virginians of his class and kind very seldom do—but he uses all the forms of violent exhortation that his conscience admits of, and that belong to the local vernacular. He calls the whole pack "grand scoundrels and villains." In a voice grown husky with exertion, he inquires of their fast-fading forms if they know "what in thunder he feeds them for?" He roars out to little Blazer, the only one left within good speaking distance that he'll "whale the life out of him;" whereupon little Blazer disappears after the rest. So he finally confides to the sorrel mare, which is ambling along under him at the regulation five-mile-an-hour gait of the Southern roadster, that these dogs of Cousin Jeems (the doctor says "Jeems," not because he doesn't know any better, but because it is a good old Virginia way of pronouncing the name) are the hardest-headed lot of fox-dogs south of the Potomac River.

But hark! there is a boom from the pine wood, the deep green of whose fringe can be seen far away through the naked stems and leafless branches of the oaks. The doctor pulls up; he concludes he'll wait awhile and see what it amounts to, any way." The scoundrels are probably

fooling after a rabbit, or, at the best, have struck the trail of a grey fox (the most common native breed, that won't face the open or run straight). The doctor draws rein at the edge of the wood, where the straggling forest road once more becomes a highway, fenced in from fields of young wheat, pasture, and red fallow. He thinks the widow Gubbins can wait a bit, and that old red fox at the parson's can lay over for another day.

"That's old Powhatan, cert'n and sure; and that's a fox of some sort, I'll sw'ar," remarks our old friend to the sorrel mare, which pricks up her ears as another deep note comes echoing from the valley below.

It is late in February; and though February in Virginia is practically the same dead, colorless, leafless, budless, harsh winter month it is with us, yet there are sometimes days before it closes that seem to breathe of a yet distant spring with more witching treachery than the greatest effort that period can make in our more methodical clime. And this is one of them. The soft and balmy air is laden, it is true, with no scent of blossoms or opening buds. The odor of smouldering heaps of burning brush and weeds, or of tardily burnt tobacco-plant beds, is all that as yet scents the breeze. But after a month of frost and rain and snow and clouds, the breath is the breath of spring, and the glow of the sun, now bursting through the clouds, seems no longer the sickly glare of winter. The soft Virginia landscape, swelling in gentle waves of forest, field, and fallow to the great mountains that lie piled up far away against the western sky, is naked still and bare, save for the splashes of green pine woods here and there upon the land. But there is a light in the sky and a feel in the air that seems almost to chide the earth for its slow response. The blood courses quicker through the veins of even easy-going Virginia farmers at the thoughts of seeding-time. The negro's head comes up from under his shoulders and his hands from his pockets, where they have each respectively spent most of the winter, and the air becomes laden with those peculiar dirges that mark the Ethiopian's contentment of mind at the prospect of warm weather and of his limbs once more becoming "souple." The soft breeze begins to coat the tops of the damp furrows with a thin, powdery crust that in a few days' time will be converted into that March dust so universally beloved of farmers. The young wheat, smitten and scorched and beaten almost out of recognition, lifts its head once again and spreads

a carpet of tender green to the sun. The early lambs, beginning to think that after all they were not sent into the world to shiver behind straw-stacks, frisk and gambol in the fields. The blacksmiths' shops at the cross roads and the courthouse villages are thronged with colored laborers and tenants, whose masters, now seeding-time is upon them, have suddenly remembered that every plough in the place is out of fix, and not a harrow has its full complement of teeth. The light breeze from the south-west moans softly in the pines; but among the deciduous trees not a withered shred of foliage is left for it to stir, and the silence is complete. The freshly awakened sunlight streams softly down between the leafless branches and the rugged trunks of oak and chestnut, hickory and poplar, and plays upon the golden carpet of wasted leaves that hides the earth beneath them.

The doctor, as he stands at the edge of the forest, would ordinarily upon such a day be deep in agricultural reveries of a most sanguine nature. But he is now waiting for one more note of evidence that there is a prospect of what he would call "a chase" — hesitating as to the widow Gubbins.

Suddenly there is a great commotion in the wooded valley beneath, and in a few seconds you might be in Leicestershire spinny, so busy and joyful are the little pack with their tongues. "That's a fox, any way," says the doctor to the sorrel mare: "and, likely as not, a red." Two small farmers, jogging down the road, pull up their horses and yell with the peculiar shrill scream that is traditionally as much a part of Virginia fox-hunting as the familiar cries of the British hunting-field are with us. The doctor, though his voice is not what it was thirty years ago, catches the infection, and, standing up in his wooden, leather-capped stirrups, hallooes at his hounds at what he would call "real old Virginia fashion."

"By G—d! it's a red," says one of the small farmers, who has perched himself on the top of the fence, so as to look down over the sloping tree-tops on to the opposite hill.

"The dogs are out of the wood, and are streakin' it up the broom-sedge field yonder — dawg my skin if they ain't!"

This is too much for the doctor.

"Pull down the fence, gentlemen, for God's sake! and we'll push on up to the old Mathews graveyard on top of the hill. We shall see right smart of the chase from there. I know that old fox; he'll go

straight to the pines on Squire Harrison's quarter place."

The four or five top rails are tossed off the snake fence; but the doctor can't wait for the remaining six. The long spur is applied to the flank of the sorrel mare, the apple switch to her shoulder. Amid a crashing and scattering of rotten chestnut-rails, the doctor, cloak, and spectacles, saddle-bags, pills, medicine-bottles, and overalls, lands safely in the corn-stalk field upon the other side. The two farmers follow through the fearful breach he has made, and they may soon all be heard upon the opposite hill cheering and yelling to the hounds, which by this time are well out of reach of such encouraging sounds. Neither the country, nor the horse, nor the doctor is adapted for riding to hounds; nor, as I have before intimated, has the latter any idea of doing so. The good man wants to hear as much as possible — to see as much as possible — of the chase; but when he neither sees nor hears a great deal — which, when a strong red fox goes straight away, is generally the case — he will still take much delight in collecting the details from other sources.

If his hounds eventually kill their fox half-way across the county, friends and neighbors, who became accidental witnesses of various stages of the chase, and each of whom did their share of hallooing and cheering, will send round word to the "old doctor," or "call by" the next time they pass his house, and cheer his heart with praises of his dogs. The doctor will probably have bandaged Mrs. Gubbins's leg, and be half-way home by the time the death-scene takes place, in some laurel thicket possibly miles and miles away from the corner where we left our friend bursting through the fence. Not more than half a dozen, probably, of the fourteen or fifteen hounds with which the doctor started, will assist at the finish. Two or three of the puppies will have dropped out early in the day, and come home hunting rabbits all the way. Three or four more are perhaps just over distemper, and will fall in their tracks, to come limping and crawling home at noon. Rambler and Fairfax, however, having assisted at the finish, and being perhaps the most knowing old dogs of the lot, will have trotted round to old Colonel Peyton's close by. They are mighty hungry — for Virginia hounds won't touch foxes' flesh — and they succeed in slipping into the log kitchen in the yard, while Melindy the cook is outside collecting chips, and abstracting from the top of the stove an entire ham.

The said ham was just prepared for the colonel's supper; but in fox-hunting all is forgiven. So after a little burst of wrath he reckons they are the old doctor's dogs, shuts them up in the granary, and gives them a cake of corn-bread apiece. The following day is Saturday, and the colonel's son, home from school for a holiday, thinks it an opportunity for a rabbit-hunt in the pines behind the house not to be missed. So Rambler and Fairfax are introduced to the proposed scene of action in the morning. After condescending to an hour of this amusement, they hold a canine consultation, and start for home, where they finally arrive about sundown, to be made much of by the doctor, who has already heard of the finish from a negro who was splitting rails close by.

The doctor's satisfaction is quite as great as if he had cut down a whole Leicestershire field in the fastest thing of the season. His heart warms towards those undersized, harsh-coated, slab-sided little friends of his as he stands watching the negro woman breaking up their supper of hot corn-bread with buttermilk as a treat, on the back porch. They have all come in by this time, and scuffle and growl and snap around the board as the food is thrown to them.

The knowing ones take advantage of such an evening as this to assert, with more than usual assurance, their right of entry to the house. The doctor has had his supper, and hopes that no ominous shout from the darkness will, for this night at any rate, call him to some distant sick-bed. He has drawn up his one-armed rocking-chair to the parlor fire, and by the kerosene lamp is poring over the last oration on free trade by that grand old Virginia gentleman and senator, Mr. Jefferson Randolph Beverly Page. Conscious, as it were, that some extra indulgence is deserved on this night, the dogs begin to crawl in. One by one, beginning with the oldest and wildest and ending with the timidest puppy, they steal into the room and become grouped in the order of their audacity from the glowing bricks of the hearth outward to the door.

Nor to-night has the doctor kicks or cuffs or anathemas for the very worst of them.

The great oak logs blaze and crackle and roar in the wide chimney, and the light of the flames flickers over the quaint, low-ceilinged room with its whitewashed walls, black wainscoting, and homely decorations; over the antlers on the door, that recall some early exploit of the doc-

tor's in West Virginia wilds; over the odds and ends of old silver on the side-board, that have been saved from the wreck of the Patton grandeur; over the big oil-painting of the famous jurist, and the dimmer, smokier visages of less distinguished but remoter ancestors, who believed in the divine right of kings and knew nothing of republics and universal suffrage. Here, however, surrounded by his dogs, we must take leave of the doctor. There are few like him left now in Virginia, and fewer still who have clung to the good and bad of a departed era with the same uncompromising tenacity as our old friend. They were a fine race — deny it who will — these old Virginia squires; provincial and prejudiced perhaps, but full of originality and manly independence. Their ideas, it is true, are not those of the latter half of the nineteenth century, but the men themselves are passing rapidly away, and their ideas with them. Those who have known them can only regret that a strong, picturesque, and admirable type of Anglo-Saxon has disappeared forever from the ranks of our great family, unpainted by a single master-hand of contemporary date.

A. G. BRADLEY.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE DEAD CITIES OF BELGIUM.

MANY travellers in Belgium content themselves with visiting the regular show-cities — Bruges, Ghent, Liège, Antwerp — whose churches and other buildings, kept in admirable order, are exhibited by their custodians. Under all conditions a Flemish town is an ever welcome entertainment, and though improved, enlarged, and even in part demolished, the *joinings* between new and old portions are skilfully contrived, and there is no violent disturbance of the old continuity. Thus the *place* of the Town Hall at Brussels, with its old, richly wrought and highly emblazoned Spanish houses, still looks almost as it did in the days of Alva; and it requires little exertion of the imagination to people it with crowds of burghers, pouring in from the narrow lanes adjoining, to encounter the yellow-jerkined Spanish soldiery. Indeed, every monument seems to speak or suggest something in the most romantic way. There is one feeling in particular whose infinite force and variety custom and repetition seem never to stale. As the traveller at early

morn comes on the deck of one of the excellent steamers of the Great Eastern Railway, pursuing her winding way up the Scheldt, he sees the airy spire of Antwerp Cathedral rising afar off before him. From the flat plain no town is yet visible; that distant, lonely spire seems to speak with an infinite significance and poetry. We know that it betokens the great and old city now invisible, whose wondrous and dramatic history it has witnessed. Most cities reveal themselves from a distance; the spire or dome rises from the clustered houses and streets at the base; but there is something strangely *significant* and thrilling in this solitary character of this elegant spire thus gradually drawing near us with a sort of sadness even, most difficult to account for. That progress up the winding river never seems to lose its poetry by repetition. One is tempted even to brave the discomforts of a rough passage for this hour or two of deepening impressions. Nor are they weakened as the city slowly begins to expand upon us, and we glide along the spacious piers and docks, the tall, red-tiled houses crowding in picturesque confusion, while only a hundred yards away soars above us the noble, elaborate spire, giving welcome greeting to the traveller.

There are here none of the prosaic associations which herald the approach of the great commercial city—the meaner outskirts, the fringe of poor, shabby tenements and settlements, which often spread for miles. The exquisite spire has been the admiration of the world for centuries in all its bright and delicate beauty. We think that thus was it seen by Charles V. and his Spaniards, and by the English. It has borne all the batterings and buffetings of wars and insurrections, and there it still rises in its calm beauty from out of the lonely plain. There are also the associations with Napoleon—the magnificent docks and port which lie at its very feet—his stupendous and ambitious work. The most ignorant of the herd of tourists who crowd the deck feel this mysterious influence which they cannot account for, and find themselves looking out wistfully at the white, solitary object, to which they are gradually winding nearer, which has its world to itself, and so strangely expresses the whole significance of the city to which it belongs.

My last visit was on an appropriate Sunday morning—a bright day; amid the prosaic associations of luggage, cabs, and custom, the poetry of the scene asserted itself; the chimes were busy, the organ

was heard from within, and the crowds were pouring out from the Gothic doorways.

Strictly speaking, Antwerp has nothing to do with the dead cities, and flourishes exceedingly. But commercial as it is, it gives the keynote; and as one wanders from dead city to dead city, many of which were once as prosperous, it is with an awe, wonder, and regret that we gaze on these interesting sepulchres.

This suggestiveness of a tower or spire—owing to the peculiar emphasis and purpose given to it—is constantly felt in the old Belgian cities. We see one, large, stately, and solemn, as at Ghent, standing apart. It instantly suggests its own antique purpose. It was the defence of the burghers, the watchful sentinel, whence the alarm clanged out on danger, the sound piercing from that eerie to the remotest lane, and bringing the valiant citizens rushing up to the great central square. It is impossible to look up at one of these monuments without feeling the spirit of Belgian history—Philip von Artevelde and the Ghentish troubles.

In the smaller cities the presence of this significant landmark is almost invariable. There is ever the lone and lorn tower, belfry, or spire, painted in dark, sad colors, seen from afar off, rising from the decayed little town below. These are often of some antique, original shape, that pleases, and yet with a gloomy, misanthropical air, as of total abandonment. They are rusted and abraded. From their ancient jaws we hear the husky, jangling chimes, musical and melancholy, the disorderly rambling notes and tunes of a gigantic musical box. Towards the close of some summer evening, as the train flies on, we see the sun setting on the grim walls, and afar note the clustered houses. Within the walls and the formal rows of trees planted in regimental order which fringe and shelter them, there rises the dark, copper-colored tower, often unfinished and ragged, but solemn and funereal, or else capped by some quaint lantern, from whose jaws presently issue the muffled tones of the chimes, halting and broken, and hoarse and wheezy with centuries of work. Often we pass on. Sometimes we descend, and walk up to the little town and wander through its deserted streets. We are struck with wonder at some vast and noble church, cathedral-like in its proportions, and nearly always original, such variety is there in these antique Belgian fanes, and facing it some rustic mouldering town hall of surprising

beauty. There are a few little shops, a few old houses, but the generality have their doors closed. There is hardly a soul to be seen, certainly not a cart. There are innumerable dead cities of this pattern in Belgium.

It was almost at dead of night—at least, in the darkness of dawn—that I made acquaintance, as it were, with one of these significant old belfries. It had been a chilly night, with snatches of slumber in the train, and the dull roar in the ear as of the whirr of machinery. We had stopped to “bait” the engine. Looking thence was a cold reddish streak across the sky—day was about to break—and a short way off rose out of the plain what seemed an antique town such as one sees in the cuts of Albert Dürer, with spires and towers exactly of the pattern of those in the Nuremberg scene in the Lyceum “Faust.” This was Tournay, a common place, past which the traveller flies, being eager to get to Brussels or to London, but which he rarely descends to visit. At this hour, somewhere about 5 A. M., I descended—all seemed asleep or defunct at the station—and slowly walked up the open road to the old dead town.

There was an extraordinary and original feeling in this approach: the old fortifications, or what remained of them, rising before me; the gloom, the mystery, the widening streak of day, the perfect solitariness. Admiring the shadowy belfry which rose so supreme and asserted itself among the spires, there broke out of a sudden a wonderful *charivari* of bells—jangling, chiming, rioting, from various churches, while amid all was conspicuous a deep solemn BOOM, boom, like the slow bay of a hound. This solemn, deep-voiced, and melodious note came hoarse and prolonged from the square-headed tower aforesaid.

Coming up to the deserted *place*, the grand and famous cathedral rose before me, with its mediæval spires and curious pinnacles and gables, of that rusted, crusted, and even dilapidated pattern which showed that the restorers had not yet begun their work. Beside it kept watch and guard the ancient belfry—still booming on. Now from the dark lanes and approaches came stepping muffled figures with head wrapped in the picturesque Flemish hoods and cloaks, and making for the open doors of the cathedral. They seemed to flit across the space and be lost again in the shadow. Lights flickered through the open door. All which made up a tranquil, picturesque scene, and

somehow brought one “into touch” with the old Belgian history.

I went in with the rest. The gloomy shadows of the dawn hung over the corners of the great church; its wonderful architecture—combination of many styles—Norman and Gothic arches, straggling irregular aisles, were strangely impressive and picturesque. How much more satisfactory, I thought, was this mode of seeing a building, than the professional one of being taken round, “bear-led,” by the guide or showman. In a side aisle, or chapel, were grouped, in scattered order and kneeling on their *prie-dieu*, the honest burghers, women and men, the former arrayed in the comfortable and not unpicturesque black Flemish cloaks with the silk hoods—handsome and effective garments, and almost universal. The devotional rite of that mass, deeply impressive, was over in twenty minutes, and all trooped away to their daily work. There was a suggestion here, in this modest, unpretending exercise, in contrast to the great fane itself, of the undeveloped power which would expand, as it were, on Sundays and feast-days, when the cathedral would display all its resources, and its huge area be crowded to the doors with worshippers, and the great rites be celebrated in all their full magnificence.

About twelve miles from Ostend is found a curious little forsaken old town, Nieuport, to which a convenient steam tramway brings the traveller. Nothing can be prettier than the approach, when it is seen drawing nearer and nearer, a nest of greenery comfortably sheltered by trees, and rising out of fat green pastures. A number of great canals converge here, and there is a rather elaborate system of controlling these waters. The walls have been long since levelled, but the place retains its square form, ruled out with mathematical precision, much as the contents of a cask would do when the hoops and staves have been removed. This poor spot, with its squalid village-like streets, has often been battered and levelled by foreign armies; so very little is to be expected. But there still remain the two attractive objects—the old church and the market-house. I yet recall the astonishment and delight with which I came upon the latter—a small building of cream-colored brick, with its elegant arcade stories below, and its graceful tower. But it was crumbling, and on the next visit I found that the restorers had taken it in hand—had actually levelled and then rebuilt it, all save the tower. In a shady

corner was the unique old church. This was of a complete Spanish cast, displaying a tower of enormous breadth, short and bulky, and garnished outside with a vast display of royal arms and escutcheons — Spanish, as well as could be made out. Deserted as the place was, for hardly a soul was to be seen, the delicious chimes made company enough. Those busy performers seemed never to relax for a moment, being at work at every quarter, and after; to say nothing of special and lengthy performances at important divisions of the day. The tunes of their *répertoire* were most melodious and brisk. The effect as one approaches is always extraordinary and ever novel in spite of constant repetition. It has a sort of fascination — something supernatural — for the playing has all the purpose and intelligence of a sentient being, and there is something mysterious in the abrupt stoppage, the sudden repose, when the industrious musician halts to recover breath, as it were. He seems to have the happy spontaneousness of a bird singing to please itself.

Entering this gloomy fane, the first feeling is of astonishment at the beauty and originality, and the antique rich magnificence of such an interior, in what is little better than a miserable village. The whole has a Spanish cast, and the Spanish note is even struck in the florid tablets that line the walls near the door, all recording the glories and virtues of Don Gonzales, Donna Mercedes, etc., — mostly memorials of high Spanish officials. What a show and gathering of quaint architecture and rich original things — all gathered in this mean little town! But it is so with most of the dead Belgian cities. A fine old stained or rococo organ; a beautiful screen of varied marble arches; fine gilt grilles, and at the *side* of the altar a spire-shaped tabernacle of wonderful and elaborate workmanship. There were carved confessionals, statues, and an Eastern wealth of rich and rare objects, all well cared for, fresh, bright, in perfect order and preservation. It was wonderful to emerge from this treasury into the open air and look up at the bulky, copper-colored tower, so grim and mournful, while its restless chimes, suddenly breaking out into activity, seemed to play away "for their bare life," most musical and melodious. It was a deserted and forsaken little town. You could walk round on its encompassing high banks, remnant of the fortification, and return to the starting-point in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

Not very far from Nieuport stands yet another dead city of the highest interest — Furnes. It has, as usual, its note and landmark seen afar, in a melancholy yet piquant spire or belfry, airy and elegant. Here again we wander up from the station — for these seem always at a distance from the town — and emerge upon a dainty *place*. All here seems deserted and even squalid — no shops save of the huckstering kind, such as we see in the suburbs of the poorest towns. Hence the surprise and pleasing incongruity of what we find on the *place*. To the right a grim Venetian-looking building, dungeon-like and pierced with small and few windows, yet full of rich architecture; a grand overpowering sombreness, but all grimed and decayed, it must be said, with infinite gain of effect. It seemed to be occupied by squalid lodgers and let out in tenements. It is a sad question what is eventually to become of these innumerable monuments in the decaying dead cities; for local resources would be quite unequal to the strain of restoring them, and the support of government would be vainly looked for. Beyond was a noble fragment, a huge choir and tower, an ambitious monument left unfinished, the jagged ends, as it were, broken off. There is a sort of picturesque significance in this. Then, facing us, a charming and truly elegant town hall in miniature, its corners rounded off by *tourelles*, a central and airy lantern-like tower. Beside it is another building, in direct contrast and of a Spanish pattern apparently, with arches and gables; while facing it on the other side of the *place* is the grim and gloomy old parish church with its rather wheezy chimes. Altogether a group of buildings charming in their variety and originality, and a perfect surprise and entertainment to the traveller who expects nothing or little.

Perhaps the most astounding and bewildering impression left by any of the dead cities was that produced by the grand old city of Ypres. After passing through a long, monotonous waste of flat country of the same eternal sage green, the little occasional settlements of a group of red-tiled houses, with the church spire, as usual, asserting itself boldly, the snowy towers, in odd contrast to the unvarying grim blackness, of Ypres revealed themselves rising from what seemed a crowded and prosperous city. It had much the effect of some English cathedral town perched on some gentle rise, as seen from the railway. Here, at least, the senti-

mental traveller says to himself, we shall have life and bustle in company with this wonderful monument, believed to be the grandest and most overpowering of all Belgian monuments. Here, people must live and thrive — here there will be no mere *culte des ruines* as in other places. I walked up. The approach was encouraging. A grand sweep faced me of old walls, crusted, but stout and vigorous, with corner towers rising out of a moat; a spacious bridge, leading into a wide, encouraging-looking street of sound handsome houses. But, strange! not a single cab, restaurant, or hotel, nay, hardly a soul to be seen, save a few rustics in their blouses! It was all dead. I walked on, and at an abrupt turn emerged on the huge expanse of the *place*.

Now, of all the sights that I have ever seen, it must be confessed that this offered the greatest surprise and astonishment. It was bewildering; for on the left spread away, almost a city itself, the vast, the enormous town hall — a perspective of countless arches and windows, its roof dotted with windows, and so deep, expansive, and capacious that it alone might have lodged an army. In the centre rose the enormous square tower — massive — a rock — launching itself aloft into Gothic spires and towers. All along was a perspective of statues and carvings. This astonishing work would take some minutes of brisk stepping to walk down from end to end. It is really a wonder of the world, and, in the common phrase applied to very ordinary things, seems to take your breath away. It is the largest, longest, most massive, solid, and enduring thing that can be conceived. It has been restored with wonderful care and delicacy. By one of the bizarre arrangements not uncommon in Flanders, a building of another kind, half Italian, with a round arched arcade, has been added on at the corner, and the effect is odd and yet pleasing, while from behind rises a grim crag of a cathedral — solemn and mysterious — adding to the effect of this imposing combination, a sort of gloomy shadow overhanging all. The church, on entering, is found overpowering and original of its kind, with its vast arches and massive roof of groined stone. Truly an astonishing monument! The worst of such visits is that only a faint impression is left. To gather the full import of such a monument one should stay for a few days at least, and grow familiar with it. Otherwise all is strange. Every portion claims attention at once; but after a few visits the

grim old monument seems to relax and become accessible — lets you see its good points and treasures by degrees. But who could live in a dead city, even for a day? For, having seen these two wonders, I began to explore the place, which took time and much walking, but nothing else was to be found. Its streets all wide, and the houses handsome — a few necessary shops — no cabs — no tramway — no carts even, and very few people to be seen. It was dead — all dead from end to end. The strangest sign of mortality, however, was that not a single restaurant or house of refection was to be seen, not even on the spacious and so called *grande place*. One might have starved or famished without relief. Nay, there was hardly a public-house or drinking-shop.

However, the great monument itself more than supplied the absence of vitality. One seemed never weary of surveying its overpowering proportions, its nobility, its unshaken strength, and flourishing air. Yet how curious to think that it was quite purposeless, had no meaning or use! It is over four hundred feet long, and was once the seat of bustle and thriving business, for which the building itself was not too large. The hall on the ground seems to stretch from end to end, and here was the great mart for linens — the *toiles flamandes* — once celebrated over Europe. Now desolate is the dwelling of Morna! A few little local offices transact the stunted shrunken local business of the place; the post, the municipal offices, each filling up two or three of the arches, in ludicrous contrast to the unemployed vastness of the rest. It has been fancifully supposed that the name *diaper*, as applied to linens, was supplied by this town, the seat of the trade, and *toile d'Ypres* might be supposed, speciously enough, to have some connection with the place.

Yet a further stretch and I am away to yet another of the dead cities, Louvain. Here one expects something. There was a flourishing ecclesiastical university; there were the old traditions in old musty, vellum-bound volumes; the old scholars, Justus, Lipsius, and others, and the imprint so often found in the little volume redeemed from the stalls: "LOVANI — apud," etc. Above all, there was one of the gems of Belgium — the town hall. Yet it proved to be a sad, dispiriting place, that somehow suggested Sandwich, that most forsaken of the Cinque Ports. A narrow "slummy" street led up to a small, poorish sort of *place*, where arose this wonderful monument. The old town hall,

a piece of elaborate workmanship, suggests some highly wrought casket, or, more forcibly still, one of those reliquaries placed below the altars in Catholic churches. This is one of the most astonishing pieces of stone embroidery — all pinnacles, statues, and fretwork — which, though “restored” and renewed in the most thorough way, is still blackened, and looks ancient enough. Wandering on, I came to a gloomy, prison-like edifice, the old market or *halles*, now turned into a Catholic university. But here nothing seemed doing; perhaps it was vacation. There was no one to be seen, and the whole was a disappointment.

I could tell of other cities dead as the rest. Of Dixmude, with its solemn, imposing church, its gigantic and glorious *jubbé* or screen, which architects know of, and which is, in its way, one of the glories of Belgium. This elaborate, elegant, and striking piece of work is in itself a monument, from the richness of detail, which yet does not overpower the bold, striking outlines of its three ogival arches.

I could tell of Audenarde, or Oudenarde, and its gem of a town hall — this, however, is dead like the rest. But I shall close now with a pretty picture of a genuine Flemish place, though under French jurisdiction, which is of another *genre*. It is remarkable, by the way, that Franco-Flemish cities are all alive and bustling, and not in the least dead — to the credit of our so-called “lively,” or rather bustling and energetic neighbors.

Old fortified towns, particularly such as have been protected by “the great Vauban,” are found to be a serious nuisance to the inhabitants, however picturesque they may seem to the tourist; for the place, constricted and wrapped in bandages, as it were, cannot expand its lungs or stretch out its arms. Of late years the suffering natives have risen against this oppression; and in many districts the massive brick walls and keeps, grown hard, caked, and impenetrable as iron, have been levelled, the ditches filled up, and the drawbridges swept away. Almost at once the town begins to spread out into the country; air and light enter, the inhabitants enjoy quite a new sense of freedom and prosperity. After all, there is a feeling of servility in having to go out or enter through a guarded gate, and to live under shadow of a wall, or, worse constraint still, find the gates closed till morning, say during the hours after ten o'clock. Many of the old fortified towns, such as Ostend, Courtrai, Calais,

have recently demolished their fortifications at great cost and with much benefit to themselves.

The traveller, however, will always lament their loss. There is something picturesque and original in the first sight of a place like Arras, or St. Omer, with the rich and lavish greenery, luxuriant trees, banks of grass by which the *fosse* and grim walls are masked. Through these are seen peeping pretty gateways, often of a stately, monumental character, built of a snowy-looking stone, while the spires and gables peep from their snug shelter within. Others are of a grim and hostile character, and show their teeth, as it were. One of the most effective for the gratification of the tourist is St. Malo, with its mouldering but picturesque towers, battlements, and other defences.

Dunkirk, a fortress of the “first class,” fortified on the modern system, and therefore to the careless spectator scarcely appearing to be fortified at all — is a place of such extreme platitude, that the belated wayfarer wishes to escape almost as soon as he arrives. There is literally nothing to be seen. But a few miles away, there is to be found a place which will indemnify the disgusted visitor, viz., Bergues. As the train slackens speed you begin to take note of rich green banks with abundant trees planted in files, such as Uncle Toby would have relished in his garden. There is the sound as of passing over a military bridge, with other tokens of the fortified town approaching. There it lies, close to the station, while the invariable belfry and heavy church rise from the centre, in friendly companionship. There always seems an air of sadness in these lone, lorn monuments, which perhaps arises from the sense of their vast age and all they have looked down upon. Men and women, and houses, dynasties and invaders, and burgomasters, have all passed away in endless succession, but *they* remain, and have borne the buffetings of storms and gales and wars and tumults. As we turn out of the station, a small avenue lined with trees leads straight to the entrance. The bright, snowy-looking *place* seems to bask in the sun, while just the tops of the red-tiled roofs seem to peep at us over the walls. At the end of the avenue the sturdy gateway greets us cheerfully, labelled “Porte de Biene,” flanked by two short and burly towers that rise out of the water; while right and left, the old brick walls, red and rusted, stretch away, flanked by corner towers. We enter, and then see what a

tiny, compact little place it is — a perfect miniature town with many streets, one running round the walls; all the houses sound and compact and no higher than two stories, so as to keep snug and sheltered under the walls, and not draw the enemy's fire. The whole seems to be about the size of the Green Park at home, and you can walk right across, from gate to gate, in about three minutes. It is bright and clean "as a new pin," and there are red-legged soldiers drumming and otherwise employed.

Almost at once we come on the *place*, and here we are rewarded with something that is worth travelling even from Dover to see. There stands the old church, grim, rusted, and weather-beaten, rising in gloomy pride, huge enough to serve a great town, while facing it is the belfry before alluded to, one of the most elegant, coquettish, and original of these always interesting structures. The amateur of Flemish architecture is ever prepared for something pleasing in this direction, for the variety of the belfries is infinite; but this specimen fills one with special delight. It rises to a great height in the usual square tower-shape, but at each corner is flanked by a quaint, old-fashioned *tourrelle* or towerlet, while in the centre is an airy elegant lantern of wood, where a most musical peal of bells, hung in rows, chimes all day long in a most melodious way. Each of these towers is capped by a long, graceful peak or minaret. This graceful structure has always been justly admired by the architect, and in the wonderful folio of etchings by Coney, done more than fifty years ago, will be found a picturesque and accurate sketch.

It seemed a city of the dead. But now chimed out this music of the chimes which never flag, as in all Flemish cities, day or night. This supplies the lack of company, and has a comforting effect for the solitary man. From afar off comes occasionally the sound of the drum or the bugle, fit accompaniment for such surroundings. At the foot of the belfry was an antique building in another style, with a small open colonnade, which, though out of harmony, was still not inappropriate. The only thing jarring was a pretentious modern town hall, in the style of one of our own vestry buildings, "erected out of the rates," and which must have cost a huge sum. It was of a genteel Italian aspect, so it is plain that French local administrators are, in matters of taste, pretty much as they are with us. One could have lingered long here, looking up at this

charming and graceful work, which its surroundings became quite as much as it did its surroundings.

While engaged in admiring this work it was curious to find that not a soul crossed the *place*. Indeed, during my whole sojourn in the town, a period of about half an hour, I did not see a dozen people. There were a few shops; yet all was bright, sound, in good condition. There was no sign of decay or decaying; all seemed to sleep. It was a French dead city. But it surely lives and will live, by its remarkable bell-tower, which at this moment is chiming away, with a melodious huskiness, gay tunes, repeated every quarter of an hour, while as the hour comes round there is a general clamorous *charivari*.

These may seem very unpretending sights and shows for the traveller; but it is worth considering what an amount of thoughtful enjoyment is thus obtained, at but little pains and expense. There is, above all, the old antique sense; the revival of the past, and the delightful feeling of being undisturbed by the rush of tourists and starers.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

From The Leisure Hour.

AN OBSCURE ARCHIPELAGO.

CHANCE lately led me, in the course of certain wanderings, to a group of islands, probably unknown, even by name, to the average British reader (whose geography is generally a weak point). And as these islands possess some interest in themselves, and are likely to be better known in some future time not far distant, I am tempted to give a short account of the experiences and impressions gained by a personal visit.

The group is called the Galápagos Archipelago, and contains some ten or a dozen islands of various sizes, lying on or near the equator, about nine hundred miles to the west of the republic of Ecuador. Finding ourselves in this vicinity not long ago, in a barque on board which I was a passenger, and having some spare time at our disposal, we determined to pay them a visit in the hope of obtaining some fresh provisions, of which we were in some need after many days at sea. Acting accordingly, we were in a few hours in sight of Charles Island, one of the largest of the group; and in the evening we anchored in Post-office Bay, situated on its northern

coast, and so called on account of a custom that prevailed in past times among the whalers of leaving letters in a box on the shore for other ships to pick up and send to their destinations.

The anchorage was an open one, but, being on the lee side of the island, was comfortable enough. It was too late to go on shore that evening, so we smoked a peaceful pipe on deck, glad enough to be at anchor once more, and surveyed the shore before us.

Its appearance from the ship was not prepossessing. The background of hills, their summits more or less hidden by dark clouds, looked well enough; but sloping down their sides to the lower ground by the shore was a thick growth of dry brushwood, looking scorched and dead. Few green trees were to be seen, and these were chiefly the "baneful mangrove," near the beach. Rocky peninsulas and islets ran out from the shore, and here and there a small strip of sandy beach appeared. On the rocks numerous seals basked and frolicked, heedless of the ship's near presence. In fact, what struck us particularly was the fearlessness with which birds and fishes approached us; frigate birds, pelicans, and gulls, as well as whales, porpoises, and seals, being equally inquisitive, as though they had long been strangers to the presence of man.

In our chart of the island, a spot near its centre was marked as the site of a "settlement" — whether inhabited or abandoned we did not know — but we determined to explore the island next day, find, if possible, the settlement, and seek what sport we could, especially wild cattle, which we had heard abounded on these islands.

Meanwhile we read up such information as we could find on the subject, our only authorities being the "South American Pilot," one of those useful Admiralty manuals in which the results of the splendid surveying work done by our naval officers in all parts of the world are recorded for the benefit of mariners, and Darwin's "Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle," a work to be recommended to all who have not read it. Some of his remarks on these islands, which he visited in 1835, are worth repeating here.

He describes the islands as formed of volcanic rocks, with fragments of granite, and mentions the numerous craters he observed, of various sizes, calculating that there must be at least two thousand in the archipelago. He says he found the upper parts, moistened by the clouds, fertile and

green; the lower parts, and especially on the lee side of the islands, dry and sterile, with great fields of broken, black lava, covered with leafless brushwood. The truth of this description we ourselves proved, as will be shown.

But perhaps the most interesting of Darwin's remarks are on the natural history of the island in which he discovered many remarkable facts. Especially surprising is it to find that not only does this archipelago possess many distinct species of animals and plants indigenous and peculiar to itself, but that each separate island composing it has different species of its own. As an example, in one of them, named James Island, there were thirty species found in that island only, and only thirty-eight species found in the whole archipelago. The facts in conchology are equally curious, forty-seven different sea-shells being found in these islands, and in no other part of the world.

The most remarkable animal of this archipelago (from which it takes its name) is the tortoise (Spanish *Galdapago*). Formerly these were found in great numbers, and formed the staple food of the old buccaneers, who constantly resorted to these islands. The whalers also killed great numbers, so that in Darwin's day fewer were found, and they are now almost extinct. That they are aboriginal there seems to be no doubt, as they are (or were) found in every island, even those with no water on them, and therefore probably seldom visited. Hence it is not likely that they were imported.

The morning after our arrival a number of us landed, armed with guns or rifles, and each provided with bags of provisions and some water, and set out on a journey of exploration, our chief object being to reach the settlement. We separated into three parties, each taking a different direction at starting. As the settlement was probably not more than five miles from the beach — the entire island is only nine miles long — we had little doubt but that we should soon reach it. Little, however, did we know what was before us.

I must follow the fortunes of my own party, though we afterwards found that all our experiences had been similar. At first our course lay along the seashore to the right of the anchorage, and we soon observed traces of cattle, several skeletons being passed. As we skirted Post-office Bay we came across a couple of old signboards planted by the whalers of old, one being inscribed, "Look below for

letters," and marked "Captain Foster." These were mildewed and rotten with exposure, and the inscriptions hardly decipherable.

After walking along the shore a mile or so we came across a track, apparently made by cattle, and determined to follow it up. At first tolerably smooth, it soon led us into the brushwood, and here began the tug of war. The dead vegetation was so thick that it was terribly hard work to push our way through it, the ground below being also so rough and uneven that stumbling was frequent. Before long we lost the track altogether, and the work became harder. Each particular tree and shrub seemed to possess thorns, its branches intertwining and spreading abroad caught our clothes and tripped up our feet. Now and then the ground would lose its slight covering of mould and break into great boulders of black lava, through whose yawning fissures sprang dried and withered shrubs in great confusion and thickness. Thus for three hours we staggered on, the heat intense, the dry lava beneath our feet reflecting the equatorial warmth of the sun, from which the leafless trees gave us no protection. Occasionally we came across a cattle-path and prints of dogs' feet, but these were soon lost in the loose lava fields through which we struggled; and no sign of animal life was apparent except an occasional small bird, so tame and bold that we could have knocked it over with a stick. At last, tired and bathed in perspiration, we called a halt, and sat down for rest and refreshment. Already too great a portion of our water was consumed, but we hoped to come across some streamlet from the hills before long. After a short rest we proceeded on our toilsome journey, our pace becoming slower and conversation shorter as time passed on and no sign of the hoped-for cattle or any birds for our guns showed themselves. Rests became more frequent, and soon our water was entirely exhausted. All around us was perfect silence. The absence of both animal and vegetable life was almost appalling. The place seemed to be under a curse. Ascending at last with great labor the side of a hill, we saw, across a plain of lava and brushwood, high ground beyond, which appeared green and pleasant, where no doubt lay the settlement. But it was now too late in the day to attempt to reach it. So, baffled in our quest, disappointed at the total absence of sport, and suffering from intense thirst, we worked our way back to the ship, arriving just before dark,

after one of the most terribly hard walks any one of us had experienced. Our clothes were torn to rags, and our legs and hands wounded by the thorns and brambles through which we had been struggling for nine hours.

We afterwards found that, had we anchored on the other side of the island, we could have easily reached the settlement (which, after all, had been abandoned some years before in consequence of frequent murders committed by some of the settlers), and should probably have met with wild cattle, horses, donkeys, and other animals. However, in our ignorance we stigmatized the island as a barren and accursed spot, and sailed the next morning for Albemarle Island, the largest of the group.

We anchored in a bay on its south-west coast, but stayed only a few hours, for it looked less promising than Charles Island. Its appearance was curious; numerous small craters rising above the lava fields, and vegetation being totally absent. This part is graphically described by Darwin as being "covered with immense deluges of black naked lava which have flowed either over the rims of the great caldrons, like pitch over the rim of a pot in which it has been boiled, or have burst forth from smaller orifices in the flanks. In their descent they have spread over miles of the seacoast."

We found on the rocks here a great number of turtles, which allowed us to turn them over and take them on board with great complaisance; and, as may be imagined, they were welcomed with no small pleasure. We noticed here also innumerable lizards, some of great size and repulsive appearance, which appeared as indifferent to our presence as the rest of the creatures in these parts. Numerous penguins swam inquisitively round the ship, looking like small seals which had tried to turn themselves into birds, and had only half succeeded.

We next visited Chatham Island, and found an anchorage in a very snug little cove near its southern extremity. Here was a decided change for the better; we were on the weather side of the island; the land looked fertile and moist, and green trees abounded. Up in the hills above, some houses could be descried. Landing, we found a hut on the beach, with one or two settlers from Ecuador, who welcomed us civilly. A very good road led up the hill to the settlement. Ascending this, we found at every step a change for the better. Trees of many

sorts of excellent wood abounded, the air was cool and fresh, the soil beneath us rich. After four or five miles' walk we arrived at the village, round which we found plantations of coffee, sugarcane, pineapples, and other fruit, while large lemon-trees, growing wild, shaded excellent turf.

We were led to the principal house, a picturesque structure of painted wood, commanding magnificent views over the island, and were introduced to its owner, Don Manuel C6bos. He received us with cordial hospitality, and we were soon on excellent terms with one another. We learned from him that all the cultivation in the island was his property, with the right of shooting or taking the wild cattle, of which there were two or three thousand head on the island. Their hides he sent to the United States, where he found a good market for them. The sugar of his plantation he made into rum which he sent over to the mainland with the hides in two small vessels that he owned. Working on the island under him were about a hundred men, chiefly natives of Ecuador. Over these men he seemed to have absolute power, ruling them by his own force of will, although the island was nominally under command of a governor, an old gentleman, to whom he introduced us. Se6or C6bos himself was a man of middle age, of great size, and apparent strength. His brown face, with grizzly moustache and imperial, showed sternness and determination with good-humor. He was dressed in a flannel shirt, dark trousers, and big boots; a red handkerchief was round his neck, and a revolver at his waist.

On our expressing a wish to see the wild cattle, he provided horses for us, insisting first on our having breakfast with him, a meal of great abundance, eaten *al fresco* in the verandah of his house. As we sat there in the fresh mountain air, with the island spread out like a beautiful picture at our feet, we agreed that nothing could well be pleasanter.

Soon the horses were led round, and we mounted, the party consisting of Se6or C6bos's son, a young man of about two-and-twenty, the commandant of police (a small force of which is kept on the island by the Ecuador government), my companion from the ship, and myself. After passing through the village we struck a bridle-path leading through fields of good grass, on which horses and domestic cattle were grazing. The bright, dark-green lemon-trees we saw in abundance as we ascended

the hillside. Behind and below us lay the picturesque settlement, with its fields of waving sugarcane, and the wooden ch6let of their proprietor standing conspicuous. Before us rose into the clouds a rugged mountain, and all around us the rich, waving grass.

After riding four or five miles in a gradual ascent, the path led us round the side of the hill. From the base of the cone which formed the summit of this hill — no doubt an extinct volcano — the turf stretched away on both sides down to the plains by the water's edge in undulating hills. And now young C6bos, pointing to some brown-and-white specks on a hillside a mile or so ahead of us, broke into a gallop, clearing away the lasso that hung to his saddle. It was evident that, though only an amateur, he intended giving us a specimen of skill.

We approached within a quarter of a mile of the wild cattle before they noticed us. They then trotted leisurely down a grassy valley to our right, a few, however, separating, and running straight away from us, one fat brown bull apart. Him C6bos singled out, and gave chase; but being ill-mounted, it was as much as he could do to approach the bull, which kept up a wonderful speed. At last he got near enough for a throw, but the lasso unfortunately caught in his foot, and failed to touch the bull. The little horse was now somewhat done up, while the bull was striding away as fresh as ever; so the chase was abandoned. It had afforded us, however, a good view of the wild cattle of the island, which we had wished to see. There was nothing remarkable about them; they were of small size, and appeared exactly the same as their domestic brethren. They were, in fact, originally domestic cattle, we were informed — brought to the island with dogs, asses, and pigs, some thirty or forty (probably more) years ago, and subsequently abandoned. Some of the wild asses we saw at a distance on our return to the settlement. We first, however, ascended another grassy, cone-like hill, on whose summit we found a perfectly round crater, of about two hundred yards diameter, now a lake (probably very deep) with a number of teal on it. From this hilltop we obtained a fine view of the island, especially of the northern or lee side, which stretched away — a torrid, brush-covered plain of lava — at our feet. Beyond lay the calm blue sea, fading into a misty horizon, on which we could dimly see some of the other islands.

As we rode back we passed a shallow,

mar. hy lagoon literally covered with teal. My companion had brought his gun with him on the chance of sport, and soon filled his bag. The extreme tameness of the birds proved at first ludicrously embarrassing; nothing would induce them to rise until the final argument of a shot or two from the gun sent them flying hither and thither over the surface of the lagoon.

After a pleasant and exhilarating ride we got back to the village late in the afternoon, and the hospitable Señor Cóbos insisted on our sharing another plentiful meal with him, after which we rode down to the port in the cool of the evening, though even then the difference between its climate and that of the breezy hills above was remarkable.

We had not seen much of the people of the place, so on the following day we paid the settlement another visit, under the guidance of our companions in the previous day's ride. Except the house of Señor Cóbos—a two-storied building of wood, with a verandah running along one side of it—the settlement consisted of a group of huts, placed without regular order, and made of poles and brushwood, and thatched, containing one room only, generally of large size. In each lived perhaps half-a-dozen people.

The men chiefly came from Guayaquil in Equador. The women were shipped across later by Señor Cóbos's desire, and were married to the men in a primitive fashion. On their arrival they were placed on view; the would-be Benedicts filed in, and were told to select a wife. This done, a contract was signed in the presence of

Señor Cóbos, and the happy pair went off to their hut. Probably the women thus shipped across as a cargo from Equador were not of a very respectable description, but here they seemed to be living a quiet, pastoral life in the care of their children and their huts, and no doubt the change was for the better to them.

The men were kept in good order by Señor Cóbos, who seemed especially careful to prevent drunkenness. He employed them in various ways; some catching wild cattle and preparing their hides for export; others cultivating sugar and making rum from it; others in the coffee plantation; while a few visited the adjacent islands to pick *orchilla*, a lichen growing on some of the bushes, and send it to London, where it is used in the making of purple dye.

We left the island on the third day after our arrival, pleased with what we had seen, and with the fertility and fine climate of these islands, so unlike the typical island of the tropics, although under the equator.

Their position will cause them to be better known after the Panama Canal is opened, for they lie in the track of vessels steaming from Panama to New Zealand or Australia. Enterprising colonists or traders might make it worth the while of some of these steamers to call at the islands for coal or provisions. The government of Equador offers inducements to colonizers, and if the islands were well worked they might possibly attain some importance in future days.

DATE OF THE END OF THE WORLD. — Sir W. Thomson, lecturing at the Royal Institution on Friday last before a brilliant, fashionable, and scientific audience, set forth the latest scientific theories concerning the probable origin, total amount, and possible duration of the sun's heat. After referring to the theory of Helmholtz that the sun was a vast globe gradually cooling, but as it cooled shrinking, and that the shrinkage—which was the effect of gravity upon its mass—kept up its temperature, Sir William said the total of the sun's heat was equal to that which would be required to keep up 476,000 millions of millions of millions horse-power, or about seventy-eight thousand horse-power for every square metre—a little more than a square yard—and yet the modern dynamical theory of heat shows that the sun's mass would require only to fall in or contract thirty-five metres per annum to keep up that tre-

mendous energy. At this rate, the solar radius in two thousand years' time would be about one-hundredth per cent. less than at present. A time would come when the temperature would fall, and it was thus inconceivable that the sun would continue to emit heat sufficient to sustain existing life on the globe for more than ten million years. Applying the same principles retrospectively, they could not suppose that the sun had existed for more than twenty million years—no matter what might have been its origin—whether it came into existence from the clash of worlds pre-existing, or of diffused nebulous matter. There was a great clinging by geologists and biologists to vastly longer periods, but the physicist, treating it as a dynamic question with calculable elements, could come to no other conclusion materially different from what he had stated.

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CONTENTS.

I. THE PRESENT POSITION OF EUROPEAN POLITICS. Part II., ...	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , ...	707
II. RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN. Part IV., ...	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , ...	728
III. EARTHQUAKES, ...	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , ...	735
IV. A SOCIAL DIFFICULTY, ...	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , ...	743
V. MARY, COUNTESS COWPER, ...	<i>Temple Bar</i> , ...	751
VI. THE CANNINGS, ...	<i>All The Year Round</i> , ...	760
VII. SOME ODD ADVERTISEMENTS, ...	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , ...	765
VIII. RHYMES ON PANES, ...	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , ...	767

POETRY.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ, ...	706	HOW THE KING CAME HOME, ...	706
AT CANA OF GALILEE, ...	706	STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE, ...	706

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FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

[Whether Hafiz sang of earthly, or of spiritual wine and love, was doubtful, even to his contemporaries; and they only gave him the burial of a true believer after the augury of opening his Book of Songs, and coming upon the words, "Though Hafiz is covered with sin, God has accepted him." The book still lies on his tomb in Shiraz, and is still consulted by those who visit the shrine.]

BRING out the wine, cupbearer! Ho!
Pour out, and high the goblet fill;
For though at first it smooth did flow,
Love's course is crossed and troubled still.

The zephyrs fragrance round us fling,
As through the loved one's hair they play:
But for that fragrance which they bring,
Our heart's blood is the price we pay.

The leader of the caravan
Must know the road, and all its ways;
Then follow still the guide of man,
Where'er he goes, where'er he stays.

There are who say that on this earth
A halting-place may still be found,
A halting-place for love and mirth,
For those upon life's journey bound:

But what of love or mirth can tell
To me, who hear the warning tone
In every camel's tinkling bell —
"Load up, the caravan goes on!"

The night is dark; the waves strike fear;
The whirling waters wildly roar:
Our lot how should they know who bear
Their own light burdens on the shore?

Now all my work in vain has been;
Self-seeking cannot come to good;
The soul must find that good within,
Not with the worldly multitude.

Hafiz, THE PRESENCE wouldst thou see,
No moment's absence must thou know:
When the Beloved hath met with thee,
Give up the world, and let it go.
Spectator. E. S.

AT CANA OF GALILEE.

Is this so hard to thee who oft
Hast seen His great sea, sunbeam-kiss'd,
Yield royal dole of silver mist, —
By His cloud-almoners aloft
Borne, and flung back in largesse soft,
Till thousand veinlets as they list
Feed grape and leaf and tendril's twist,
In lordly vineyard, lowly croft?
O fool! who seest unwondering
This greater marvel of the vine,
This miracle of shower and shine;
Yet doubttest of this lesser thing,
This only, — that his word divine
Once turned water into wine.
Spectator. L. F. FIELD.

HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

"OH, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks have said
The king comes home to-day —
The king on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown.
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the king comes back to the town."

"Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is pain and woe,
And the king, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe."
"But," said the little children,
"The fight will soon be past.
We fain would wait, though the hour be late;
He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing golden crown;
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept:
Along the moonlit highway
Towards the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought
field —
'Twas thus the king came home.
Chambers' Journal. FLORENCE TYLER.

STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE.

BORN A.D. 1818. DIED 1887.

GENTLE in fibre, but of steadfast nerve
Still to do right though right won blame not
praise,
And fallen on evil tongues and evil days*
When men from plain straight duty twist and
swerve,
And born to nobly sway, ignobly serve,
Sliming their track to power through tortuous
ways,
He felt, with that fine sense that ne'er be-
trays,
The line of moral beauty's not a curve.
But, proving wisdom folly, virtue vain,
He stretched his hands out to the other shore,†
And was by kindred spirits beckoned o'er
Into that gloaming land where setteth pain,
While we across the silent river strain
Idly our gaze, and find his form no more.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

* Though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.
Paradise Lost, Book VII., v. 29-6.

† Tendeбанque manus ripe ultioris amore.
Æneidos, Lib. VI., v. 314.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE PRESENT POSITION OF EUROPEAN
POLITICS.

PART II.

FRANCE.

WE have seen in a previous article * how Germany and Austria are bound over to keep the peace, and will do nothing warlike unprovoked; how England is past her fighting days, unless moved by a very powerfully irritating cause; how Russian policy alone is not to be foreseen, and how the erratic impulses of the tsar may affect the future of Europe. We have now to consider the same phenomena from the French point of view, and it will also be my duty to try to make plain in what way the personality of the leading Frenchmen may influence the policy of their country. Thoroughly as force now reigns in Europe, at least three of the great powers, the first three of the four which have just been named, whatever be the amounts they spend upon their armies and navies, are now as peaceable in general intention as the United States. Italy obviously will never begin a war, and the only powers that are in the least likely to provoke one are France and Russia. What of France? It being admitted that the French peasant or the ordinary French elector is generally of a peace-loving and thrifty disposition, is there in France any man who is likely to play upon national vanity in such a manner as to hurry on a war? A distinction must here be drawn between words and acts. A large proportion of the governing men of France come from its southern provinces, and the Gascon and Provençal are proverbial for the use of language which in England is called Jingo, in northern France Chauvinistic, but in southern France is regarded as the ordinary speech of the people. The French Patriotic League not only talks big, but writes big, and publishes statements from which it might be gathered, were they to be taken literally, that Europe is upon the brink of a general war. It will already have been seen, from the necessary anticipations of the first article of this series, that I do not share the view that it is

probable that France will voluntarily enter upon war. On the contrary, I go so far as to think that, if Russia were to begin war with England, or with Austria, or with England and Austria combined, France would, if possible, look on, content to reap profit from it at a later moment, if she could do so.

The Goblet Cabinet has shown by the official declaration of its chief that it is anti-Chauvinist, although it contains one member supposed to be of a Chauvinist turn. The declaration made by ministers on taking office said nothing of foreign policy, except in vague and general terms, and only named the army incidentally. Nevertheless the French and German newspapers are full of rumors of impending war. It is said that M. de Courcel, the ex-ambassador at Berlin, gave as his reason for refusing the Foreign Office, that he "would not be the Duc de Gramont of the republic." Yet the whole of the persons who count in France, have counted latterly, or are likely to count, are, with one possible exception, admittedly peaceable. The president, who bears a much closer resemblance than does Mr. Bright to the ideal member of the Society of Friends; M. de Freycinet, a model of cautious statesmanship; M. Spuller, German not only by race, but by turn of mind; M. Clémenceau, enlightened, friendly to England, and by no means pro-Russian, — all these men are most unlikely to countenance a policy of adventure. M. Ferry, who may come back again some day, burnt his fingers in Tonquin, and is now as cautious as M. de Freycinet himself. The one exception, of course, is General Boulanger, and it must be admitted not only that he excites in Germany and in Russia fears or hopes as the case may be, but that he arouses very general public attention even in France. The personality of the man is strong. He has come very suddenly to the front. Gambetta, indeed, used to speak of him as one of the four best officers in France, but he put him rather below than above at least two of the four. General Boulanger is still quite young; he is very handsome, and a good speaker. He owes his advancement to M. Clémenceau, but he has rather eclipsed

* The Present Position of European Politics. Part I. Germany. — LIVING AGE, No. 2225, p. 387.

his patron, who indeed never was especially popular. General Boulanger is commonly supposed to have violated the gentlemanly code of honor, but it is universally admitted that what has happened has not done him any harm. I shall be disbelieved when I state simply that his personal popularity in France is greater than that enjoyed by any man since Napoleon was at the height of his power, with the possible exception of Lafayette at the moment of the Revolution of 1830. General Boulanger excites a good deal of prejudice in society, but society in France counts less than it does in any other country in Europe. He is probably more popular with the army than was the prince-president in 1849 and 1850, and the dislike felt for him by a large number of the superior officers was felt also, and even more intensely, for the prince-president. So popular is he with the private soldiers and, generally speaking, with the great majority of the electors, that it may be said that no one else in France, with the doubtful exception of old M. de Lesseps, in comparison with him, is popular at all. All the politicians are afraid of him, and yet, somehow or other, he is never mentioned without a smile. In spite of his extraordinary popularity no one takes him quite seriously, and the newspapers are able to ignore his real standing with their readers and to go on writing of him as a ring-master, which they pretend he resembles. It must be admitted that the circus element is not wanting in General Boulanger's composition. He is not only a much advertised man; he has done a good deal to advertise himself. At the same time he is an able war minister, and the constant kindness which he has shown to the private soldier is probably an honest kindness, for a calculation of the good results of which towards himself he cannot with any fairness be charged. Although General Boulanger's popularity in France is far greater than that enjoyed by Gambetta in his lifetime, he has never attained in European estimation the same position, nor does he deserve it. But in Germany there is an uneasy feeling with regard to General Boulanger's popularity, and by some Germans and by the German news-

papers he is thought to be a war minister who means war. There never was a greater mistake made than to think that General Boulanger is warlike. He seems to me to have done his duty as war minister with no special view of undertaking an aggressive war, but, on the contrary, to have shown, in constantly limiting the expeditions intended to conquer so-called "colonies," a prudence which is laudable from every point of view. I cannot agree with those who think that the strong personality of General Boulanger in any way affects the situation of France in Europe and her probable future. A very considerable time ago I asked a friend of mine who was going to Paris to find out for me whether General Boulanger, who was beginning to excite attention, was a man, a soldier, a mountebank, or an ass. The report was of no great practical value because it was to the effect that the "Bonaparte without a victory" was at once all four. But although probably, for the reasons which I have given, an excellent war minister, General Boulanger has shown by his last considerable speeches that his English blood is strong in him and that he is not a man, as the French say, "to break windows."

I gave in my former article my reasons for thinking that while France is not likely to move first in a warlike sense, she is, for defensive purposes, very strong. There are many drawbacks to her position. The instability of her governments, although it perhaps has some slight influence in preventing a cessation of financial waste, does not check her military preparations. The durability of the republic itself is often called in doubt. The republic may be looked upon as being more safe against internal revolution than would be any other form of government that could be set up, and as being, indeed, quite certain to endure as long as peace itself endures. A foreign observer of France must come now to believe that what are known as the old parties which compose the Right are very weak. M. Raoul Duval's attempt to form a new Conservative party which should thoroughly support the republic has been a failure, because it did not suit the personal deo-

larations of the leaders of the so-called Conservative party; but nevertheless he expressed the view of almost all the reasonable men in the Conservative ranks. There are many of those who are ridiculously labelled Orleanists by the Republicans, who, if they wanted a constitutional king at all, say that they would, as willingly take M. Poubelle as the Comte de Paris. "M. Poubelle and his wife are popular," they declare; "he is better-looking than the Comte de Paris, and she is nicer-looking than the comtesse, and more French; they already live in the Pavillon de Flore, the temporary *préfecture de la Seine*, that is, in the Tuileries, so that they would not have to move." But then these gentlemen, as may be gathered from their irony, though classed as Monarchists, really prefer the republic. The division of the Monarchists into clerical Bonapartists, democratic and anti-clerical Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Constitutional Monarchists, some clerical and some non-clerical, would have fatally weakened the monarchic party if it had not in any case been so weak as hardly to be worth taking into account. Those who for one reason or other, whether they represent what is called Orleanism or what is called Legitimacy, are in favor of the restoration of the house of France are far stronger than the Bonapartists, but they owe their nominal strength in the Chamber and the number of their supposed supporters among the electorate only to the fact that they poll a large Catholic vote, a large economic vote, and a large discontented vote — votes which are in no sense truly monarchical. The probability is, that if ever France should want a master, a new man will have a better chance than would any member of the families that have reigned in France. As the *Journal des Débats* has lately said, the moderate Conservatives with the Comte de Paris at their head, if he pleases to be there, will separate from the De Cassagnacs, who may, if they please, find a savior of society in the "dynasty of the Boulangers." If Prince Victor should ever be within a measurable distance of the French throne, it will not be through any help that his party gives him, but because he is a sharp,

pushing, good-looking man. That there should exist persons desirous, as the Comtesse de Paris is said to be, of ascending or of sharing the French throne, is in itself a singular fact. It may be safely asserted that the existence of a king in France would at the present moment, and in any state of French feeling that can be foreseen, only serve to strengthen the revolutionary party. No government in France is likely, for any long time together, to be more conservative than the existing republic has been during the last fifteen years, and all true French Conservatives admit in private, whatever language they may hold in public, that the best chance for French society, and the best chance for French religion, against anarchy or spoliation, lies in a moderate republic. The consciousness of this would, if they were free agents, lead them to join and help the moderate Republican party. There is a great deal of ignorance upon this subject among ourselves. The natural regret which some feel for the fate of the empress Eugénie, the ties of others to the excellent members of what is known in England as the Orleans family, even since it has become the family of France, and the somewhat widespread feeling of prejudice in favor of a constitutional monarchy as compared with a republic, all concur, with irritation at certain recent political action on the part of France, to produce a feeling against the French republic. That feeling very naturally takes the form of a belief that somehow or other the republic is to be brought to an end. All governments in Europe, and several in America, are now in this position, that they may at any moment be upset by revolutionary forces, and the French republic is not beyond the danger. It is conceivable that the socialists may upset the third republic. It is also possible that they may indirectly overturn it by making the government itself a socialistic government, and so producing a violent reaction. But in my opinion France is less exposed to immediate danger from the socialists than are several of the monarchies, and I expect to see the republic, unhurt either by socialism on the one side, or by monarchism on

the other, last as long as peace is maintained.

Even in 1848 the weak second republic proved itself for a time better able to resist violence than was the constitutional monarchy, although the latter was no doubt weakened by the extreme limitation of the suffrage. No republic would have fallen so easily as fell the monarchy of July; no monarchy could have survived even for a time the days of June. At the moment of that remarkable insurrection the socialists were stronger in France and possessed abler leaders than at the present time, and it is an extraordinary testimony to the power even of a weak republic that it should have crushed them, although indeed it perished later on. The French third republic is not likely to die of socialism, or to die at all except by war.

The English people are — thanks to the English press — so much better informed upon foreign affairs than are the people of other countries, and are in fact so well and frequently addressed upon the subject by thoroughly competent men, that only prejudice can account for the mistaken view which widely prevails in England among the wealthier classes as to the durability of the republic. The expulsion of the princes from France was all but unanimously, if not quite unanimously, condemned by the English press. If it had been simply condemned as unjust, I should have had nothing here to say, because I am here not expressing opinions upon what is just or what is unjust, or giving my personal preferences, but attempting only to state facts. The English newspapers did not content themselves with arguing that the measure was unjust, but almost all of them went on to prove by the most conclusive arguments that it was inexpedient from the point of view of the French republic. This is an excellent example of the class of delusions of which I speak. It has turned out that the French republicans knew their own business best, and that the conservative reaction which a year ago was shown by the results of elections to have reached a considerable height, has been checked by the expulsion of the princes. The French electors, as was notably displayed in the recent elections in the moderate departments of the Nord and Manche, and the conservative district of Belfort, have welcomed what they regard as a necessary act of national dignity and of commendable vigor.

We saw just now that General Boulanger

is not likely to be any especial danger to peace. Is he likely to be a danger to the republic? I have said that in the event of France desiring a master, she is more likely to look to a new man than to a member of the late royal families; and, when this is said, people begin to ask, with that attraction which is always felt for the element of personality, "Have you such a person in view?" I have in view, not the present war minister in particular, but the generalissimo of the French forces in the event of war, whenever that may come. France is very unlikely to be badly beaten in the next war, for the reasons which I have given in the article upon Germany. If, however, she is to have any chance of success, her ministry must trust the best general that they can find, and let him virtually assume a dictatorship during the continuance of the war. A generalissimo, thus placed with full powers at the head of an army of some four millions of men may be successful. If so, all will admit that the republic will run a danger through his success. If he is not successful, the strong probability is that France will not be greatly driven back within her frontier, and to some extent will be able to hold her own, with an ever-increasing amount of suffering caused by the pressure of taxation, and the withdrawal of men from agriculture and from trade. If the generalissimo has been fairly cautious, is he not likely, even in these circumstances, to be almost as formidable a person to his colleagues as he would be in the event of a successful war? In case, however, of a severe defeat of France, the republic would certainly be upset either in favor of the house of France, or of some individual who had been less compromised in the failure than had others; some general, for example, who had made a gallant stand. I cannot but think that a calm observer must fear that war, either successful or unsuccessful, must be fatal to the French republic. Not necessarily in name, however; not even probably in name. The next man who upsets the French republic will, if he is a prudent man, retain republican forms.

Under ordinary circumstances, that is to say, supposing that there is no war soon, General Boulanger will not rise higher than he has already risen. With his popularity, with his face and figure, he would have a good chance of being elected president if the election of president were by a national vote; but he has little or none as matters stand, the election being made, as is well known, by both

Houses sitting together in congress. Like the popularity of the prince-president in 1850, General Boulanger's popularity is one which lessens as you go upward in the social scale. Those who wish to know his weaker side will find it described in an article lately written by M. Cherbuliez (under his other name of Valbert) on "M. Cambon." It was the circus-master's side of General Boulanger that came out in Tunis, but during the war of 1870 he showed that he was a brave colonel, and lately, as minister, he has proved that he possesses both sense and prudence, though "he is only the more dangerous when he is prudent" is the observation made to me by Republican politicians. General Boulanger's popularity has survived his disavowal of the D'Aumale letters, but his enemies lately thought that they had him on the hip. An attack was made upon General Boulanger and M. Clémenceau and others with regard to the circumstances under which Dr. Cornelius Hertz received the cross of a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. This foreign gentleman was stated to be a shareholder in *La Justice* and a subscriber to M. Clémenceau's election fund, as well as the entertainer of General Boulanger. It seems to have been thought by the latter's enemies that he would not survive a financial scandal, but, unfortunately for them, they failed to prove his connection or that of M. Clémenceau with any discreditable financial transactions. No doubt there is a good deal of monetary corruption at Paris, for, with the exception of the short-lived second republic, the Restoration was the last pure governmental period in France. The monarchy of July, the second empire, and the third republic, have all been marked by considerable financial scandals, but M. de Freycinet's enemies admit that his hands are clean, and General Boulanger's opponents failed to show that his connection with Dr. Hertz, even assuming for the sake of argument that there was anything wrong about the schemes of Dr. Hertz, was any closer than that of M. de Freycinet himself, or that of General Menabrea, the Italian ambassador. The net result of the efforts of General Boulanger and of his enemies has been that, whilst he is still a young man, the general's popularity greatly exceeds that of the next most popular Frenchman, who has been far more years before the country.

M. de Lesseps cannot well be generalissimo; General Boulanger could and would be generalissimo if there were war at any

short interval from the present time. Some suppose that there may be civil commotion in France, and that he may be the general who will put it down, and that in this way, as well as in war, there may be danger to republican institutions. In my opinion that is not so. If there should be civil troubles, put down by force, the general who puts them down will have incurred violent resentment and will not be popular enough with the whole country to found for himself a dictatorship, supposing that he wished to do so. But with war it is different. Whilst an unlucky war might even restore the house of France, and a doubtful war might produce a dictatorship, a successful war would give to the generalissimo who brought to France Alsace or Belgium, a supreme power veiled under republican forms. It is certain that the next French Cæsar will have no arch-chancellors in breeches and silk stockings about him, and it is probable that he will be styled president of the republic. But the virtual autocracy of a strong man is not by any means out the question.

In spite of General Boulanger's present popularity, it is quite possible that within a few years, as he grows older, he may be forgotten. In France men, even useful men, are thrown aside more easily and more completely than is the case with us in England. In England almost all the men able and willing to give useful service to their country are "in," or "out," and certain to "come in next time;" otherwise they are "in the running," to use our most expressive phrase. In France, not only are the declared partisans of the house of France, or of the Bonapartes, excluded, as well as men, however remarkable, who have failed, as, for example, M. Ollivier, but even men such as M. Léon Say, perhaps the most eminent of French statesmen. In France, M. Léon Say seems to be looked upon as destined never again to hold real power, for no sufficient reason that any Englishman can see. The men of small compromises and of expedients hold on the best, or those of extraordinary caution, like that three-times minister, "the little White Mouse."

Given not the fact, but a belief on the part of the president and of the more cautious of his advisers, that war would upset the French republic, we must cease to wonder at the refusal of a formal alliance with Russia, and we must expect that, whatever may be the language used in various countries, peace will last. The understanding between France and Russia

was in the autumn strong enough, without any formal alliance, to produce in many respects most of the consequences of a real alliance. The pressure of the confederates at Constantinople was immensely strong, and one noticeable fact about it was that, to judge by the attitude of the German ambassador there, Prince Bismarck did not appear to mind it in the least. In Christmas week there suddenly arose the story of a Russo-German alliance, which was believed, because not contradicted at Berlin or St. Petersburg, but only at Vienna. Just as there was in the autumn no formal alliance with France, so there is now no formal alliance with Germany on the part of Russia. Prince Bismarck and the Russian emperor both gain by the assertion being made, but Prince Bismarck must contrive to contradict it at Vienna, for he could not tolerate that disruption of the Austrian Empire which would be caused by the revelation of an alliance which, if complete and formal, would be really directed by Russia against the Austrian policy in the East. The Russians have set the report going at Constantinople that the English Conservatives now agree with the English Liberals that the possession of Constantinople by Russia would not be a danger to this country. They tell the Turks that England is now altogether indifferent to their fate, and that the only chance for them, if they wish to avoid absorption into Russia, is to be what is called good neighbors; that is, to allow Russia absolutely to direct their policy. With the apparent assent of Germany, which desires at all hazards to avoid a war, the sultan is rapidly coming to play the part of a bey of Tunis to Russia's France. At the same time the private relations between Paris and Berlin are not of the nature which might be expected from the recent coquetting between Paris and St. Petersburg. Whilst the first-class clerks whom the French Foreign Office sends to Berlin as ambassadors now no longer draw the foreign minister's policy from the German chancellor, yet there has been no apparent change in the good private relations which exist between the countries, both at Paris and at Berlin. Count Münster is not an ambassador in whom Prince Bismarck confides, and therefore it is the communications at the Berlin end which count; but M. de Courcel met with no serious difficulties during his Berlin residence, and the same has been the case, I believe, with M. Herbette. Although people in this country are inclined to flatter themselves that Germany must

be really friendly to Great Britain at all times, yet even as late as when Lord Salisbury was prime minister, in 1885, the relations between France and Germany were distinctly better than the relations between Germany and England. Sir E. Malet has been able to some extent to change this state of things, but it is a fact that for some years France was taking her policy from Berlin, whilst England was too proud to do so, and a good deal of friction was the result. The personal relations between Prince Bismarck and Lord Ampthill were always excellent, but Lord Ampthill was not allowed to bend the knee, and the dislike which his attitude occasioned fell not upon himself, but upon the country which employed him. Lord Rosebery was looked upon as being very German, and his tenure of office coincided with a great increase in the military spirit of France, that led to an attitude of independence on the part of the latter power. While no breach in the relations of Paris and Berlin has yet occurred, and while Germany will avoid one as long as possible, the relations with England have become more close.

I see no occasion to modify the estimates of the relative armed strengths of France and Germany, which I ventured to make in drawing some comparison between them in the first article of the present series. The French army is becoming more democratic, whilst the German army in this respect is not undergoing change. The one-year volunteer system in Germany is so carefully regulated that its effects upon all sides are excellent. In France, abuses have from the first crept in, and the consequence is that the system itself will be destroyed, and service for a uniform period made universal. The failure of the one-year volunteer system in France appears to show that the French, although both a warlike and a scientific nation, are behindhand in the combination of science and war, or the application of scientific principles to war. The small number of German one-year volunteers become in nearly all cases most valuable non-commissioned officers, or officers of reserve. This is not the case with the vastly larger number of one-year volunteers in France, and the impatience of the French character displays itself in the probability that the system will be swept away instead of being modified until it becomes good.

Some doubt has been expressed as to the accuracy of my figures. One writer thinks that a reduction of forty per cent.

should be made on the four million of French soldiers; but a reduction of forty per cent. on the actual figure given, which is above four million, gives that two million five hundred thousand men of which I wrote as the real force. It is well known that on the twentieth day of war, which is the last day for complete mobilization, France will have one million two hundred thousand in the front line, four hundred thousand in the depots, and all her fortresses full of men, without counting the Algerian and colonial forces — figures from which the same total of two million five hundred thousand men is reached.

Much criticism has been aroused in Belgium by what I have said of the military (not the political) prospect of an attack on France by Germany through Belgium. The Belgian writers who treat this subject, such as the editor of the chief organ of opinion at the capital, General Brialmont, and that other distinguished general who, previously to the appearance of my article, had written the series of leading articles in the *Revue de Belgique*, but who, though signature is the rule in that periodical as in the *Fortnightly Review*, preferred like myself to keep his anonymity, — all think the violation of Belgian neutrality almost certain, and differ from my view, where they differ at all, only because they think the danger is from both sides, and not from Germany alone. This difference does not affect, unless to strengthen, the warning which I addressed to England. The enormous accumulation of supplies of every kind in the entrenched camp of Cologne is of itself enough to military eyes to prove the truth of what I have said in my previous article. Belgium is not disinterested, and it might be said that Belgian arguments are the arguments of alarmists. I am content then to rely upon an almost universal consent of military opinion in disinterested countries. As regards political considerations, I would ask those who believe in the value of the neutralization of Belgium to read the correspondence of 1870, at the time when Austria and Russia declined to support our action in defence of Belgium, until, France being hopelessly beaten, they found that it involved no responsibility. I would also refer them to the Prussian circular of December 3rd, 1870, in which Prussia declared that the royal government would "no longer consider itself bound to any consideration of the neutrality of the grand duchy" (of Luxemburg) "in the military operations of the German army," and which contains

illustrations of the difficulty Luxemburg and even Belgium would experience in maintaining their neutrality in the event of another great war.

France is forced to trust solely to her army and her navy for her strength, for she cannot rely upon friendships. The emperor of Russia detests the French republic, but is of course very willing to make a certain use of the military power of France for his own ends. The sultan merely follows the Russian lead; but where in Europe can we say that France now has real friends? As regards governments, nowhere; for the traditional friendship of Sweden for France is checked by the understanding between France and Russia, Sweden's hereditary foe. In the event of a general war, Sweden would be compelled to make choice between her old sympathies and her desire to attack Russia in her own former province of Finland, and would probably be neutral, as she was under even more powerful temptation during the Crimean war. Austria follows Germany; Italy is hopelessly estranged from France; Spain is condemned to immobility by her internal circumstances and her geographical position. Spain is ruled — although this is one of the facts that are disguised from us by correspondents who are amenable to hospitality — by an unpopular, because a foreign, queen. The Spanish people are divided into Republicans and Indifferents, and the spirit of the country is upon the Republican side. France cannot find an ally in Spain, but, on the other hand, Germany will not be able to make Spain march so long as France resists the temptations which lead her to Morocco.

Not only the most interesting to ourselves of questions which concern the friendships or the enmities of France, but the most important even from a French point of view, and the most difficult, is the question of her relations with England. So many are the points at which French and British interests come into contact in various parts of the world that conflicts between the two countries continually arise. Had the monarchy of July, or the second empire, taken as little trouble to avoid circumstances of irritation as has been taken of late years by the third republic, there would have been war between the two countries in the middle of the present century. That there has not been war in recent years has been due to the strong peace feeling in England, and to the inward consciousness on the part of French ministers that there is, underlying

a good deal of hostility towards England, also a real peace feeling in France. Sufficient causes of war have been continually arising, and they have not been dealt with in all cases with discretion. Take, for example, the New Hebrides. The conduct of the French government in this matter has looked at times as though it were purposely intended to exasperate English feeling. In the Madagascar case the treatment of British subjects was of such a nature, that had the telegraph line to Tamatave been in existence, so that the facts had been published day by day in the English papers, war would probably have broken out. But the first of all questions in men's minds when they talk of the relations of England and France is that of Egypt.

I shall write on this question with all the moderation that I can command, because I know that if I say but half as much against the policy of France as has been said against it in leading French newspapers by leading Frenchmen, I shall be thought to be yielding to national prejudice, and not to be writing with the impartiality which ought to be shown by one who professes to write of facts alone. The French will bear from Frenchmen — like M. Weiss for example, "the first pen of France," as M. Gambetta called him when he made him despatch-writer to the Foreign Office — that which they will not bear from Englishmen. The editor of the *Times* cannot with impunity contrast the Germany of the day with the France of the day, somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter, or describe the German officer as walking among his men with the "demeanor of a god." Thus far does M. Weiss go in his last book, and even in his reassuring preface he cannot say more for his own country than that it is "not substantially inferior" to Germany. In this book, by the way, too, M. Weiss admits that which has never before, I think, been admitted in writing by a leading man in France, that Prince Bismarck had been, whenever he wished it, the real foreign minister of the French Republic. If I were to say but one-tenth of what M. Weiss has said, I fear that if ever again I wished to visit Paris, and my identity were to become known, I might find myself conducted back again between two constables to Boulogne or Calais.

Let us try to appreciate the French position with regard to Egypt. Russia, France, and Turkey, are now pressing us to say how long we intend to stay there; and we reply as we have replied for years,

that we do not intend to stay permanently, but that we do intend to stay until our work is done. It is useless for us, so far as affecting French opinion goes, to say that France backed out of her share in the protection of the government of Egypt (after having, by suggesting the dual note, given that protection a militant character), and that she has refused to spend her blood and money in preserving order there. It is open to the French negotiators to reply that that was some years ago, and that they personally regret that their country did not take a more active part, but that the previous abstention cannot be allowed to affect the future as it affects the present. Now, England has by far the greatest interest in the canal transit, and she has the same interest in the land transit through Egypt, because the land transit, which existed before the canal, and which has been most important since 1830 or 1835, might replace canal transit in time of a Chinese war or of an Indian insurrection, if the canal were blocked, as by accident or pretended accident it might easily be. France, however, is attempting to raise an empire in the further East, she has military necessities arising out of her difficulties with Madagascar and with China, and she is not prepared to allow that the question of Egyptian transit is not also vitally interesting to herself. Looking to the splendid ports possessed by France upon the Mediterranean, and to the difficulty England would have in using the Mediterranean in a time of general war, it might even be argued that in certain eventualities Egypt might be of greater use to France than it ever could be to England. Still, free transit has always been the object which England in Egypt has had in view; and it will be remembered that in the famous conversation between the emperor Nicholas and Sir Hamilton Seymour, the latter refused Egypt in the words that "English views upon Egypt do not go beyond the point of securing a safe and ready communication between British India and the mother country." In refusing a later offer of Egypt by Napoleon the Third, Lord Palmerston said, in words which ought to be remembered to his credit in these days of general spoliation, "How could we combine to become unprovoked aggressors, to imitate in Africa, the partition of Poland, by the conquest of Morocco for France, of Tunis for Sardinia, and of Egypt for England? and how could England and France, who have guaranteed the integrity of the Turkish Empire, turn round and

wrest Egypt from the sultan? . . . As to the balance of power to be maintained by giving us Egypt, in the first place, we don't want to have Egypt. . . . We want to trade with Egypt and to travel through Egypt, but we do not want the burden of governing Egypt, and its possession would not, as a political, military, and naval question, be considered in this country, as a set-off against the possession of Morocco by France."

It will be seen that Lord Palmerston did not set the value of Egypt to this country high. In 1878 Lord Salisbury declared that we did not desire to establish any territorial settlement in Egypt, and similar declarations have repeatedly been made since the destruction of the joint control. The interest of this country in Egypt is the interest of free communication both by the Suez Canal, and, as an alternative, by land across the isthmus, and the interest of British trade. As the means to the end, we think it desirable that Egypt should continue to be indirectly part of the Ottoman Empire, and essential that no other power should effect a settlement there. We think the honor of this country bound to the present khedive, but France, which is also bound to him by a solemn declaration of her own suggestion, has, from time to time, proposed his deposition and the substitution for him of Prince Halim. Our interest in Egyptian finance is not a peculiar interest, and might be entirely provided for by general European stipulations.

Under the Goschen control, it will be remembered, England had the higher position, but France was largely represented; under Lord Salisbury's control, the English controller had still, at first, the chief place of authority, but there was a closer similarity between the functions of the two men, and under Lord Salisbury's control as modified in November, 1879, the distinction between the two controllers ceased, and they became of equal standing. At Christmas, 1881, England and France declared together to the present khedive that they considered his maintenance on the throne as alone able to guarantee for the present and future the good order and general prosperity in Egypt, in which England and France were equally interested, and they stated in menacing terms that the two governments were closely associated in their resolve to maintain the present ruler by their united efforts against all causes of complication, internal or external, which might menace him, and which would certainly find En-

gland and France united to oppose them. M. Gambetta, who had suggested this declaration, fell, and was succeeded by M. de Freycinet, who was opposed to armed intervention, and who, after long opposition, agreed too late to a naval demonstration by England and France and armed intervention by the Porte, having first proposed the deposition of the present khedive, which was refused by England. M. de Freycinet attached at first much importance to the employment of Turkish troops not being mentioned, and he finally backed out, or was disavowed by his colleagues, a proceeding which indeed caused the revolutionary movement in Egypt to come to a head. After this he agreed to a small Anglo-French demonstration, but the French Chamber refused the money.

That which followed is well known, and so is the fact that after the French occupation of Tunis the sultan's alarm and indignation at the proceedings of France were such that he also followed the example of the emperor Nicholas and of the emperor Napoleon III., in offering Egypt to this country, only to be once more refused. The sultan has, indeed, throughout been of two minds, sometimes inclining to the view that it would be best for him frankly to recognize the fact that he has lost all real hold over both the Egyptian and the Arabian populations and to compound for tribute, and sometimes inclining to the view that it would be possible for him, after the English troops had quitted Egypt, to reassert there some actual authority.

The intention, no doubt, of England when she went to Egypt to put down a military insurrection, was to leave that country as soon as possible. The difficulty of leaving was caused by Turkey's refusal to allow troops to be raised for the khedive within the Turkish dominions, and by the difficulty of organizing an Egyptian army that could stand alone. The proposal for the absolute annexation of the country which was strongly pressed by some persons in the autumn of 1882, was steadily resisted by Mr. Gladstone, and the policy was laid down of gradually withdrawing the army of occupation to Alexandria, and of reducing it to under three thousand men, which, although it has been delayed by events in the Soudan, continues to be the policy of the present government. The decision not to accept Egypt for ourselves had virtually been taken long before this time. The annexation of Egypt, which would have been

easily possible at any time between 1870 and 1875, or 1876, was set aside by the Conservative government of 1874-80, in the successive steps by which they established the Anglo-French joint control, and recognized the high position of French interests, which they ultimately admitted to equal recognition with our own.

Another difficulty in the way of those who would indefinitely hold Egypt is the self-denying protocol of the conference of the summer of 1882, while the strongest fact of all is that we have voluntarily but repeatedly informed the powers that we intend to leave the country when our work is done. On the other hand, we cannot forget the rejection by an enormous majority of the French Chambers of the bill making provision for carrying out the agreement to which even M. de Freycinet had come with us for a limited French concurrence in the military steps to be taken against Arabi in Egypt. It is of course held in England that by abstention from taking her part in the restoration of order in that country, France forfeited her rights. At the end of 1882 the proposal to give France a certain share in the Egyptian government, although a comparatively small share, was rejected by France, which took up the position that after our intervention in Egypt the institutions which had been upset, revived, and amongst others the Anglo-French control. The French government were on strong ground in maintaining that obligations regularly entered into by three States could not properly be abolished or modified without the concurrence of all the contracting parties. The position of England was that the appointment of the controllers was the act of the khedive, and that there was no engagement that the control should be perpetually maintained. The control was abolished under French protest, and has disappeared for the last four years. In the summer of 1884, it will be remembered France offered to renounce the idea of re-establishing the dual control, undertaking also not to substitute a French for the British occupation, nor to send French troops to Egypt without a previous understanding with England; in return for which England was to express her willingness that the withdrawal of British troops from Egypt should take place at the beginning of 1888, provided that the powers should then be of opinion that such withdrawal could take place without risk to peace and order. These arrangements were to be subject to the success of financial proposals to be

made by England to the conference; but the conference itself broke down. The financial views of the English and the French were laid upon the conference table, and it would seem that subsequent experience has shown that the French were more nearly right than ourselves.

In connection with the conference of 1884, the English government announced its intention of proposing a scheme for the neutralization of Egypt on the basis of the principles applied to Belgium. It is probable that if the English troops ever leave that country, a probability which we will presently discuss, Egypt will be declared an independent and perpetually neutral State, bound to observe neutrality towards all other States, and placed under the guarantee of the contracting parties; and the shadow of connection with Turkey and the payment of tribute to Turkey are not inconsistent with neutrality, as is shown by the case of the lake district of Savoy, and other cases which might be adduced.

The present position of the question is, that when the French ask us to name a date for leaving Egypt, we reply that it is impossible for a weak native government to rule the country so long as the low-class Europeans who inhabit Alexandria in great numbers, and in lesser degree the other towns, cannot be dealt with by the ordinary law; and as it is known that the French object to modify the capitulations so long as we remain in Egypt, we in turn charge them with doing nothing to facilitate our leaving it, but on the contrary with making the difficulties which are the cause of our staying there. As long ago as 1857 this question of Europeans of bad character in Egypt had become an urgent one, and it is a curious fact, though only an historical curiosity, that the opposition to proper police control over low-class Europeans in Egypt came originally from England. It is to be feared that a subject very important in itself is being used now upon both sides deceptively.

As to the duration of the English occupation, there is this thing to be said, that so long as the French violently denounce the occupation, it is likely to continue. Some of the more moderate and more reasonable of the French newspapers have themselves pointed out that England went to Egypt with the consent of Europe to re-establish order; that she went alone and at some risk and with much cost, and, indeed, they might add that we asked first France and then Italy to go with us, and went alone only after our invitation had

been refused by both ; refused, in the case of the former, by the Chamber after acceptance by the government. These moderate journals argue that the English must judge for themselves whether it is yet safe for them to leave the country which they undoubtedly mean some day to leave ; that it would be a folly for France to court refusal by asking questions too definite in form, and a still greater folly to fight for such a cause. These journals have pointed out the extraordinary reversal of French policy which is involved in the proposal to use the Turks to drive England morally out of Egypt, France having always been throughout her history the most reluctant of all the powers to admit the existence of Turkish sovereignty in Egypt. Is France willing, they ask, to restore the supremacy of the sultan in Tunis or Algeria ?

It is indeed true that the French agitation against the English occupation of Egypt, which reached its height in November last, may well be pleasing to Russia, and has awakened illusions for the future, as well as cynical thoughts about the past, in the sultan's mind. The class of feelings which it has aroused in Turkey finds expression in harmless notes to the British government, which I take it are hardly read, although they are occasionally replied to. The feeling aroused in Russia by the action of France may possibly bode more danger to European peace, because, although there is no alliance between Russia and France, yet if France backs all the proceedings of Russia in Bulgaria, Russia in return will find herself forced to back all the proceedings of France with regard to Egypt, and the result may be some wound to British pride which conceivably may lead to war. Except as regards Russia and Turkey, France of course only increases her isolation by her Egyptian policy. Italy is forced if possible farther away from France, whilst Austria and Germany remain indifferent, or think only of themselves. It would almost seem as though no real calculation of interest presided over the policy of the French Foreign Office. Provided that France can show herself able to make a sufficient noise in the world, it would seem as though French politicians were indifferent to the driving of Italy and England into the arms of Germany and Austria, while they secure only the approval of Turkey and the platonic alliance of Russia. Clearly French politicians do not adopt that elementary maxim of diplomacy which rivals in sim-

plicity the "Never prophesy unless you know" of daily life ; namely, "Never make a fuss unless you see your way ahead." Obviously, France, in telling England to leave Egypt, only postpones the date of the evacuation. Lord Randolph Churchill, whose power, so long as he terrifies the Tories by sheer energy, and paralyzes the Liberal party by receiving Mr. Chamberlain's support, it is difficult to over-estimate, does not, unless he has strangely and suddenly changed his views, believe in the expediency of a British occupation of Egypt, not to speak of its necessity. But Lord Randolph Churchill is an opportunist even more distinctly than a peace-loving democrat, and he knows that John Bull will not leave Egypt as long as France bids him do so, so that he will probably not oppose Lord Salisbury's policy. The net result of French action is simply to court refusal, to drive England into an alliance with Germany, Austria, and Italy, and to make the continuance of the occupation certain.

The real value of a position in Egypt, whilst it is admittedly important as regards an Indian rising or a war with China, is easily exaggerated. In a great war in which France was against us, or in which Italy (though, in the present circumstances of Italian friendship, this may be neglected) was one of a coalition of hostile powers, the Suez Canal would be useless. It is practically impossible to run past France and Corsica on the one side and Algeria and Tunis on the other, and to command the Mediterranean sufficiently to convoy troops, supplies, and goods, while keeping our command in the Channel and patrolling the seas of the whole world. We cannot, in short, safely carry troops through the Mediterranean against either Italy in a combination or France alone, and this whether Russia be or be not at Constantinople, and be or be not at war with us. In a war in which France was against us, it may safely be asserted that France could not communicate with her Eastern possessions at all, and we with ours only by way of the Cape, and that the Suez Canal, as regards belligerents, would virtually be closed. But nations do not fight for points which are vital and let go all points which are not. Nations generally fight for sentiment ; and it is certain that in the present frame of the British mind and state of the British temper we shall not go out of Egypt as long as France orders us to go. The raising of the Egyptian question has confirmed the prospects of peace, by placing on the

one side four powers and on the other two units, and the only doubt of this concerns the effect that has been produced in the mind of the Russian emperor by the use of hostile language between England and France. In the next article of this series I may have to consider whether an arrangement between England and Russia is or is not possible, and whether Europe might not arrive at a lasting peace based on the isolation of France. Since the raising of the Egyptian question by France, Germany has ceased to find it necessary to proclaim a constant willingness to help French interests in all parts of the world. The change was not coincident with the return of the Conservatives to power in Great Britain. If it had been, we should have been inclined to ascribe it to the dislike felt by Prince Bismarck for some English Liberal politicians. But while three years ago Prince Bismarck by no means completely endorsed our Egyptian policy, and occasionally joined with France to slight us, as he also did at one time as regards the Congo; and although he backed up French aggression in the case of the New Hebrides, yet the change which took place on his coming to an agreement with us about Zanzibar—an agreement distasteful to France and made without consulting her in advance—was rather coincident with the revival of strong feeling between England and France about the Egyptian question than with the change of government. Even after the present government had been in power we seemed to be floundering between the hostility of France and the hostility of Germany. France was flouting us about the New Hebrides and Germany was openly ridiculing us through her official press. It pleased Mr. Ashmead Bartlett to ascribe the isolation of England as well as her feebleness to Mr. Gladstone, but it must be admitted by any fair observer that its causes lay deeper than party. We seemed unable to mollify either France or Germany, and yet still to want one or the other as our friend, and to be without a friend in the whole world. It looked as though Italy were our only friend when Mr. Gladstone was in power, but as though we had none at all when he was succeeded by Lord Salisbury. Suddenly all this was changed, and we became firm friends not only once again with Italy but also with Austria, and through Austria with Germany. This change may partly have been aided by wise policy on Lord Salisbury's part, but the most important factor in producing it was aggression on the part of

Russia and aggressive language on the part of France—the action of Russia in Bulgaria, and the language of France upon the question with which we are here concerned.

If England had been inclined to let the Egyptian debt take care of itself; to insist during the occupation on defying the capitulations, as French generals would have defied them; to take her own course, which she firmly believes to be the wise and scientific course, as to quarantine; to insist on simple justice as regards the taxation of foreigners,—France would have grumbled, but probably not fought, and Egypt would have been the better for the action of England and none the worse for the grumbling of France. England did none of these things. Throughout the occupation she has been courteous and, internationally speaking, law-abiding to the verge of weakness. On only one occasion has she allowed of the faintest infraction of international agreement, and then under the pressure of overwhelming necessity, and with her action immediately succeeded by an apology and explanation, and condoned by the general opinion of Europe. The French, instead of quietly holding the English Liberal party to its declarations, and, through it, the country, have noisily stepped in and greatly increased the difficulties in the way of withdrawal. The Conservative party in England would have left to the Liberals the unpopularity, whenever they should next come in, of actually quitting Egypt, and so risking a fresh rising, or the trouble of carrying out the arrangements for neutralization. Now, however, under the rumor of French menace, the neutralization scheme of the Liberals, with any personal leaning towards it of Lord Randolph Churchill, has for the present vanished, and both parties (*pace* Mr. Labouchere) are for the illogical but safe *status quo*. “Il n’y a que le provisoire qui dure,” and it looks as though a temporary occupation had been given a longer life by the recent language of France and Turkey, and by the demonstration of the existence of a Franco-Russian understanding at Constantinople. Powers and parties are human, and self-interest itself is often a less strong human motive than the desire to annoy one's neighbors. Bentham somewhere proves that there is such a thing as disinterested malevolence, and I fear that if it exists at all it is occasionally to be discovered in nations, at all events as highly developed as in the proverbial dog in the manger. There are in England a great

number of persons who are persuaded that the military occupation of Egypt is a source of strength to England. But a large majority of these, who are themselves not a majority of the electorate, are persuaded that we are bound by promises voluntarily made to Europe that the occupation is to be temporary, and for practical purposes these count on the side of the persons who are against the occupation. France herself has greatly increased the number of those who will strain a point to avoid giving immediate effect to our promises, and must have increased the number of those who persuade themselves that the remaining in Egypt is a British interest. If France would help us in Egypt, if she would strengthen the hands of such men as was M. Barrère, as is M. d'Aunay, in resisting the selfish action of individual Frenchmen at Cairo, when they behave in a manner really hostile to the higher interests of the French nation; if the French government would give up the capitulations and replace them by a proper system of police and a just criminal law; if we were aided and not thwarted, — evacuation or neutralization at an early date might indeed become possible. So different has been French action, that many, seeing M. Barrère unable to cope with the *Bosphore Egyptien*, and M. d'Aunay in late times forced to support his compatriots, jump very wrongly to the conclusion that M. Barrère, and later M. d'Aunay — that in fact the French consul-general as such — must be the centre and soul of French resistance to the occupation. Both M. Barrère and M. d'Aunay are very able men, neither of them perhaps too much burdened with pedantic principle; both speak and write English perfectly, and have lived long in England, which is a help towards understanding English ways and modes of thought. M. Barrère indeed is a man who found himself equally at home on the barricades supporting the Commune at the age of twenty and, at the age of thirty, on the European commission of the Danube, patronizing aristocratic Austria herself, a man to whom English is so familiar that a drawing-room at Albert Gate, when he already held the rank of minister, once presented the singular spectacle of a French ambassador and a French minister discussing between themselves in the English tongue, into which they had unconsciously dropped, in the course of their conversation, the problem how their country might best get the English out of Egypt. M. d'Aunay inherits from his direct ancestor Lepelletier a habit of

courteous give and take, and speaks and writes English, if not with the British vigor of M. Waddington and M. Barrère, at least with great skill. These men understand how to get the English out of Egypt and how to keep them there, and if they have had to keep them there, it is because persons in France, incompetent to judge of policy, have imposed on them, as well as on their masters in France, a line of action of which they see the folly. Some of the foreign ministers of France of recent years have been of the calibre of chairmen of the Metropolitan Board, but M. de Freycinet was a cautious statesman of European fame, and whatever faults he may have had, knew perfectly — as well as M. Barrère, whom he detested, or as M. d'Aunay, whom he trusted — how mistaken was the policy he was driven to pursue.

The opportunist politicians, or successors of Gambetta, composed the party which was most active in the anti-English outcry. Just as, the moment after their leader died, they advocated alliance with that Russia which he abhorred and against which he looked to Germany to protect the world; so, while Gambetta followed the earlier statesman of France in detesting the presence of the Turk in Africa, and was a representative of the Frenchmen who backed Mehemet Ali, his party, immediately after he was gone, began to prompt the Turk to express to England his desire to return to Cairo. The change in the Egyptian policy of France, when she began to back up the sultan's supremacy, is perhaps more extraordinary in suddenness and completeness than any modern national change of front except England's when Lord Beaconsfield offered Herat to Persia in 1879. It is assumed by the English press that the word was passed by the French government to the French press to attack England about Egypt. The *Temps*, however, which is the organ of the Foreign Office, was very moderate in its language. The most violent papers are not under government influence. This violence, as I have shown, was calculated to do harm to the interests of France, as M. de Freycinet, who is a wise man, must have been well aware. I believe, therefore, that, so far from being desired, it was inconvenient to the government of France. The French government lagged behind public opinion in place of leading it, and the government position, as expressed to England, was as follows: that France, which made the canal, and has a large amount of money in-

vested in it, and which is also historically and sentimentally interested in Egypt, does not desire to press England to leave Egypt at once, but merely reminds her of her promise to leave it, and asks, not for a fixed date, but for some sort of approximation to a date at which the English troops will leave. France is willing to engage that French troops shall not go to Egypt, and desires to enter into an engagement to secure the absolute neutrality of the country, or to carry out, what England has all along professed to be her view, the restoration of the *status quo ante Arabi*, but with some security taken against the Arabs of the future. The moderation of the French demands is, however, the result of failure to bring pressure to bear upon England, except, indeed, at Constantinople, and it is possible that, if French views had received more support, the language officially employed would have been more emphatic.

In the mean time France does not help us to withdraw. She protects seditious newspapers published by French subjects; she insists upon maintaining to the letter the capitulations, by which the administration of Egypt, not only by England, but after England is gone, should England incline to go, is rendered dangerous in the extreme. At the bottom of the unwise and somewhat illogical action of France there lies, as there almost always lies at the bottom of unwise acts on the part either of nations or of individuals, a fit of temper. France knows that if England was to go to Egypt at all, France should have accompanied her. France agreed to go, but the Chamber rejected the agreement. It was M. de Lesseps who really prevented France from doing that which she had promised to do, and, after the collapse of Arabi, leading French politicians blamed M. de Lesseps for misleading them as to Arabi's power. And so the French, profoundly dissatisfied with the inevitable consequences of their own inaction, have striven to avenge their mistake by thwarting the English in Egypt; and every check to the French army, whether in Madagascar or Tonquin, has but intensified their malevolence. Mutual sulkingness on the part of France and England in regard to Egypt is likely to continue. France does not mean to fight for Egypt, and yet is not satisfied to have been ousted from it. And England will stay there, although nearly all Liberals and many Conservatives desire the neutralization of the country, just because England will not leave Egypt under pressure, and

there will continue to be pressure enough exerted by France to make it impossible for England to leave. The troops will be brought from Cairo to Alexandria, and be reduced to under three thousand men, but complete evacuation will not take place.

In the writings of French newspapers upon Egypt there is a great deal of exaggeration. The popular belief in France, which is not shared by the men who control her destinies, is that England is an annexing power, anxious to lay hands upon all possible portions of the world, and checked only here and there by France and Germany. As a matter of fact, for many years past, with the exception of the movement upon Burmah, which was caused by the action of the French agent there, England has made no annexations except in self-defence against the annexation policy of Germany or France, and has declined to annex the Cameroons, Zanzibar, and Egypt itself, not to speak of other countries, over and over again.

I have assumed that France, however much she grumbles, does not intend to fight for Egypt. If France meant business and were determined to brave all consequences, if she intended even to risk war for Egypt without actually provoking it, she would take one step which is always in the minds of French politicians. She would take England out of the most favorable and place her in the most unfavorable column of the French tariff, at the same time allowing free entry into France for certain classes of yarns which are absolutely needed in the French cotton-spinning industry. Everything else that France absolutely needs and that she at present gets from us, she could, it is argued, get from Germany and Belgium, and a very slight rise in the price of certain goods would only be an inconvenience of the same nature as the inconvenience which she bears already in the form of duties for the sake of protection. Another step that France would take would be to raise some pretext in Egypt for interference, and French troops would be landed, nominally as against Egypt, at some point on the Egyptian coast, with a declaration of perfect friendliness towards England, but with the intention that they should remain there as long as our troops remained. The friendship of Italy and our joint naval power prevent all chance of a sudden attack by France on Egypt, and make it impossible for France to hope to hold Egypt in the event of war. It is true, however, that we ourselves in that case would derive little or no benefit

from its possession. But no strength of our own and no strength on the part of Italy could prevent a landing of French troops in Egypt on pretence of some violation of the capitulations against a French subject, and it is not very easy to see how a termination could be put to a virtual joint occupation except by that neutralization which France herself demands; a neutralization, the name of which scares people here, though in my opinion, if properly secured, it would offer nothing but advantages to this country.

There is another view of the action of France with respect to Egypt, which is, that when M. de Freycinet talked of Egypt it was the canal that he really had in view, and that, knowing as he did that he would not be able by pressure to get his way in regard to Egypt, he must have meant only to get it with regard to the canal. The most authoritative statement of the French views upon the subject is M. de Freycinet's own, when he said that England and Italy had put forth one view and that France had put forth another, but that the other powers insisted that England and France should agree, and that he hoped that it would not be long before that agreement was reached. The only difficulty in settling the question of the canal is caused by the fact that the Conservative Cabinet somewhat hesitates to settle it for fear of Parliamentary attack. Everybody seems to mean the same thing with regard to the canal. There is no real difference of opinion upon the subject itself, but only a divergence of language between the proposals which England and France have made respectively. Proposals to secure by international agreement the freedom of the Suez Canal, both in peace and in war, at all times for all ships, whether of trade or war, have been made by England at least twice. Now France can come to an agreement with England upon this subject whenever she pleases, and if she uses language of insistence it is only for the purpose of breaking through a door which is already open, so as to be able to celebrate a triumph. The other powers, with the exception of Russia, which will do what is most agreeable to France, in order to keep up the shadow of an alliance, think the English canal proposals sufficient and satisfactory, and the only difficulty has been a difficulty about words, and the only reason why there has been no agreement has been because there was no real desire for agreement, inasmuch as each government is afraid of its Parliament. The state-

ment which has been repeatedly telegraphed to various journals that England declined to entertain French proposals for a neutralization of the canal which would prevent the passage of the English fleets in time of war, is a mere confusion, for France has never made and never intends to make any such proposition. The powers agree that the canal should be made free on all sides, and should be protected against blockade, but none of them desire to limit its use by ships of war. The disputes about words have been formidable, no doubt, and have been intensified by the peculiarity of the problem, for there is no diplomatic question in the world similar to that of the Suez Canal. According to a witty remark ascribed to Baron Solvyns, the Belgian minister at this court, a diplomatic career consists in passing one's life in explaining to others things which you do not understand yourself, and there has been a good deal of that kind of diplomacy employed upon the questions relating to the Suez Canal.

It is rather a startling statement, but one which is perfectly true, that the canal has been neutralized from the first, and is neutral at this moment. Its neutrality is read into the original firman by a reference to the Act of Concession. The action taken by France during the Franco-German war constituted an admission of this neutrality, and was consistent with something more than that which we have always meant by it, namely, equal freedom for the use of the canal by all powers. In the Russo-Turkish war, Russia engaged not to bring the canal within the sphere of operations. M. de Lesseps at one time made a proposal for the neutralization of the canal in terms which were approved by the French government, but to which the English government saw objections which they did not explain. After Arabi's insurrection, further plans for dealing with the canal were discussed between the governments, but an ambiguity arose from the use of the word neutralization in two different senses. England at one time rejected a suggestion of neutrality, understanding that neutrality meant the closing of the canal against all vessels of war at all times, which was never, as a matter of fact, intended by France; but England proposed as her own, in a subsequent communication, a measure precisely similar to that which had been proposed by France in 1877. The English proposal is that whilst all ships at all times should be allowed to pass through, there should, in times of war, be a limit of time as to ships

of war of belligerents remaining in or about the canal; that no hostilities should take place in the approaches to the canal; that no fortifications should be erected on or near it; and that the canal and its neighborhood should not be made the base of military operations. I repeat that there is no real difference of opinion between England and France, and that an arrangement could be concluded now by a public statement on the part of England that she is willing to accept the very words of the proposal made by M. de Lesseps.

There are a good many differences between England and France besides those which concern Egypt and the Suez Canal. In the New Hebrides there was a violation of an engagement with us, as well as that complete disregard of native rights which has now become universal on the part of European powers. In Madagascar, where the government of England has decided not to interfere, there is carried on in the name of France a violation of every principle which keeps civilized mankind together, an outrage which rouses the indignation of English High Churchmen, Congregationalists, and Quakers, who are all strongly represented in the Madagascar missions, and attracts to their views upon the subject the sympathy of members of other religious denominations. Moreover the formation of a French military establishment at Diego Suarez or British Sound, is regarded by English naval men as directed against this country. On the upper Niger the French are coming into conflict with the interests of the British traders established on that river, as they are also upon the Congo. The French are annexing other islands in the Pacific besides the New Hebrides group, and are threatening to use them for convict stations, to the intense dissatisfaction of our Australian colonists. In some of these cases the annexation is of islands the independence of which France has engaged herself to this country to respect, as for example, Raiatea. In regard to the Ecréhous group, near Jersey, the French keep open a dispute of a dangerous kind. On the other hand, in China as in Egypt, and as in Madagascar indeed, but that Madagascar is an evident case of wolf and lamb, the French consider that they have grievances against us. In the case of the Newfoundland fisheries and French shore questions, each country finds grave fault with the other.

It is necessary for us to examine these questions at some little length, because out of almost any one of them war might

easily arise. The French nation is not united upon these questions. The most powerful newspapers in France by no means adopt the colonial policy. M. Clémenceau, one of the strongest of French politicians, condemns it, as it is condemned also from the other side by the Monarchical opposition, and by independent financial reformers. With a deficit in every budget for the last four years, which has risen from two millions sterling, five years ago, to ten millions sterling last year, and about ten millions this, France cannot afford to pour out gold upon Tonquin, and Madagascar, and Senegal, and other pestilential places, which will never bring in a tithe of what they have cost. The colonial policy greatly weakens the military position of France in Europe, and disorganizes her finances, while it compromises the efficiency of the only thing which really counts in modern Europe, the rapidity of the mobilization of the reserves. The colonial policy has obviously increased the work to be performed by the French army and navy in time of war, and has given hostages to England, which would be able to cut the communication between France and all these so-called colonies, if the two countries were at war. France has acted in Tunis in a way that has irritated Italy; she has incurred the lasting resentment of the Australian colonies of Great Britain, which one day will form the third power in the world, and she has permanently alienated that which will probably be one of the strongest military empires — China. The Tonquin policy of France has increased the chance of China joining England whenever France joins Russia, and a Chinese alliance in the Pacific is certainly not to be despised.

The French colonial policy has always been a very costly one. French subjects in the French dominions outside of Algeria and France cost France about £1 per head per year. British subjects in the British dominions outside of the United Kingdom cost us about 2d. per head per year, excluding indirect naval expenditure upon both sides. The French colonial policy from the time of Colbert to the present day has been closely connected with the French doctrines of protection, and the dominant idea in connection with the extension of French dominion is to place differential duties upon foreign goods. In some cases, but not in all, a religious persecution on a small scale also plays its part, and the French flag, which does not protect Catholic interests at home, gives

them something more than an equal chance abroad. I suppose it is useless to speak of the rights of the native inhabitants of the countries which are annexed by France. Looking to our own past, it does not lie in the mouth of an Englishman to do so. But we may hope that when the historian of the future comes to deal with the times in which we live he will point out that England in this respect grew better whilst France grew worse. It is necessary to bear in mind, in considering the subject, that the French colonies are all of what we should call the crown-colony type, and that none of them resemble Canada or Australia or the Cape in getting their own way. Where the supposed commercial interests of France come into conflict with the interests of the colonists, as seen by the colonists themselves, colonial interests have to give way, and where the colonists desire to buy in the cheapest market, the French have frequently insisted upon their being made to buy, by means of differential duties, the dearer goods of France.

The present difficulties between France and China, in which the French suppose, rightly or wrongly, that the Chinese have us behind them, have grown gradually out of the difficulty which arose during the Tonquin war. English sympathies will naturally go with China in her desire herself to undertake, in concert with the Holy See, the protection of Catholic interests. We know how in the past these real interests have been jeopardized by their connection with the political interests of France. We know that on the whole the London Missionary Society has succeeded perfectly of recent years in dealing directly and peacefully with the Chinese; and we desire to see the causes of future quarrel lessened, as they would be if Catholic interests in China received the peaceful protection of the Vatican rather than the gunboat protection of the French republic. In the long run, China, upon this subject, is certain to get her way. China is now too strong for France to take Peking without a fight which would greatly reduce her Continental fighting power. But France could, single-handed, still take Peking, because the Chinese will not yet make intelligent modern use of their splendid men, and their officers are still silly beyond description. War between France and China, if a real war, and not the ambiguous state of things which prevailed on a recent occasion, would be so serious for us, with eighty per cent. of the China trade in our hands, as against the three per cent.

which France possesses, that it may be considered that an effective blockade of the Chinese coast could not be enforced by France without the certainty of such irritation arising on our side that we ourselves should be drawn into the vortex. As the French have something to say for themselves upon the Egyptian question, so, too, with regard to the Chinese. It is true that our influence at Peking is great, and that it is not of a description very friendly to the French. If our influence there is menaced, it is not by French influence that it is menaced, and it is not a Frenchman who is likely to obtain the key of the position by becoming the future *tsung shui wu sze*, or inspector-general of imperial maritime customs.

As regards the French position in non-Algerian Africa, it is well known that vast sums of money have been spent in Senegal in the attempt to lay out a railroad towards the upper Niger, and much also has been expended in trying to found an empire upon the Congo, efforts which Germany has done all in her power to promote, because she agrees with English observers as to the weakening effect upon the French power in Europe of her new colonial policy. In the case of the Niger, French and British interests at one time came sharply into conflict, but the west-African conference held at Berlin in 1884 laid down the respective spheres of influence and established the principle of commercial freedom for the Niger, so that difficulties are at an end for the present. At the same time if the French choose to go on spending sufficient money, they will ultimately, although at vast cost, reach Timbuctoo both from the side of Senegal and also from that of Algeria. The French expenditure in the district is, however, probably connected in some degree with hidden designs against the empire of Morocco, which form a source of possible European complications for the future, inasmuch as Spanish pride would be greatly wounded by the conquest of Morocco by the French, whilst England possesses in Morocco a considerable trade. As regards the Congo, I know that I attempt to swim against the stream of English opinion in regard to the help given by this country to the exclusion of Portugal from what I believe to have been her ancient possessions upon the Congo coast, and I also differ from many in England in thinking that the International Association, which has now become the personal Congo kingdom of the king of the Belgians, has by no means shown by

its past that it was any more worthy than Portugal, which was not thought worthy, to receive the control of the vast districts in the interior. While by the policy of the west-African conference and by the assistance given by Prince Bismarck both to France and to the king of the Belgians in 1884, France has been admitted to the Congo on one bank, an enormous district in the heart of Africa has been made over to the king of the Belgians, with, however, the happy condition of freedom of trade. Engagements between two powers with respect to African annexation, or, indeed, with regard to any of the countries of the world which are what is styled "unoccupied," that is, occupied by the black people to whom they properly belong, are apt to be of very little use. For example, in 1862 there was an agreement with France that neither England nor France would interfere with the independence of Zanzibar, but Germany has now taken away the greater portion of the sultan's nominal territory there. And there is always this risk of a third power stepping in. On the other hand, whatever the French may think, English interests in Africa are secured when freedom of trade has been secured, and the extension of the principle laid down in the conference at Berlin in 1884 would suit England better than increase of territorial responsibilities. These considerations leave out of view, as I am pledged to leave out of view throughout these articles, questions of right or wrong; but while England has not in these matters always acted upon the principles which a large portion at all events of her public men have professed, in the case of other countries there has never been much desire to take questions of ethics into consideration in dealing with weaker peoples. In the days of the Holy Alliance, when Christianity was nominally laid down as the guiding principle of the great Continental powers, it was nevertheless England which had invariably to take the first step in all matters which concerned the suppression of slavery and of the slave-trade, and her suggestions were viewed frequently with as little private favor, whatever may have been the public language held, as is extended now by Prince Bismarck to English views upon the subject of Turkish reform. Just as England led the way with regard to the slave-trade, and was followed by the rest of Europe for very shame, let us hope that now that her own desire for annexation has passed away, she will gradually be able to induce the Continental

powers to show some small regard for the independence of the dark-skinned races. The real interest of Europe as such is the same as the interest of civilization, that these countries should be open to healthy trade, not a trade confined to arms and liquor. But to the protectionist powers open trade has hitherto meant British trade, and it is a remarkable fact that Germany should have had the prudent courage in 1884 to make a new departure in proclaiming herself the champion in such countries of free trade. France, however, in her annexations has always in view the exclusion of British and German trade by means of differential duties, and this fact heightens the regret with which her aggressions in Madagascar and other places are viewed by the English people. So long as the dark-skinned races are treated as they now are, it must be sorrowfully admitted that in the foreign affairs of the powers, as too often in the business affairs of individuals, that common Christianity disappears which is practised in some, at least, of the daily affairs of life by most men in the United Kingdom and the United States and Russia, and in a less degree in Germany and the Austrian Empire. No one asks what is right, what is just towards natives, but only looks to what is selfishly best from the narrowest and most grasping point of view.

Of Madagascar I need hardly speak, the circumstances are so well known in England, and there is the less necessity to dwell on them, because it seems improbable that France will for the present make a serious attempt to carry into effect the designs which all the writers upon her colonies openly proclaim. There is, however, the fact to be borne in mind that the English government has evidently decided not to resent a French occupation of Madagascar, or even the creation of a Gibraltar at British Sound. But, in the case of some of the French annexations in the Pacific, there is a direct interference not only with the interests but with the treaties of Great Britain, and also with the interests of the Australian colonists. Of such annexations it is necessary to say a word.

The Australian colonists have for years protested against the transportation of French convicts to the penal settlement in New Caledonia. The first great quarrel between Australia and France was caused by a custom of the governor of New Caledonia, who used to grant free passages to time-expired convicts intend-

ing to proceed to the British Australian colonies, a custom which somewhat reminds one of a former practice of the Channel Islands, when they transported their convicts to Southampton. The Australian colonies have followed the lead set by Victoria, a free colony from the first, in resenting bitterly the effects of the transportation system. Victoria it was that stopped the transportation of English convicts, first to Tasmania, afterwards to west Australia, and thus, at last, altogether. In 1882 there were frequent debates in France upon the subject of the transportation of habitual criminals, which had been strongly recommended by M. Gambetta, and the rumor spread that it was to the New Hebrides they were to be sent. Now in 1878 an agreement had been made between England and France which formed a distinct pledge on the part of these two powers not to annex these islands, and this agreement has latterly been renewed. Yet in spite of it the French flag has been hoisted in the New Hebrides, and France appears in the most distinct manner to have broken her twicpledged word.

The view of the Australian colonists is that the French intend to do to them what in 1872 we prevented the French from doing to ourselves. After the suppression of the commune the French government began to make England a penal settlement by expelling people from France whom Germany and Belgium and Switzerland and Italy would not receive, and who, destitute and without papers, were sent away from Calais and Dieppe to be landed in English ports and to become chargeable upon the English poor rates. The Australians believe that France intends to ship large numbers of habitual criminals to islands in the neighborhood of Australia, and then, by keeping a very lax guard upon them, to allow them to escape and so to avoid the cost of their detention. To suppose that this is likely to be done upon a large scale as part of a system is, no doubt, an exaggeration, but it is certainly the belief in Australia, where panic upon this subject has of late years been frequent. In 1852, an act was passed in Victoria to protect that colony against even pardoned or time-expired convicts, and although it was disallowed, the governor was afraid to make known the fact of its disallowance. A temporary act was afterwards passed, to which another governor assented, on the ground that, if he had not done so, the colonists would have taken the law into their own hands. Ulti-

mately, the home government gave in, and the colonists were allowed to pass acts upon this subject, which were contrary to every principle of English law, and the stockade near Melbourne was filled with persons who were, no doubt, many of them, undesirable colonists, but who, according to British principles, were properly free men. When the French first occupied New Caledonia, the government of New South Wales informed the mother country that they feared the occupation by a foreign power of these islands would, at no distant date, be a source of much trouble and anxiety, both to the Australian colonies, and to the British government. This prediction has proved too true, and it is likely perhaps to be even more completely justified in the future. The strength of Australian feeling upon the subject of transportation has never been kept within the limits of law, and for this country to insist upon its strict rights towards Australia in the matter, and still more, for it to maintain the strict rights of France, or of any other foreign power, against the outburst of Australian feeling, would be simply to produce separation, if not separation coupled with war. To take a somewhat similar case, when the Irishmen who had given evidence against criminals in their own country, and had to be protected by the government, were shipped quietly to Victoria, the Victorian government refused to allow them to land there, although they could not even pretend that they were legally justified in their refusal.

It is in the light of what has happened in the case of New Caledonia that we are compelled to regard French action in the New Hebrides. In the case of the New Hebrides the Australian objectors will have their hands strengthened by the fact that the French occupation of New Caledonia was legitimate according to the accepted view, whereas the occupation of the New Hebrides was, had our government chosen to resent it, a *casus belli*. The French are behaving in regard to the New Hebrides now as they have behaved, since 1879, in regard to the Society Islands, and our government has met their action with a protest, but with a protest only, for which the French do not seem very much to care.

The New Hebrides were discovered by Captain Cook. They were partially civilized by English and Scotch missionaries. In 1857 the chiefs of the largest island requested the protection of this country. In 1858 the expediency of the protection was recommended by the officer command-

ing the naval forces upon the station. In 1858 and 1860 the chiefs again offered the cession of their island, which was formally declined. In 1865 the colony of New South Wales began to interest itself in a movement for excluding from the New Hebrides any other European power, without annexing the group ourselves. In 1876 it was pointed out that there was a large Presbyterian mission in the group, and that there were sixty Englishmen, three Swedes, and only one Frenchman residing in the islands. In 1876 the French government informed us positively "that there did not exist, and never had existed, any intention, on the part of France, to take possession of the New Hebrides." In 1878 the French government spontaneously proposed a declaration of the intention not to annex the group, and a French statement was replied to by a similar statement on the part of England. In 1878 the New Zealand government set up a claim that the islands were actually theirs, and also remonstrated against the joint declaration, but were promptly replied to by the government at home. The New Zealand government still, however, held that the New Hebrides were theirs by the charter of 1840, and that the home government had acted without consideration in 1878 in agreeing to the joint engagement. In 1879 the French declaration was renewed; as it was again in 1883. The breach by France is not, as in the case of Raiatea, the breach of a somewhat old agreement (the date in that case is 1847), but the breach of a brand-new engagement proposed by France herself in 1878, and renewed in 1879 and 1883.

The case of the New Hebrides is almost as interesting to the English religious world as is that of Madagascar, in which, however, there is no breach of treaty. English missionaries have for thirty-eight years been working in the New Hebrides, and a very large proportion of the natives have now become civilized and Christian. There can be no doubt, from the concurrent testimony even of travellers who are favorable to the French, that the population is as opposed to the idea of French annexation as is even the population of Madagascar. There are large holdings of land in the New Hebrides by British subjects. There is a great amount of British money expended in churches, schools, and mission stations. There are over a hundred British subjects in the group, and fewer French, except the troops who have lately been sent there to form three mil-

itary posts. It is a serious matter to quarrel with France about anything, and certainly about an island which we do not want ourselves, and which we have over and over again refused, but it is a still more serious thing to allow a solemn declaration volunteered to this country, and accepted by her, to be contemptuously set aside; and if the government condone this action on the part of the French, it must be because an occupation of Egypt weights us with a heavy burden in our dealings with France in other portions of the world. Clearly it is useless for us to enter into engagements with other powers in the future, if we allow engagements thus to be set at naught; and there are circumstances in the case of the New Hebrides which make the aggression such as even the greatest of lovers of peace may properly resent.

The case of the Ecréhous rocks, near Jersey, is a curious one. They have always been looked upon as belonging to Jersey, and have been occupied every summer, from time immemorial, by Jersey fishermen and Jersey seaweed-gatherers, have never been claimed by France in the past, whilst they are actually included in a Jersey parish and have a few permanent inhabitants who are Jersey men. Crime in Ecréhous has been punished in the Jersey courts, and no attempt was ever made until quite lately to raise any question about the matter. In this case no act of aggression has been committed by France, and no false claim has been asserted by the government of France, as such, but the violence of the French press in its declarations that the Ecréhous have been lately seized by England is founded upon a complete misapprehension of the facts. This question is closely connected with that of the fisheries upon the coasts of the United Kingdom, into the intricacies of which I will not enter here, for it, like the Newfoundland question, would claim an entire and not very interesting article to itself; but I will merely mention them among the causes of dispute between this country and France which may become serious at any moment.

Some French Chauvinists have lately been setting up pretensions more extravagant than even those which have led to the French action in the New Hebrides which I have described. Just as in the case of Italy there is an *Italia Irredenta*, of which the boundaries are continually stretching out, so in the case of France there is now a *Francia Irredenta*, a *Gallia Irredenta*, or what shall we style it?

French Canada has not yet been asked for, but the Newfoundland grievance is kept alive, and the "French shore" will continue to be claimed until there comes a day when a proposal will be made to us for the exchange of St. Pierre, Miquelon, and the "French shore" for the Mauritius. There is no doubt that those Frenchmen who pushed on the Madagascar expedition expect that one day the Mauritius will fall under French rule, and believe that the French-speaking inhabitants of the Mauritius ardently desire the coming of that day; in which belief, according to the information at my disposal, they are entirely wrong.

It is wonderful, looking to the number of the causes of difference between England and France, that the two countries should manage, as the phrase has it, "to get along" at all. That they have done so during the years in which French Chauvinist feeling has, in order to forget Germany, been turned against England, is largely due to the tact and caution of Lord Lyons. May I be allowed, without the ascription of any but patriotic motives for so doing, to deprecate the proposed shelving of our most able and most representative diplomatist, at a critical period, by the application of a hard and fast superannuation rule. Lord Lyons may be seventy, and he has never been physically a very active man, but intellectually he is in the prime of his vigor, and we shall not know how much we lose in him till he has gone, if, unfortunately, he is made to go. It is difficult to overestimate the effect which Lord Lyons's admirable direction of the British Embassy in Paris has had upon the relations of England and France. They are far from good, it is true, but it is really difficult to say how bad they would have been by this time had it not been for the ability, the unfailing courtesy, the splendid hospitality, and, above all, the patience of Lord Lyons. England is well served in many ways and by many men, but it must be admitted by all who know what Lord Lyons has done for us, that it is not possible to find a man efficiently to replace him. Lord Lyons is a man of a very curious type, not only unenergetic, but, shall I say, even lazy physically, hating to put his head outside his door. He is, officially, the most energetic of

men. Always seeing the right people at the right time, writing as much as all the other ambassadors and ministers of Great Britain put together, in the enormous private correspondence which he constantly carries on; writing always with his own hand, never writing an unnecessary word, for his letters are always clear and always to the point, Lord Lyons has never practically been a lazy man, except indeed when pressed by his government to say or do something which he thought would irritate the French without really benefiting British interests. Then Lord Lyons is a lazy man. The patience of the most energetic or of the most obstinate of foreign ministers would wear itself out before he induced Lord Lyons actively to press at Paris a claim or an object of this nature; for Lord Lyons possesses a staying power and a power of resistance which are the most British of all his British qualities. I believe that Lord Lyons was never but once known both to be really angry and to show it in the course of his career. This was when it was stated in Parliament by one of the Irish members that he himself had been followed by government spies in Paris, and when it was not at the same time explained that the spies — if spies there were — had not been employed by the embassy, and had not reported to Lord Lyons. This anger is characteristic, because Lord Lyons is essentially an English gentleman, and has managed to deal successfully in the course of a long life with a great many people who were not what we call gentlemen, without ever forgetting his own position for one moment, or letting them forget it either. In a capital where ministers set spies on one another, and ambassadors set spies on their own friends, Lord Lyons did not like to be even for one moment so much as suspected of having set spies upon those who were at that time the confessed enemies of his country. He has no illusions upon the subject of the governments of France, or indeed upon any subjects of any kind, and some might call him cynical, but he is as kind as he is courteous; and if fairly peaceable working relations are to continue to exist at all between England and France, it is Lord Lyons who must preserve them, as long as he will consent to do so.

From Chambers' Journal.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

BESSIE.

"WHAT—what has brought you here?" asked Mr. Gabriel in a trembling voice. He had a walking-stick, and he held it horizontally with both hands, one at the ferrule, the other at the handle, and thrust it before him, as making a barrier between himself and the woman.

"Not myself — my wants and my wrongs," she answered sternly. "For myself I ask nothing but to be left to myself; I have no wants. My wrongs are buried in my heart, known to none but you; no — not even to my son — to your son. He has never learnt who was his father. I should cover my face with shame, were it known."

"Then, what — what do you want, Bessie?"

"I say, I want nothing for myself. I have come here not for myself. God forbid! I would not receive anything of you for myself. No — if I were drowning as my father drowned, and as my poor son has drowned, and you held out a hand, I would clench my fist and smite it away, and sink, rather than owe my life to you."

"Then — what is it?" asked Mr. Gotham, with his knees quaking under him. "You agitate me."

"No wonder that I agitate you. The wonder to me is that the agitation has not become a Saint Vitus's dance that never leaves you. God forgive me! I loved you once. I could tear my flesh off my hand with my teeth now — after these many years — at the thought that it ever held yours. I loved you!" She reared her proud form; in spite of age, it was full of nobility and reminiscence of grace and beauty. "I loved you!" She looked at him with scorn. "I ask myself, whenever I see you pass along the road, what could I find in you to love?"

"I was rich," said Gotham; and as he spoke, he raised his stick level with his face, as if to ward off the blow that he deserved for the sneer.

"You coward!" cried Bessie. "How dare you hint at that! As if I cared for anything but you. And you I cared for only because I was your help and support, your nurse almost; I cared for you because you were laughed at, cold-shoul-

dered, delicate, helpless, and clung to me as this babe now clings to my bosom."

"It is of no use, Bessie," said Gabriel, with quavering voice — "it is of no use raking up old graves — that is what Mr. Cornellis has just said."

"It is of use," answered the woman, "when the bones do not lie in holy ground. The ghost will walk and flap its winding-sheet and scream in the black, still night, and you must see it and hear it. I — I have not spoken out my heart all these weary years. I have seen you, and you have seen me, but we have not spoken. I, sitting on the hard bench in the aisle, have looked to the squire's pew in the chancel, and watched you there during service. Once, when my seat was taken, I came over and occupied a bench outside your pew, and leaned back with my ear to the board, and heard your shaky pipe whine: 'We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us.' Did you feel the pew shake, that Sunday morning, Gabriel? I was not crying; I trembled with rage, and the pew trembled with me. Then you stood up and looked over; and when you saw me there outside, sitting and lying back with my eyes raised, you thought you saw a ghost, and sank again to your knees. For all these many years we have been no nearer each other than on that occasion; and then we neither spoke, but our eyes met, and I saw that baseness was in them still."

"Why do you talk like this, Bessie? It can do no good. You are so fierce, you frighten me. My nerves are unstrung and sensitive."

"Unstrung and sensitive!" scoffed the woman, her noble face gathering grandeur and beauty in her passion. "I will tell you why I talk. Because, for six-and-thirty years I have nursed my wrongs in my heart, which has boiled and boiled, but never been poured out. To whom could I pour it out? Who was to hear the story of my wrong? Was it one to shout to the parish? to publish in the papers?"

"For pity's sake, Bessie, consider me: do not speak so loud; neither of us wishes that story to be known."

"Ah! on whom fell the shame? On me, who was innocent of all wrong, save of having loved a wretch without manliness. I could have the pity of the place if I told my tale; but what care I for pity? I let them think me a lost woman, because I did not care to have it thought I had trusted you — *you*."

"Well, Bessie, the marriage was not legal. The court annulled it."

"With your consent. Could you not have made it right, had you chosen? have made me an honest woman, and your son legitimate? No; you were mean enough to cast me over because you could not trouble yourself to fight through life in poverty. What if you had been disinherited? You need not have worked for a living; I would have worked for both. You might have sat at home with your hands in your pockets, and rocked the cradle with your foot; but you would not have had your luxuries then, and therefore I was thrust aside."

"You cannot say, Bessie, that my father and uncle did not make you an offer that was reasonable. They promised you a yearly allowance."

"I spurned it; I refused it. I would have nothing of theirs, nothing of yours any more. If I knew what drops in my son's veins were drawn from you, I would wring them forth. If I thought in his heart were any seeds of your baseness, I would dig them out with my nails."

"Even now, after these many years, I will help you, if you will allow me to do it."

"I do not want your help — not for myself. I could not take anything of you for myself. I have gone on all these years alone, and now I do not need you. I worked and sustained myself and my son till he was old enough to work and sustain me. Then he married —"

"If, Bessie, he had only looked higher. If you had allowed me to assist — under the rose, without letting people know the circumstances; if he could have been put into some more respectable situation, say a clerkship — why, in time —"

"If, if, if — and in time!" repeated the woman wrathfully. "Why should he be other than my father, who was a plain man of the people? If my father had been a gentleman, perhaps he also would not have been straight and true and thorough to his wife and his child, his duties and his God. No; I would not have Richard a gentleman; he might have learned falsehood and been cruel to me, as you were cruel. I have kept him in my station. He is a poor, rough, plain man, with simple thoughts and simple faith, a simple life, and simple knowledge of right and wrong. I would not have him thrown into that tangle which you call social life, where every duty is blunted with an *if*, and every act is a patchwork of compromises."

She paused to take breath, and then Gabriel Gotham made a movement to shuffle off.

"Stay!" she ordered. "You are sneaking away from my reproaches; but I say to you with loud voice now only what your conscience says to you nightly in whispers. You can do nothing for me now. You could do nothing for me after that one great act of treachery. Then, then only did I measure to the bottom of your baseness. If you had come to me later and said you would remarry me, I would have refused you, because I knew you, and I could never have trusted you more."

"What do you mean by bullying me so!" whined the miserable man. "You have no consideration for my nerves. You do not know, or if you know, you do not think, what a martyr I am to them; and you tear at my nerves as if you were ripping a harp to pieces. You used to be more kind and pitiful."

"If you had kept me by your side," said the woman with a touch of softness, as the appeal of weakness always did melt her, "I do not think that you would have done amiss for your own self, Gabriel." She looked at him steadily, and the glare went out of her eyes. "A poor, pitiful, broken creature you are, who has slipped into bad ways, because he has none that love him by his side to check and rally him. You are killing yourself, not by inches, but by feet, with opium, Gabriel, as all Hanford knows."

"I take my drops because I suffer such pain."

She disregarded his explanation. "A lonely, unhappy man, suspicious of all about you; preyed upon by the designing; clinging to those that are unscrupulous, who flatter you because they seek your money. You have no one near you to bar the way you are stumbling down; no one to give you a hand to help you up; no one to cheer your spirits when evil fancies and buried transgressions start up to frighten you. I say, Gabriel, that had you acted as a man and a Christian, you would not be the God-forsaken wretch you now are. You would have a faithful woman at your side to stay you; and a gallant son, on whom you could look with pride and love; and seven little angels to intercede with heaven for you. Look at these!" — she turned her head to the children who were hanging to her skirts — "see here!" She threw back the shawl and exposed the sleeping babe she carried. She gazed down with a softened face on the slumbering infant. "A dry stick,"

she said, raising her head, and recovering some of her sternness; "that is what you are; and in my house is Aaron's rod that buddeth, and putteth forth blossoms, and beareth almonds. You, the wrong-doer, are indeed the wretched one. I, the wronged, am blessed, as a bedewed field." Then, all at once, her tears burst forth. "No!" she said; "my Aaron's rod is cut asunder, and all the little blossoms will wither. I am like the prophet who took to him two rods, and he called the one Beauty, and the other Bands; and first was Beauty broken, and then the strong rod also. Do you see these three children? There are four more, and all are orphans. They have lost their mother eleven months ago, and now their father is taken from them. My Richard is drowned, as was his grandfather; and these little ones have none to look to but me. I am getting on in years." She recovered her composure with an effort; what she had to say concerned the children and their welfare, and she would not allow her own emotion to interfere with her purpose for their advantage. "I am getting on in years. You, Gabriel, are younger than me; but I am still the strong one. For a while I may be able to earn enough to support the seven; but one is a babe, and I cannot leave it and take work. They do not bear your name, yet they have your blood in them. For myself, I ask nothing; I would take nothing; but I ask you not to forget these orphans, your own grandchildren."

"I—I will do something," faltered Gotham. He had lowered his stick when Bessie's rough tone passed away, and now he leaned one hand on it and shook his head, and shuffled his feet on the gravel. "But, Bessie, I must do it slyly. I mustn't let it be supposed that any obligation attaches to me. I particularly do not wish to have that unfortunate affair brought up now. I—I dislike to have my private matters talked about. I am sensitive, and the least trouble affects my nerves."

"I am not going to speak; rely on me," said Bessie gravely. "Let all the past be dead, buried the wrong and the sin. Forgiveness is a hard plant to grow; it does not strike root freely. I cannot say that it grows lustily in my bosom. There is certain soil in which it will not thrive, nurse it how you may. But as for these children, I can do much for them. For their sakes I have come here to-day, for their sakes I plead. I would not die and leave them destitute in the world, beautiful

little maids—seven of them, fatherless, motherless, friendless. For their sakes I will strike my plant forgiveness once more, and pray that it may flourish."

"I will consult with Mr. Cornellis; I will take his opinion how best to manage it; I will do something."

"Consult with no one but your own conscience, and on your knees with your Maker," said Bessie Cable.

"I cannot—I cannot act without advice."

"It has always been so," said she half impatiently, half sadly. "You never were able in the old days to do anything by yourself. Then you came to me. Now you go elsewhere."

"I assure you that I will do something. Mr. Cornellis knows all about the matter."

Just then, Mr. Gotham felt something touch his hand. Little Susie, attracted by his ring, had deserted the skirts of her grandmother, and, unnoticed, had stolen over to Mr. Gotham, and as his hand hung limply down, she took his finger in her small hands and began to pull at the ring.

"What—what is it?" he asked with a start. Then he looked down and saw the fair head, the sweet face, with blue eyes and delicate complexion. A lovely little child, with a truly angel face. Gabriel studied it, nervously twitching his head from side to side, and asked, "What is your name, my dear?"

"Susie."

"Do you want my ring? You shall have it; and keep it as a proof that—that—Bessie, I will do what is right by the little ones. It is a pretty child, and might—might do me credit. I think I trace a likeness to myself, when about the same age; she has my hair and my eyes and complexion."

The little girl still held his finger, and twisted the golden hoop. The touch of the tiny fingers was one so strange to Gabriel, the beauty of the child was so attractive, and its confidence so engaging, that the feeble man was moved.

"I would like to kiss you, child—Susie," he said, "but I am afraid of stooping. I might fall; it would bring on neuralgic pains. Would you mind, Bessie, holding her up, that I might kiss her?"

The woman hesitated. She had the baby in her arms. She could not do as required unless she disposed of it. She stooped, laid the shawl on the gravel at Mr. Gotham's feet, then placed the sleeping infant gently upon it. She put her hands to Susie and raised the child, whilst

the other little girl, Lettice, stood by, still holding her grandmother's skirt; but she now extended the other hand and grasped Gotham's cane low down, about two feet from the ferrule. Thus, unconsciously, the child Lettice linked these two together; and at the same moment he pressed his lips to the cheek of Susie.

Susie turned her face sharply away—the smell of opium oppressed her. "I want the ring," she said.

Then an explosion, followed by a clatter of bells in the church tower hard at hand, and a cheer. "What is the matter?" asked Gotham with a start.

The explosion was caused, as he guessed, by the discharge of a small cannon on the shore, fired on grand occasions.

The side gate opened, and Mr. Cornellis came in, walking quickly. He drew back when he saw the group. "What!" he exclaimed, "attacked by a swarm of mosquitoes, Gabriel? Drawing your blood, eh? Mrs. Cable, you had better run home. Your son has returned; and the lads are giving him an ovation."

"I want my ring," said little Susie.

"Another time," answered Gabriel nervously. "I—I—had better not. It would lead to inquiries; it might rouse suspicion; and my nerves must not be shaken. I cannot bear it. I will send you some sweeties; but I cannot part with my ring."

CHAPTER VII.

AN INSULT.

GABRIEL eagerly caught the arm of Mr. Cornellis, and passing his hand through it, suffered himself to be led away from the gate through the winding drive to the house. He did not look back to see the woman and children; his shuffling feet moved hastily, and his arm and head were jerked forward spasmodically, indicating eagerness to get away from an interview that had distressed him.

Mr. Cornellis helped him up the steps and in at his door, and almost led the way to the library, a snug little room, where, indeed, were a few books, but where very little study was done.

Gabriel let himself down into his easy-chair with a groan, and held out his stick to Cornellis, who took it and put it on a rack where Gotham kept an array of hunting-whips and walking-sticks and fishing-rods. The wretched creature was full of small vanities. He liked to deceive himself and others into the belief that he was a strong, athletic man, only deterred from

showing his powers by his nervous malady. He talked as if he hunted and shot and fished; but he did none of these things—he never had. He had long given up boating, because the damp and cold on the water brought on neuralgia; and he rarely mounted his horse, because he was too weak to endure the jolting. He had his top-boots, his corduroys, and scarlet coat; but he never wore them except once, to be painted in them. He had a sailor's blue jersey, a complete boating costume, which he put on occasionally, but wore it about the house and grounds, not on the sea. His gun was never discharged, not even at sparrows and starlings, because the noise so near his ear shocked his highly strung and irritable nerves.

He was made up of pretence. Now he was playing with a new assumption, and Justin Cornellis helped to amuse him with it, and flatter him into belief that there was reality in it. This new assumption was that he was going to contest the county at the next general election. He never asked himself whether he seriously contemplated the expense and effort; he amused himself with talking about the campaign, making sketches of electioneering addresses, and drawing up lists of voters who must be canvassed. So little in earnest was Mr. Gotham that he had not decided on his politics; he rather thought of standing as an independent candidate, but whether the shade was to be Liberal Conservative or Conservative Liberal remained undetermined.

Justin Cornellis humored and flattered him in all his pretences, affected to regard them as serious, and obtained great influence over him accordingly. He never laughed at Gotham, who was sensitive to ridicule, having a lurking consciousness of his inability to do those things to which he pretended. He was incapable of judging for himself, and felt about him for some one stronger than himself to whom he could appeal, and on whom devolve irksome and perplexing duties.

The management of his property was beyond his abilities, and he was jealous and suspicious of every solicitor and agent whom he employed. He had no power of concentrating his attention for long on any subject, or of supervising accounts, or considering the nature of the leases and agreements he was required to sign. He invited Mr. Cornellis, as a disinterested person, to assist him, and soon delegated everything he could delegate to him, to save himself the trouble of going into the

matter. He had himself thrust his neighbor into the position of unpaid agent for his property, which consisted not only of the manor of Hanford, but of houses in London, and investments in various securities foreign and domestic. His uncle had been a shrewd business man, so also had been his father, and till the death of the latter, Gabriel had allowed Mr. Giles to manage his money matters for him, satisfied so long as he had enough to spend; but after the death of his father, he had put his affairs in several hands, changing out of suspicion that he was being defrauded, and invariably being most apprehensive of dishonesty in the more upright men, because they were straightforward and did not flatter him.

With his usual inherent meanness, he played a part with Cornellis. He was related to Justin Cornellis, whose mother had been a Gotham; and it was partly for his wife's health, and chiefly to be near a man of means to the reversion of whose estate he might lay claim, that Cornellis had settled at Hanford. Mr. Gabriel Gotham encouraged Mr. Cornellis to think that he would inherit the property after his, Gabriel's, death—without, however, having really so by will disposed of his property. By holding out this hope before Cornellis, he secured his fidelity and obtained his services.

But Gabriel Gotham was only an extreme instance of that shallow pretence which cloaks the life of every one of us who moves in society. Our very waistcoats are a pretence; they assume to be all cloth, and are only cloth on the front that shows; they are calico behind. And so is it with our manners, our conversation; it is all only half what it pretends to be; the cloth does not go the whole way round the heart. We have smiles and a squeeze of the hand for an acquaintance—a front of cordiality, a back of indifference. We are liberal in opinion, generous in action, frank in demeanor, sympathetic in intercourse; but the backing is all narrowness, meanness, closeness, and selfishness. The writer once thus addressed a little boy: "Why, Fred, what an extraordinary fit your nether garments are!" "Yes, sir," answered Fred; "they are reversible. When I've sat out one side, I turn 'em about and sit out the other." Which of us dare reverse our moral garment, that has only one face good? Which of us dare expose the calico and hide the cloth? Yet let the moralist growl; there is merit in pretence. The world would be an unendurable world were it not for the painted

screens, and the disguises which conceal its uglinesses, its waste, and lumber. What pleasure should we reap from social intercourse, were our acquaintances to tell us exactly what they thought of us? Do they not exercise self-restraint in hiding from us that we bore them? Why should the worst side be thrust to the fore? Every picture has two sides, every flower has an ugly, sordid root. We show the blossom of life to our neighbors, but do not thrust the root into their faces. The man who blurts out all his mind, and the woman who despises conventionalities, are shunned—they are agreeable to no one, not even to themselves. To a meal belong empty wine-bottles, potato-parings, cabbage-stalks, old bones, and fag-ends of gristle, together with cinders and dust from the kitchen fire; but also very good wine and toothsome dishes. The ash-heap and the pig-pail get the first, and we the rest. We are not swine to be given the refuse; nor scavengers, to carry off the dust. Life is a milk-pan; and to it belong cream and sediment; we exhibit the cream and cast away the sediment; we retain the thin-skimmed milk for our private consumption. Then, not a word against pretence! It invests life with grace; it saves it from becoming material. Without it, life is not worth having.

There is even heroic virtue in pretence. It is generous, it is unselfish. We offer the best to others; we keep the thin and poor for ourselves. Our neighbors know that what we offer is superficial; but they are superficial likewise, and give us back in return their best—hearty welcome, smiles, cheerful conversation—in a word, they give us all their cream. When our faces have vanished, they sit down to sup "sky-blue." The fire blazes in the drawing-room for the visitor; but the lady shivers at her needlework in her fireless room up-stairs. The visitor enjoys the warmth for ten minutes; she endures the cold the long day, because the coal-bill is too heavy to allow of a second fire. The visitor has hot mutton; when he is gone, the family eats the cold remains. The visitor has the silver candlestick, and every one else a benzoline lamp. For the guest, the best Worcester or Swansea service is produced; when he is gone, it is put away, and the household dines off very cheap chipped ware. The guest, if very young and green, goes away impressed with the comfortable circumstances of his late host.

Then, I say again, not a word against pretence; it is one of the first of human virtues.

There are pretences and pretences. Mr. Gabriel Gotham was contemptible because his pretences profited no one; not because they were in themselves pretence. We are selfish in our estimate of pretence. We condone, even applaud, that which conduces to our own comfort, and blame and deprecate that out of which we reap no advantage.

"So, they have been here sponging," said Mr. Cornellis. "I knew it would be so. But the old woman did not know her man. She thought you soft, weak, easily moved by the tale of misery. The whole thing was cleverly got up, a theatrical effect—the baby, the twins. But you see through those sort of things. Not so soft as supposed, eh, Gabriel?"

"Mrs. Cable thought her son was drowned, and was in distress about the children."

"Oh, yes—of course. Yet the bells are ringing for the return of Richard. She knew he was safe; but she wanted to wrest a promise of help from you before the news reached you. It was ingenious, but not honest. With another man, it might have succeeded, but not with you."

"No," said Gabriel dispiritedly; "perhaps not with me. She said I was weak. Indeed, she was not polite."

"Tried the domineering dodge, did she?" said Cornellis. "Had no consideration for your nerves?"

"None in the least," answered Gabriel. "What I have suffered is more than words can describe. I will ring the bell. I must have some Chartreuse; I am so shaken, so overcome by the scene. It was very distressing to me. You will have some of the liqueur also. I feel as if I should sink if I did not take some; and all my nerves are in a quiver."

"If she comes again, send her to me."

"I will do so, Cornellis; I cannot endure another interview."

"You have made no promise."

"I—I only said that if the children were really left orphans, I would consider what was to be done. I would not let them starve; but I made the condition that nothing was to transpire; and I thought it would be wise for me to manage the matter through you, so that no suspicion might attach to me, and because I really am not equal to the fatigue and excitement. Bessie is a very alarming woman, so impulsive, threatening."

"That is like you, ever cautious and prudent. Ah! what a man you are!" exclaimed Cornellis; "always ready at an emergency. And with those shattered

nerves too! If I did not see it, it would seem incredible."

The Chartreuse was brought in. Gabriel's hand shook so that he was unable to fill the liqueur glasses; therefore Mr. Cornellis helped his friend and himself. As he was sipping his Chartreuse, he laughed, and put down the glass.

"What is it?" asked Gotham, with a suspicious twitch in his mouth. He disliked to hear laughter; he thought that he was the object of derision.

"I was thinking of the condition of those Cables," said the ex-missionary. "Supposing they carried their point, and all the seven little brats became heiresses of your estate, what a scramble there would be among the ragtag of the place for them! What airs the young misses would give themselves! How they would flout about in fine feathers and silks, and brag of their grandfather, talking in their broad vulgar Essex dialect, so close akin to Cockney, of wessels and winegar and wiolets!"

"Very funny," sniggered Gotham. "But they have not got my property yet."

"And never will," said Cornellis. "If you wanted to send them to the bad, you could not better insure their ruin. They make respectable mudlarks. Dress them in peacock plumes, and they become vulgar fowl."

"They are pretty," said Gotham.

"As children. But with that class, good looks disappear early. Good looks associated with bad manners, dirty nails, fine clothes, and dropped A's, make a hideous muddle."

"I suppose you are right," said Gabriel with a sigh. He thought of the little hand closed about his finger, and the warm sense that stole from it up his arm to his heart. "Poor little things! They have my blood in them—that accounts for their good looks."

"But how diluted with ditch-water! If Richard had married some one of a superior class, there might have been improvement; but as it is, the deterioration is irremediable."

"You know what I have done, Justin," said Mr. Gotham, after a pause. "Give me another glass of Chartreuse; I spilled half the last, my hand shakes so."

"I beg your pardon. What have you done?"

"You know what I have done. I could not manage in any other way to keep my memory clear of reproach and to save my conscience. I have left everything to you, and you have my secret instructions. Should Richard be ever in want of money,

you will let him have it; and the little girls must not be allowed to need. You will manage all that for me. I am a poor frail creature, and may drop off any day."

"Not a bit—not a bit. You have to become an M. P. yet, squire. It will do you good to contest an election. By Jove! I would not be the man to stand against you, known as you are, and respected in the county, and generally beloved."

"I am respected, I believe."

"And loved. Every one sympathizes with your infirmities."

"They are temporary. I may look to a time when I shall be able to go out after the hounds, and speak and take my place in the House without being subject to these neuralgic attacks."

"Certainly you may. I believe they have been brought on by worry. This wretched affair of the Cable woman has tormented you for years."

"For near on forty years," said Gotham.

"You have felt that something must be done, and yet you could not with respect for yourself, your name, and position, in any way countenance a claim. Now you have, with your usual sagacity, hit on a mode of extrication out of the dilemma. Rely on me. I am a plain, straightforward man, and I will execute your wishes with fidelity, should the time come when I am called on to do so; but——" Cornellis laughed. "By Jove! Gotham, which is the most likely to outlive the other? I have been battered about in the East and in Africa, and have had fevers and privations; whilst you—you tough old fox-hunting squire, lapped in luxury, have a constitution like heart of oak, only temporarily troubled by neuralgia—all brought about by external worry—produced by that insinuating woman. Don't tell me the contrary—she ran away with you. She was half-a-dozen years older than yourself."

"Only two."

"A woman ripens before a man in wits as in everything else. She drew you on—it was a plan; and uncommonly lucky you were to get out of your difficulty as you did. I am not sure—you clever dog—that you had not prepared the loophole beforehand."

"On my honor, it was not so."

"In love, as in war, all is fair," said Cornellis. "In this little game, the play was first-rate. It was checkmate after the first two moves."

Mr. Gotham held out his glass for more liqueur. "As Richard has returned, it is possible that Josephine may not be lost,"

he said, as Mr. Cornellis poured out the Chartreuse.

"She is not lost; she has come home."

"What—Josephine! How did she escape?"

"In a somewhat singular manner. She was blown out to sea, and picked up by the lightship, which also lost its moorings, and was wrecked on a sandbank."

"What—Richard and Josephine?"

"Yes, Cable was in the vessel."

"But not the boy. I heard he had come ashore before the gale, so that Richard was alone in the boat."

"No, the boy was not there."

"Only Richard and Josephine. That was quite romantic—Paul and Virginia."

Mr. Cornellis bit his lip. "Excuse me, Gabriel; I do not like this joke. You are clever and witty, but my daughter must not be made the subject of your satire."

"Ah! Cornellis," said Gabriel with a sigh, "that was a pity, that marriage of Richard's. If he had but looked above him! If, for instance, he could have aspired to your Josephine."

"He would not have had her," said Cornellis.

"Why not? I could then, perhaps, have done something for him through you."

"I would not have suffered it." The ex-missionary for a moment lost his temper. "I could not allow my daughter to marry a common sailor, and one who is without a father."

Gabriel fidgeted in his chair, with his elbows on the arms of the seat, and spilt his Chartreuse down his waistcoat. "I was but supposing a case," he said—"supposing it for my own convenience. If I had particularly wished it, Justin, perhaps you would have yielded. The fellow has good blood in his veins, you know, though the world does not know it."

"Exactly—the world does not; and we must consider the opinion of the world. A man may have the blood of a peer; but if he is not in Debrett, he is a commoner to me. Let us change the subject, Gabriel. Let us go over together the list of the voters."

"Not now, Justin; I cannot attend to business. Do you not see how white, how twitching my poor cheek is? There is a nerve which reaches from the brain down the whole side of the system to the small toe—that nerve is just as though pulled and twisted and nipped with pincers. I am in indescribable pain. I cannot remain here any longer. You will allow me to go up-stairs; I must have recourse

to my drops for relief. Take some more Chartreuse. There is noyau, if you prefer it, or absinth. You will not be offended if I leave you. I have been over-wrought. I shall not be in a condition to see you till to-morrow afternoon; I must have complete rest after the trials and exertions of to-day." He shuffled to the door.

Cornellis did not remain after Gotham retired. He was angered out of his usual equanimity; the suggestion made by the wretched man had stung him like an insult. "That he should dare—should dare to think of such a thing!" he muttered as he walked back to Rose Cottage. "My Josephine and his——" He clenched his fist, and did not complete his sentence.

From The Fortnightly Review.
EARTHQUAKES.

THE earthquake shocks which have recently occurred in America and Greece, and the great volcanic eruption in New Zealand, have served to keep the subject vividly before us during many months past, and have perhaps created in some alarmist minds an ungrounded expectation that the earth is about to enter on a new period of plutonic activity. It is natural then to ask at the present time what is an earthquake, and what are its causes. Notwithstanding the necessary incompleteness in the answers which can be given to these questions, yet a good deal more is known than appears to be the common property of newspaper writers. The object then of the present article is to give a rough sketch of the present state of knowledge in this complicated subject.

Although history abounds with more or less complete accounts of earthquakes, it is remarkable that hardly ten years have yet elapsed since an accurate record was first obtained of what actually occurs during an earthquake. The combination of circumstances is curious, by which a knot of Scotch students, working in Japan, has secured so considerable an advance in seismology. The incessant, but usually non-destructive earthquakes by which Japan is visited, the strange Japanese renaissance, and the importation of foreign professors, thoroughly trained at the Scotch universities in an accurate perception of mechanical principles, are the three factors which have co-operated to bring about this result.

The Scotch-Japanese professors, of whom

the most eminent are Ewing, Gray, and Milne, have studied their subject with admirable persistence, and have by their ingenuity placed seismologists in possession of instruments by which the motion of the ground during an earthquake is recorded on an accurate scale of time. Such instruments are called seismographs, or recording seismometers. During an earthquake the ground and all that is fixed to it move together, and at first sight it seems impossible to get anything to stay still during the vibration. An exact description of a scientific instrument would be out of place here, but a general notion of these seismographs may be easily grasped.

The horizontal pendulum of Zöllner, and a suggestion of Chaplin (also a professor in Japan), are the sources from which "the horizontal pendulum seismograph" of Ewing originated. The principles according to which it is constructed may be explained as follows. If we consider an open door which can swing on its hinges, and imagine that a sudden horizontal movement is given to the doorpost, at right angles to the position in which the door is hanging, then it is clear that the outer edge of the door will begin to move with a sort of recoil in the direction opposite to that of the movement imparted to the doorpost. Since the doorpost moves in one direction, whilst the edge of the door recoils, somewhere in the door there is a vertical line which remains still. The exact position of this line depends on the proportion which the amount of the recoil of the outer edge bears to the direct motion of the doorpost. Now, if the sudden movement is imparted to the doorpost by means of the floor to which it is attached, it is clear that a pencil attached to the door at this vertical line will write on the floor the displacement of the doorpost, notwithstanding that the floor has moved. If next we suppose that there are two such doors hanging at right angles to one another from the same doorpost, and that a sudden horizontal movement *in any direction* is given to the floor, each pencil will write on the floor that part of the movement which was at right angles to its door. Lastly, if the floor or surface on which the record is written is kept moving uniformly by clockwork we obtain also a register in time as well as space.

But in an earthquake the surface of the earth undergoes also a vertical movement which has to be recorded. The principle by which an instrument may be constructed to attain this end is as follows.

If a weight hangs by a long elastic cord, so that when set dancing up and down it oscillates very slowly, then when a sudden jerk is given to the point of support, the weight will for the moment stand almost stationary, and a pencil attached to it may write its record on a surface fastened to the part jerked. This idea has been utilized in the construction of a vertical seismograph, but various important modifications have been introduced for the purpose of annulling the spontaneous dance of the weight after the shock has occurred.*

It will undoubtedly serve to give an impulse to this science that henceforth the intending observer need not waste time in devising and constructing instruments, but can purchase the complete equipment of a seismological observatory, as recommended by Ewing, and may begin work at once.

Many other instruments besides these have been used for the observation of earthquakes, and amongst the best are those of Bertelli, Rossi, and Palmieri. An instrument which tells only that there has been a shock, without giving a record of the nature of the movement, is called a seismoscope. Some of the Italian instruments are seismoscopes, which, however, give an approximate idea of the severity and direction of the vibration, and others claim to be accurate seismographs or seismometers. But I do not think that any of them can compete with the instruments described in outline above.

And what do recording instruments tell us of the actual occurrences during an earthquake?

"They show," writes Ewing,† "that, as observed at a station on the surface of the earth, an earthquake consists of a very large number of successive vibrations—in some cases as many as three hundred have been distinctly registered. They are irregular both in period and amplitude, and the amplitude does not exceed a few millimetres," (a millimetre is one twenty-fifth of an inch) "even when the earthquake is of sufficient severity to throw down chimneys and crack walls, while in many instances the greatest motion is no more than the fraction of a millimetre. The periods of the principal motions are usually from half a second to a second, but . . . the early part of the disturbance

often contains vibrations of much greater frequency. The earthquake generally begins and always ends very gradually, and it is a noteworthy fact that there is in general no one motion standing out from the rest as greatly larger than those which precede and follow it. The direction of motion varies irregularly during the disturbance—so much so, that in a protracted shock the horizontal movements at a single station occur in all possible azimuths" (that is to say, to all points of the compass). "The duration, that is to say, the time during which the shaking lasts at any one point, is rarely less than one minute, often two or three, and in one case in the writer's experience was as much as twelve minutes."

It is obvious that when the motion is so complicated, the impressions of people present go for little as compared with an automatic record. Observers often differ widely amongst themselves as to what was the direction of the prevailing oscillation, and the magnitude of the displacement of the ground is generally much exaggerated. It is true that in some of the great historic earthquakes the displacements are supposed to have been considerable; for example, according to Mallet, in the Neapolitan shock of 1857 it amounted to a foot, and Abella assigns six feet as the amplitude in the Manilla earthquake of 1881. But without contesting the accuracy of these estimates, it is safe to say that such displacements are very rare, for, as proved by automatic seismographs, when the motion is as much as a quarter of an inch brick and stone chimneys are generally shattered.

Every railway traveller knows that it is not the steady speed, but the starting and stopping which jars him; that is to say, it is change of velocity by which he is shaken. The misconception of an observer in an earthquake arises from the fact that the sensation of being tossed about comes from the change of velocity to which he is subjected, rather than from the extent of his displacement. Now the greatest change per second of velocity may be considerable in a vibration, whilst the amplitude is small.

The force of gravity is the most familiar example of a change per second of velocity, for in each second the velocity of a falling body is augmented by a velocity of 32 feet a second. Ewing appears to have been the first to think of comparing the greatest change per second of velocity in an earthquake with gravity. Thus at Tokio, on March 11, 1882, walls were

* I make no attempt to apportion the credit amongst the several inventors of these instruments. The men mentioned have played the leading parts, and the work of all seems to be thorough and sound.

† *Memoirs of the Science Department of the University of Tokio*, No. 9, 1893, p. 13.

cracked and chimneys knocked over, and in this shock the greatest change per second of velocity may be expressed by the phrase one thirty-fifth of gravity; in other words, the greatest change per second of velocity was $\frac{1}{35}$ of a foot per second. This conclusion enables us also to illustrate the mechanical consequences of the shock in another way; for if a wall 35 feet high leans over, so that the top brick projects a foot beyond the bottom brick, the forces tending to upset the wall are the same as those which occurred in this earthquake.

No great shock has ever yet been recorded by automatic instruments, and it is not unlikely that in these great disasters the instruments would be thrown out of gear, and no record would be obtained. Thus earthquakes which only work a moderate amount of destruction are the most favorable for scientific observation.

Since the oscillations at any one spot are usually in all sorts of directions, it is impossible, from observation at a single place, to form a sound opinion as to position of the origin of the disturbance. Much information useful for the study of vibrations and of the laws of their decrease with increasing distance, has resulted from a laborious series of experiments made by Milne at Tokio. Artificial earthquakes were produced by the explosion of gun-cotton in holes in the ground, and by the fall of heavy weights, and the records at various distances from the origin were obtained.

From theoretical considerations, confirmed by these experiments, it is established that earthquake waves consist of oscillations of two kinds, namely, waves or vibrations of compression, and of distortion. In the first kind the motion of each particle of the ground is to and fro in the direction in which the wave is travelling; and in the second kind the excursions are at right angles to the direction of wave propagation. As the former vibrations travel more rapidly than the latter, all the compressional waves may have passed a given station before the arrival of the distortional waves, and thus the shock may be apparently duplicated. Or, nearer to the origin, the two series will overlap, and a complex movement ensues. The phenomena are further complicated by frequent reflections and refractions, as the wave passes from one geological stratum to another. The rate at which these waves travel depends on the nature of the rock through which the movement passes; velocities ranging from a mile per second to five miles per second are usual.

The destructive effects of earthquakes on buildings are notorious, and it is unnecessary to describe them here. By an examination of ruined buildings a competent observer is often able to obtain a good deal of information as to the nature of the shock. Thus Mallet visited the towns destroyed by the Neapolitan earthquake of 1857, and, by a very careful consideration of the fractures in walls and other damage, was able to draw a number of interesting conclusions as to the directions and amplitudes of the principal vibrations and as to the site of the centre of disturbance.

Architects should be able, by an adherence to sound mechanical principles, to construct buildings which should stand against all but the severest shocks, and much has already been done in this way. Where a choice for the site of an intended building is possible, the most important consideration is that it should be where there has been the greatest immunity from vibration on previous occasions, for even within a very small area, different spots are very differently affected. In most regions there is only a single important centre whence earthquakes originate, and the safe places are situated in what may be called earthquake shadow for the prevalent vibrations. For just as a high wall, a hill, or a railway cutting often completely cuts off sounds by forming a sound shadow, so a ravine or some arrangement of the geological formation may afford earthquake shadow for particular places.

It is not in general possible to pick out the favorable sites by mere inspection, for the distribution of vibration is often apparently capricious. Thus Milne tells us of a princely mansion at Tokio "which has so great a reputation for the severity of the shakings it receives, that its marketable value has been considerably depreciated, and it is now untenanted."*

In a town which is frequently shaken there is no need to wait long to carry out a rough survey with seismographs, and thus to obtain an idea of the relative shakiness of the various parts. If such a survey is impossible, it is best to avoid as the site for building a loose soil, such as gravel, resting on harder strata, and the edge of a scarp or bluff, or the foot of similar eminences.†

The same capriciousness of distribution which is observable on a small scale is found to hold on a large scale when we

* Milne, *Earthquakes*, p. 134.

† *Ibid.*, p. 144.

consider the distribution of earthquakes throughout a whole country. Regions subject to earthquakes, or seismic areas, appear to have fairly definite boundaries, which remain constant for long periods. For example, in Japan earthquakes are rarely felt on the western side of the central range of mountains.

The search for the actual point where the earthquake originated is one of the most interesting branches of the science. In order to trace the earthquakes in a country to their origin, the places of observation should not be chosen where there is comparative immunity from shaking. Thus a seismic survey is necessary, and the limits of the seismic areas will be discovered in the course of it. Milne commenced his survey of Japan by sending to the local government offices in the important towns, distant from thirty to a hundred miles from Tokio, packets of post-cards, one of which was to be returned to him at the end of each week with a record of the shocks which had been felt. "The barricade of post-cards was then extended farther northwards, with the result of surrounding the origin of certain shocks amongst the mountains, whilst others were traced to the seashore. By systematically pursuing earthquakes, it was seen that many shocks had their origin beneath the sea, . . . but it was seldom that they crossed through the mountains forming the backbone of the island."* When the country had been thus mapped out, it was possible to choose the most advantageous sites for the observatories.

It would carry us too far into technical matters to describe the method of searching into the bowels of the earth for the actual point of disturbance. It must here suffice to say that if a shock be accurately timed at various places, and if the approximately circular ring where it was most severe be determined, it is possible to find with fair accuracy the spot or spots under which it originated and the depth of the earthquake centre. Even without accurate time-observations, Mallet was able to show that the Neapolitan shock originated between three and seven miles below the surface. The Yokohama earthquake of 1880 appears to have had its centre at a depth of from one and a half to five miles. Notwithstanding that one earthquake has been estimated as originating at a depth of fifty miles, it is probable that in all cases the centre of shock is only a few miles below the surface.

* Milne, Earthquakes, p. 139.

The vagueness as to the position which has been assigned for the centre of disturbance in the case of particular earthquakes probably depends less on the difficulty of tracing back the vibrations to their origin, than on the fact that the shocks do not usually originate in a single point, but rather along a line of a mile or two in length.

As to the way in which seismic activity is distributed geographically over the earth's surface, certain broad conclusions have been fairly well ascertained. If a map be shaded, so as to represent the frequency of earthquakes, we see that the shading has a tendency to fall into bands or ribbons, which generally follow the steeply sloping shores of continents and islands; and it is probable that the actual origins of the shocks are generally situated under the sea not far from the coast.

It is a further interesting peculiarity that the most important bands fall end to end, so that they may be regarded as a single ribbon embracing nearly half the earth. It may be suspected that this ribbon really meets itself and forms a closed curve, but this cannot be proved as yet. We may begin to trace its course at Cape Horn, whence it follows the Andes along the whole western coast of South America. At the north of that continent it becomes somewhat broader, but its course is clearly marked along the line of the West Indies from Trinidad to Cuba. Hence it passes to the mainland in Mexico, and then runs along the whole western coast of North America. We then trace the line through the Aleutian Islands to Kamschatka, and thence southward through the Japanese Islands, the Philippines, and the Moluccas to Sumatra and Java. Another branch seems to run from Sumatra, through New Guinea, to New Zealand, and the closed curve may perhaps be completed through the antarctic regions, which are known to be volcanic. Returning to the first branch which we traced as far as Java, to the westward the seismic areas become more patchy and less linear. It may, however, perhaps be maintained that the ribbon runs on through India, Persia, Syria, the eastern Mediterranean, Greece, and Italy.

This grouping of seismic areas into a ribbon does not comprise all the regions of earthquakes, but it must rather be taken as meaning that there is one great principal line of cracking of the earth's surface. In speaking here of earthquakes, those sensible shocks are meant which are sufficiently severe to damage buildings, for,

as will be explained below, there is reason to believe that the whole earth is in a continual state of tremor.

Seismic areas are not absolutely constant in their limits, and cases are known where regions previously quiescent have become disturbed. It seems likely that the recent disastrous earthquake at Charleston belonged to the West Indian system of seismic activity, but there is no reason to suspect a permanent extension of the West Indian area so as to embrace the Southern States. On the contrary, it is far more probable that this disastrous shock will remain a unique occurrence. The previous experience of great earthquakes, such as that of Lisbon in the middle of the last century, shows, however, that the inhabitants of Charleston must for the next year or two expect the recurrence of slight shocks, and that the subterranean forces will then lull themselves to sleep again.

With regard to the distribution of earthquakes in time there is no evidence of either decrease or increase within historical periods, and although physical considerations would lead us to suppose that they were more frequent in early geological times, geology at least can furnish no proof that this has been the case.*

A great deal has been written on the causes of earthquakes, and many of the suggested theories seem fanciful in the highest degree. It is clear, however, that the primary cause resides in the upper layers of the earth, and that the motive power is either directly or indirectly the internal heat of the earth. The high temperature of the rocks, in those little scratches in the earth's surface which we call mines, proves the existence of abundant energy for the production of any amount of disturbance of the upper layers. It only remains to consider how that energy can be brought to bear. One way is by the slow shrinking of the earth, consequent on its slow cooling. Now the heterogeneity of the upper layers makes it impossible that the shrinkage shall occur with perfect uniformity all round. Thus one part of the surface will go down before another, and as this must usually occur by a cracking and sudden motion, the result will be an earthquake.

The seismic ribbons of which we have spoken are probably lines of weakness along which cracking habitually takes place. Along these lines there are enormous dislocations of the geological strata,

and earthquakes are known to follow lines of faulting. The geologically recent elevation of the Pacific coast of South America is, obviously, from this point of view, connected with the abundance of volcanoes and the frequency of earthquakes along the chain of the Andes.

One would think that the continual ejection of lava and ashes from an active volcano must leave a hollow under the mountain, and that some day the cavern would suddenly collapse. It has, however, been observed that volcanic eruptions and severe earthquakes are to some extent alternatives, so that it seems as though the volcanic vent served as a safety valve for the liberation of the dangerous matter. But the theory of the collapsing cavern must not be wholly rejected, for some disastrous earthquakes affecting only very restricted areas, such as that of Casamicciola in Ischia, are hardly otherwise explicable. In this case Palmieri has attributed the formation of the cavern to evisceration under the town produced by hot mineral springs.

In the theories of which we have just spoken, the internal heat of the earth acts indirectly, by giving to gravitation an opportunity of coming into play. But as in volcanic eruptions enormous quantities of steam are usually emitted, it is probable that the pressure of steam is the force by which the lava and ashes are vomited forth, and that the steam is generated when water has got among hot internal rocks. From this point of view we can understand that an eruption will serve as a protection against earthquakes, and that the centres of disturbance will usually be submarine.

It may on the whole be safely concluded that a diversity of causes are operative, and that some earthquakes are due to one and others to other causes.

It would, however, be certainly wrong to look only to the interior of the earth for the causation of earthquakes, since the statistics of earthquakes clearly point to connections with processes external to the solid earth.

The laborious inquiries of M. Perrey show that there are more earthquakes at the time of full and change of moon than at other times, more when the moon is nearest to the earth and more when she is on the meridian than at the times and seasons when she is not in those positions relatively to the earth. The excess of earthquakes at these times is, however, not great, and an independent investigation of the Japanese earthquakes does not confirm Perrey's results. It is well, there-

* Geikie, *Contemporary Review*, Oct., 1886.

fore, still to hold opinion in suspense on this point. If, however, Perrey's result should be confirmed, we must attribute it to the action of those forces which produce tides in the ocean, and therefore at the same time cause a state of stress in the solid earth.

Then again it is found that earthquakes are indubitably more apt to occur when there is a rapid variation of the pressure of the air, indicated by a rise or fall of the barometer, than in times of barometric quiescence. It is certain that earthquakes in both hemispheres are more frequent in the winter than in the summer; this is probably connected with the greater frequency of sudden rises and falls of the barometer at that season. It may, however, be urged against this view that volcanic eruptions are somewhat more frequent in the summer. But whatever be the action of these external processes with regard to earthquakes, it is certain that the connection between the two is merely that of the trigger to the gun. The internal energy stands waiting for its opportunity, and the attraction of the moon or the variation in atmospheric pressure pulls the trigger. Thus the predictions of disaster which have frequently been made for particular dates must be regarded as futile.

It has long been known that an earthquake is preluded by slight tremors leading by a gradual crescendo to the destructive shocks. But within the last fifteen years it has been discovered that the earth's surface is being continually shaken by tremors, so minute as to remain unsuspected without the intervention of the most delicate instruments. In every country where the experiment has been tried these tremors have been detected, and not merely at certain periods but so incessantly that there is never a second of perfect rest. The earth may fairly be said to tremble like a jelly. The pioneer in this curious discovery was Father Bertelli. His experiments relate only to Italy, but that which has been found true also of England, France, Egypt, Japan, Brazil, and a solitary island in the South Pacific Ocean, probably holds good generally, and we may feel sure that earth tremors or "microseisms" are not confined to countries habitually visited by the grosser sort of earthquakes.

Almost all our systematic knowledge of microseisms comes from Italy, for a co-operation has been arranged there between many observers with ingenious instruments at their disposal. Besides Ber-

telli, the most eminent of the observers is Cavaliere Michele de Rossi, who has established at Rome a Geodynamical Observatory, and has initiated as an organ of publication the *Bulletino del Vulcanismo Italiano*, in whose pages are to be found contributions from Malvasia, Monte, Cecchi, Palmieri, Egidi, Galli, and many others. The literature which has already accumulated on the subject is extensive, and it will only be possible generally to indicate its scope.

The Italians have, of course, occupied themselves largely with earthquakes, but in that field their results do not present a great deal that is novel. The instruments in use for the observation of microseisms are scarcely to be classed as perfect seismographs or seismometers, and the minuteness of the movements to be observed no doubt entails especial difficulties. The "normal tromometer" of Bertelli and Rossi is a simple pendulum, about six feet long, with an arrangement for observing the dance of the pendulum-bob with a microscope. With this and other instruments it has been established that the soil of Italy trembles incessantly. The agitation of the pendulum is usually relatively considerable for about ten days at a time; towards the middle of the period it increases in intensity, when there generally ensues an earthquake which can be perceived without instruments; the agitation then subsides. This has been called by Rossi a seismic period or seismic storm. After such a storm there ensues a period of a few days of relative quiescence.

The vibration of the pendulum in these storms is in general parallel to neighboring valleys or chains of mountains, and its intensity seems to be independent of wind, rain, and temperature. Care is of course taken not to mistake the tremors due to carts and carriages for microseismic agitation, and it has been found easy to effect this separation. The positions of the sun and moon exercise some influence on these tremors, but the most important concomitance which has been established is that they are especially apt to be intense when the barometer is low.

Microseismic storms are not strictly simultaneous at different places in Italy, but if a curve be constructed to represent the average intensity of agitation during each month, it is found on comparison of the curves for a year—for, say, Rome, Florence, and Leghorn—that there is a very close agreement between them.

Rossi has also made some interesting experiments with the microphone on mi-

croseisms. In this instrument one electrical conductor is arranged to rest on another at a single point—say, a nail resting on its point on a shilling. One copper wire is attached to the nail and another to the shilling, and an electric current, with an ordinary telephone receiver in the circuit, is then passed through the system. As long as the microphone is still, nothing is heard; but on the occurrence of the very slightest tremor, a noise is audible in the telephone. The instrument can be made so sensitive that a fly may be heard to walk near the microphone with a loud tramp, and a touch with a hair to the nail or to the shilling would sound like the grating of a harsh saw.

Rossi placed his microphone on the ground in a cavern sixty feet below the surface, on a lonely part of Rocca di Papa, an extinct volcano not far from Rome, whilst he listened with his telephone at the surface of the earth. He then heard the most extraordinary noises, which, as he says, revealed “natural telluric phenomena.”

The sounds he describes as “roarings, explosions occurring isolated or in volleys, and metallic or bell-like sounds.” They all occurred mixed together, and rose and fell in intensity at irregular intervals. He found it impossible by any artificial disturbance to a microphone to produce the greater number of these noises. The microphone is especially sensitive to vertical movements of the soil, whereas the tromometer fails to reveal them. Nevertheless there was more or less concordance between the agitations of the two instruments. In order then to determine the noises corresponding to various kinds of oscillation, he transported his microphone to Palmieri’s Vesuvian observatory, where mild earthquakes are almost incessant; here he discovered that each class of shock had its characteristic noise. The vertical shocks gave the volleys of musketry and the undulatory shocks the roarings. By a survey with his microphone he concluded that the mountain is divided by lines of approximate stillness into regions where the agitation is great. If a metal plate dusted over with sand is set into vibration by a violin bow rubbing on its edge, all the sand congregates into lines which mark out a pattern on the plate: these lines are nodes, or lines of stillness. It appears then that, when Vesuvius trembles with earthquake shocks, its method of vibration is such that there are nodes of stillness.

At the Solfatara of Pozzuoli the sounds

were extraordinarily loud; and the prevailing noise could be imitated by placing the microphone on the lid of a boiling kettle. Similar experiments have since been made by Milne in Japan with similar results.

Some years ago my brother Horace and I made some experiments at Cambridge with a pendulum, so arranged as to betray the minutest displacements. It was then but few years since Bertelli and Rossi had begun to observe, we had read no account of their work, and earth tremors were quite unsuspected by us. Indeed, the object of our experiment, the measurement of the moon’s attraction on a plummet, was altogether frustrated by these disturbances. The pendulum was successfully shielded from the shaking caused by traffic in the town, so that there was no perceptible difference in its behavior in the middle of the night on Sunday, and in the daytime during the week. We were then much surprised to find that the dance of the pendulum (for it was not a regular oscillation) was absolutely incessant. The agitation was more marked at some times than at others; the relatively large swinging, though absolutely very small, would continue for many days together, and this would be succeeded by a few days of comparative calm. In fact we saw the seismic storms and calms of the Italians.* As the instrument was designed for another purpose, and was not quite appropriate for microseismic observation, we did not continue to note it after a month or two. But the substantial identity of the microseisms of England and Italy seems fairly well established.

The cause of these interesting vibrations are as yet but little understood, and it may be hoped that the subject will receive further attention. It seems probable that they are in part true microscopic earthquakes produced by the seismic forces in the neighborhood. But they are also doubtless due to the reverberation of very distant shocks. It is probable that there is not a minute of time without its earthquakes somewhere, and the vibrations may often be transmitted to very great distances. In only a very few cases has it hitherto been possible to identify a tremor with a distant shock, and even then the identification is necessarily rather doubtful. One of the best authenticated of these cases was when M. Nyren, an astronomer at St. Petersburg, noticed

* Report to British Association on the Lunar Disturbance of Gravity, 1881.

on May 10 (April 28), 1877, a very abnormal agitation of the levels of his telescope, an hour and fourteen minutes after there had been a very severe shock at Iquique, in Peru.

Astronomers are much troubled by slight changes in the level of the piers of their instruments, and they meet this inconvenience by continually reading their levels and correcting their results accordingly. Of course they also take average results. These troublesome changes are probably earth-tremors, with so slow a motion to and fro that the term tremor becomes inappropriate. This kind of change has been called a displacement of the vertical, since a plummet moves relatively to the ground. Thus we found at Cambridge that as the pendulum danced it slowly drifted in one direction or the other. There was a fairly regular daily oscillation, but the pendulum would sometimes reverse its expected course for a few minutes, or for an hour. During the whole time that we were observing, the mean position of the pendulum for the day slowly shifted in one direction; but even after a voyage of six weeks the total change was still excessively small. How far this was a purely local effect and how far general we had no means of determining.

This is a subject which M. d'Abbadie, of the French Institute, has made especially his own. Notwithstanding his systematic observations, carried on during many years in an observatory near the Bay of Biscay, on the French side of the Spanish frontier, hardly anything has been made out as to the laws governing displacements of the vertical. He has, however, been able to show that there is a tendency for deflection of the vertical towards the sea at high tide, but this deflection is frequently masked by other simultaneous changes of unexplained origin.

This result and the connection between barometric variations and earthquakes and tremors should make us reflect on the forces which are brought into play by the rise and fall of the tide and of atmospheric pressure. Our very familiarity with these changes may easily blind us to the greatness of the forces which are so produced. The sea rests on the ground, and when the tide is high there is a greater weight to be supported than when it is low. A cubic foot of water weighs 62 pounds; thus if

high tide be only ten feet higher than low tide, every square foot of the sea-bottom supports 620 pounds more at high than at low water; and 620 pounds to the square foot is nearly eight million tons to the square mile. Again, the barometer ranges through fully two inches, and a pool of mercury two inches deep and a square foot in area weighs 145 pounds; hence when the barometer is very high every square foot of the earth's surface supports about 140 pounds more than if it is low; and 140 pounds to the square foot is 1,800,000 tons to the square mile.

Now rocks are not absolutely rigid against flexure, certainly less so than most of the metals, and these enormous weights have to be supported by the rocks. Taking a probable estimate for the elasticity of rocks, I have made some calculations as to the amount of effect that we may expect from this shifting of weights, and I find that it is likely that we are at least three or four inches nearer the earth's centre when the barometer is very high than when it is very low.*

It may be that the incessant straining and unstraining of the earth's surface is partly the cause of earth-tremors, and we can at least understand that these strains may well play the part of the trigger for precipitating the explosion of the internal seismic forces.

The calculations also show that near the seacoast the soil must be tilted towards the sea at high water, and that the angle of tilting may be such as could be detected by a delicate instrument like that of M. d'Abbadie.

This breathing of the solid earth seems to afford a wide field for scientific activity. It would be premature to speculate as to how far it will be possible to educe law from what is now chaotic; but it is clear that the co-operation of many observers will be required to separate the purely local from the true terrestrial changes. The directors of astronomical observatories have peculiar facilities for the study of displacements of the vertical, and it is to be regretted that hitherto most of them have been contented to banish, as far as may be, the troubles caused in their astronomical work by earth-tremors and displacements of the vertical.

G. H. DARWIN.

* Second Report to British Association on Lunar Disturbance of Gravity, 1882.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A SOCIAL DIFFICULTY.

THE bishop laid down the telegram on the table with the air of a man who has made his mind up, and will hear no further nonsense from anybody about it.

"No, my dear," he said to his wife decisively. "He's been acquitted, and that is so far satisfactory—to a certain extent, I grant you, satisfactory; humanly speaking, it was almost impossible that he could be acquitted. The evidence didn't suffice to convince the court-martial. I'm glad of it, very glad of it, of course, for poor Iris's sake; but upon my word, Charlotte, I can't imagine how on earth they can ever have found it in their consciences to acquit him. In my opinion—humanly speaking once more—it's morally certain that Captain Burbury himself embezzled every penny of all that money."

Mrs. Brandreth turned the telegram over nervously, with two big tears standing ready to fall in the corners of her dear motherly old eyes, and then asked in a timid voice, "So you've quite decided, have you, Arthur, that it must be all broken off between him and poor Iris?"

The bishop played with his paper-knife, half stuck through the *Guardian* in his testy fashion. "My dear," he answered, with the natural impatience of a just man unduly provoked by female persistence, "how is it possible, I put it to you, that we could ever dream of letting her marry him? I don't wish to judge him harshly—far be it from me to judge any man; I hope I understand my duty as a Christian better; but still, Charlotte, it's one of our duties, you know,—an unpleasant duty, but none the less a duty on that account—not to shut our eyes against plain facts. We are entrusted with the safe-keeping of our daughter's happiness, and I say we oughtn't to allow her to imperil it by throwing herself away upon a man whom we strongly suspect—upon just grounds—to be quite unworthy of her. I'm sorry that we must give Iris so much pain; but our duty, Charlotte, our duty, I say, lies clear before us. The young man himself sees it. What more would you wish, I wonder?"

Mrs. Brandreth sighed quietly, and let the two tears roll unperceived down her placid, gentle, fair old face. "The court-martial has taken a more lenient view of the case, Arthur," she suggested tentatively, after a pause of a few minutes.

The bishop looked up from the table of contents of the *Guardian* with a forcedly

benign glance of Christian forbearance. Women *will* be women, of course, and *will* sympathize with daughters and so forth in all their foolish matrimonial entanglements. "My dear," he explained, with his practised episcopal smile of gentle condescension to the lower intelligence of women and of the inferior clergy, "you must recollect that the court-martial had to judge of legal proof and legal certainty. Moral proof and moral certainty are, of course, quite another matter. I might hesitate, on the evidence given, to imprison this young man or even to deprive him of his commission in the army; and yet I might hesitate on the very same grounds to let him take my daughter in marriage. He has been acquitted, it is true, on the charge; but a suspicion, Charlotte, a certain vague shadow of formal suspicion must always, in future, hang over him like a cloud. Caesar's wife—you remember the Roman dictator said, Caesar's wife must be above suspicion. Surely, if even a heathen thought that, we, Charlotte, with all our privileges, ought to be very careful on what sort of man we bestow Iris."

And having thus summarily dismissed the matter, the bishop turned with profound interest to the discussion on the evil consequences of the Burials Bill and the spread of Dissent in the west of England.

To a mind deeply engrossed with these abstruse and important subjects, the question about poor Iris's relations with Captain Burbury, of the Hundred and Fiftieth, was, of course, a relatively small one. Iris, indeed, had never been engaged to him; that was a great comfort in all this ugly, unpleasant business. The young man had only buzzed a little around the episcopal palace at Winchester, danced with her, talked to her, and arrived at a slight private understanding which didn't exactly amount to a regular engagement, and which had never been officially communicated to the parental ear. That, at least, was a great comfort; the bishop considered it almost providential. Since this awkward question about the deficiency in the adjutant's accounts had first arisen, to be sure, the bishop had learned from Mrs. Brandreth that this young man (he always spoke of Harry Burbury in that oblique fashion) had succeeded in making a passing impression upon poor Iris's unbestowed affections. But then girls, you see, are always fancying themselves in love with some young man or other, and are always profoundly convinced for the

time being that they can never conceivably be happy without him. We, my dear Mr. Dean, or my dear Sir William, who are men of the world — I mean, who are persons of maturer years and more solid understanding — we know very well that in six months or so girls forget all about that nice Mr. Blank or that dear Captain Somebody in their last passing fancy for young So-and-so, who will in due time be equally forgotten, in favor of some more really desirable and eligible person. And as in this case there would be no public withdrawal, no open breach of an announced engagement, Dr. Brandreth turned complacently to the discussion on the Burials Bill, and in ten minutes had completely dismissed from his profound episcopal mind the whole subject of Captain Burbury's unfortunate court-martial.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Brandreth, who was not philosophical, like the bishop, but who felt herself most imprudently sympathetic with all dear Iris's little girlish feelings — quite wickedly so, she was almost afraid — Mrs. Brandreth, I say, had stolen away quietly to her daughter's room, and was sitting on the little couch at the foot of the bed, with Iris's hand held fast in hers, and Iris's soft crimson cheek laid tenderly on her motherly shoulder. "There, there, darling," she was saying with tears in her eyes, as she soothed her daughter's hand gently with her own; "don't cry, Iris, don't cry, my pet. Yes, do cry; it'll do you good, darling. Perhaps by-and-by, when things blow over a little, your papa will think rather differently about it."

Iris took up the telegram for the fiftieth time with a fresh flood of tears: "From Captain Burbury, Aldershot, to Miss Brandreth, Eaton Place, London. The court-martial has acquitted me on all the charges. But I can never, never see you again."

"Oh, mamma," she cried through her sobs and tears, "how cruel of him to say such a thing as that, and at such a moment!"

"No, no, dearest," her mother said. "He was quite right to say it. He feels the horrible suspicion rests upon him still, and he can't bear to face you while it's hanging over him. No good and true man could do otherwise. But," she added after a moment's pause, "I think, Iris, I think, darling, in spite of what he says, you'll probably see him here this very evening."

Iris gave a sudden start of surprise and pleasure. "This evening, mamma! This very evening?" she cried excitedly. "Oh,

no, not after sending me such a telegram as that, dear, surely!"

Mrs. Brandreth had not the slightest idea in the world that she was a practical psychologist — probably she could not have pronounced the word even if you had asked her — yet she answered quite readily, "Why, you know, Iris, he must have come straight out from the court-martial and sent off that telegram in the heat of the moment, just to let you know at once he had been at any rate acquitted. Of course he couldn't help adding the despairing tag about his never, never seeing you. But when he goes back to his own quarters and thinks it over a little, he'll make up his mind — I know young men, my dear — he'll make up his mind that he must run up to town and speak with you once more before he breaks it all off forever. And if he sees you, Iris — but, after all, why *should* he break it off? He has nothing to be ashamed of. For, indeed, I'm quite sure, darling, he never, never, never, never could have taken that dreadful money."

"Of course not, mamma," Iris answered simply, with profound confidence. What a blessed thing it is to be a trustful woman! The bishop's moral certainty was really nothing at all compared to his pretty, weeping daughter's unshaken conviction.

"Charlotte," the bishop said, putting his head in at the door for a second, with his episcopal hat suspended loosely in his right hand, "I've ordered the carriage, and I'm going down now to the Athenæum; from the Athenæum I shall drive on to the House of Lords; from the House of Lords, after dinner, I shall go into the Commons and hear what those Dissenting Glamorgan people have got to say about this distressing Welsh disestablishment business. Very probably the debate may be late. I shall send the carriage home, in case you want it, and I shall cab it back or take the Metropolitan. Don't sit up for me. Have you got a latch-key?"

Mrs. Brandreth gave an involuntary start. The notion of the bishop demanding a latch-key was really and truly too ridiculous. The fact was, the Brandreths had only just taken their furnished house in Eaton Place for the season that very week, and the bishop himself had arrived alone from the palace, Whitechapel, that identical morning. A man oppressed by the spiritual burdens of an entire diocese cannot, of course, be reasonably expected to go house-hunting. It was irrational and unscriptural, Dr.

Brandreth held, to suppose that he should leave the work of his see to serve tables. So Mrs. Brandreth and Iris had come to town and secured the episcopal lodgings beforehand; and as soon as everything was put fully straight, the bishop himself came up for the session to "his own hired house" (like St. Paul) and entered into the enjoyment of a neatly ordered and well-arranged study. This, he explained, left his mind perfectly free for the wearing and harassing duties of the episcopate, combined, as they were under our existing circumstances, with the arduous work of a lord spiritual in the Upper House.

Yes, Mrs. Brandreth *had* a latch-key; and the bishop, still absorbed in soul by the effects of the Burials Bill and the aggressive conduct of the Glamorganshire Dissenters, kissed his wife and daughter mechanically, and went off ruminating to the Athenæum. "Iris has been crying," he said to himself with a pensive smile, as John turned the handle of the carriage door respectfully behind him. "Girls will make a fuss about these foolish love affairs. But in a little while she's sure to get over it. Indeed, for my part, what she can possibly see to admire in this young man in the Hundred and Fiftieth rather than in poor dear good Canon Robinson, who would make such an admirable husband for her—though, to be sure, there *is* a certain disparity in age—fairly passes my comprehension."

And yet, when young Mr. Brandreth of Christ Church had wooed and won Charlotte Vandeleur, he was himself a handsome young curate.

The afternoon wore away slowly in Eaton Place, but dinner-time came at last, and just as Mrs. Brandreth and Iris were rising up disconsolately from a pitiable pretence of dinner, "for the sake of the servants," there came a very military knock at the front door, which made poor Iris jump and start with a sudden flush of vivid color on her pale cheek.

"I told you so, darling," Mrs. Brandreth half whispered in a pleased undertone. "It's Captain Burbury."

And so it was. The mother's psychology (or instinct if you will) had told her correctly. Mrs. Brandreth rose to go into the drawing-room as soon as the card was duly laid before her. "I oughtn't to leave them alone by themselves," she thought to herself silently. "If I did, under the circumstances, Arthur would be justifiably angry." And, so thinking, she drew her daughter's arm in hers, murmured softly, "Iris dear, I really feel I oughtn't to leave

you," and—walked off quietly without another word into her own boudoir.

Iris, her heart beating fast and high, opened the door and stepped alone into the front drawing-room.

As she entered, Harry Burbury, that penitent and shamefaced man, walked up to her with hands outstretched,—seemed for a moment as if he would bow merely,—then made as though he would shake hands with her—and finally, carried away for a moment from his set purpose, caught her up ardently in both his arms, kissed her face half-a-dozen times over, and pressed her tight against his heaving bosom.

He had never kissed her so before, but Iris somehow felt to herself that the action just then really required no apology.

Next minute, Harry Burbury stepped back again a few paces and surveyed her sadly, with his face burning a fiery crimson. "Oh, Iris," he cried, "I mean Miss Brandreth—no, Iris. I made up my mind as I came along in the train from Aldershot that I should never, never again call you Iris."

"But, Harry, you made up your mind, too, you would never see me!"

"I did, Iris, but I thought—I thought, when I came to think it over, that perhaps I had better come and tell you, before I left England, why I felt it must be all closed forever between us."

"Left England, Harry! All closed between us!"

"Yes, Iris; yes, darling!" And here Harry so far forgot his resolution once more that he again kissed her. "I shall resign my commission and go away somewhere to the colonies."

"Harry!"

It was a cry of distress, and it rang terribly in the young man's ears; but with an effort he steeled himself. He didn't even kiss her. "Iris," he began once more, "it isn't any use my trying to call you Miss Brandreth, and I won't do it. Iris, I feel that, after this, I have no right to come near you in future. I have no right to blight your life with that horrid, terrible, undeserved suspicion."

"But, Harry, you are innocent! You didn't take it! And the court-martial acquitted you."

"Yes, darling, they acquitted me of the charge, but not of the suspicion. If I *had* taken it, Iris—if a man had taken it, I mean, he might perhaps have kept his place, on the strength of the acquittal, and tried to live it down and brazen it out in spite of everything. But, as I didn't

take it, and as I can't bear the shadow of that horrible suspicion, I won't live on any longer in England, and I certainly won't burden you, dearest, with such a terrible, unspeakable shame."

"Harry," Iris cried, looking up at him suddenly, "I know you didn't do it. I love you. I trust you. Why should we ever mind the other people?"

Harry faltered. "But the bishop?" he asked. "How about your father, Iris? No, no, darling, I can never marry you while the shadow of this hideous, unworthy doubt rests over me still."

Iris took his hand in hers with a gesture of tenderness which robbed the act of all suspicion of unwomanly forwardness. Then she began to speak to him in a low, soft voice, to comfort him, to soothe him, to tell him that nobody would ever believe it about him, till Harry Burbury himself began half to fancy that his sensitive nature had exaggerated the evil. How long they sat there whispering together it would be hard to say; when lovers once take to whispering, the conversation may readily prolong itself for an indefinite period. So at least Mrs. Brandreth appeared to think, for at the end of a quiet hour or so her sense of propriety overcame her sympathy with Iris, and she went down to join the young couple in the front drawing-room. It gives me great pain to add, however, that she stood for a moment and rustled about a few magazines and papers on the landing-table, very prudently, before actually turning the handle of the drawing-room door. This is a precaution too frequently neglected in such cases by the matter-of-fact and the unwary, but one whose breach I have often known to produce considerable inconvenience to the persons concerned.

When Mrs. Brandreth at last entered, she found Iris, as girls are usually found on similar occasions, seated by herself bolt upright on a very stiff-backed chair at the far end of the room, while Harry Burbury was playing nervously with the end of his moustache on the opposite side of the centre ottoman. Such phenomenal distance spoke more eloquently to Mrs. Brandreth's psychological acumen than any degree of propinquity could possibly have done. "They must have been very confidential with one another," Mrs. Brandreth thought to herself wisely. "I've no doubt they've settled the matter by themselves offhand, without even thinking the least in the world about dear Arthur."

"Mamma," Iris said timidly but quite

simply, as her mother stood half hesitating beside her, "Harry and I have been talking this matter over, and at first Harry wanted to leave England; but I've been saying to him that somebody must have taken the money, and the best thing he can do is to stop here and try to find out who really took it. And he's going to do so. And, for the present," Iris emphasized the words very markedly, "we're not to be engaged at all to one another; but, by-and-by, when Harry has cleared his reputation —" and here Iris broke off suddenly, a becoming blush doing duty admirably for the principal verb in the unfinished sentence. (This figure of speech is known to grammarians as an *apostrophe*. The name is for the most part unknown to young ladies, but the figure itself is largely employed by them with great effect in ordinary conversation.)

Mrs. Brandreth smiled a faint and placid smile. "My dear Iris," she said, "what would your papa say if he only heard you talk like that?" And feeling now quite compromised as one of the wicked conspirators, the good lady sat down and heard it all out, the house thereupon immediately resolving itself into a committee of ways and means.

It was very late indeed, when Mrs. Brandreth, looking at her watch, exclaimed in some surprise that she really wondered dear Arthur hadn't come home ages ago.

At this unexpected mention of the bishop, Harry Burbury, who had run up to town honestly intending to see him and renounce his daughter, but had allowed himself to be diverted by circumstances into another channel, rose abruptly to take his departure. It occurred to him at once that two o'clock in the morning is not perhaps the best possible time at which to face a very irate and right reverend father. Besides, how on earth could he satisfactorily explain his presence in the bishop's own hired house at that peculiarly unreasonable hour?

As for Mrs. Brandreth, now fairly embarked on that terrible downward path of the committed conspirator, she whispered to Iris, as William fastened the big front door behind Captain Burbury, "Perhaps, dear, it might be quite as well not to mention just at present to your papa that Harry" — yes, she actually called him Harry! — "has been to see you here this evening. And if we were to go to bed at once, you know, and get our lights out quickly, before your papa comes home

from the House, it might, perhaps, be all the better."

To such depths of frightful duplicity does the downward path, once embarked in, rapidly conduct even an originally right-minded clerical lady!

Meanwhile the bishop, sitting with several of his episcopal brethren in the peers' gallery at the House of Commons, forgot all about the lapse of time in his burning indignation at the nefarious proposals of the honorable gentlemen from that revolutionary Glamorganshire. It was a field-night for the disestablishers and disendowers, and there seemed no chance, humanly speaking, that the debate would be terminated within any reasonable or moderate period. At last, about a quarter to two, the bishop took his watch casually from his pocket. "Bless my soul!" he cried in surprise to his right reverend companion, "I must really be going. I hadn't the least idea the time had gone so fast. Mrs. Brandreth will positively be wondering what has become of me."

There were several cabs outside the House, but it was a fair, clear, star-lit night, and the bishop on the whole, being chilly with horror, preferred walking. It would stretch his episcopal legs a little, after such a long spell of sitting, to walk from Whitehall down to Eaton Place. So he walked on along the silent streets till he came to the corner of St. Peter's Church.

Then an awful thought suddenly flashed across his bewildered mind. Which house did he actually live in?

Yes, yes. It was too true. He had forgotten to notice or to ask the number!

If the bishop had been a little more a man of the world, he would, no doubt, have walked off to the nearest hotel, or returned to the House and thrown himself upon the hospitality of the first met among his spiritual compeers. But he doubted whether it would be quite professional to knock up the night-porter of the Grosvenor at two in the morning, and demand a bed without luggage or introduction; while, as to his episcopal brethren, he would hardly like to ask them for shelter under such unpleasant and humiliating circumstances. The bishop hesitated; and the bishop who hesitates is lost. Nothing but an unflinching confidence in all his own opinions and actions can ever carry a bishop through the snares and pitfalls of modern life. He felt in his pocket for the unused latch-key. Yes, there it was, safe enough; but what door was it meant to open? The bishop remembered nothing

on earth about it. Mrs. Brandreth had met him at Paddington that morning with his own carriage, and he recollected distinctly that she had given John merely the usual laconic direction, "Home!" When he came out that afternoon, absorbed as he was by the proceedings of the Glamorganshire Dissenters, and distracted somewhat by side reflections about Iris's love affairs, he hadn't even had time to notice at which end of the street his own hired house happened to be situated. There was clearly only one way out of the difficulty; he must try all the doors, one after another, and see which one that particular latch-key was intended to open.

Walking up cautiously to the corner house, the bishop tried to stick that unfortunate key boldly into the keyhole. It was too large. "*Non possumus*," the bishop murmured with a placid smile—it is professional to smile under trying circumstances—and with his slow and stately tread descended the steps to try the next one.

The next one succeeded a trifle better, it is true, but not completely. The keyhole was quite big enough, to be sure, but the wards stubbornly refused to yield to the gentle and dexterous episcopal pressure. In vain did the bishop deftly return to the charge (just as if it were a visitation); in vain did he coax and twist and turn and wheedle; those stiff-necked wards obstructed his passage as rudely and stoutly as though they had been uncompromising Glamorganshire Dissenters. Baffled, but not disheartened, the bishop turned tentatively to the third door. Oh, joy! The key fits! it moves! it withdraws the bolt readily from the clencher! The bishop pushed the door gently. Disappointment once more! The door was evidently locked and fastened. "This situation begins to grow ridiculous," thought the bishop. "One can almost enter faintly, by proxy, into the personal feelings of our misguided brother, the enterprising burglar."

On the bishop went, trying door after door down the whole south side of Eaton Place, till he had almost reached the very end. It was certainly absurd, and what was more it was painfully monotonous. It made a man feel like a thief in the night. The bishop couldn't help glancing furtively around him, and wondering what any of his diocesans would say if only they could see their right reverend superior in this humiliating and undignified position. His hand positively trembled as he tried the last door but five; and when it proved but

one more failure to add to the long list of his misfortunes, he took a sidelong look to right and left, and seeing a light still burning feebly within the hall, he applied for a second his own keen episcopal eye with great reluctance to the big keyhole.

Next moment he felt a heavy hand clapped forcibly upon his right shoulder, and turning round he saw the burly figure of an elderly policeman, with inquisitive bull's-eye turned full upon him in the most orthodox fashion.

"Now then, my man," the policeman said, glancing with scant regard at his hat and gaiters, "you've got to come along with me, I take it. I've been watchin' you all the way down the street, and I know what you're up to. You're loiterin' about with intent to commit a felony, that's just about the size of what you're doin'."

Dr. Brandreth drew himself up to his full height, and answered in his severest tone, "My good fellow, you are quite mistaken. I am the Bishop of Winchester. I don't remember the exact number of my own door, and I've been trying the latch-key, on my return from the House of Lords, to see which keyhole it happened to open."

The policeman smiled a professional smile of waggish incredulity. "Bishop, indeed!" he echoed contemptuously. "House of Lords! Exact number! Gammon and spinach! Very well got up, indeed, 'specially the leggin's. But it won't go down. It's been tried on afore. Bishops is played out, my man, I tell you. I 'spose, now, you've just been dinin' with the Prince of Wales, and havin' a little private conversation at Lambeth Palace with the Archbishop of Canterbury!" And the policeman winked the wink of a knowing one at his own pleasantries with immense satisfaction.

"Constable," the bishop said sternly, "this levity is out of place. If you do not believe me to be what my dress proclaims me, then you should at least take me into custody as a suspicious person without insulting my character and dignity. Go down with me to the Houses of Parliament in a cab, and I will soon prove to you that you are quite mistaken."

The policeman put his finger rudely to the side of his nose. "Character and dignity," he replied with unbecoming amusement—"character and dignity, indeed! Why, my good man, I know you well enough, don't you trouble yourself. My mates and me, we've been lookin' for you here this three months. Think I

don't remember you? Oh, but I do, though. Why, you're the party as got into a private house in Pimlico last year, a-representing yourself to be a doctor, an' cribbed a gold watch and a 'ole lot of real silver from the unsuspectin' family. Come along with me, bishop, I'm a-goin' to take your reverence right off down to the station."

The poor bishop temporized and expostulated, but all to no purpose. He even ventured, sorely against his conscience, to try the effect of a silver key in unlocking the hard heart of the mistaken constable; but that virtuous officer with much spirit indignantly repudiated any such insidious assaults upon his professional incorruptibility. The bishop inwardly groaned and followed him. "How easily," he thought to himself with a sigh, "even the most innocent and respectable of men may fall unawares under a disgraceful suspicion!" For it is only in a limited and technical sense that bishops regard themselves as miserable sinners.

Even as the thought flashed across his mind, he saw standing under a neighboring doorway a person who was evidently endeavoring to escape notice, and in whom his quick eye immediately detected the bodily presence of Captain Burbury.

The bishop drew a sigh of relief. This was clearly quite providential. Under any other circumstances he would, perhaps, have been curious to know how Captain Burbury came to be lingering so close beside his own hired house at that unseemly hour. He would have suspected an audacious attempt to communicate with Iris, contrary to the presumed wishes and desires of her affectionate parents. But just as things then stood, the bishop was inclined to hail with delight the presence of anybody whatsoever who could personally identify him. He was in a lenient mood as to unproved suspicions. To his horror, however, Captain Burbury, casting a rapid glance sideways at his episcopal costume, silhouetted out strikingly against the light from the policeman's bull's-eye, turned his back upon the pair with evident disinclination then and there to meet him, and began to walk rapidly away in the opposite direction.

There was no time to be lost. It was a moment for action. Captain Burbury must be made to recognize him. Half-breaking away from the burly policeman, who still, however, kept his solid hand firmly gripped around the episcopal forearm, the bishop positively ran at the top of his speed towards the somewhat slinking and re-

treating captain, closely followed by the angry constable, who dragged him back with all his force, at the same time springing his rattle violently.

"Captain Burbury, Captain Burbury!" gasped the breathless bishop, as he managed at last to come within earshot of the retiring figure. "Stop a minute, I beg of you. Please come here and explain to the constable."

Captain Burbury turned slowly round and faced his two pursuers with obvious reluctance. For a second he seemed hardly to recognize the bishop; then he bowed a little stiffly, and observed in a somewhat constrained voice, "The bishop. How singular! Good-evening. I suppose — this officer — is showing you the way home to your new quarters."

The policeman's sharp eye lost none of these small touches, "Doesn't want to get lagged hisself," he thought silently. "Didn't half like the other fellow letting me see he was a pal of his after I'd copped him!"

"Captain Burbury," the bishop said, panting, "I have most unfortunately forgotten the number of my new house. I was rather imprudently trying to open the doors all along the street with the latch-key which Mrs. Brandreth gave me on my leaving home for the House of Lords this morning, in order to see which lock it fitted, when this constable quite properly observed, and, I am sorry to say, misinterpreted my action. He believes I am loitering about to commit a felony. Have the goodness, please, to tell him who I am."

"This is the Bishop of Whitchester," Harry Burbury answered, very red, and with a growing sense of painful discomfort, expecting every moment that the bishop would turn round upon him and ask how he came to be there.

"Ho, ho, ho!" the constable thought to himself merrily. "Bishop and captain! Captain and bishop! That's a good one, that is! They're a gang, they are. Very well got up, too, the blooming pair of 'em. But they're a couple of strong 'uns, that's what I call 'em. I won't let on that I twig 'em for the present. Two able-bodied burglars at once on one's hands is no joke, even for the youngest and active members of the force. I'll just wait till Q 94 answers my rattle. Meanwhile, as they says at the theayter, I will dissemble."

And he dissembled for the moment with such admirable effect that the bishop fairly thought the incident settled, and began to congratulate himself in his own

mind on this truly providential nocturnal meeting with Captain Burbury.

"And what's his lordship's exact number?" the constable asked with a scarcely suppressed ironical emphasis on the title of honor.

"Two hundred and seventy," Harry Burbury answered, trembling.

"Two hundred and seventy!" the guardian of the peace repeated slowly. "Two hundred and seventy! So that's it, is it? Why, bless my soul, that's the very door that the military gent was a-lurkin' and a-skulkin' on! Perhaps you've got a latch-key about you somewhere for that one, too, eh, captain?"

Before the bishop could indignantly repel this last shameful insinuation, Q 94, summoned hastily by his neighbor's rattle from the next beat, came running up in eager expectation.

"All right, Simson," the bishop's original captor exclaimed joyfully, now throwing off the mask and ceasing to dissemble. "This is a good job, this lot. This here reverend gentleman's the Bishop of Whitchester, an' his lordship's been a-loiterin' round in Eaton Place with intent to commit a felony. I ketched him at it a-tryin' the latch-keys. This other military gent's his friend, the captain, as can answer confidential for his perfect respectability. Ho, ho, ho! Security ain't good enough. The captain was a-skulkin' and a-loungin' round the aireys hisself, an' didn't want at first to recognize his lordship. But the bishop, he very properly insisted on it. It's a gang this is; that's what it is; the bishop's been wanted this three months to my certain knowledge as the medical gent what cribbed the silver. I'll take along his lordship, Simson; you just ketch a hold of the captain, will you?"

Harry Burbury saw at once that remonstrance and explanation would be quite ineffectual. He gave himself up quietly to go to the station; and the bishop, fretting and fuming with speechless indignation, followed behind as fast as his gaitered legs would carry him.

Arrived at the station, the bishop, to his great surprise, found his protestations of innocence and references to character disregarded with a lordly indifference which quite astounded him. He was treated with more obvious disrespect, in fact, than the merest curate in a country parish. He turned to Harry Burbury for sympathy. But Harry only smiled a soured smile, and observed bitterly, "It is so easy to condemn anybody, you know, upon mere suspicion."

The bishop felt a twinge of conscience. It was somewhat increased when the inspector in charge quietly remarked, "I feel a moral certainty that my officers are right; but still, in consideration of the dress you wear—a very clever disguise, certainly—I'll send one of them to make inquiries at the address you mention. Meanwhile, Thompson, lock 'em up separately in the general lock-up. We're very full to-night, bishop. I'm sorry we can't accommodate you with a private cell. It's irregular, I know, but we're terribly overcrowded. You'll have to go in along with a couple of other prisoners."

Moral certainty! The bishop started visibly at the phrase. It's hard to condemn a man unheard upon a moral certainty!

There was no help for it, so the bishop allowed himself to be quietly thrust into a large cell already occupied by two other amiable-looking prisoners. One of them, to judge by the fashion in which he wore his hair, had very lately completed his term of residence in one of her Majesty's houses of detention; the other looked rather as though he were at present merely a candidate for the same distinction in the near future.

Both the men looked at the new-comer with deep interest; but as he withdrew at once into the far corner, and seated himself suspiciously upon the bed, without displaying any desire to engage in conversation, common politeness prevented them from remarking upon the singularity of his costume in such a position. So they went on with their own confabulation quite unconcernedly after a moment, taking no further notice in any way of their distinguished clerical companion.

"Then that's not the business you're lagged upon?" one of them said coolly to the other. "It isn't the adjutant's accounts, you think? It's the other matter, is it?"

"Oh yes," the second man answered quietly. "If it had been the adjutant's accounts, you see, I'd have rounded, of course, on Billy the Growler. I never did like that fellow, the Growler, you know; an' I don't see why I should have my five years for it, when he's had the best part of the swag, look 'ee. I had no hand in it, confound it. It was all the Growler. I didn't even get nothink out of it. That ain't fair now, is it, I put it to you?"

"No, it ain't," the first man answered, the close-cropped one. "But there'll be some sort of inquiry about it now, in course, for—worse luck for the Growler

—I heard this evenin' the court-martial's acquitted that there Captain Somebody. They'll look about soon for some one else, I take it, to put the blame upon."

The other man laughed. "Not that," he put in carelessly. "The court-martial's acquitted him, but nobody don't believe he didn't take it. Nobody ain't going to suspect the Growler. Every one says it's a moral certainty that that Captain Thingummy there he took the money."

The bishop drew a long breath. After all, this whole incident had been truly providential. No names were mentioned, to be sure; but from the circumstances of the case the bishop felt convinced the person referred to was Harry Burbury. Could he have been placed in this truly ludicrous position for a wise reason—on purpose to help in extricating an innocent person from an undeserved calumny? The bishop, with all his little failings, was at bottom a right-minded and tender-hearted man. He would not have grudged even that awkward hour of disagreeable detention in a common lock-up if he could be of any service, through his unjust incarceration, to one of his dear but wrongfully suspected brethren.

The men soon relapsed into silence, and threw themselves upon the bed and the bunk, which they assumed as by right, being the first comers. The bishop, never speaking a word to either, but ruminating strangely in his own mind, took his own seat in silence on the solitary chair over in the corner.

The minutes wore away slowly, and the bishop nodded now and then in a quiet doze, till the clock of the nearest church had struck four. Then, the door of the big cell was opened suddenly, and the inspector, with consternation and horror depicted legibly upon every fibre of his speaking countenance, entered the cell with a deferential bow.

"My lord," he cried in his politest tone to the delighted bishop, "your carriage is waiting at the door, and your coachman and footman have come here to identify you—a formality which I am sure will hardly be needful. I must apologize most sincerely for the very unfortunate —"

The bishop held up his finger warningly. Both the other occupants of the cell were fast asleep. "Don't wake them," the bishop whispered in an anxious tone. "I naturally don't wish this story to get about."

The inspector bowed again. Nothing could better have suited his wishes. His

constables had made a foolish mistake, and the laugh would have been against them in the force itself, far more than against the right reverend gentleman. "Who arrested the bishop?" would soon have become the joke of the day among the street Arabs. Besides, had he not, under stress of circumstances, been committing the irregularity of putting as many as three prisoners in a single cell?

"As you wish, my lord," he answered submissively, and bowed the bishop with profound respect into the outer room.

There John and the footman were waiting formally to recognize him, and the carriage stood ostentatiously at the door to carry him home again.

"Inspector," the bishop said quietly, "you need not apologize further. But I don't want this most unfortunate affair to get publicly spoken about. You will easily perceive that it might be regarded by—ahem!—some irreverent persons in a ludicrous light. I shall be glad if you will request your constables to say nothing about it to one another or to anybody else."

"My lord," the inspector said, with a feeling of the most profound relief, "you may rely upon it that not a single soul except the parties concerned shall ever hear a word of the matter."

"And my companion in misfortune?" the bishop asked, smiling.

The inspector, in his flutter of anxiety about the great prelate, had clean forgotten poor Harry Burbury. He went off at once to release the young man and make him a further nicely graduated apology.

"Captain Burbury," the bishop said, "can I drive you anywhere? Where are you stopping?"

Harry's face reddened a little. "Nowhere, in fact," he answered awkwardly. "The truth is, I have only just run up from Aldershot, and had meant to put up at the Charing Cross Hotel."

Companionship in misfortune *emollit mores*. The bishop relaxed his features and smiled graciously. "It's too late to go there now," he said with unwonted kindness. "You had better come round to Eaton Place with me, and Mrs. Brandreth will try to find a comfortable bed for you."

Harry, hardly knowing what he did, followed the bishop timidly out to the carriage.

As soon as they had seated themselves on the well-padded cushions of the comfortable episcopal brougham, the bishop suddenly turned round and asked his com-

panion, "Captain Burbury, do you happen to know anybody anywhere who is called—excuse the nickname—the Growler?"

Captain Burbury started in surprise. "The Growler!" he cried. "Why, yes, certainly. He's the adjutant's orderly in my own regiment."

The bishop laid his hand kindly on the young man's arm. "My dear Captain Burbury," he said softly, "I believe I can do you a slight service. I have found a clue to the man who really embezzled the regimental money."

The carriage swam around before Harry Burbury's eyes, and he clutched the arm-rest by the window tightly with his hand. After all, then, the bishop at any rate did not wholly suspect and mistrust him! Perhaps in the end he might marry Iris!

"My dear," the bishop said to his wife, on the morning when the adjutant's orderly was first examined at Aldershot on the charge of embezzlement, "this strongly enforces the casual remark I happened to make to you the other day about the difference between moral and legal certainty."

"And as soon as this wretched man is really convicted," Mrs. Brandreth observed timidly, "there can be no reason why we shouldn't announce that Iris is engaged to Captain Burbury."

When you have once rendered a man a signal service, you always retain a friendly feeling for him. The bishop looked up benevolently from his paper. "Well, Charlotte," he said, "he seems a very proper, well-conducted young man, and though I should certainly myself have preferred Canon Robinson, I don't see any good reason why he and Iris, if they like one another, shouldn't be married as soon as convenient to you."

From Temple Bar.

MARY, COUNTESS COWPER.

THACKERAY, speaking of George II.'s reign, declared that in "that dreadfully selfish time," among those crowds, "rouged and lying and fawning," he could not find "any one to be friends with. Show me," he exclaims, "some good person about that court; find me, among those selfish courtiers, those dissolute, gay people, some one being whom I can love and regard."

His arraignment applies with equal justice to the court held by George and his

wife, while Prince and Princess of Wales. Yet in that corrupt circle Thackeray would certainly have found the friend he desired, had the diary of Caroline of Anspach's lady of the bedchamber been given to the world when he wrote. Its frank, shrewd pages, notwithstanding the hasty brevity with which they were penned, give as distinct a picture of the writer's warm heart, active mind, and quick perception of the false or absurd, as the frontispiece, copied from Sir Godfrey Kneller, does of her noble head, with its broad candid brow, magnificent dark eyes, and sweet sensible mouth.*

Pretty Molly Clavering, toasted by the Kit Cat Club, sung by Earl Rivers, admired, accomplished, and light-hearted, was so free from the infection of the age as to reply, when told that the king's manner showed she might rule the court if she chose: "Power would be bought too dear by such dishonorable work." And so devoted a wife did she become, that after seventeen happy married years she only survived her husband a few months: "Dying," says her daughter, "of a malady often talked of, but seldom seen—a broken heart."

She was born in 1685, her father being John Clavering, of Chopwell, Durham, a cadet of the old Northumbrian family which owned Callalee and Axwell, many of whose members suffered severely both in purse and person for their Jacobite fidelity. The writer of the brief biographical introduction regrets that "the sum of her personal memoirs is scanty;" but has not thought it worth while to record, even for refutation, a rumor connecting her with a dismal tragedy, which for a time clouded the prospects of her future husband, and threatened to cut short the career of her favorite brother.

While Mary Clavering was progressing from the nursery to the schoolroom, William and Spencer Cowper, sons of Sir William Cowper, of Hertford Castle, were young men distinguished for good looks, graceful manners, and great talent. William, a king's counsel, sat for Hertford together with his father; Spencer was a barrister, of good income and standing, who went the home circuit with William, and shared his lodgings at the assize courts. Both brothers were married to young women of beauty and position—the elder to Judith, daughter of Sir Robert Booth; the younger to Pennington, daughter of John Goodere, belonging to

an old west-country family.* The Cowpers had strong personal and political ties to Hertford, and frequently visited the town, keeping up a friendly intimacy with the electors, and especially with the widow and daughter of a rich Quaker named Stout who had been one of their most influential supporters.

Sarah Stout, a handsome Quakeress of twenty-six, visited at Sir William Cowper's town house in Hatton Garden, and was in confidential correspondence with his daughters-in-law. When Mrs. William Cowper stayed in Hertford she exchanged visits with Miss Stout every day; when Mrs. Spencer Cowper visited the town, she introduced her rich and pretty friend to a gentleman named Marshall, who proposed to her but was refused. Meanwhile Spencer Cowper, at Miss Stout's request, invested £200 of her fortune in a mortgage—the only money he ever disposed of for her.

The day before the spring assizes of 1699 were opened, Spencer Cowper arrived at Hertford and dined with the Stouts. In the evening the mother left her daughter and her guest, thinking they had money matters to discuss,† and soon afterwards Miss Stout ordered her servant to prepare a bedroom for Mr. Cowper, who made no remark. At a quarter to eleven, while the maid was warming the bed, she heard the front door shut violently, and on going down-stairs found the parlor empty. She and Mrs. Stout sat up all night for Sarah, but heard nothing of her till her body was discovered next morning in the Priory River, which flows through Hertford about half a mile from her home. At the inquest Spencer Cowper stated that he had left Sarah Stout in her own house, where he never intended to sleep, having already taken possession of rooms engaged for his brother, who was detained in London. A verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was returned, and Mr. Cowper went on to Chelmsford with the judges and finished the circuit.

Two months later Spencer Cowper and three of his friends—attorneys and a scrivener, men of good character and means, who had gone to Hertford on legal business on the same day as himself—

* Within twenty years of Spencer Cowper's trial, the "Bristol tragedy" occurred—the murder of Sir John Dineley Goodere, or Goodyere, by his brother, Captain Goodyere.

† As they had, for Mr. Cowper paid her six pounds odd as interest from the mortgagor, which was found in her pocket after her death, and a receipt for the same, which she had not signed, lay on the parlor table.

* Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper.

were charged with the murder of the young Quakeress, who it was alleged had been strangled and then thrown into the river. The only evidence brought against the three strangers was a piece of cord found in their room; the hot, dirty, and dishevelled appearance of one of them, who had ridden far in bad weather; and a jesting conversation overheard, and as they alleged misrepresented, by the people in whose house they lodged, on the beauty, fortune, and matrimonial prospects of Sarah Stout. Spencer Cowper defended himself and his friends with great ability, and produced two anonymous letters which, if written by Sarah Stout, as he declared, showed a mad infatuation for him quite sufficient to account for the fits of despondency and threats of self-destruction proved by many witnesses, and supporting the theory of suicide. The Stouts on their part professed to miss a large sum of money belonging to Sarah, and to consider Mr. Cowper accountable for it; but would make oath of nothing, in accordance with the rules of their sect. After a long trial and most conflicting medical evidence, whose remarkable details it is impossible to reproduce here,* all four prisoners were acquitted. Subsequent legal proceedings were however taken by the Stout family, and though they fell through, strong prejudice was excited against the Cowpers, and at the next general election it was clear that they had no chance of being returned. Sir William Cowper retired, and Spencer Cowper some time afterwards became member for Truro.

Local tradition preserved many versions of the story. Every midnight Sarah Stout's ghost was said to flit through the quiet streets of Hertford on her way to the mill-race where her corpse was found, and at length the Rev. J. Hinton, rector of Alderton, Northamptonshire, made a communication to the *European Magazine*, wildly at variance with the evidence.

Mrs. Sarah Stout [says this authority] whose death was charged upon Spencer Cowper, was strangled accidentally by drawing the steenkirk too tight upon her neck, as she, with five or six young persons, were at a game of romps upon the staircase; but it was not done by Mr. Cowper, though one of the company. Mrs. Clavering, Lord Chancellor Cowper's second wife, whom he married during the life of the first [another surprisingly cool assertion]†

* Howell's State Trials, vol. xiii., 1696-1700.

† The violence of party animosity, whose extent later generations can hardly realize, will alone account, says Lord Campbell, for the prevalence of this slander.

was there too. They were so confounded with the accident that they foolishly resolved to throw her into the water, thinking it would pass that she had drowned herself.

Spencer Cowper resumed his legal practice, becoming in course of time chief justice of the County Palatine, and judge of the Common Pleas. He died in the reign of George II., and there is a handsome monument to his memory in Hertingfordbury church. The poet Cowper was his nephew.

William Cowper "took refuge in Berea-stone," says Lord Campbell, and sat for that place till Queen Anne bestowed the great seal and the title of lord keeper upon him. He was then forty-one — "the youngest lord keeper that had ever been." His daughter Lady Sarah says, "he looked very young, and wearing his hair made him appear yet more so; which the queen observing, obliged him to cut it off, telling him the world would say she had given the seals to a boy."*

The Duchess of Marlborough, in her trenchant "Characters of Contemporaries," takes the credit of this appointment to herself.

For my Lord Cowper [she says] I constantly labored with the Queen to make him Keeper, and at last, by a great deal of drudgery, I succeeded. Upon which my Lord Halifax came to me from my Lord Cowper to appoint a time for him to make his acknowledgments to me. I answered, upon condition that he would not say anything upon that subject, for I would not be thanked for contributing to bring so valuable a man into that post.

Lord Cowper told her that the gratitude he was forbidden to put into words could not be banished from his thoughts.

And I must do him the justice to say [she adds] that all the time I was at Court, and after I was removed, no man could possibly

freely used to disqualify William Cowper from being made "keeper of the queen's conscience." The rumor varied at various times, from the charge of having married Judith Booth while an imaginary first wife was still living, to that of marrying Molly Clavering in the lifetime of Judith Cowper; it procured the lord keeper the nickname of Bigamy Will; it was embodied, with many adornments, like the sad story of Sarah Stout, in the infamous "New Atalantis;" and it was gravely cited by Voltaire in his "Philosophical Dictionary," where he says, treating of polygamy: "Il est public en Angleterre, et on voudroit le nier en vain, que le Chancelier Cowper épousa deux femmes, qui vécurent ensemble dans sa maison avec une concorde singulière qui fit honneur à tous trois. Plusieurs curieux ont encore le petit livre que ce chancelier composa en faveur de la polygamie." The "little book" was of course as mythical as the *concorde* which Voltaire thought so honorable to all parties, and which it is perfectly certain that Molly Clavering would not have maintained under such circumstances.

* Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors, 5th edition, 1868, vol. v., p. 249.

behave better to me than he did, not only as a gentleman, but as a friend, and as if he had been my own brother.*

Many belles in Queen Anne's court would willingly have shared the new honors of the handsome and accomplished lord keeper, who had lost his wife and only child. His choice fell on Mary Clavering, then a beautiful girl of twenty, who made his acquaintance by consulting him on some law business at his chambers. After a brief wooing they were married, during the long vacation of 1706. The wedding was kept secret for a time, and in the first letter Lord Cowper wrote to his wife after their marriage he says:—

The first thing I do this morning is to sit down to acquaint my life what I am very sure your concern for me will not think impertinent, that I got safe to my house yesterday, after a very troublesome journey. . . . You declare against speeches, and I believe care as little to read as hear them, and certainly never man stood less in need of them, if the truest love and highest esteem are able to give undeniable evidence of themselves. I believe they are, and therefore shall depend forever on making love to you that way. Though the part I act is very painful, yet 'tis heaven to what I should have felt if I had left you for any time with distrust of the sincerity of my intentions towards you. . . . Take care of the point wherein my interest is so much concerned, which is now become yours; and I hope so to order things as in a little time, without any disadvantage that may incur the censure of the pretended wise, to spend the remainder of my life in the enjoyment of that happiness my imagination hath laid up for it.†

This concealment, short though it proved, had some romantic consequences. Lady Harriet Vere, the most pertinacious of the young women who "laid their snares" for the lord keeper, soon discovered who was her most dangerous rival, and sent letters to Lord Cowper every day by "a fellow dressed up in woman's clothes, who could never be overtaken," first threatening him with professional injury if he married the lady of his love, and next abusing her as "a mean wretch," and a coquette, who used her proficiency in music to attract "all the rakes in town." Adding that one night at a theatre Lord Wharton had said to Lord Dorchester, "Now that the opera's done, let's go and hear Molly Clavering play it over again." This, Lady Cowper observes indignantly, was "a plain lie, for I never

did play in any public company, and only at home when anybody that visited my aunt Wood, with whom I lived, asked me. And for these two lords, I had never been in a room with either of them in my whole life." At last Lady Harriet, who, for more than a month, had gone every Sunday in a hackney coach "to ogle my lord and pass and repass his coach when he went and came from chapel," contrived an interview with him, under cover of a cause in which a friend was concerned. He found her "set out in all her airs, with her elbow on a table that had two wax candles on it, and holding her head, which she said ached—and not a word said of the cause." When Lady Harriet's confidants went so far as, by her authority, to offer Lord Cowper her hand and fortune, he avowed his marriage, saying that he was sure he had met with a wife whose conduct was unblemished, since the greatest enemy she had in the world had been writing him an invective against her every day, and yet the worst thing she was charged with was "playing best upon the harpsichord of any woman in England." A very neat way of turning the tables on her detractor.

In 1710, on a change of ministers, Lord Cowper also sent in his resignation, despite the entreaties of Queen Anne, telling her that to keep in when all his friends were out would be infamous. He then retired to his Hertfordshire seat, till George I. on his accession summoned him to receive the great seal the second time. At this period begins what Lord Campbell (who saw part of the MS. and quoted from it freely) justly calls Lady Cowper's "charming diary—a more lively picture of the court of England at the commencement of the Brunswick dynasty than I have ever met with." She had corresponded with Princess Caroline for four years before the latter left Hanover, but received no appointment in her household till after George I.'s coronation. At this grand ceremony the peeresses' place was so crowded that Lady Cowper took refuge on the bishops' bench and thence was pushed up the pulpit stairs, from which the peers told her husband they "hoped she would preach." She would evidently have given them sound Protestant doctrine, for she says: "I never was so affected with joy in all my life. It brought tears into my eyes, and I hope I shall never forget the blessing of seeing our holy religion thus preserved, as well as our liberties and properties."

Some of the Jacobite peeresses felt dif-

* Private Correspondence, etc., of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, vol. ii., p. 150.

† Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors, vol. v., p. 261.

ferently. They were all there, "looking as cheerful as they could, but very peevish with everybody that spoke to them." Lady Dorchester (daughter of Sir Charles Sedley), who stood just below Lady Cowper, turned to her when the archbishop went round the throne demanding the assent of the people, and said, "Does the old fool think anybody here will say *no*, when there are so many drawn swords?" Lady Cowper's elevated position doubtless displayed her beauty to advantage, for at the drawing-room next day the Princess of Wales said to her, "You have made a conquest;" and added, laughing at her blushes, "'tis Mr. Bernstorff, who never was in love in his life before; and 'tis so considerable a conquest that you ought to be proud of it; and I, to please him, have ordered him to make you a compliment from me."*

This "compliment" was the post of lady of the bedchamber, which Lady Cowper accepted with unaffected delight, giving her admirer her husband's "Treatise on the State of Parties," which she had "transcribed and translated in French and English" for the king. The only language George and his lord keeper had in common was Latin, in which the latter sometimes wrote his State papers; when he wanted them turned into French Lady Cowper did it, and Lord Campbell quotes one of the playful and affectionate notes in which her husband asks his "dear Rogue" to help him.

Lady Cowper's colleague in her post was the Duchess of Shrewsbury, a woman of very different reputation, and apt to be jealous of her associate's ready wit. Supping at Madame Kielmansegge's one evening, the duchess told King George how large the king of France's appetite was, counting twenty things on her fingers, and saying, "Sire, il mange ceci et cela." On which Lady Cowper added, "Sire, Madame la Duchesse oublie qu'il a bien plus mangé que cela." "Qu'a-t-il mangé donc?" inquired the king. "Sire, il a mangé et dévoré son peuple; et si la Providence n'avoit pas conduit votre Majesté au trône, au moment qu'elle l'a fait, il nous auroit mangé aussi." This sally the king repeated to many persons, with immense gratification.

Already Lady Cowper was awkwardly placed between the favorites of the king and of his family, for Mrs. Howard, whose own position was considered very doubt-

ful, told her that the princess mortally hated Madame Kielmansegge, and "thought her a wicked woman," and such a plotter that "she never stuck a pin into her gown without a design."

On November 8, the diary contains this entry: "My birthday. Pray God grant that the rest of my life may be passed according to his will and in his service," Lady Cowper did not rest satisfied with "the aspiration to be good," she was prepared to put her principles into practice on all points. Being much laughed at for playing very low at basset about a week later, she says:—

I told my mistress I played out of duty, not inclination, and having four children nobody would think ill of me if for their sakes I desired to save my money, when I did not do anything that was mean, dishonest, or dishonorable. For which she commended me, and said she thought the principal duty of a woman was to take care of her children.

Lady Cowper's own religious feeling was so sincere that she was not afraid to defend her friends even when charged with heresy. When the Countess of Nottingham tried to convince the princess that Dr. Clarke's writings were not orthodox, Lady Cowper observed:—

"Madam, I have read these books, and I really see no cause to accuse him of heresy, which is a heavy charge. But I suppose your ladyship is better acquainted with them than I. Since you can accuse him, pray quote a passage out of his books." To which she answered, drawing herself up as if she had been afraid of something: "Not I, indeed. I dare not trust myself with the reading such books! I assure you I never looked into them." "What, madam," said I, "do you undertake to condemn anybody as a heretic without knowing what it is they believe and maintain? I would not venture to do so for all the world."

Lady Cowper did not reserve her championship for her clerical friends; her sympathies were, like those of a recent heroine, "rather mixed." But at all events she was invariably genuine, and never self-engrossed.

The Princess thanked me [she says] for drinking her health at supper. I told her I never failed at my meals drinking hers and my master's. On which the Prince said he did not wonder he had such good health since he came to England, as I took so much part in it. I told him that before his coming hither I and my children had constantly drunk his health by the name of "young Hanover brave," which was the title Mr. Congreve had given him in a ballad. This made him ask who Mr. Congreve was, and so gave me an opportunity

* Baron Bernstorff, one of the king's three favorite German ministers.

of saying all the good of Mr. Congreve which I think he truly deserves.

Lady Cowper was not without her share of crumpled rose-leaves. Her relations were constantly worrying her to get them places, and grumbling if they did not like them when obtained. Servants were not more faultless then than now; after one drawing-room, when the apartments were very hot, she catches "a great cold coming out," as her chairmen had deserted her. One pretty young woman, Mlle. Schutz, a niece of Baron Bernstorff's, was always pestering her for ornaments; she wanted a "suit of gold ribbons;" she wanted a "lace head;" she wanted Lady Cowper's pearl necklace; finally she wanted her diamonds, adding insult to injury by saying, "I make no scruple in borrowing them from you, because you are best in your state of nature and worst when you are dressed out, your jewels not becoming you."

Imagine the feelings of a handsome woman on being told that her diamonds did not become her! No wonder Lady Cowper exclaims, "Commend me to the assurance of these foreigners!"

There were graver troubles behind. Many relations of Lady Cowper's were engaged in the Jacobite rising of 1715; and her cousin Mr. Foster, member for Northumberland, who proclaimed the Pretender at Warkworth, was made general in the rebel force; he was taken prisoner at Preston, and Mlle. Schutz told Lady Cowper that her uncle Baron Bernstorff would see that he was allowed to make his escape on the road to London, if she wished it. Her answer is not recorded, but her "cousin Tom" escaped from Newgate a few days before that fixed for his trial, and made his way to France. On December 5 Lady Cowper writes:—

This week the prisoners were brought to town from Preston. They came in with their arms tied, and their horses (whose bridles were taken off) led each by a soldier. The mob insulted them terribly, carrying a warming-pan before them, and saying a thousand barbarous things, which some of the prisoners returned with spirit. The chief of my father's family [Clavering of Callalee] was amongst them. He is above seventy years old. A desperate fortune drove him from home in hopes to have repaired it. I did not see them come into town, nor let any of my children do so. I thought it would be insulting the relations I had here; though almost everybody went to see them.

The next entry in the diary is on a pleasanter subject. Lady Cowper, the

spirited champion of her husband whenever enemies slandered or officious friends criticised him, is delighted to record one of his reforms. Till his time the chancellor used on New Year's day to receive gifts from the lawyers, amounting to nearly £3,000,* but Lord Cowper signified to all who had been in the habit of making these offerings that he would receive none of them. Bishop Burnet calls this "a great example." Formerly, says Lady Cowper, every chancellor blamed the custom but none forbade it. The Earl of Nottingham (Heneage Finch, Dryden's Amri) used to receive the presents, standing by a table, and as he took the money and laid it down, "he used to cry out, 'Oh, tyrant *cuttome*!' for he lisped."

When the rebels were tried in the following month, Lord Cowper was made high steward, "to his vexation and mine," says his wife.

The servants had all new liveries. . . . I was told it was customary to make them fine upon this occasion, but had them all plain. I think it very wrong to make a parade upon so dismal an occasion as that of putting to death one's fellow-creatures; nor could I go to the trial to see them receive their sentences, having a relation among them, my Lord Widdrington.† The Prince was there, and came home much touched with compassion. What pity it is that such cruelties should be necessary!

A few days afterwards Lord Cowper became so ill that he was inclined to resign his office, and his warm-hearted wife, though fond of the world of politics and fashion, whose excitement she enjoyed without being tainted by its corruption, says she resolved never more to press him to keep the place.

I told him that I would never oppose anything he had a mind to do, and offered him, if it would be any pleasure done him, to retire with him into the country and quit too, and what was more, never to repine at doing so, though it was the greatest sacrifice that could be made him. . . . I am out of my wits to see him suffer, which I declare is ten times worse than death to me, and would rather live with him all my life on bread and cheese, up three pair of stairs, than be all this world can make me and at the same time see him suffer.‡

During Lord Cowper's illness, his wife

* Burnet, in his *Reign of Queen Anne*, says £1,500.
† Impeached with the Earl of Derwentwater, but afterwards pardoned.

‡ Lord Cowper had shown equal devotion to his wife. Speaking of Kneller's portrait of him, she says: "It is for my dressing-room, and in the same posture that the dear fellow watched me so many weeks in my great illness."

was much tormented by the insatiable Mlle. Schutz, "a very unreasonable body." When Lady Cowper excuses herself from dining at Baron Bernstorff's, because she wants to nurse her husband, mademoiselle goes to her house, and will take no hints that her hostess wishes to be alone, but "took a pleasure in staying, because I was uneasy at it." Next morning she offers by letter to spend the whole day with Lady Cowper. "I thank her for nothing," says the diarist, out of temper for once, "I had too much of her impertinence last night."

In March occurred the strange appearance known to tradition as "Lord Derwentwater's lights." Dr. Clarke (the controversialist rector of St. James's, whom Lady Cowper defended from the charge of heresy) saw it from the beginning and described it to her thus:—

First, a black cloud, whence smoke and light issued on every side, then a great body of pale fire, that rolled up and down, sending forth all sorts of colors like the rainbow for two or three minutes. After that it was like pale elementary fire, issuing on all sides of the horizon, but especially north and north-west, where it fixed at last. . . . About one o'clock, this phenomenon was so strong that the whole face of the heavens was entirely covered with it. The light was then so great [adds Lady Cowper] that I could, out of my window, see people walk across Lincoln's Inn Fields, though there was no moon. I could hardly make my chairmen come home with me, they were so frightened; and I was forced to let my glass down and preach to them as I went along, to comfort them. I'm sure anybody that had overheard the dialogue would have laughed heartily. All the people were drawn out into the streets, which were so full one could hardly pass, and all frightened to death. Both parties turned it on their enemies. The Whigs said it was God's judgment on the horrid rebellion, and the Tories that it came for the Whigs taking off the two lords that were executed.

Next day she says the town is full of lies about what had been seen in the night. Two armies were fighting in the air; two men were fighting with flaming swords over Lincoln's Inn Fields; "the mob that went to Mr. Linet's burial" saw two men fighting in the air without heads. Meditation on the manner of Linet's death may have prepared them to see marvels. He was a Jacobite, curate to Dr. Walton of Whitechapel, and forced much against his will to take the oaths. "They choked him," says Lady Cowper; "for he actually died the next day, of no other disease but swearing to the government."

Dr. Walton himself was an oddity.

Having quarrelled with Dr. Kennett (afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) he had an altar-piece painted for his church containing Dr. Kennett's portrait as Judas Iscariot; "and, to make it more sure, had the doctor's great black patch put under the wig upon the forehead."

Lady Cowper also tells one of the most absurd ghost stories ever put on record. Sir Coplestone Bampfylde (M.P. for Devonshire) coming to town met with a Scotch pedlar, who offered him twenty-four ells of brown holland so cheap that he bought it, tied it up in paper, and carefully put it himself into his portmanteau. As Sir Coplestone was crossing a great plain with his man and a neighboring gentleman, a sudden light shone round them, the horses were frightened, the baronet and his friend thrown, and the groom run away with for two miles. When the gentlemen got up they saw something white at a little distance, which proved to be the "twenty-four ells of fine holland," stretched out as for whitening on the ground. When the groom returned they looked at the portmanteau and found it fast and the paper and string whole; but when they came to open it "the holland was gone, to their great amazement;" though on the whole it would have been more amazing had the holland remained in the parcel, seeing that at the same time it was stretched on the ground. Lady Cowper adds:—

Sir Coplestone is a drunken country gentleman, and if he did not invent this (which I am afraid he did), yet it may be a drunken fume. And it seems to me he did not mightily believe it himself; for he says he has made the holland into shirts, and expects that some murdered body will come and demand them of him one day or another.

Many curious traces of the times are to be found in the diary. At the March drawing-room one George Mayo was "turned out for being drunk and saucy. He fell out with Sir James Baker and pulled him by the nose." In April Mr. Michelwaite was set upon by nine foot-pads

at the end of Bedford Row, in the road which goes there from Pancras Church to Gray's Inn Lane. His servants and he fired at them again, and the pads did the same, till all the fire was spent, and then he rode through them towards the town to call for help, and they ran away.

Under "the dead wall of Gray's Inn Gardens" a lady and her son were met by two men, one of whom knocked the lantern out of the son's hand and ran off with

his hat and wig, and the other shot the lady through the head. While the camp was in Hyde Park, Lady Cowper stayed at Kensington, "the roads being so secure by it that one might come from London any time of the night without danger." Longer journeys were contemplated with natural dread. Lady Essex Robartes goes to take leave of Lady Cowper before starting for Cornwall; she will be about twelve days on the road. "She undertakes it with great fear."

Lady Cowper gives an appalling account of the precocity of the little princesses. "They are miracles of their ages, especially Princess Anne," afterwards Princess of Orange, "who at five years old speaks, reads, and writes both German and French to perfection, knows a great deal of history and geography, speaks English very prettily, and dances very well."

The Princess of Wales was affronted by the Bishop of London, who as dean of the Chapel Royal respectfully offered his assistance in her theological studies. "He is very impertinent," she exclaimed indignantly, "to suppose that I, who refused to be empress for the sake of the Protestant religion, don't understand it fully!" This "inscrutable woman," as Thackeray calls her, treated the courtiers to curious alternations of pride, familiarity, and ill-temper. Walking in the gallery at Hampton Court with Lord Sunderland, and quarrelling fiercely, she desired him to speak lower, or the people in the gardens would hear. "Let them hear!" he replied. "Well, if you have a mind, let 'em," said the princess. "But you shall walk next the windows, for in the humor we both are, one of us must certainly jump out, and I'm resolved it shan't be me!"

The princess, who was a great walker and enjoyed every description of exercise, was fond of bowls, at which she played every evening on the green, or "Green Gallery," at Windsor. The Duchess of Monmouth used to be often there.

The Princess loved her mightily [says Lady Cowper] and certainly no woman of her years ever deserved it so well. She had all the life and fire of youth, and it was marvellous to see that the many afflictions she had suffered had not touched her wit and good nature, but at upwards of threescore she had both in their full perfection.

Look on this picture and on that! — the duchess who "in pride of youth, in beauty's bloom, had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb," in her lively old age playing at bowls with the first Princess of Wales of the house of Hanover!

From 1716 to 1720 there is a gap in the diary.

During the interval, in April, 1718, Lord Cowper resigned the great seal. "The government," says Lord Stanhope,

sustained at this time another loss, and no light one, in Lord Cowper. His motive I do not find explicitly stated. . . . That he parted from his colleagues on good terms, may be presumed from his being promoted to an earldom. . . . His health was declining, and his temper had soured, and either of these circumstances might suggest a wish for retirement.*

We have seen in his wife's diary that illness had made Lord Cowper desire private life; there are also frequent charges of "peevishness" brought against him by political rivals, but these are not entertained by Lady Cowper for a moment. He occasionally alludes to infirmities of temper himself, however, in the letters addressed to his wife when she was in waiting (having remained in the household of the princess) and he in his favorite Colegreen, where he cultivated his garden and educated his children. He was often in town himself, active and public-spirited in Parliament and the Privy Council. Lord Campbell attributes Lord Cowper's resignation to the divisions in the royal family, his fidelity to the prince having caused the king to regard him coldly. This was very unjust, after George's repeated declarations that Lord Cowper was almost the only honest, disinterested man in the kingdom. On one occasion the king told the princess that he had "seen above fifty people, and everybody had asked for something but Lord Cowper." She rejoined: "Sir, you look ill to-day." "I may well look ill," he answered laughingly, "for I have had a world of blood drawn from me."

When Lady Cowper's diary recommences,† she records many overtures made to Lord Cowper to resume office, and constant references to his advice and experience when negotiations were opened for reconciling the king to the prince and princess. This great object was attained at last, after a thousand intrigues, and amidst general, though rather frothy, rejoicings.

Everything gay and laughing [writes Lady Cowper] nothing but kissing and wishing of joy. . . . I wished the Prince joy and com-

* History of England, 5th edition, vol. I., p. 299.

† Lord Campbell, who recommended the publication of the earlier portion, did not see this part of the diary, which was not discovered till 1863.

fort of what had been doing. He embraced and kissed me five or six times, and with his usual heartiness when he means sincerely. He said he knew the part I took in all his good or ill fortune,* and he knew my good heart so well, he was sure I was pleased with this. The Princess burst into a loud laugh, and said, "So! I think you two always kiss upon great occasions."

There was a little domestic embracing and congratulating as well, and we know how genuine that must have been: "I kissed Lord Cowper at coming home," the diary continues, "and said to him: 'Well, I thank God your head is your own, and that's more than one could be sure of two months ago.'" She alludes here to the very general belief that if the open enmity between the king and prince had continued, a new and successful Jacobite rising would have ensued.

The voice of the charmer, however, could not prevail on Lord Cowper to resume the burden he had laid down. The day after the general embracing—

He came to my bedside [writes his wife] and said, "My dear girl, I am come to let you the first into my secrets. I have with you thought to take service again, and by that show them, though I was not originally in this thing, yet I think a reconciliation so right and so necessary, that I will help to making everything in its own condition again. . . . But upon consideration, all the reasons of my quitting subsist still, except the unfortunate breach in the royal family. I am old and infirm, and rich enough; and I have resolved not to enslave myself to any power upon earth. At five and fifty 'tis time to think of making life easy; my infirmities will not let me struggle with knaves and fools."

He possibly felt that the mended cup would be in continual danger of breaking again. The situation was indeed what we should now call "strained" to an almost unbearable extent. Lady Cowper compares the appearance of the first drawing-room to that of

two armies drawn up in battle array. For the King's Court was all at the top of the room, behind the King; and the Prince's Court behind him. The Prince looked down and behaved prodigious well. The King cast an angry look that way every now and then; and one could not help thinking 'twas like a little dog and a cat—whenever the dog stirs a foot, the cat sets up her back and is ready to fly at him.

But though Lord Cowper stuck to his

* The prince once told Lord Cowper that he should not have known what to do without his lady, who had been very necessary to him, and had "done purely."

resolution of accepting neither place nor pension, and openly denounced the South Sea Bubble and other schemes for raising money countenanced by the royal family and the ministers, he did not wish his wife to go into seclusion with him.

As to your present condition [he writes to her from Colegreen] I hope, now the regret at parting is over, it is not only easy but delightful. It cannot be otherwise while you are with so good a mistress, and from whom you have received such proofs of kindness to you as cannot be counterfeit, whatever some would make you believe. If everybody would have counterfeit with me at that rate, I should not have had any cause to complain.*

Lady Cowper had long been of the same opinion; early in her official connection with the Princess of Wales she wrote: "I am so charmed with her good nature and good qualities that I shall never think I can do enough to please her. I am sure if being sincerely true and just to her will be any means to merit her favor, I shall have it, for I am come into the court with resolution never to tell a lie." Perhaps the lady of the bedchamber was too straightforward for one whom her Hanoverian attendants called *grandissime comédienne*. At any rate, the princess's manner changed to Lady Cowper after her reappearance at St. James's; she was surrounded by new flatterers, and cooled towards her old friends. But nothing could daunt Lady Cowper's outspoken honesty. The very last entry in her journal, dated Friday, July 10, 1720, records how when the princess, speaking to Mrs. Wake (wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury) of the great things to be done for her and the prince now they had made their submission, concluded: "Our children we shall have, and the regency they promise us, but I will venture my nose we shan't have it"—Lady Cowper, who was putting on the princess's gloves, rejoined: "Yes, madam. If your Highness had thirty noses, you might venture them all without the least danger to them!"

Two years later attempts were made to implicate Lord Cowper in some new Jacobite fermentations. They were as futile as false; but unfortunately the report that his house was to be searched so disturbed his wife that she burnt part of her diary, and many papers relating and belonging to the Prince and Princess of Wales, which she thought might be mischievous if discovered. Many years afterwards Caroline, then queen, is reported to have

* See Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*.

shown animosity to the daughter of her old friend, under the impression that she retained compromising documents. "If there were any such, they were committed to the fire," writes Lady Sarah, "and I have none the queen can be in any uneasiness about, unless from my retaining expressions of friendship she never felt, and promises I have cause to think she has no intention to perform."

On October 3, 1723, Lord Cowper, then in town, wrote to his "dearest life," promising to join her at Colegreen on the following Saturday. He did so, but suffered from cold on the journey, was taken violently ill on his arrival, and died on the following Thursday, in his sixtieth year. His wife and children were with him, and, according to Spence's "Anecdotes," his dying injunction to his son was that he should never travel. If true, this may have been intended as a precaution against Jacobite influences. Lord Cowper was buried in Hertingfordbury church, where his beloved brother Spencer was afterwards laid.

"The latter end of December," writes Lady Sarah, "my mother grew extremely ill. She lost her appetite entirely, and at times her memory, so that she would speak of my father as if living, ask for him, and expect him home. When she recollected his death it seemed to be with so lively a grief as if it had just then happened." She died in the following February, in her thirty-ninth year. The library at Panshanger is said to contain a large collection of books, some on rather abstruse subjects, which belonged to her, and are copiously annotated in her handwriting.

From All The Year Round.
THE CANNINGS.

WHO knows Saint Mary Redcliffe? It is a perpendicular, *i. e.*, fifteenth-century church, all built at the same time, almost as big as a small cathedral. If you are forced to choose between seeing it and Bristol cathedral, I would say "give up the latter." Even if you do not leave the railway, you can hardly help noticing its fine tower, and spire, and splendid porch; for, true to its name, it stands well above the smoke and dust which hide the lower levels of what was once the second city in England. Its founder was a friend of Edward the Fourth; at least he had the honor of entertaining that king and lending him money. And thus, like so many

of our best churches, it dates from the Wars of the Roses.

That must have been a strange time. The nobles kept flying at each other's throats till, like the famous Kilkenny cats, they had well-nigh annihilated one another, leaving free scope for Tudor tyranny, which was able to set the poor remnants of the aristocracy at defiance; but the lower strata of society seem hardly to have been more stirred than was the French bourgeoisie by the similar but less desperate war of the Fronde. The fact is, England had for some time been rapidly getting rich. The long (Hundred Years) war had beaten down French competition; it was, to a great extent, a trade war, in which we had Van Artevelde's and other Flemish trading folk on our side. Our wool-staplers had made money; and how better could they spend it than for the good of their souls? A wealthy tradesman did not usually found or add to a monastery, as the nobles of two and three centuries before had been so fond of doing. The friars had made the monks unpopular; though, in fact, few monasteries — except those which, like Walsingham, and Canterbury, and Beverley, had famous relics — were ever really popular. The poor liked them because they were fed at their doors: but burgesses and franklins looked on them as, for the most part, country clubs for the aristocracy, where men of gentle birth put up as they travelled from place to place, and where, when they died, they were prayed for quite apart from the "mob" and their mass-priests. A tradesman, therefore, rebuilt or restored his church, taking care, of course, to secure for himself a sufficient number of masses, but also showing herein a certain amount of public spirit. Hence, all through all East Anglia, from Lavenham and Woolpit in Suffolk to the Norfolk marshland, you find churches of this date, the names of the wool-staplers who built or restored them being not seldom preserved. The same in Somerset, a land of wool-stapling and of splendid perpendicular towers; and again in "the De-vizes," where the heavy perpendicular roofs are laid on Norman corbels. The feeling went on quite late; that little gem of fan-tracery, the Chapel of the Red Mount, at Lynn, was not built till 1485.

In Bristol, not far from what used to be a street of quaint old house-fronts, Narrow Wine Street, there used to be an old book-shop, the plain brick front of which did not prepare you for the fine louver-lighted hall which was behind. I believe

the outside has long ago been made to match the inside, and the whole labelled Canynge's House. And Canynge it was who in one of his mayoralties built St. Mary Redcliffe. He got all his stone from Durdham Down; and in the church you may see a huge bone said to belong to the colossal cow which (as if one of the miracles of the tenth century had been transplanted into the fifteenth) gave milk enough for all his workmen. And from that church Stratford Canning took his title, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. He was Stratford, as being the son of Stratford Canning, the banker, the younger of prime minister Canning's two uncles; but he was of Redcliffe, because the Cannings, though settled at Garvagh in County Derry since Elizabeth's time, claimed kindred with the famous mayor.

The father of the most famous of the Cannings was eldest son to Stratford Canning of Garvagh. He, falling in love with a peasant's daughter, was disinherited, and came to London with only a hundred and fifty pounds a year and what he could make by his pen. He got to be a newspaper hack, was called to the bar but remained briefless, and published a volume of poems which did not make him famous. In 1768 he met Mary Anne Costello (by her name a countrywoman of his own), and married her, the peasant's daughter, being, let us hope, in a better world. But Miss Costello's face was her fortune; and, like other portionless girls, she was probably a bad manager; and in 1771 George died, broken down under life's burden, leaving her with a young son and daughter. She went on the stage, marrying Redditch, an actor, after whose death she married a Plymouth linen-draper named Hunn; and, outliving him, enjoyed for many years the five hundred pounds a year, her son's pension as under-secretary, which in 1801 he dutifully arranged to have settled on her and her daughters. This son was, soon after his father's death, adopted by his uncle Stratford, the banker, and by him sent in due time to Eton. For the banker had thriven, and kept in Clement's Lane a sort of little Holland House, to which (since he was brother of an Irish viscount) the Whigs, who have always been such thorough aristocrats, could freely resort. Eton was, therefore, the proper place for one who was privileged to enter life in good company; and at Eton young Canning's career justified his uncle's choice. The *Microcosm*—a school magazine got up by him along with Hookham Frere, and the Smiths of the

"Rejected Addresses"—is worthy of the editor of the "Anti-Jacobin." Knight, the publisher, bought the copyright for fifty pounds. Of how many school magazines, even in this day of greater culture, would the copyright bring fifty shillings? At Oxford the brilliant boy kept up his reputation, getting the chancellor's Latin verse prize, and making friends with Lord Holland, Lord Granville, etc. Entering at Lincoln's Inn, he got into that paradise of fashionable Whigs, Devonshire House, when out burst the French Revolution. At once the Whig dovescotes were in a flutter, and a flight of notabilities—Spencer, Wyndham, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Burke himself—entered the Tory camp. Canning soon followed, frightened by Godwin's proposal that, in case of a revolution, he should head the English Jacobins.

So Canning went straight to Pitt, partly moved by the shabby way in which the Whigs treated Burke and Sheridan, as they afterwards did O'Connell, dozens of them giving up White's because "Big O" was elected to that choicest of Whig clubs.

Under Pitt, Canning made his maiden speech in 1794; and he tells his college friend, Lord Morley, how he felt when he saw some of the members laughing. Two years after he became under-secretary for foreign affairs, and soon began the "Anti-Jacobin," in which the Liberals were subjected to the railery which had usually fallen to the lot of "the stupid party," as the Tories have so often been called.

Frere wrote in this, and the Smiths, and even Pitt himself. But the only piece of which the popularity has lasted is "The Needy Knife-grinder." Most of us know how the Radical got hold of this man, and told him how oppressed he was, and urged him to make a stand against those who were depriving him of his rights. The knife-grinder listens, and when the orator stops asks for sixpence to drink his honor's health. Whereupon the champion of the rights of man bursts out with:—

I give thee sixpence! I would see thee hanged first:

Wretch, whom no sense of wrong can rouse to vengeance,

Poor puling caitiff, reprobate degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

The anti-Jacobins were nothing if not classical—those were the days when a line from Horace or Virgil was essential in a neat speech; and the metre of the knife-grinder is Sapphic, often tried since, but seldom with such success.

In 1800 Canning married one hundred

thousand pounds and Miss Scott. This made him independent of office, and when Pitt, who had carried the Union by promising Roman Catholic emancipation, resigned to save appearances, Canning resigned too. In 1807 he became foreign minister under his wife's sister's husband; and to him is due the credit, such as it is, of Lord Cathcart's carrying off the Danish fleet, while he charged on Lord Castlereagh's slowness in sending reinforcements the failure of the Walcheren expedition, and of Sir John Moore at Corunna. Hence war to the knife, or rather to the pistol, between the two statesmen. A duel was fought, and at the second fire Lord Castlereagh had a coat-button shot away, and Canning got a slight wound in the thigh. This quarrel broke up the Portland ministry. Perceval came in; and Canning, refusing to take office, helped him by vigorous speeches in support of the war. He also went in for literature, writing in the *Quarterly* a humorous article on the bullion question (1808), and getting close friends with Scott. "I admire your 'Lady of the Lake'" (said he) "more and more every time I read it; but what a thousand pities it is that you didn't write it in the grand and heroic couplet of Dryden! Do you know I've a great mind to clothe some parts of your fine poem in a Drydenic habit." If he did so he was wise enough not to publish the attempt; but Scott's "Poacher," a poor imitation of Crabbe, and a few other little-read pieces were, no doubt, due to Canning's suggestion.

When Perceval was shot, Lord Liverpool became premier, and he wanted Canning to be his foreign secretary. But Canning, though he told his friends, "Two years at the Foreign Office just now would be worth ten years of life to me" — refused, because his rival, Castlereagh, was leader of the House of Commons. So, saying in the grand style of the day, "My political allegiance is buried in the grave of Pitt," he went abroad, for his eldest son's health. He came in during his absence for one of those good things which are the envy of the modern place-hunter. The king of Portugal was coming back from Brazil, and Canning was appointed to welcome him as ambassador extraordinary at a salary of fourteen thousand pounds a year! He got home again in time to help his party to pass the Six Acts, which for a time made government in England a pure despotism; but he managed to be out of the way at Queen Caroline's trial, thereby enraging George

IV., who, however, when Lord Castlereagh killed himself, was told by the Duke of Wellington that nobody but Canning could fill the vacant foreign secretaryship. But it was soon seen that his policy was not quite the same as his predecessor's. The Holy Alliance was for crushing all attempts to modify the despotisms which had been everywhere founded after the fall of Napoleon. "No," said Canning, "England can't help at that game. We'll maintain the parcelling out of Europe settled by the Treaty of Vienna, though we don't half like it; but we hold every nation to be free to do as it likes within its own boundaries, and when we please we will resist any attack on this freedom." This was in 1822. Two years before, Portugal and Naples had gone in for constitutional government; but Neapolitan freedom was at once crushed down by Austria, without a word of protest from England. From Portugal the constitutional movement spread to Spain; and in 1823 the French crossed the frontier and put down the Spanish Liberals, England again declining to interfere, but taking the rather dishonorable course of abetting the Spanish colonies in their revolt, "calling," as Canning grandiloquently expressed it, "the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." Perhaps more "buncombe" was talked about this, and more self-glorification indulged in, than about anything that has happened since the end of the long war. The fact is, it was a very poor business. The Spanish American States have not done much, while their loss weakened Spain; and the result was that ever since, the Spaniards have hated us, and all the blood and treasure spent in the Peninsular War were thrown away, as far as securing their affection is concerned.

In Portugal, by the way, we did just the same that we had bitterly condemned the French for doing in Spain — that is, we interfered with an armed force which drove out the absolutist, Don Miguel; only, as Brazil was quite tranquil, the French could not repay us in kind by helping that Portuguese colony to independence.

Three years after, Canning went to Paris, and made thorough friends with Charles the Tenth. "What a pity it is we two nations did not understand one another!" said the king. "Had we done so, my brother Louis's army would never have crossed into Spain." Canning was asked to the royal "dinner in public," that survival of mediæval customs, to which no

one not of royal blood had ever been invited, except the Duke of Wellington and Prince Metternich.

The shadow of death was on Canning when the great powers began to intervene in the Greek insurrectionary war. This probably accounts for the strange clause about the forced armistice which, by leading to the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, gave Russia a predominance that Canning would have been the last to accord to her. His maxim was: "We must on no account go to war with Turkey to force her to acknowledge the independence of Greece;" at the same time he acquiesced in the secret article which empowered the allied fleets to insist on an armistice by force of arms. This proves weakness; and we are not astonished that four weeks after signing such an unsatisfactory treaty Canning died. He had caught a shocking cold at the Duke of York's funeral. It was bitter January weather, and the Cabinet was kept for two hours standing on the cold stones in St. George's Chapel before the royal mourners were ready. "Stand on your cocked hat," whispered Canning to Lord Eldon, who complained that he had lost all feeling in his feet. Unhappily he neglected to stand on his own hat. Perhaps he did not like to spoil it, for Canning had that penny wisdom which, like a strange vein, crosses the minds of many great men. Here's an instance of it. He lived at Brompton; and when the House was sitting he used to stop his coach just west of Hyde Park Corner. Thence he would walk down Constitution Hill, bidding the coachman meet him at the same place — to save the turnpike. Anyhow, he saved his hat and lost his life, for the cold got hold of him; and the cruel badgering he suffered all the session — Lord Grey making such a savage attack on him in the Lords that he seriously thought of taking a peerage in order to answer him face to face — prevented his rallying. He tried Bath and Brighton, but in vain. The effort to hold together his patchwork ministry — for Peel and Wellington would not serve under him — was too much for him. That he should have been made premier at all by such a Tory as George the Fourth is strange.

So Canning died — a strange mixture; Liberal abroad, strictly Conservative at home; his own explanation of the anomaly being, that in each case he took the weaker side — and with him died the grandiose style of oratory, though Lord

Beaconsfield afterwards did a good deal to bring it to life again.

His first cousin, Stratford, was the banker's youngest son. The banker had shared his brother's fate — was disinherited because of a *misalliance*. But the marriage turned out a success; for the wit and beauty of Mehetabel Patrick helped to make the banker's house a favorite supper-place for Fox and Sheridan and other big Whigs. This was invaluable to both the cousins; it probably led to their being sent to Eton, and there it gave them a start with the friendship of all the young celebrities. Stratford, sixteen years younger than his cousin, seems to have run about pretty much as he liked at Windsor. To Eton boys George the Third was a deal more accessible than his granddaughter is even to ambassadors. There Stratford Canning met Addington and Pitt, and the rest of the Tory set, who won him over by taking him to hear the debates. He became captain of Eton, and therefore went to King's, Cambridge, living in Walpole's old rooms, and not troubling himself about reading. Before he had finished residence his cousin, who throughout life helped him in all sorts of ways, sent him as secretary with the embassy which tried to persuade the Danes that seizing their fleet was a real act of kindness to them; and he got his degree by decree of the Cambridge senate, by virtue of "absence on the king's service." Had he not been away he would have had to go through an examination; King's College at that time, and long after, kept itself independent of the university and its rules. Next year (1808) he was sent with Mr. Adair to Constantinople to try to make peace between Russia and Turkey, so that the British army on the Danube might be free to take the French in flank.

Adair was so disgusted with the delays, and shuffles, and double-shuffles, and plots, and counterplots of Turkish diplomacy, that he got himself transferred to Vienna; and young Canning was left alone, "entirely forgotten by the government; 'steering by the stars'; the most important despatch Marquis Wellesley sent me, relating not to our policy but to some classical MSS., supposed to be somewhere in the Seraglio." He had the French and Austrian ambassadors countermining him; he had to deal with the incurable Micawberish procrastination of the Turks; and it was only by taking on himself to order Captain Hope to bring up

the Mediterranean fleet to prevent French privateers from selling their prizes in Turkish ports that he forced the sultan to be in earnest. This gave the Turks a taste of his mettle, and earned for him the title of the great *eltchi* (ambassador), which clung to him through life. So what between showing a bold front and a grand manner, and resolutely determining not to be made a fool of, and also crying up Wellington's victories in Spain, thereby proving that England and not France was the stronger power, he at last succeeded in getting the Treaty of Bucharest signed (May, 1812), just in the nick of time to enable Tschitschakoff and his army to march upon Napoleon, thus doing (as Wellington said, in the bombastic style of the day) "the most important service to this country and to the world that ever fell to the lot of any individual to perform."

Sick of "honorable exile" at the Porte (he always hankered after a high ministerial appointment at home), he then came away, his work for the time being done, and went to Paris with the allied sovereigns, and saw, for the only time, the handsome young Nicholas, destined to be his lifelong enemy. He next had a very difficult bit of diplomacy—to settle the rivalries of the Swiss cantons and weld them into a "neutral and guaranteed" State. And then he was sent to Washington, where things were in such a ticklish state, that cross-grained Secretary Adams said to him: "Sir, it took us of late several years to go to war with you for the redress of our grievances; renew these subjects of complaint, and it won't take so many weeks to produce the same effect."

The chief grievance was the right of search for British seamen, and our way of suppressing the slave-trade. Canning managed to smooth things over; but he did not like America and the Americans; and in 1824 he went again to Turkey, and tried hard to do his best for the Turks in their war with Greece. The Greeks, who were at the last gasp, would hardly have accepted half independence and Turkish garrisons in their fortresses, but Turkey was so blindly stubborn that she forced on Navarino, and threw the whole game into Russia's hands.

Then Stratford Canning had a long rest, and got into Parliament, where he made but a poor figure. In 1832 he was sent on a fool's errand to Portugal to try to make friends between Dons Pedro and Miguel. Then they sent him to St. Petersburg, but Nicholas would not receive him, and Lord

Palmerston would not send any one instead, and for years we had no ambassador at the czar's court. At last, in 1841, he went to Constantinople, and for the next sixteen years (with only one break, during which at home he was made viscount), he worked hard to save Turkey, insisting on reforms, taking away all real ground of complaint from Russia by getting the Turks to give way about the holy places, and securing (by the *hatti-sheriff* of Gulhané) the persons and properties of all Turkish subjects, without distinction of religion. He found time, too, to get leave for Layard (to whom he supplied the money) to carry on his diggings at Nineveh, thereby checkmating the French, whose consul, Botta, had already begun unearthing the famous sculptures.

But Russia had made up her mind to fight; Prince Mentchikoff was furious at having been out-manceuvred by the Englishman, and he made his master as mad as himself; and the czar demanded, as his ultimatum, the suzerainty over the thirteen million Christian subjects of the Porte. Of course, this could not be conceded, and the Russian armies were ordered across the Pruth.

The desire to crush an ambassador who had so long bearded him and thwarted his agents, went for a great deal in the czar's mad decision.

After the war, during which Stratford Canning used all his efforts to bring in Austria and Prussia—for nothing was more hateful to him than our alliance with "that adventurer, Louis Bonaparte"—he settled in England, still hoping for office, but getting instead the garter, an Oxford D.C.L., and a Cambridge LL.D. The bad ways that the Turks got into when his pupil, Abd-el-Mejid, was succeeded by the recklessly extravagant Abd-el-Aziz, clouded his latter days; it was heart-breaking to see the people for whom he had worked so hard and so long, going backward instead of keeping along the line of wholesome reform on which he had set them. Still he lived to be ninety-four, writing poetry and religious essays up to the very last, outliving by eighteen years his first cousin's only surviving son, the Indian governor-general. Those are the three whose statues stand close together in the Abbey. There is no other famous name in the family. They shone like a constellation of meteors; and now all that is left is the Garvagh-Cannings, of Derry, whose ancestor made the right marriage, and remained (as his posterity have done) in the obscurity of a small Irish lord.

Of "Clemency Canning," the Indian governor, not many words need be said; his title reminds us how differently he was estimated by different parties. Born in 1812, he, too, was an Eton boy, and was at Christ Church, Oxford, with Gladstone. In 1837 he succeeded to the title which, after the great statesman's death, had been conferred on his mother. After a number of minor appointments (for his father's son was pretty sure of office), Lord Aberdeen made him postmaster-general in 1853; and two years later Lord Palmerston sent him to India to succeed Lord Dalhousie.

Soon began the muttered thunder which heralded the mutiny. The Sepoys cried out against sea service; they had enlisted to fight on land, and could not lose caste by being sent to Burmah across the "black water." But Canning was firm, and when it came to the point, the Sepoys went, nursing their wrath till by-and-by. Then came on the greased cartridges, followed by the outbreak, "due," (says Sir John Kaye) "to our being too English; and," he adds, "it was only because we were English, that when it arose it did not utterly overwhelm us."

Canning was blamed for not realizing at the outset that it was a struggle for existence. For a long time he would not let the Calcutta English form a volunteer regiment. In restricting the liberty of the press, he included the English as well as the native newspapers; and no one can be astonished at his so doing who remembers how, even at home, the press lost its head. He disarmed civilian English as well as natives; and no wonder, when "pandy-potting" had become a general amusement, and when even soldiers of the line, as soon as they stepped off their ship, would fix bayonets and begin to hunt down "niggers" in the Calcutta streets. The fact is, it was a panic, and fear is always cruel; and Canning had the nerve to do all he could to keep Englishmen from behaving worse than tigers. Where energy was the thing, he was energetic enough. When Sir H. Lawrence asked for full powers in Oudh, he at once granted them (he had long before made Lawrence chief commissioner there, in lieu of the incapable who had let things fall into confusion). He held out against John Lawrence, who was for giving up all the country beyond the Indus; and by-and-by, he, with more questionable right, stood out against Outram, who wanted to draw distinctions between the rebel and non-rebel talookdars, and sternly insisted that "all

the land of Oudh was confiscate to the British government."

Cold and reserved, and slow in making up his mind, he was never a popular governor; but the natives felt that he was just; and the assurance he gave them that the annexation policy should be abandoned, and that adoption should be sanctioned as a right, did much to restore quiet. In that terrible time, men like Lord Clyde were deeply impressed by his calm courage and firmness, and by the thorough trust he reposed in subordinates of proved ability. He was magnanimous, too (a very rare quality), and never attempted all through the storm of obloquy that beat on him, to right himself by blaming his countrymen. When we think how one little blunder might have lost us our empire, we may well be thankful we had such a governor. He was worthy of his father and his cousin.

From Chambers' Journal.

SOME ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE following curious advertisement appeared in the *Edinburgh Courier* of October 28, 1758: "We, Robert M'Nair and Jean Holmes, having taken into consideration the way and manner our daughter Jean acted in her marriage, that she took none of our advice, nor advised us before she married, for which reason we discharged her from our family for more than twelve months; and being afraid that some or other of our family may also presume to marry without duly advising us thereof; we, taking the affair into serious consideration, hereby discharge all and every one of our children from offering to marry without our special advice and consent first had and obtained; and if any of our children should propose or presume to offer marriage to any without as aforesaid our advice and consent, they in that case shall be banished from our family twelve months; and if they go so far as to marry without our advice and consent, in that case they are to be banished from our family seven years. But whoever advises us of their intention to marry, and obtains our consent, shall not only remain children of the family, but also shall have due proportion of our goods, gear, and estate as we shalt think convenient and as the bargain requires. And further, if any one of our children shall marry clandestinely, they by so doing shall lose all claim or title to our effects, goods, gear, or estates;

and we intimate this to all concerned, that none may pretend ignorance."

A young gentleman "offers his service" to the ladies in an advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* (1758): "Ladies! A young gentleman aged twenty-five, easy in fortune, happy in temper, of tolerable parts, not superficially polite, but genteel address, some knowledge of the world, and little acquainted with the 'Fair,' presumes to offer his service to one not exceeding ten years older than himself, of good-nature and affable disposition. absolutely mistress of at least one thousand pounds. Will find the utmost sincerity from one who would make it the ultimate end of his ambition to render the matrimonial state truly happy. Any lady who has spirit enough to break through the idle customs of the age and not give trouble out of mere curiosity, inclined to answer this, may leave a line for X. O. at *Gregg's Coffee-house*, in York Street, Covent Garden, shall receive immediate answer, and be waited upon in person at any time and place she shall appoint. The most inviolable secrecy and honor will be punctually observed."

The following flattering description of himself is given, by a gentleman of "sweet disposition," to a lady in the *Public Advertiser* of April 17, 1759: "Whereas I had long despaired of meeting with a temptation to enter into the holy state of matrimony, till, taking up the paper of Friday last, I read the agreeable advertisement of a lady, whose sentiments jump so entirely with mine, I am convinced we are cut out for each other, and therefore take this method of describing myself. I am a gentleman of an unexceptionable good family; losses and crosses have reduced my fortune to my wardrobe, a diamond ring, a gold watch, and an amber-headed cane; but as you have generously said, you don't even wish a fortune, I imagine this will be no hindrance. My person is far from disagreeable, my skin smooth and shining, my forehead high and polished, my eyes sharp though small, my nose long and aquiline, my mouth wide, and what teeth I have perfectly sound. All this, with the addition of a good heart and sweet disposition, and not one unruly particle, compose the man who will be willing upon the slightest intimation to pay his devoirs to the lady. If she will direct her letter for S. W., to be left at *St. James's Coffee-house*, the gentleman will wait on her wherever she pleases to appoint him."

The following advertisement is taken from the *Daily Advertiser* (1758): "A Single Gentleman, in a very good way of business, and who can make two hundred per cent. advantage out of it, and who is free from debts, about twenty-six years of age, and is what the flatterer calls genteel, and rather handsome, of a cheerful disposition, and of very affable temper, not at all given to drinking, gaming, or any other vice that a Lady can take umbrage at; one that would rather get a fortune than spend one, has been in most parts of England, and is very well acquainted with London, and no stranger to the 'Fair Sex,' but entirely so to any one he would prefer for a wife. As he has not been so happy as to meet with a Lady that suits his disposition as yet; of a cheerful disposition and free from the modern vices; one that is of the Church of England, and has no objection to going there on the Sabbath, and to take some care for a future happiness, one that would think herself rather happier in her husband's company than at public places; one that would more consult the interest of her than the glass, in the morning; to be neat in person and apparel. As to the Lady's person, it will be more agreeable to have with it what the world calls agreeable than beauty, with any fortune not less than five hundred pounds at her own disposal, except she has good interest, then less will be agreeable. Any Lady this may suit will be waited on by directing a line to G. C. at *Peele's Coffee-house*, in Fleet Street. Inviolable secrecy may be depended upon, as the gentleman does not choose a seven years' siege."

"Miss Fisher" inserts the following paragraph in the *Public Advertiser* of March 30, 1759: "To err is a blemish entailed upon mortality, and indiscretions seldom or never escape from censure, the more heavy as the character is more remarkable; and doubled, nay trebled, by the world if the progress of that character is marked by success; then malice shoots against it all her stings, the snakes of envy are let loose; to the humane and generous heart then must the injured appeal, and certain relief will be found in impartial honor. Miss Fisher is forced to sue to that jurisdiction to protect her from the baseness of little scribblers and scurvy malevolence; she has been abused in public papers, exposed in print-shops, and to wind up the whole, some wretches, mean, ignorant, and venal, would impose upon the public by daring to pretend to publish her Memoirs. She hopes to prevent the success of their endeavors by

thus publicly declaring that nothing of that sort has the slightest foundation in truth.

C. FISHER."

A maiden lady, who wishes to enter "into the honorable state of matrimony," inserts the following in the *Daily Advertiser* of April 13, 1759: "A middle-aged Maiden Lady, with an independent fortune, has been determined by the cruel treatment of those who from their connections ought to have been her friends, to think of entering into the honorable state of matrimony. She is indifferent as to fortune, so she meets with a gentleman of good morals and family; indeed, she would rather wish to marry a person without any fortune, that the gentleman may have the higher obligations to her, and of consequence treat her with that tenderness and regard reasonably to be expected from persons under such circumstances. Her reason for taking this method is, that it has been industriously given out by people interested (in order, she supposes, to prevent proposals), that she had determined never to marry. Letters with proposal will be received at the bar of the *Smyrna Coffee-house*, directed for Z. Z. A description of the gentleman's person, age, and profession is requested to be inserted, and how to direct if the proposals are approved of. The lady's conduct will bear the strictest scrutiny. No letters received unless post-paid, to prevent impertinence."

From Chambers' Journal.

RHYMES ON PANES.

IN a variety of places, but more especially in old village inns, reflections in verse, good, bad, and indifferent, have been found scratched upon window-panes. We have carefully copied the best examples which have come under our notice, and present a batch herewith, believing that they may entertain our readers.

A genial old Yorkshire parson appears, at the commencement of the present century, to have been greatly pleased with an inn situated between Northallerton and Boroughbridge, for he visited it daily to enjoy his pipe and glass. On one of its window-panes he inscribed some lines, of which the following is a literal copy:—

Here in my wicker chair I sitt,
From folly far, and far from witt,
Content to live, devoid of care,
With country folks and country fare;

To listen to my landlord's tale,
And drink his health in Yorkshire ale;
Then smoak and read the *York Courant*;
I'm happy, and 'tis all I want.
Though few my tythes, and light my purse,
I thank my God it is no worse.

Here is another Yorkshire example, written towards the close of the last century; it is from an old wayside inn near Harewood-bridge, on the Leeds and Harrogate road:—

Gaily I lived, as 'Ease and Nature taught,
And passed my little Life without a thought;
I wonder, then, why Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

Under the foregoing, the following was written:—

Ah! why forget that Death should think of thee;
If thou art Mortal, such must surely be;
Then rouse up reason, view thy hast'ning end,
And lose no time to make thy God thy Friend.

In the old coaching-days, the Dog and Doublet, at Sandon, Staffordshire, was a popular house. A guest wrote on one of its window-panes the following recommendation:—

Most travellers to whom these roads are known,
Would rather stay at Sandon than at Stone!
Good chaises, horses, treatment, and good wines,
They always meet with at James Ballantine's.

A penniless poet wrote on a tavern window-pane the lines:—

O Chalk! to me, and to the poor, a friend,
On thee my life and happiness depend;
On thee with joy, with gratitude I think,
For, by thy bounty, I both eat and drink.

"Chalk" is a slang word for credit. Innkeepers kept their accounts on the back of a door, written with chalk.

The following epigram was written under a pane disfigured with autographs:—

Should you ever chance to see
A man's name writ on a glass,
Be sure he owns a diamond,
And his parent owns an ass.

On the accession of her Majesty, this *jeu d'esprit* was inscribed on an inn window:—

The Queen's with us, the Whigs exulting say;
For when she found us in, she let us stay.
It may be so; but give me leave to doubt
How long she'll keep you when she finds you out.

The following lines, dated 1793, were

written on a window-pane at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, Spa, Belgium :—

I love but one, and only one.
Ah, Damon, thou art he!
Love thou but one, and only one,
And let that one be me!

Early in the present century, it was customary for the actors to write their names on the panes in one of the windows of the York Theatre. On the glass of the same window were found inscribed these lines :

The rich man's name embellished stands on brass;
The player simply scribbles his on glass,
Appropriate tablet to the wayward fate—
A brittle, shining, evanescent state:
The fragile glass destroyed—farewell the name;
The actor's glass consumed—farewell his fame.

Our next example, dated 1834, from Purwell Hall, Batley, Yorkshire, was composed by a Miss Taylor. It is generally believed that her heart was won by a lover who did not meet with the approbation of her friends, and that they made her prisoner in one of the rooms of the old Hall, and there, on a pane of glass, were written the lines which follow :—

Come, gentle Muse, wont to divert
Corroding cares from anxious heart;
Adjust me now to bear the smart
Of a relenting angry heart.
What though no being I have on earth,
Though near the place that gave me birth,
And kindred less regard do pay
Than thy acquaintance of to-day;
Know what the best of men declare,
That they on earth but strangers are:
Nor matter it a few years hence
How fortune did to thee dispense,
If—in a palace thou hast dwelt,
Or—in a cell of penury felt—
Ruled as a prince—served as a slave,
Six feet of earth is all thou'lt have.

Hence give my thoughts a nobler theme,
Since all the world is but a dream
Of short endurance.

Robert Burns wrote several poetical pieces on tavern windows. On a pane of glass at the Queensberry Arms, Sanquhar, he inscribed the following :—

Ye gods! ye gave to me a wife
Out of your grace and favor,
To be a comfort to my life;
And I was glad to have her.

But if your providence divine
For other ends design her,
To obey your will at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.

A second piece reads as under :—

Envy, if thy jaundice eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow, thou wilt find
All that's generous, all that's kind:
Virtue, friendship, every grace
Dwelling in this happy place.

Burns's lines written on the window-panes of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, have frequently been quoted. The following inscription refers to the charms of the daughter of the factor of Closeburn estate, when the poet resided at Ellisland :—

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

In some editions of the poet's works, the following verse is given, and is stated to have been copied from a window of the same tavern :—

The graybeard, Old Wisdom, may boast of
his treasures;
Grant me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled
pleasures;
But Folly has raptures to give.

An interesting relic passed into the hands of an admirer of Burns, on which the following was written :—

Hers are the willing charms of love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law,
But still my Chloris dearest charms,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Preserved with the foregoing is the following statement: "The above manuscript, from the hand of the immortal Burns, written on a pane of glass on one of the windows of the Globe Inn, Dumfries, is presented by John Thomson, writer, of Lockerbie, to Mr. John Spiers, Glasgow, in token of friendship and regard, 15th September, 1824."

Such are a few of the many rhymes scratched upon glass. Some of the panes on which they were inscribed may now be broken, and this may be the only means of preserving them.

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXII.

CONTENTS.

I. NOTES AND QUERIES ON THE IRISH DEMAND. By Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., ...	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , ...	771
II. RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN. Part V., ...	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , ...	786
III. WILLIAM BARNES AND HIS POEMS OF RURAL LIFE IN THE DORSET DIALECT, ...	<i>National Review</i> , ...	790
IV. MAJOR AND MINOR. By W. E. Norris, Part III., ...	<i>Good Words</i> , ...	802
V. PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, ...	<i>Athenæum</i> , ...	818
VI. A BUNDLE OF LETTERS: 1603-1607, ...	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> , ...	821
VII. THE FRENCH SOLDIER AT HOME, ...	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> , ...	823

. Title and Index to Volume CLXXII.

POETRY.

"FIERY HONEY,"	770	SLEEP—A SONNET, ...	770
GOING, ...	770	HOPE, ...	770

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"FIERY HONEY."

I.

AN April face set in a summer sea
 Of waving hair, that in the sunshine gleams;
 Two laughter-loving eyes that brighter be
 Than all the splendor of the day-god's
 beams;
 And coral lips that can both smile and pout,
 When passion's witchery breeds new loveli-
 ness;
 And tender rosebud cheeks that make us flout
 Those garden beauties in their gorgeous
 dress.
 In that fair face, bright eyes, and wealth of
 hair,
 A bitter sweetness these poor eyes have
 seen,
 That looked for bliss, and blinded to despair,
 Found laughing nymph too late a jealous
 queen.
 So fade fond dreams, so wake sick hearts to
 sigh:
 Yet are they blest who see the gods and die.

II.

The old truth is the new, that love is light,
 And writ in shifting sand a woman's word;
 Swift-winged from sleep, poor dreams of bliss
 take flight,
 Like heavenly strains forgotten soon as
 heard;
 And joy brings sorrow; and fond hope, de-
 spair;
 And from the sweet, the bitter ever springs;
 And laughing eyes but make the false seem fair;
 And music mocks us when an angel sings.
 Bright eyes and sunny hair are ever bright
 To one who sees not half their loveliness.
 Once sell thy true heart for the vain delight,
 And thou art bann'd, though still it seem
 to bless.
 And yet not wholly bann'd; to-morrow's pains
 Are as to-day's, and still — the past remains,
 Chambers' Journal. A. NAIRNE.

GOING.

MOVING about the quiet ways,
 Sitting beside the hearth,
 Joining as best she can and may
 In the careless household mirth;
 Yet always through the haunted night,
 As through the restless day,
 Feeling — another hour is passed,
 Of the time that flies away.
 The last frail strand of the cable
 Is parting, slow and sure,
 That never again to the harbor side
 My bonny boat will moor.
 My bonny boat, that may come again,
 God temper the wave and wind!
 To gladden sad eyes and yearning hearts,
 That now are left behind;

May come again, but not to lie
 Safe by the old home shore;
 The anchor of youth is almost weighed,
 They will cast it never more.

And it's oh, and it's oh, for the sinking dread,
 It's oh for the climbing sorrow,
 As ever the cruel, creeping night
 Brings on the weary morrow!

Love that is true must hush itself,
 Nor pain by its useless cry,
 For the young must go, and the old must bear,
 And time goes by, goes by.

All The Year Round.

SLEEP — A SONNET.

WE sleep and dream. Who has not seen and
 met
 His heart's desire in that charmed palace —
 Sleep,
 And hugged the happiness he could not keep,
 Or kissed an ideal he could never set
 In place of waking facts? Thus, from the
 fret
 And toil of life, we enter, wandering deep
 Through the long corridors, where dreams,
 that steep
 Our souls with gladness, wile us to forget
 That they are dreams. Here in the sleeping-
 place
 We come into the presence, face to face,
 Of longings realized; here stretch our hands
 To touch some well-remembered form of yore,
 And speak the words we should have spoke
 before
 Our friends passed from us into distant lands.
 Chambers' Journal. ROSE HOWARD.

HOPE.

(Suggested by Mr. Watts's picture in the Grosvenor
 Gallery, 1886.)

IN lonely vigil till the day be born,
 Whose one star glimmers pale the clouds
 among,
 She hears the voices of the human throng,
 The hopeless murmurs of a world outworn,
 The tumult of immitigable scorn,
 The old ancestral cry of mortal wrong,
 Sound like the weary burden of a song,
 Love loveless left and faithless faith forsworn.
 She hears, unheeding. Her self-blinded eyes
 Keep still undimmed the glory of the view
 Which once was hers, when all the world was
 new:
 Her ears, that catch one strain which never
 dies,
 Hold firm, through chance and change of
 earth and skies;
 Her dumb unswerving faith in good and true.
 Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Nineteenth Century.
NOTES AND QUERIES ON THE IRISH
DEMAND.

BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

I AM impressed with the belief, that this may be a favorable moment for approaching the Irish question on what may perhaps be termed its reflective, as opposed to its impassioned side. We who are attached, I believe immovably, to the policy of establishing a statutory Parliament in Ireland with its necessary consequence, a ministry responsible in the colonial fashion, and under proper conditions to secure the just interest of Ireland in imperial concerns, have nevertheless to recognize the fact that there is for the moment a solid wall built up across our path, in the shape of a majority of one hundred and ten against us. We have to look this hard fact in the face, as the free-traders had to look in the face a fact even a very little harder, when, in 1842, the sliding scale for a Corn Law defeated the fixed duty by a majority of one hundred and twenty-three;* and another fact, a good deal harder still, when the motion of Mr. Villiers for a free trade in corn was rejected by a majority of three hundred and three. If, as a high official authority declares, this be an irrevocable verdict against us, or if, as we think, the balance of voting power cast by the election of 1886 is simply a respite for our opponents, either way the time is a time calmly to inquire

What reinforcement we may gain from hope; If not, what resolution from despair.

Nor will I lengthen my preface by allowing myself to dwell either on the early signs of a crumbling process among our opponents, or on the invaluable admissions of Professor Dicey, who figures as our opponent; since these subjects would lead me nearer to the ground which I desire at present to avoid.

I. My first question is, whether it would be wise for Ireland, taking her lesson from old experience, to rely upon obtaining what she desires from the fears of England?

And my reply is, that it would be an

error on our part to appeal to the fears of England as supplying the ground on which she ought (we think) to comply with the desire of Ireland, of Scotland, and of Wales, that the policy of home rule for, Ireland, which I have defined above, should be adopted.

It is sometimes said that when Ireland has obtained anything that she deemed good from England it has been through fear. I admit this to be true in most cases; but it is not in all. In 1845, for example, Ireland desired or appeared to desire, and she obtained, three boons from Parliament from the wise forethought of Sir Robert Peel. They were, the better endowment of Maynooth; the foundation of the Queen's, yclept by Sir Robert Inglis the godless, Colleges; and the Charitable Bequests Act. No one would assert that these measures were passed through fear; unless indeed it were that "early and provident fear" which, says Burke, "is the mother of security," and which may attend upon, but does not disparage, any good act of any person for any purpose. If it be said that the instance is *de minimis*, then I quote three other measures, two given and one offered by Great Britain, to which this objection will not apply. They are: (1) the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; (2) the Land Act of 1870; (3) the Education Bill of 1879, approved on the second reading by a majority of British, but rejected by the votes of Irish members. It still appears to me little short of ludicrous to assert that these measures were the product of slavish fear, or that a couple of local outrages are to be compared with the case of the Emancipation Act, of which the Duke of Wellington said that he adopted the policy as being preferable to civil war. In a somewhat sluggish state of the public mind, those two outrages, at Manchester and Clerkenwell, just made it possible, by exciting general attention, for a powerful political party to give the Irish question precedence over other pending questions; and they did no more. I remember a case of a small timid spaniel frightened by a hare; Great Britain is not to be frightened even by a couple of hares.

It is, however, undeniable that not only

* Molesworth, Abridged Hist. of England, p. 232.

the act of 1829, but the great measures of 1778 and 1793 in Ireland, and of 1782 and 1783 in England, were in the main due to the fears of England. So the question may again be put from the Irish side, Why should we refrain from appealing to the fears of England, as well as to her reason and her justice? I should be far from advising Ireland to rely upon the resuscitation of such fears.

Taking first the great series of measures, which made the years between 1778 and 1795 almost a golden age of Irish history, I note at once four broad and fundamental distinctions between the relative position of the two countries then, and their relative position now. First the pressure of the American War, next the Continental combination against Great Britain, and thirdly the outbreak of the conflict with revolutionary France, opened from other quarters not only demands on the strength of Great Britain, but even at one time a menace of coming exhaustion, to which there has since been no parallel. Secondly, the relative population of the islands was then little more than two to one, with a predominance decreasing; it is now six to one, with a ratio steadily increasing. Thirdly, Great Britain then had to encounter an united Ireland, without distinction of class or creed. Moreover the Protestants, and the upper class generally, who, whatever else they were, were then almost to a man true Irishmen, fought in the front rank of the nation. Fourthly, Ireland had an army and auxiliary forces, her people having at all times been eminently and splendidly martial; so that her volunteers, between what they were and what they might be, were almost to be regarded as a nation in arms. This remarkable aggregate of circumstances has been duly considered by every prudent Irishman in drawing his comparisons between the present and the past; nor is it for them that under this head I am writing, but rather for that great portion of the British population, which seeks by every legitimate means to bring about a compliance with their desires.

In 1829, with the exception of the numerical ratio, which remained nearly the same, all was vitally changed. No foreign

foe pressed upon us. All Irish force was under control from the Horse Guards. Above all, we had no longer to deal with an united Ireland. Religious animosities in Ireland have never encountered there any but one irreconcilable foe; it has been the spirit of nationality. When the critical year of 1795 opened, religious animosities were at their nadir, because the spirit of nationality was at its zenith. The Protestant and landlord Parliament of Ireland spoke out boldly and nobly for the Roman Catholics of the nation, on the dark day when Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled. After that fatal act, it became necessary for the executive, in its headlong career, to dissolve the holy alliance, for such it was, formed between Irishmen of different Churches. It was something like the ruin of the Table Round after the sin of Guinevere, nobly described by Tennyson. For then came, in Ireland, the deplorable foundation of the Orange Lodges; the gradual conversion of the United Irishmen into a society of Separatists; the disarmament of the people with all its cruelties; the reign of lawlessness under the seal of law; the rebellion of 1798, with some samples of bloody retaliation; and the nameless horrors recorded by the manly shame of Lord Cornwallis. Thus was laid the train of causes which, followed up by the Act of Union, has made Ireland for ninety years a sharply divided country.

Thus divided, Ireland had still indeed a third of the entire population when she extorted from the Wellington government the Emancipation Act. But, even setting apart the fact that her proportion has now sunk to a seventh and is sinking still, she only obtained this partial boon at the price of what was nearly the extinction of popular suffrage, after a generation of internal and external strife, and with the effect, not of allaying religious contentions, but of stirring them to a more violent exasperation. Granted, then, that after a generation spent in controversy England, in the person of the great soldier, was afraid; but who is there among the most downcast of all the sufferers by the late defeat that is willing to compound for success by putting it off for a generation, or for the half, or for half the half, of one?

In truth, one of the conclusions that with the progress of a lengthened life most ripens and deepens in my mind, is my conclusion as to the vast and solid strength of Great Britain. She has a strength such as that she may almost war with heaven; may prolong wrong-doing through years and years, if not with impunity, yet with a reserve of unexhausted strength, fetched up from every fibre of a colossal organism, which seems as if, like the peasant's river, it would flow forever, never drain away.

She is in the field like another Capaneus:—

Θεοῦ τε γὰρ θέλοντος ἐκπέρσειν πόλιν
Καὶ μὴ θέλοντός φησιν.*

Little indeed need she fear to lack the possession of the giant's strength; but much, lest she should be tempted to use it like a giant. The defects of British character, and I do not under-estimate them, lie in my opinion on the surface; the root and heart of it are not only great but good. I believe my countrymen will arrive, and that not slowly, at the consciousness that the one deep and terrible stain upon their history, a history in most respects so noble, is to be found in their treatment of Ireland. It is not a little noteworthy, first, that this is an English, not a British question; for the people of Scotland cannot be said to have been in political relations with Ireland before 1833; and secondly, that it is that same great and dominant part of Britain which has been responsible for the prior management of Ireland, and which now withholds from her the autonomy which the members for Scotland (as well as Wales), did it lie with them, would grant to her to-morrow. In these circumstances I would make my appeal, not to superficial qualities or superficial distinctions, but to the innate ineradicable nobleness of English character. I would beseech Englishmen to consider how they would behave to Ireland, if instead of having five millions of people, she had twenty-five; or if instead of being placed between us and the ocean, she were placed between us and the Continent. In any case let us make

the appeal to her heart, her reason, and her conscience; not to her fears.

II. In the controversy waged on the bills of the late administration, has Ireland, the weaker party, had the full benefit of equal treatment?

I conclude it will be admitted as belonging to the rules of fair play, that those rules should be the same for both sides; that interpretations and prognostications of the opponent's conduct, if illegitimate for one side, cannot be legitimate for the other; nay, that even when the two parties are enormously unequal in strength, a little more of caution, jealousy, even suspicion, is in equity to be allowed, on the ground of weakness, to the weaker side. Every generous man would feel this in the relations of private life, whether as master with a servant, as employer with a laborer, or as landlord with a cottager; or again, as men in a mass, dealing with women in a mass.

Such considerations, so far as they are applicable to an argument between nations, apply strongly to the present case, where, I suppose, it is not too much to say that, taking jointly into view population, possession, wealth, internal union, and resource, the strength of Great Britain is to the strength of Ireland not less, probably it is more, than as ten to one.

Let us now see in what manner any considerations of this kind have been applied in the controversies of 1886 on the Irish Government Bill and on the Sale and Purchase of Land Bill. My present observations deal with those bills simply as facts, and are consistent with the assumption not only that they were not the best possible, but that they were the worst possible measures on their respective subjects. Let us introduce two persons on the stage, one weak and the other strong, and call them one Ireland, accepting (in the main) the bills, the other England, refusing them.

The Land Bill, it will be remembered, would have cost England heavily, had Ireland not met her obligations under it; but, if those obligations were duly met, would not have cost her a sixpence. Ireland thought the obligations onerous, but nevertheless, without a murmur, by the mouths

* Seven against Thebes, v. 427.

of her representatives undertook them. It was not, however, a case to be disposed of by mere promises to pay; and consequently every pound, which might be raised by public authority in Ireland, was made payable only into the pocket of a British officer, to remain there until the last farthing of the current British claims had been liquidated. This officer was supported by a British court; and this court by the British army. These conditions of debtorship might appear to a dispassionate observer I will not say onerous, but at any rate somewhat stringent. But how have they been treated and regarded? Ireland, the obligee, might have said, "What security have I for receiving the balance due to me after you are paid? I have no control over your British officer, your British court, your British army; if you pass an act appropriating my money to the improvement of London, they will obey you, not me, and I in my weakness shall have no power to punish or prevent them." She said nothing of the kind. The weak was ready to rely upon the honor of the strong. But what said England? "I have first your acceptance of the debt; secondly, the full legality of my claim; thirdly, my judicial, civil, and military power to enforce it. I am much in the habit of accepting promises, in matters of money, from colonies, and from foreign States. Your promise I hold as naught; and on my own possession of unquestioned right and unbounded power I refuse to rely. I shall act the strong and the weak at once. As being strong, I reject your suit; but also, as if I were weak, I refuse to accept the security of a right which none can deny, joined with a power which there is nothing to resist."

I turn now to the Irish Government Bill, and test it on a single but very important point. It gave to the crown the veto on all bills passed by the statutory Parliament of Ireland. It did not contain any provision that this veto should be exercised under the advice of the Irish executive. It was, we have to remember, a veto upon bills within the statutory powers, bills exclusively Irish. On this exclusively Irish subject matter, a sovereign sitting in London, and advised habitually by a ministry subject to the control of Parliament, that is to say liable at any moment to dismissal at the pleasure of the British House of Commons, was to give or withhold those mystic words, *La reine le veut* or *La reine s'avisera*, on which respectively depends the passing of a bill into law, or into nothingness. The reception of this

provision by the two *dramatis persone* whom we will still detain on the stage, seems to me, I frankly own, such as is likely to hand down to our posterity a veritable caricature of history. For "England," the exercise of this veto was the central point of his alarms. One contrivance after another was suggested in order to neutralize the mischief. A favorite device was that the royal prerogative should be transferred to Parliament or to the House of Commons, or a veto at least reserved to it. This mighty "England" is content with a control over treaties and alliances, over issues of peace and war that involve lives in hundreds of thousands, and treasures in hundreds of millions, no other than such as is expressed by a command over the existence of the ministry. But this control was deemed wholly insufficient to secure for Englishmen a sufficient power of taking Irish affairs out of the hands of Irishmen. Such an alarm can be understood as arising from green-eyed jealousy, or from the cruelty of panic. Is it easily referable to any other source? The answer of Ireland surely is obvious and sufficient: "The power remains in your hands; the authority of the Imperial Parliament continues to be absolute; none can deny either its ultimate jurisdiction over every other assembly throughout the empire, or the sufficiency of those means for giving effect to its will, on which the daily working of your system of government depends." But now suppose for a moment that Ireland had claimed her better title, as the weaker vessel, to be jealous and to take alarm. Supposing Ireland to address to us this question: "What security have I against constant arbitrary interference of Parliament by resolutions, and addresses, and votes of direction to, or of censure on, the ministry, to arrest measures purely Irish, desired by those whom they concern, but disapproved by those whom they do not concern? We have no power over your executive, and we are absolutely without defence." And what would be our reply? That Parliament would surely respect an honorable understanding, and would act in the spirit of reason and of justice. No other answer seems to be possible; and this answer is no more than a plea for a generous confidence to be reposed in us. Nay, more, it is a just plea. But it is a plea demanding some reciprocity of tone; and utterly irreconcilable with suspicion, refusing at every turn to be appeased, and with mistrust, both of our right and of our might, carried into the farthest regions of extrav-

agance. It is weakness, not strength, that gives a quasi title to be unreasonable; and that might naturally prompt such a temper most of all, when associated with the recollection of ancient wrong. But here it seems to be wild and untutored Ireland that is considerate in word and act; it is sedate and stable England, trained in the "sweet reasonableness" of constitutional tradition, which appears to prefer in controversy unequal, and not equal, ways.

III. Whether the apparent disposition of Ireland to undervalue her proper share in imperial concerns, as compared with self-government at home, may not be accounted for by her peculiar history?

It is not, I think, without special reflection that we come to understand how it is, and why it is, that the mass of Irishmen are so intensely Irish. Yet we must surely have been struck with the manner in which the Nationalists, during the last session, treated the question of continuous representation in the imperial Parliament. That Parliament was to remain supreme, was to commit them in peace and war, was to legislate for them on customs and excise, and would at any time have the power, though not under the bill the moral right, to legislate for them on subjects properly and exclusively Irish. Most of these topics were incessantly forced upon their notice in the speeches of their opponents. Yet the whole subject of their admission to, or exclusion from, deliberations on foreign and colonial policy seemed to be for them matter of secondary consideration. Their one great absorbing anxiety, as it appeared, was not that this subject should be treated in any particular fashion, but simply that it should be so treated as might best promote, or least hinder, the attainment of their one object, Irish self-government in properly Irish affairs. In Englishmen, this would have been an inexplicable phenomenon; in Irishmen it was at least noteworthy, and suggested reflection on the cause. For one I have been similarly struck by observing how little the Irish Parliament was used to employ itself upon other than domestic matters. Again, it is most remarkable to note the opinion of Mr. Burke upon this subject. In 1799 it was stated by his bosom-friend Dr. Lawrence in the debates on the Union. And, as Dr. Lawrence's experience embraced the whole closing period of his life, this evidence conveys Burke's deliberate and final judgment, which had long been in a reserved, against the

Mr. Burke, he said, desired a positive compact between the two countries, under which Ireland should have * the "entire and absolute power of local legislation," but "should be bound on questions of peace or war to stand or fall with Great Britain." So that the greatest Irishman of the eighteenth century seems, in this self-denying ordinance, to have gone even further than the Irish Nationalists of the nineteenth. Mr. Burke knew very well that, even in renouncing direct authority as to peace or war, Ireland would not divest herself of influence, and that through the power of the purse she would exercise a control not the less real for being indirect. This superlative concentration of Irish interest and feeling on Irish affairs has I think a cause, and a cause profoundly rooted in the constitution of our nature. As in the human body the blood is drawn to the part where vital energy is wanted, as the weaker demand is overlooked in order to meet the stronger, so the sorrows of Ireland have wanted, and have absorbed, so to speak, all the energies of her children whether to relieve or to sustain them. Like the case of an organ exhausted by disuse, even so, to those who are refused communion from without, such communion ceases to be a necessary of life. By a compensatory dispensation of Providence, the disconsolate, be they individuals or be they nations, are driven back upon themselves.

Some time back, Mr. Goldwin Smith I think made against the Jews what may be called a charge of incivism, and called forth an effective defence. It is certain that that people, as known among us, have marked virtues; and I am not aware that they have corresponding faults. One thing I think may be said, which is no matter of reproach; they do not so entirely amalgamate with other Englishmen, as to lose all notes of difference. The Jew remains a Jew, and carries a peculiar stamp, which cannot with any presumption of truth be referred either to intellectual or moral inferiority. Is it not probable that that stamp is monumental? That it is the surviving record of the persistent mediæval persecution, which went far below the surface, and cut deep lines in character? Such experiences sharpen self-consciousness, and give fresh tension to whatever in the human being is distinctive. There seems here to be a wise provision of nature, which in some measure redresses inequality of strength as

* *Parliamentary Debates for 1799*, p. 312.

between more powerful and less powerful nations. If an influence has been at work, drawing closer and closer the ties that bind one Jew to another, and thus making one Jew become more to another, giving to each Jew a larger share in the being of every other Jew, has it not recorded a significant though silent protest against cruel and inveterate injury? For thus it is that the being of one human creature can be imparted to his brothers and theirs to him. It is no wonder if after seven sad centuries the Irishman says of Ireland, in the words of a beautiful and simple Scotch song of my own time, —

And she's a' the warld to me.

Our nature would forswear itself, and the laws of our being, if it could cast away in a moment the results of a long experience. Nor is it selfish for a nation, whose life has been a life of sorrow, to be concentrated in thought and feeling on itself. I might illustrate my argument from Hungary, and from other cases, but it is needless. In the claim for the benefit of these considerations, Ireland can have no rival. Gradually, as the call from within is less intense, she will open outwards. But it may be that those singular and splendid virtues, which are in general and daily exercise among the Irish people towards those whom they deem and feel to be Irish like themselves, are not a pure gift of their original composition, but are also in part the fruit, and if so the reward, of a discipline of suffering sharp beyond all known example.

IV. Is there ground to believe that by means of what is termed firm government, or by some improved action of the executive in Ireland, the political question as to Irish government can be disposed of?

We have no cause to wonder if at any time situations of extreme difficulty throw up, like mushrooms, at a moment's notice, strange suggestions under the notion and name of remedies. And it is a situation of extreme difficulty in which men are placed when, being laudably disinclined to repressive legislation for Ireland, or impressed with the difficulty of obtaining it, they are also shut out from granting the Irish demand by the belief that it endangers the security of the empire. Hence probably a retreat upon the idea of "firm government" as a new specific, hitherto undreamt of for the cure of the Irish malady.

The conduct pursued by those who propound this recipe, seems to resemble that of a man who, needing fresh supplies

to meet his expenditure, suddenly discovers that he has a large balance at his banker's, or some other reserve fund, of which he had never dreamed. Or as if this case were to be dealt with by taking out a patent for some new invention, which surmounts a difficulty hitherto insuperable. If in any other department of the administration, or division of the empire, such a promise of metamorphosis were held out, we should at once set it down as quackery. We know what during the present century our government, taken generally, has been; human, fallible, chargeable with many faults; taxing its higher organs in ever-increasing measure and mostly up to the limit of their strength; passable upon the whole after due allowance, and with a marked tendency to improve as time has gone on. Now during all this time has Ireland been neglected? Have we sent her only our worst men? Or have our best men, who have done their best elsewhere, ceased to be themselves on crossing the Channel, and in Ireland alone have suffered their right hands to forget their cunning?

Let us look at some of the best-known names of those who since have held the office of viceroy or of chief secretary. Lord Cornwallis, Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, Sir R. Peel, Lord Wellesley, Lord Melbourne, Lord Anglesey, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Hardinge, Lord Derby, Lord Carlisle, Lord St. Germans, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Clarendon, Lord Mayo, Lord Kimberley, Lord Cardwell, Lord Carlingford, Lord Spencer, and Lord Hartington. I exclude from the list names only belonging to the last fifteen years, to keep it more clear of controversy. It is not very unequally divided between the two parties. Were the administrators, whose names it contains, at least a fair average of our public men? Did they upon the whole, like their counterparts in other departments, endeavor to make the best of the materials that lay to hand? Can any other department of the State exhibit a more brilliant list of names? Have we of this day suddenly grown into such vast dimension, are we such sons of Anak, that with the same materials we can produce a result perfectly different? Their failure is an admitted fact. They had a great underlying evil to work against, which no administrative ability could cure; but that evil is, by the terms of the question before us, to remain untouched. We can understand how the labor of a handloom weaver, when he gave himself over to the mechanism of the modern factory,

might deserve to be credited with a tenfold result. But what would be our judgment of the handloom weaver who should have argued against the new machinery by promising that, if he were only let alone, he would get the tenfold work out of the old machine?

There is indeed one sense, in which this idea of firm government is real and intelligible. I will illustrate it by a very short recital. Early in the year 1845, when Sir Robert Peel propounded his policy as to Maynooth, a politician, well known and highly respected, called on me to urge that I should join in an active opposition to the measure. Naturally enough, our conversation touched on the course of Irish policy generally, and the question of "firm government." "Ah," said he, "the root of the evil all lay in the cowardice of the Duke of Wellington at the time of the Roman Catholic Emancipation. My recommendation was to make the Duke of Cumberland lord lieutenant, and send with him thirty thousand men." Firm government such as this I admit to be no phantom, but a thing of flesh and blood, of bone and sinew. And if at any time it be contemplated as the basis of a policy, I only ask that it may be put forward manfully, and without disguise.

The fact is that a charge of neglect, of never having tried, of having missed a path that lay straight and open before our eyes, and a duty the most elementary of all in the eyes of every statesman, is the last charge that can be even decently advanced against the British administrators of the century. Into what shape have we not twisted the Irish problem? In what variety of attitude have we not bidden the uneasy sleeper lie? Relief with coercion, and without it; relief sometimes great, sometimes small, sometimes none at all. Sometimes a government of resistance, sometimes of concession, sometimes mixed; a viceroy one way, and a secretary the other. Such were among the older expedients. In 1829 we withdrew political franchises, in 1832 we began again to grant them, and we have persevered. And all this has been done deliberately, with the best counsels of our best statesmen. Sir Robert Peel took office with the great British controversy of protection staring him in the face; yet he said, "I know it well, Ireland is my difficulty." Lord Beaconsfield pointed out that but for us Ireland would have a revolution, and that it was the duty of Parliament to give her by law what she would, if left to herself, make a revolution to obtain. To neither

of these most remarkable men did any nostrum of "firm government" occur. For what lies deep in the soil, it is surely idle to scratch the surface.

V. Whether the establishment of a statutory Parliament in Dublin will, according to the common phrase, make over the government of Ireland to Mr. Parnell and his friends?

Is this assertion supported or not by rational presumption; or is the charge more applicable, in part at least, to our present method?

In countries where the representative system has been established, it is almost a matter of course that the executive government should be in harmony with it. From 1722 to 1795, we endeavored to govern Ireland by an executive which held its title from an exotic authority. It stood side by side with a Parliament, of which little more than one-third was really representative, nearly two-thirds being controlled either by the government, or by the owners of boroughs. Even under these circumstances it was found that the system must undergo a change, and in 1795 Lord Fitzwilliam was sent to put the executive into harmony with the representative portion of the Parliament. On being put to the proof, the Parliament as a whole was found to accept this policy. It was abandoned, in defiance of the Parliament, under orders from England, which orders were issued under the inspiration of an Irish faction. The determination was taken to work the government against the representative portion of the Parliament. But this experiment, in the view of its authors, failed so egregiously as to require the suppression of the Parliament itself.

We have now an Irish representation which, with the exception of two seats, is real and popular throughout, and which gives to Nationalism an overwhelming majority. The Irish policy approved by the majority of English voters in the election of 1886 was, that we should have the representation of the country one way, and its administration the other way. Inasmuch as this is a professedly Conservative policy, I may fairly request the promoters of it to take the future into view. And I ask these two questions. First, is there the smallest chance of rescuing the representation of the country from the Nationalists? Secondly, if there is not, is there a chance of our continuing—I do not say for a year or two, but say for a generation or two—with the representation of the country one way, and its administration the other way?

This experiment was tried, and was abandoned, in the colonies; but they were difficult to coerce. It was tried, and was abandoned, in the Ionian Islands, which were perfectly easy to coerce. It was found impracticable in Ireland itself, although the party opposed to the government, and called the patriots, formed only an insignificant proportion of the Parliament, and did not command even that part of the Parliament in the manner and proportion now exhibited by the Nationalists.

If, then, so far as experience teaches us, these Nationalists are to prevail in the land, and if they have in them the spirit of vengeance which is imparted to them, can anything be more unwise than to foster and exasperate that spirit by an ineffectual resistance?

But, resuming the argument nearer the source, is it certain, at any rate, that we have now given over Ireland to Mr. Parnell and his friends as far as representation is concerned? No one, I believe, is so bold as to deny it. Would they then retain, do they themselves believe or assert that they would retain, that possession, when a statutory Parliament had been established in Dublin?

It is quite plain, in the first place, that their basis as a party would disappear; just as the basis of the Anti-Corn Law League disappeared with the repeal of the Corn Law. In Canada, until self-government was conceded by the separatists of that day, there was always a small British party contending against the mass of the colonial population. But when the concession had been made, this party was lost in the general community, and all were British. So Nationalism, the political creed which has defined itself by the demand for a statutory Parliament, cannot, under the new conditions, form a bond of party union. Anti-Nationalists will melt, as the British party melted, into the new system; and Irishmen, instead of choosing men to fight England, will choose those whom they may deem the best men to conduct their Irish affairs.

The mass of mankind are, under an iron law, bound by the necessity of subsistence to absorbing labors. The natural condition of a healthy society is, that governing functions should be discharged in the main by the leisured class. In matters where the narrow interests of that class seem to be concerned, it has besetting sins and dangers. But, for the general business of government, it has peculiar

capacities; and whatever control a good system may impose by popular suffrage, by gathering representation from all classes, by tradition, or opinion, or the press, or otherwise, yet, when the leisured class is deposed, as it is now to a very large extent deposed in Ireland, that fact indicates that a rot has found its way into the structure of society. Nationalism now seeks and finds very efficient representatives, who to a considerable extent are not of the leisured class, because the leisured class, departing from the traditions of Irish history, has abandoned and excommunicated Nationalism.

Formerly the upper class of Irishmen, whatever their faults, were Irishmen as much as the mass, and fought and won many battles for Nationalism, both before and after 1782. It was a Nationalism combined with loyalty, as Nationalism always has been combined with loyalty, until driven to desperation. Since 1795, and especially since the Union, there has been a great change in this respect, on which I will not now dilate. It is admitted that the Union stimulated absenteeism. It is obvious that it shifted the centre of all Ireland's special interests, and placed it out of Ireland. From the moment when a statutory Parliament shall have been established in Dublin, the position held by the leisured and landed class of Ireland, as towards the people, will be entirely changed. As one at least of their number, to his great honor, has said since this controversy began, "We shall reside, and shall form friendly relations with all other classes, and shall become the natural leaders of the people."

And, once the present deep and radical cause of conflict is removed, why not? The religion, the character, and the old traditions of the Irish are all in favor of their leaning upon the leisured classes, and desiring to be represented by them. Are Irish voters feared because they are Roman Catholics? But in Ireland Roman Catholics always voted except between the Act of George II. and the year 1793. They never showed a disposition to prefer men of lower station to those of higher. If the allegation is that, being Roman Catholics, they will not choose Protestants, the answer is they have almost invariably chosen Protestants. Before the Union, when Protestants had a monopoly in Parliament, the popular leaders out of Parliament were almost always Protestant. Besides Grattan, they have had two leaders who rank far beyond the rest, O'Connell and Parnell; of these two one was

Roman Catholic, the other I believe represented his diocese in the Synod of the Disestablished Church. And it is no unreasonable belief, if he owes his position, and singular sway over his followers, to his remarkable powers, yet that these are fortified by the fact that birth and education have appropriated him to the landed and leisured class.

VI. Whether we can allow British legislation to be governed by a movement either dependent on, or largely assisted by, foreign contributions from America?

If the proposed legislation be bad, then, should it be conceded to foreign effort, it will be a shade the worse on that account. If it be good, then foreign effort only helps to remind us of our duty, and though it may be humbling that we should need to be so reminded, it is plain that such a circumstance cannot be treated as justifying a refusal to perform it. The question, therefore, lies within narrow bounds. It is whether foreign subscriptions in aid of the Irish cause constitute a just ground of offence. And on this question I shall ask, first, whether we, the British people, can take a high ground in objecting to such efforts from abroad. And secondly, whether we have sufficiently considered when and how these efforts began.

And first, if we condemn them, we condemn, as is obvious, our own traditional practice. *De te fabula narratur*. In Spain, in Italy, in Greece, perhaps in Poland, England has, within my memory, set largely the example of such subscriptions. They involve, undoubtedly, much responsibility, but Englishmen, especially liberal Englishmen, have not felt generally ashamed of them; and it is pretty certain that, if like circumstances were to recur, they would be renewed. The responsibility rises very high, where the funds are supplied to support subjects actually in armed insurrection. But, in almost all these cases, this was the very object with which the money was given. Nay, in Italy, which constitutes, probably, an exception, a well-known member of the Tory party, and I believe of the Carlton Club, freely and honorably exposed his own life in military service under Garibaldi. It seems, therefore, very difficult for Englishmen to object on broad grounds of principle to pecuniary subscriptions in one country for the promotion of public purposes, apart from the merits of those purposes, in another.

Let us see, then, whether, if the objection "comes to grief" on broad grounds, it will fare better if advanced more mod-

estly on narrower grounds; that is to say, if our objection be because the fund is American, and because it is for Ireland. When we lodge with the American our protest against *his* interference, his mind will naturally revert to the blockade-runners in the great struggle with the South. And he may urge that that was an intervention with the direct purpose of maintaining a sanguinary conflict in his country; but that he subscribes only to carry on a public, legal, parliamentary struggle in ours.

It will not, I presume, be urged against America that from within her bosom came the machinations for the use of dynamite. They were no more hers than the plots against the life of Louis Napoleon, which so stirred the hotter spirits of France, were English.

Neither need we inquire particularly whether, in a country swarming with evicted Irish emigrants, of the years following the famine, such persons, or those connected with them, may have contributed to the expenses of the movement against rents, which in the years 1881-85 was encountered and put down.

The present American contributions have the countenance of American opinion, and the aid of Americans of high station and character, free even from the bias of Irish extraction. Can we object justly to their action? Why should they be ashamed of it, or why should we resent it? If ever one country may subscribe for the purposes, the peaceful purposes, of another, it is when a rich country and a kindred country subscribes for a poor country, and for the poorest though far the largest portion of its people. It is when America has enjoyed means of judgment in some respects even superior to ours, for she has known and seen better than we do the fruit of our treatment of the Irish nation on this side the Atlantic, in the views and feelings of the Irish nation on the other side the Atlantic.

May there not seem to be, in the outcry against present American subscriptions, even some taint of ingratitude? When and how did they begin? They began, I believe, certainly they began to attract notice, in and after the famine of 1847. They were directed to three ends; and what ends? First, towards saving the people from death by starvation. Secondly, towards saving the people from eviction, and paying the rents of the landlords, at a time when England reprobated indeed the evictions, but did not amend, nay, as we have seen, aggravated the law. And,

thirdly, they went to carrying forward a gigantic work of emigration; a mournful remedy indeed for a people who intensely love their soil, but yet a real remedy, so far that it has powerfully served to obviate the recurrence of famine, to slacken the intolerable pressure of the demand for the occupation of land, and to raise the wages of labor and the standard of living above starvation point; above that point at which, according to the report of the Devon Commission, as interpreted by the Conservative government of the day, three millions of Irishmen habitually dragged on their equivocal existence in this vale of tears. Surely it is not for us either to exaggerate the evil of subscriptions abroad for the cure of mischiefs at home, or to provoke a hostile review of the causes, which first induced America to direct a stream of wealth fed from her own resources upon Ireland.

VII. Can the imperial Parliament claim the credit of habitual good intention towards Ireland? Has its intention when good been well informed as well as good? Presuming the intention of Parliament to be always good, and always well informed, does the imperial Parliament, under the established conditions of its working, offer a satisfactory provision for dealing with the internal affairs of Ireland?

The authoress of "Hurrish," a recently published novel, has, I think, been more successful in one matter of great importance than any writer of her class, or perhaps of any class. She has made present to her readers, not as an abstract proposition, but as a living reality, the estrangement of the people of Ireland from the law; *how* they are estranged from it in the mass, and in what varied shapes, rather than degrees, this estrangement exhibits itself under the many varieties of character and circumstances. As to the *why* of this alienation, also, she has her answer.* "The long-repentant sin of the stronger country was the culprit." She thinks there was a sin, a deep sin, and (so I construe her) an inveterate sin; but a sin now purged by repentance. In other words, that the British nations, which on every Irish question had six or seven votes in Parliament where Ireland has one, have now settled into a habit of good and well-informed intention towards Ireland, and that they also possess a power, the adequacy of which has been proved, to give it effect. This is the question that I desire to test in its several branches; first,

the goodness of intention; secondly, the degree of light and knowledge, with which the good intention has been armed; thirdly, the conditions of action, under which the very best intention, accompanied with the most perfect information, has been, or can be, brought to a practical issue in this case.

For what period, then, and under what limitations, can we firmly predicate a good intention of England, and latterly of the imperial Parliament, towards Ireland? Not in the first four of the seven centuries through which the connection has lasted; for in these centuries of cruelty or neglect Mr. O'Connell has demonstrated, not by assertion but by citations from authority, that the policy, so far as there was a policy, was in the main a policy by no means of mere subjugation, but actually of extirpation, for the Irish race inhabiting the island. Not for the fifth of the seven centuries; it was the century of confiscations. Not for the sixth down to 1782; it was the century of the penal laws. All these decency forbids us to defend; and we consign them to condemnation, and wash our hands of such proceedings.

Ἡμεῖς τοι παρέχωμεν μέγ' ἀμείνωνος ἐλπίδος ἐλπίδα.*

There is no question now about the years following 1782; for they are the years which the Irish bless. But who will dare to assert that the intention of England and of the Parliament was good, even from the legislative Union onwards? At that period, we cast aside the virtual pledges given to the Roman Catholics as ruthlessly as the English of William the Third's time broke the Treaty of Limerick; and, when the Union had fatally weakened the personal ties between landlord and tenant by drawing the peers and gentry of Ireland to London, we broke up by the Act of 1815 the old traditions of the country, transformed the old law in the interest of the landlords, and, to succeed the centuries of extirpation, of confiscation, and of penalty, we ushered in the century of evictions. To the mass of the Irish people, it would have been a less terrible and smaller grievance to re-enact the penal laws.

From the time when our representative system was remodelled by the Reform Act, a new spirit, an improved intention, became visible and operative in Irish government. The time of Drummond and the viceroys over him has still a place in the affectionate recollections of the coun-

* Hurrish, p. 309. Blackwoods, 1886.

* IL iv. 405.

try. But it is sad to remember not only that during all those years the party, which those viceroys represented, was from various causes steadily losing ground in the public opinion of England, but that a main cause of its declining strength lay in its endeavors to do legislative and administrative justice to Ireland. In those years it was easy to turn anti-Irish as well as anti-Popish feeling to account upon an English hustings.

In support of the contention that, since the first Reform Act, good intention has in some form prevailed, it may be pointed out that a large party at least in this country have for the most part been ready to extend equal laws and franchises to Ireland; that at times, and especially in the legislation of 1845 and in the Devon Commission, a kindly spirit guided the action of a Conservative government; and that at a later time great exceptional changes were introduced into Irish laws for Church and land with a real desire to show to Ireland that she could obtain from British justice and intelligence all the good which she could have from a Parliament of her own.

Supposing, however, that this good intention be admitted, how far does the admission go? Surely, as a general rule, no governments, not always even the very worst, are without it. It is quite possible that with a kind of good intention the Treaty of Limerick was broken, and Lord Fitzwilliam recalled; and that the king of Naples meant well when he trampled under foot the constitution which he had sworn irrevocably to observe, and broke up the basis of all law in his country. Good intention of the same and no better kind may be set down to the credit of the series of Parliaments which stifled or threw out the scores of bills intended to qualify the Irish land laws; including even the House of Lords, which resisted effectually the effort of a Conservative government in 1845 to mitigate the frightful evils disclosed by the Devon Commission.

It is more material to ask whether this good intention was well informed. Now we cannot affirm that the Parliaments before 1829 were well informed which suffered the question of Roman Catholic disabilities to fester, until the only choice remaining was between concession and civil war. But after 1829? The Parliament of 1847, which passed the Encumbered Estates Act, had an undoubtedly good intention, the intention of introducing capital into Ireland. But its want of

information and care was so gross, that we now look back with astonishment upon a measure which, in a country where the improvements had almost universally been made by the tenants, sold those improvements over their heads to the incoming purchasers, and paid the price to men who had not the smallest moral title to receive it. I go farther and I touch what concerns myself. Was the Parliament, or the government of 1880 well informed, when, guided by local officialism, it deemed the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act to be the proper cure for the agrarian disorders of Ireland?

But in truth the difficulty lies much deeper. We are treating, be it remembered, of the local concerns of Ireland, which, as distinct from imperial concerns, hold a position quite different from any that belongs to those of Scotland or of Wales. On this side the Channel, public authority administers the law in sympathy with the people. On the other side it does not; law wears in Irish eyes a foreign garb; and restraints upon liberty had so late as in 1885 become almost-habitual. In these circumstances it is proposed to provide the Irish people with a constitutional machinery for the despatch of concerns properly their own. The opposite contention is that they ought to remain under the immediate care of Parliament, together with all other concerns imperial and local. Now I am far from sure whether as regards the infinitely simpler cases of Scotland and Wales this system will work for another ten years. But these are not burning questions. Let us consider the case of Ireland, in its relation to the manner in which, under the primary necessities of one system, affairs of State are carried on.

The vast business of this empire is not worked as are the affairs of a shop, factory, or farm. There, and in human life generally, the day suffices for the work of the day, and the agents for the acts to be done. But in the case before us, no effort has availed to transact the business within the time, or to make the agency equal to the work. And all this congestion is further complicated by the primary conditions of party government, which incessantly mix with the merits of each case a cross discussion, as to the effect it may have in bringing administration to a standstill by overthrowing the government of the day. Under these circumstances the best government never can do its duty, but only a small part of its duty. Among the particulars of State affairs, the strug-

gle for life is incessant, and ends in the survival of the strongest. Not the strongest in fitness or in merit, but the strongest in the sum of heterogenous considerations, gathered out of the world-wide relations of the empire, and the intricate working of Parliamentary forces, which, when taken together, best compound and represent the public interest in dealing with what must be dealt with, and in postponing what only may. In questions organic and constitutional, Ireland has had more than her share. But in that regular provision for the wants of the people which is the business of civilized government, she has had, and can have, little part. Her weakness is aggravated by the fact that the representatives of her people are, and while the present methods last must be, almost entirely excluded from that enhanced influence on affairs, which is conferred by official life. I will not now stop to show that in popular education, in the administration of justice through the magistracy, in local government, England, Scotland, and Wales have methods which, whether perfect or not, have in the main been deemed by the nation either good or tolerable, while in Ireland the case is reversed. What I wish particularly to put into clear view is the hardship Ireland suffers from having her local affairs, which to her are so vital, brought into competition with other demands which must usually prevail. The first necessity of government is to have the law in harmony with the people. When this necessity is satisfied, the inconveniences of legislative arrear may be borne. But where as in Ireland it is not, those arrears will not only be far heavier, but they will bear a character wholly different. In political affairs, when the demand exceeds the supply of power to meet it, "the weakest goes to the wall." Ireland will always be the weakest; and not only the weakest, but the sorest. I speak in this matter as one who has seen what he describes. I affirm that it does and must happen that a Cabinet has to compromise the good of Ireland, in matters strictly her own, for considerations essentially non-Irish. Practical and primary interests of Ireland are set aside or postponed, from special as well as general difficulties; sometimes the necessity of party, sometimes the crotchet of a *clique*, whether Liberal or Conservative, sometimes the want of the needful contact between the official corps and those who represent the Irish people, sometimes the unpalatable fact that a large proportion of the available time of

Parliament has already been consumed in her name; consumed, that is, in a vain attempt to govern her without taking heed of that one Irish want, wish, thought, and aspiration, which lies at the root of every other.

I submit, then, that the good intention of Parliament towards Ireland, even if undeniable, has often been equivocal, has in essential matters been fatally ill informed; and that the machinery of our imperial legislature has been shown by our present experience to be ill adapted for the despatch of purely Irish concerns.

VIII. Whether the present State relations, tested by results, are so far safe and satisfactory, that the people of Great Britain ought to be prepared to make efforts, and undergo sacrifices, in order to maintain them?

It will have been observed by the journal-reading public, that, through a wide circle and outside the Liberal party, it has become fashionable to express a warm desire for a large Irish Land Purchase Bill. From the Liberal point of view it is natural enough on hearing such utterances to rejoin, "What think you of the reception given by the electorate at large to the Land Purchase Bill of the late government? and does that reception offer you much inducement to try again?" From the other point of view, it is as natural, and is rather usual, to reply that risks of collision and of loss, intolerable in connection with the separation of the countries, may be bearable and prudent when the object is still to keep Ireland in the present sisterly embrace, and even to hug her closer than before.

The question I wish to consider is simply this: Whether our present relations to Ireland exhibit a state of things so desirable that it is worth our while to run a risk in money or any other risk in order to maintain them; in other words, whether it is so valuable that the British nation ought to pay a price for it?

In the first place, I observe that it is a commodity for which we pay a heavy price in money already. The question, how great is this price, has never yet been sounded to the bottom. But the soundings have gone pretty far. We know upon indisputable evidence that the optional civil expenditure of the State for each person of the thirty millions (I speak all along in round numbers) inhabiting Great Britain is about eight shillings, and for each person of the five millions inhabiting Ireland about sixteen shillings. The items of disputable apportionment in this computa-

tion are so few that their bearing on the general result may be overlooked. Our present relations with Ireland involve therefore the payment of an annual price amounting to eight times five millions in shillings, or two millions of pounds *per annum*. Is this because money does not go so far in Ireland as in England or Scotland? On the contrary, it goes farther. Because Ireland is a poorer country, it ought to yield us more for our money. If we take this difference at one-eighth, the population of Ireland ought to cost not eight shillings, but seven; and the price we pay for our privilege in upholding the present state of things rises to two millions and a quarter. Is this then a charge the excess of which is due to circumstances operative only for the moment? On the contrary, it is an excess which has continually grown, and is sure to grow. A new chapter of excess, indeed, was opened in August last, when the administration propounded their policy of public works, at the charge wholly or partially of the State, for Ireland. Nor is that proposal one for which they can be blamed. It is part, in reality, of the mandate which they have received from the English electorate. Just as in the colonies, before they obtained home rule, we had to bear many charges from which we are now exempt, so in Ireland each refusal of self-government will have to be gilded with a new coating of public money. We have thus in civil expenditure alone an annual charge of say two and a quarter millions, which as it is permanent represents a capital, like two and a quarter millions in the funds, exceeding seventy millions sterling; and, as it is steadily increasing, represents in reality much more.

But there is also to be considered the important head of military expenditure. We have not under this head the same means of accurate comparison; because the average amount of force maintained in the two islands would not perhaps be accepted as an exact criterion. Great Britain is so to speak the military bank, from which must be drawn whatever supplies Ireland may need. It was proposed under the lately rejected Government of Ireland Bill to charge Ireland with one and two-thirds millions annually for army and navy, or say, 1,100,000*l.* for army alone. At 100*l.* per head, this sum would maintain a force of eleven thousand in Ireland. If we take the average amount of the standing army in Ireland at twenty-five thousand, the saving with eleven thousand

would be 1,400,000*l.* *per annum*. The demands of Scotland and Wales in military force are small, and there are many who believe that Ireland would not require a force nearly so large as eleven thousand men. Others may say she would require more. But it may be remembered that, when Ireland in the last century had a government and army of her own, she entailed in peace no military charge upon this country. And if it were desired on this side the Channel to revive that system, I have never heard that she would object. No one can deny that the military charge of the present system is enormous, and if the saving on permanent charge were placed so low as one million, when this is added to the civil expenditure, it appears that our excess charge for Ireland is, and under the existing system will probably continue to be, annually a sum of three and a quarter millions; so that, to make a permanent provision for this charge, we should require to lay out a hundred millions. It would seem then that the proposal to make a bad or doubtful investment in Irish land purchase for the sake of the great advantage of perpetuating or prolonging our relations with Ireland on their present footing, is one which can hardly be recommended on pecuniary grounds. It must draw its attractions from some other source.

We may indeed at once concede that a debtor and creditor account is not decisive of the whole case. If it could be so in any case it would be in this. For while it is (in my judgment) sufficiently evident that the present relations with Ireland impose upon Great Britain a very heavy charge, there comes from Ireland a complaint, long, loud, and persistent, that she is unduly charged. What is worse, it is difficult to deny that there is much truth in her complaint also. Now it is not difficult to imagine an arrangement which is dear but worth all the money. It is less easy to conceive of an arrangement, where two only are concerned, which each of them finds extremely burdensome, and yet which one persistently forces upon the other. Yet such a thing is possible provided the scheme, however faulty as matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, supplies an equivalent in the general content and satisfaction it produces. Shall it then be on this ground that the English electorate may be invited to persist in refusing to Ireland a domestic legislature?

Full soon, however, we make the discovery that, in opening a new chapter of the inquiry, we have not got into smoother

water. The Englishman, asked whether he finds satisfaction in his existing relations with Ireland, sees in the question either a bad joke or a wanton mockery. To the Irishman, that is to three-fourths of the Irish nation, no one would put the question at all. They have answered it already by sending to Westminster eighty-five out of their total of one hundred and one representatives of *the people* to implore a great change in those relations, as being for the Irish people intolerable. So far therefore as the present is concerned, the matter does not admit of doubt. But then there is always the future to fall back upon. Now regard to the future, as against a slavish adhesion to the present, is a note of the highest statesmanship. But it must be a reasonable regard, a regard which accepts every light which argument and experience can supply. For otherwise he whose plea is not sustained by a principle, a fact, or a presumption, may always seek safety, if not triumph, in the exercise of the gift of prophecy.

To which category does the argument from the future in this case belong?

The allegations cognizable by reasoning seem to be these. One, that the Scottish Union having been obtained like the Irish by bribery, and having, at its inception, also been hateful to Scotland, came generally into favor there. The other is that the Irish, comparatively few and weak, having learned the judgment of the English, who are many and strong, will desist from the prosecution of a hopeless cause.

There was an Union in Scotland, and an Union in Ireland, just as there was a river in Monmouth and a river in Macedon.

Scotland, through a long course of centuries, had upon the whole maintained her independence. Ireland had been under the mailed heel of England. Scotland had her own legislative and executive powers. Our English executive ruled in Ireland, and directly commanded more than two-fifths of the Parliament by place and pension. In Scotland, Mr. Burton, her latest and most authoritative historian, denies that bribery has been proved. The payments adduced to support the charge scarcely reach a thousand pounds for every hundred thousand spent in Ireland, where there was a vast further mass of bribery through secret service money, honors, offices, and commissions. In Scotland, a large independent national party favored the Union; in Ireland there was no such party. In Scotland the English government had not the means either to cajole or to intimidate. In Ireland,

what was for this purpose a foreign authority arrested independent voting by dismissals from office; foreign hints of favor to Roman Catholics were employed to neutralize the higher opposition, while (witness Lord Cornwallis) plunder, murder, rape, and military violence in every form were used to intimidate the people, and the armed force of the island was raised to a number truly enormous. Scotland, taken at the worst, was like a man who had had a fall in wrestling, but whose general strength was unimpaired; Ireland like one who in his fall had received a mortal shock. For the peers and landlords of the country, who down to the Union had acted in the face of England as the natural leaders of the people, were partly bought over, and partly by the revival of religious bigotry and the attraction of the imperial centre estranged, even as now we see them estranged, with rare exceptions, from the national sentiment of their countrymen. Scotland retained all the means she had had before of vindicating her national independence. Ireland, united in 1795, was now paralyzed by the war of class with class, and of religion with religion. For Ireland, the question all along was a question between her and a foreign country; for Scotland, the controversy was domestic and national throughout. In Scotland the Union was at first the object of a factitious, as well as of a genuine hostility. The Jacobites, representatives of the very men who under the later Stuarts had sought to govern the country by foreign influence, availed themselves of the unpopularity of the Union to swell the chorus against it. Sooner or later, undue depreciation is commonly followed by excess of praise. Gradually it came to be felt in Scotland that enormous benefits had unquestionably followed the Union in the shape of common citizenship and freedom of trade. The Union has now for a century or more had the credit of these benefits, which might perhaps have been conferred without it; and other circumstances, among them the vast influence exercised by "the Magician of the North," and the vast extension of popular franchises, have tended to obviate all jealous criticism. Two facts are beyond dispute. The immeasurable advantage of a moral union between the two nations has been obtained. And as regards the legislative measure there has been a gradual process of reconciliation visibly at work. It is not necessary to dive further into the future. But turning to the second allegation we are bidden to found our

hopes on the expectation that the mind of Ireland will submit to the voice of England given at the general election of 1886. It is expected that in a matter where Ireland has (so to speak) an integral, and England a partial concern, the people of Ireland will consent to substitute the English conviction for their own, and this although they have the support of Scotland, of Wales; and of a large minority (to say the least) in England itself; even a majority in that part of England where English energy is commonly supposed most to abound. Will this be so? I trust the matter will be seriously examined; for the case will be very serious, if we should build upon this expectation, and then find ourselves disappointed.

Analogy may here afford us a guidance, real if not complete or precise. Does it commonly happen that a smaller country accepts an incorporation, legislation, and administration, which it dislikes, at the wish of a larger country? Belgium did not accept it from Holland; and she succeeded (happily for all) in breaking the law of Europe to sustain her refusal. Holstein did not accept the will of Denmark, nor Lombardy nor Venetia the will of Austria, nor the Ionian Islands the will of England. In all these cases the minor people has heard the voice, has known and felt the pressure of the major; and yet in every instance the *no* of the weak has prevailed against the *aye* of the strong. We are told that the negative in the case of Ireland is to disappear. Can so much as a single instance be quoted where it has been withdrawn?

After 1707, each generation of men, as it rose and lived and passed away, saw the Scottish Union rise in the estimation of the Scottish people. In Ireland the case has been exactly reversed. There is no period, nor any fraction of a period, at which Ireland has ceased to lament the lost charter of her nationality. Down to 1829 she had absolutely no voice in Parliament except a voice that spoke to contradict her heart's desire. She has now acquired one, but it was by slow degrees. The spasmodic effort at a rising in 1803, the ignored Dublin meeting in 1810, the lawful county demonstration in 1820 put down by military force, just served, as we now see, to keep alive her remonstrance. The first sign of national life appeared in the Clare election of 1828. A fresh access followed the Reform Act of 1832. The short career of Lucas, and the leadership of Butt, produced further develop-

ments. Gradually, and most of all under Parnell, she acquired the firmest form of Parliamentary organization. The sole remaining bar was removed when the narrow franchise opened out into the fulness of national expression under the act of 1884. Between 1874 and 1885 the small phalanx gradually, as one seat after another was opened and refilled, acquired solidity and strength. At every stage, as the obstructions to national utterance have been removed, the voice has become more and more clear and loud. As the popular representation has become a reality, it has been more and more decisively shown that the removal of such grievances as to our eye were impalpable and salient, was not enough. That a people is the best judge of its own internal wants; that the Irish for this purpose are a people; that whatever power is added to the national stock by improved education, by extended franchises, or by even the humbler forms of local government, will all run into the one channel of steady, undying demand for the restoration of the national life by reviving, in Ireland's ancient capital, the management of Irish affairs. Some may even hold it to be most happy that the demand, as it has become sonorous, has also become by careful definition, in their view, both determinate and safe.

It seems then that the expectation which we are told to entertain is an expectation in defiance of all analogy elsewhere, and of a course of indications on the spot regularly progressive and entirely consentient through three generations of men. While as regards the comparison with Scotland, it stands thus: the one Union steadily rose in the estimation of the people; the other has witnessed a continual rise of the forces arrayed against it.

The sum then of the matter, so far as the scope of the present paper is concerned, appears to be this. As a general rule of politics, when public attention has been effectually directed to some measure or system, and the question arises whether it shall be continued or abrogated, those who defend it very commonly do it on some or all of the following pleas. That it is economical, a matter of no insignificant concern. That it conduces to the honor of the country, and advances its reputation in the judgment of the world. That it gives solid and general satisfaction to the people. That the removal of it would be a measure of disturbing and revolutionary tendency; or that it promotes the efficient working of our governing

institutions. Now, when we test the present methods for governing Ireland by these criteria, the result is as follows. First, that it is governed at a cost civil and military which, if applied to the empire generally, not even the wealth of Great Britain could sustain. Next, that we have banished the sons of Ireland wholesale, in this and in preceding generations, to other lands kindlier to them than their own, and the seed thus sown broadcast has grown up into so many centres of adverse foreign opinion; while more generally I believe that from the whole compass of foreign literature it is impossible to cull a single witness in our favor. Next that, instead of giving satisfaction to the populations of the two islands, every man on this side the water is discontented with the present relations, while Ireland regards them with a sentiment for which simple discontent is too weak a word. Further, that under the name of a conservative resistance we are defending innovation, while the whole object of the Irish is to restore the tradition of their fathers; and that by promoting absenteeism, we estrange in sympathy, and too often in person also, from Ireland the most responsible of its citizens, the natural leaders of society, and the proper checks upon all violent and disorganizing tendencies. And lastly, that by blocking the way with Irish business we have effectually hindered the progress of British legislation, and have now, while saddling our Parliament with intolerable labors, fallen into arrears which are also felt to be intolerable. These are propositions which in their essence turn upon fact rather than opinion, and which are severed by a pretty clear line from the more hotly debatable portions of the subject. And the question I ask is, What are the compensations which we either have received, or can rationally hope to receive, for these grave and serious mischiefs? Are discontent and discredit, penalty in treasure and in the stoppage of good laws, commodities so precious, that the people of England will make further efforts and sacrifices in order to their perpetuation? Is there not a real problem before us? and will not the political genius of this nation, which in every other quarter has, by the removal of discontent, strengthened and not relaxed the bonds of empire, show the world, in the only case that still remains unprovided for, that, by carefully acting on the same principles in appropriate form, we may be enabled to bring about the same beneficial results?

From Chambers' Journal.
RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

PAT-A-CAKE.

THE cottage inhabited by Mrs. Cable with her grandchildren, and by Richard, her son, when ashore, was small, built of boards, painted white, with green windows, and a vivid green door. A good many houses in this part were of wood. When a wreck was broken up, the planks of the deck sold very cheap, were bought, and served for the construction of cottages; they were laid on, feathered or weather-boarded, so that no joint could let in wind and rain. In the west of England such houses would not last; the ever moist atmosphere would bring about rot; but along the east coast the sun is hot and the air dry, and these wooden houses will endure for a century. The cottage was tiled; and over the brown tiles was laid a trellis of wood, on which a vine was stretched. The vine was not allowed to extend over the wooden walls; but it rioted on the roof and there ripened its purple clusters. That was a great day for the elder of the seven children when father ascended a ladder and scrambled over the roof, plucking the grape bunches, sweet and warm from the sun's kisses, and gave a cluster to each.

Between the road and the cottage was a narrow strip of garden, hedged with sweetbriar. In this strip grew tulips, narcissi, polyanthi, and velvety, brown, yellow-eyed auriculas. The soil suited bulbs, as does that of Holland.

The principal garden was at the back of the cottage; it covered an acre, and extended to a ditch and a line of willows, fine trees that whitened in every wind. In those willows the nightingale built and sung every year. Near the dike also grew a large, ungainly mulberry; it had been originally a branch of an old tree, cut off by a former inhabitant of the cottage who had been gardener at the Hall; and he had stuck the branch into the soil of his own garden, where it had taken root and grown into a tree that bore fruit in due season, but never grew into a gainly, goodly tree. Nor could the children enjoy all its fruit, for it leaned towards the dike, and dropped many of its fleshy berries into the water, where they floated, nibbled at by tadpoles and gudgeon. But there

were enough for the little ones shed upon the gravel and grass, and they picked them up at the time when they fell, and put them in bottles with sugar, and ate them as they listed, smearing their lips and hands with purple.

In the hedge were some sloe-bushes clipped like thorns, and the bitter blue berries were also eagerly sought by the children; but they were not suffered to pick the bullace, tiny round plums off a small tree in the angle of the garden. These, grandmother made into preserves against the season when there was no fruit.

Now was spring, and there was promise of yield; the storm had torn off the petals of the apples; but the low-growing bullace and the sloe blossoms had set before the storm.

The children were all out in the sun, sitting on the bank, with the sloe-bushes behind them. They wore no hats or caps; the light air played with their shining yellow hair. They sat watching their father, who was digging in the garden; and Mary, the eldest, had the baby on her lap. Grandmother was within, engaged on household duties. Numerous white butterflies were about, chasing each other, gamboling over the broccoli plants, and seemed like flickering willow leaves adrift in the air. Every Essex garden along the coast has its bed of white poppies. The people suffering from ague and low fever have faith in the decoction of the round seed-vessels; but there were no poppies in Cable's garden. Bessie had never approved of the use of the narcotic, because her mother had insisted that, in Cornwall, folks got on very well without it.

Richard had a bundle of peasticks; and after he had earthed up his early potatoes, he began to stake the delicate trailing peas, that were already bursting into white blossom. They should have been staked before; but his duties on the lightship had prevented his attending to them earlier.

Little Susie sat nearest the herb-bed, which was laid out on the slope to the hedge, and faced the sun. A way to the beach went behind this hedge; it had a wall between it and the garden—a low wall, three feet high, and from the wall into the garden sloped the bank. On top of it grew the sloes. The wall and bank ended at the dike, and thence the path dissipated itself in strands of gravel among coarse turf; a trodden way from the village led to the expanse of wild ground;

and from the edge of that, every one went his own path.

The herbs grown on this bank were thyme, marjoram, mint, and rue. Baby, asleep on Mary's lap, had a handful of crushed young leaves of mint in her tiny grasp. She had been allowed to feel and smell the fresh leaves, and had grabbed them, to thrust them into her mouth. When plucked away, she had retained a handful, and gone to sleep still holding it.

The bees were busy over the garden, searching in the full sweet flowers; and Susie watched a great bumble which was clogging its hind legs with pollen from the blossoms, when she was startled to see something like a big spider creep from under the leafy sloes and run down among the thyme towards her. It was a thin white human hand, with the nerves strongly accentuated, and the blue veins puffed on the back. On one finger was a gold ring with a blood-stone in it, engraved with arms. Susie knew nothing of arms, but she recognized the ring, and the bottle-green cuff on the arm to which the hand belonged; and throwing herself over on her breast, she laid hold of the hand with both hers, and proceeded to pull at the ring, which she had failed to secure two days before in the grounds of the Hall.

As she lay among the thyme trying to get the ring off, she saw under the dense foliage of the sloes, between the stems, the face of the gentleman who had spoken to granny in the Hall grounds. She could make out that it was the same; she saw his pale-blue watery eyes and his thin nose. The sun shone now on one side of his nose, and she thought that she could see crimson on the other side instead of shadow. He held his finger up to his lips and nose, and his head nodded.

Susie tugged at the hand and twisted the ring, but could not get it off.

"What are you about, Susie?—crushing the thyme?" called her father.

The little child turned her golden head round, let go the finger, and made some answer which Richard did not catch and understand. When Susie looked again for the hand, it was withdrawn.

Voices were audible on the path behind the hedge.

"What! Mr. Gotham, you here? Come out to solicit votes from the winkles, or to tally-ho after the crabs?"

"I—I don't like being chaffed," answered the gentleman. "I am glad to see you, dear Josephine, after your fortunate escape from the sea."

"To-day is the last meet of the harriers," said the girl. "Why are you not with them? Cousin Gotham, are not you something like the crab and lobster, that assume their scarlet when their hunting days are over, and they are boiled and done for?"

"Your peril of life has not improved you," complained Gabriel. "You are very hard and unkind."

"I!" laughed the girl. "Not a bit; only I do not humbug you, like others. Now I must leave you. What are you doing here, so far from home? I have come to thank my preserver and see his little ones, for whom I have brought some sweetmeats."

"You came across the turf, I suppose?"

"Yes. Have I been trespassing? Will you prosecute me?"

Richard Cable had heard Josephine's voice and what she said. He stood upright, holding a pea stick, and his face became of a warm color. He hesitated whether to leave his work and go to the bank and speak to her over the hedge, or remain where he was, and wait till she came. Whilst he hesitated, he heard her calling him from behind the dike.

"Mr. Cable! Have you a plank? I will come over to you this way, instead of going round by the street."

"There is a bridge, miss, a little farther down."

He threw down the stick, and walked along the brink of the ditch to the end, and opened a wicket-gate that closed the passage over a plank.

She tripped across and came through the gate. "Where are the children?" she asked; then answered herself: "Oh — there! sitting in the sun. What yellow heads they all have, and blue eyes! How many? Seven, did you say? I see but six. Ah! one carries the baby. What a frightful burden a baby must be — like an imposition at school."

"Did you ever, when a little child, go out a walk in spring and dig up a primrose, and carry it home in the lap of your pinafore?" asked Cable.

"I did not wear pinafores when I went out of doors."

"Of your frock, then?"

"I dare say I may have done something of the kind."

"It was a burden; but it was a delight. I have seven little roots of primroses in my arms, and I carry them gladly wherever I go, thinking nothing of their weight,"

said Richard Cable. "Love lightens burdens."

"If ever I did dig up a flower, you may be sure I made the nurse carry it for me."

"I will let no one carry mine for me," he said, and caught up the baby and kissed it; then Mary, held her to his heart a moment and set her down again; then Susie, Effie, Jane, Martha, Lettice; and as he held up each, he named the child, only the baby he did not name — that was Bessie, called after his mother. "Look here, Miss Cornellis; Bessie is wearing the socks I knitted when we were wrecked. I finished them before I got home."

"I am not surprised at the children loving you," said Josephine. "I should love any one who cared for me."

"Have you no one to do that?"

She shook her head. "My father — after his fashion; my aunt — after hers; neither, no one — after yours."

He looked at her attentively. It seemed to him indeed a marvellous thing that this beautiful girl should have to complain of lack of love.

"Go on," she said, "with your gardening. I will not disturb you. Let me sit on the bank with the children and talk to them, and watch you, and I will sing to them a song and feed them with sweetmeats."

Then, almost reluctantly, he returned to the planting of the pea-rods; and as he worked, he looked across, between the alder-sticks, at Josephine, who had taken a place on the sloping bank and thrown off her hat, as the shadow of the twinkling willows fell athwart the place she had selected. She took out a cornet from a small basket she carried, and the children instinctively gathered round her.

"It is a duty," she said to herself. — "a duty that must be gone through. I promised Cable to visit and play with his white mice." Then, as she held up a candied elval plum, and the little creatures raised themselves towards it with wide eyes and open mouths, and their golden hair rolled back over their shoulders — "After all, the creatures are pretty, and perhaps less insupportable than most children are," she said to herself.

She wore a light dress, with a crimson ribbon about her throat supporting a gold locket. There were crimson bows on her pretty dress, sprigged and spotted with rose. The red agreed with her dark hair and complexion.

Richard Cable continued to observe her as he worked. He was flattered and pleased that she took notice of his children and sat down among them to amuse them.

She sang to them. She had a rich, cultivated voice; she sang the same mermaid's air that she had sung in the stranded ship—the song from "Oberon." Richard Cable could not understand the words, knew nothing of the origin of the song; but he recalled the melody at once—a lovely melody among all the beautiful creations of Weber. Josephine took little Bessie the baby in her arms, and swayed the child as she sang:—

O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Fluth,
Wenn die müde Welle im Schlummer ruht.

Cable signed to Mary, who looked round to her father with a pleased face; and Mary started to her feet and ran to him when he beckoned.

"Bring me her hat; do not let her see," whispered Cable.

Then the child rejoined the group, and presently returned with the straw hat of Josephine.

Richard had stooped to the border of red double daisies and gathered some, and these he now thrust under the red ribbon that girded the white straw. Then he resumed his work; and when Josephine had ceased, she heard a whistle, soft and sweet, repeating from among the peasticks the air of the mermaid's song.

"Hark, hark!" exclaimed Josephine, laughing; "do you hear the nightingale? It has caught my air."

"No!" said little Effie. "It is dada whistling."

"He knows that tune," said Mary. "He has whistled it since he came home to us."

Richard Cable had not known it before he heard the girl sing it on the stranded lightship; after that, he could not shake it out of his head. Why did not Cable leave his work and go up to the girl and speak to her? Was his work of so great importance that it could not be neglected for a few minutes? Was his time so precious that he could devote none of it to her? No; he was afraid of her. He was indeed attracted by her; but the attraction she exercised on him alarmed him. He had thought a good deal about her since he had returned home; as the tune of the mermaid's song hung about his memory, so did her face, so did the words she had said, the intonation of her voice, the movements

of her graceful figure. All the time that she sang and played with his children, he was aware of a power exerted to draw him to her through the barrier he built up between of peasticks. Nevertheless, he would not yield to the force, because he had an instinctive consciousness that it was harmful to him, would disturb his peace of mind, and trouble his relations to his children. She, also, as she sat with the children, wanted him to leave his gardening and come to her. She was drawn to him by his simplicity, his sympathy, gentleness, and truth—qualities she did not meet with in her own home, and which possessed a strange fascination for her. She had told him to continue his work, but was vexed that he had taken her at her word.

Then she called out: "Come here, Mr. Cable! I must show you something."

He could not refuse; he came slowly towards her, shyly, with his cap off, and the sun on his curling hair.

"See!" she exclaimed gleefully; "I have taught your baby something. It can even now enjoy pat-a-cake baker's man. You told me on the ship that it had not reached that pitch of education; I have carried her over the Rubicon."

Cable smiled as he saw Josephine repeat the infantile verses whilst she struck the baby's little palms. As the group was intent on the play, they heard a cough; and Josephine looking round was surprised to see her father in the garden. She colored, rose up, and gave the baby to Mary.

"I have come to see you, Mr. Cable," said Cornellis. "I little supposed that I should find my daughter here. She ought to be at home; it is her practising hour on the piano; but her late escapade has unhinged her; she neither recognizes what she ought to do, nor is aware where she ought not to go."

"How did you come here, papa?" asked Josephine, not at all abashed.

"I came by the door of the house. Mrs. Cable told me I should find her son in the garden; she did not tell me I would find you here."

"She did not know. I came over the dike."

"It is indifferent to me how you came; I shall take good care to see you back," he said coldly. "I am here to speak not to you, but to Mr. Cable." He turned to Richard, who looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"You were good enough to save Miss

Cornellis from drowning," said the gentleman stiffly, with a cold face. "I have felt it my duty to come here to offer you a small gratuity—acknowledgment, I mean, for your services. I cannot in conscience allow your act to pass unrewarded."

Cable became very red.

Josephine looked sharply at him.

"I expect no acknowledgment," said the sailor curtly.

"You may not expect it; but that will not prevent your accepting it—a ten-pound note."

Cable put his hand behind him. "I will receive nothing, sir," he said. "What I did for Miss Josephine was my duty. I would do it for any one. I refuse an acknowledgment. I am paid already, over and over, by Miss Josephine's visit to-day."

"That is right," said Josephine, with a flash out of her brown eyes. "I knew you would refuse."

"Of course I do. I would do anything in the world for you, if you were in any danger, in any trouble; you know that, I hope?"

"I am sure of it," said the girl.

Cable was agitated, partly with anger at the proposal of the father, partly with exultation at the daughter's recognition of his readiness to serve her unrewarded.

"Papa," said Josephine, with a wicked light in her eyes and her lips twitching maliciously, "if you are really grateful to Dicky Cable and wish to please him, not humiliate him, shall I tell you what to do?"

"What?" he asked, frowning.

"Play pat-a-cake with the baby." She stooped, caught up little Bessie, gave her a kiss, and held the child towards her father.

Mr. Cornellis turned sharply away. "How can you be so inconsiderate, so foolish, Josephine! Come home instantly with me."

From behind the sloe hedge sounded a cackling laugh; but though Cornellis heard it, he gave it no heed.

As he left the cottage with Josephine, he turned to her with an ugly expression on his mouth, and said: "You are a fool. Do you not know what you are exposing yourself to? Do you not think that people will talk?"

"Talk—talk about what?"

"I say you are a fool. I've heard sneers already—about you and that lout."

"What lout?"

"Richard Cable."

"Dicky? I'm sure I do not care."

From *The National Review*.

WILLIAM BARNES AND HIS POEMS OF RURAL LIFE

IN THE DORSET DIALECT.*

WILLIAM BARNES, one of the most remarkable and least widely appreciated poets of our time, was born in 1800 or 1801 at an old farmhouse near Sturminster Newton in Blackmore Vale, Dorset; a county wherein his forefathers had held land for several centuries. His parents were not wealthy, and the intention was to bring him up to some kind of business; but from his mother he inherited a taste for poetry and art, and his own bright, eager, yet tenacious and persevering spirit led the boy to train himself diligently in languages and literature. After a few years spent in solicitors' offices as clerk, he set up as a schoolmaster at Mere, and afterwards at Dorchester, making himself meanwhile master not only of Latin and Greek and the chief modern European languages, but also of Sanskrit, Persian, and Hebrew. But that intense interest and affection for his own country which is stamped on every poem that he wrote, concentrated his studies, above all, upon the Welsh, the early English, and the great country dialects from which our own present tongue has been developed.

In 1838 Mr. Barnes began his university career at St. John's, Cambridge. The rest of his life may be briefly told. In 1844 his first collection of Dorset poems appeared, followed in 1847 and 1863 by two more.† Many other books on philology, history, and archæology, proved his energy and range of interests. In 1847 he took holy orders, and in 1862 became parish priest of Winterbourne Came, close to Dorchester. And here, respected and loved by all, poor and rich alike, on the 7th of October 1886, he died, far advanced in his eighty-sixth year, peaceful, happy, and bright in spirit as a young child.

In the October of 1885 I had the privilege of visiting Mr. Barnes in his low-roomed, thatched, cottage rectory at Came. He was then wholly confined to his bedroom; where as he sat, propped up, with his snowy hair and beard, in a scarlet cap and a dressing-gown edged with some white fur, he seemed the living presentment of some high-born Venetian senator

* A lecture delivered in the Theatre of the Museum, 11th November, 1886, by F. T. Palgrave, professor of poetry in the University of Oxford.

† The three collections were published in one handy volume, with a glossary, by Messrs. K. Paul, 1883. A very remarkable series of similar poems, in "common English," which I have not space to examine here, was brought out in 1868 by Macmillan and Co.

or doge, such as might have been painted by Tintoretto for the great council hall of the Ducal Palace. His hands were thin and delicate, his eye brilliant in lustre, his brow beautifully moulded. Everything expressed refinement of mind and beauty of soul; the brightness of the poet's eternal youth; the peace which is enjoyed only by "the royal heart of innocence." He spoke to me a little about the work of his life, with the cheery consciousness of one who had tried throughout to do his duty to God and man; seeming equally glad to live, and happy in the near prospect of departing.

I left him with wishes that we might meet again. But it was not to be. On this day month — the 11th of last October — I was again before the gate leading down to the little rectory, deep amongst trees as yet untouched by autumn. There I saw the plain elm coffin carried out and placed on a little hand-bier, covered only by many wreaths and crosses of white, spring-like flowers; then drawn forth and followed by a little crowd of the poet's children and grandchildren. In company with many friends and neighbors — words which in his case were identical — I followed to his own gray little church; where, with the sweet, solemn words which he had himself read often over old and young, and the nosegays of cottage flowers which the children shyly dropped into his grave, in the sure and certain Christian hope, he was laid to rest from his labors.

I will now first try to define the general aims and characteristics of Barnes as a poet, in as few words as possible, wishing to leave his work to speak for itself; which, indeed, if we approach with hearts at once unbiassed and sensitive, is the one and only way of gaining the pleasure inherent in all true poetry. Like Theocritus, Vergil, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton, Barnes had received, or, rather, given himself a full literary education. He was an eminent example of genuine high culture. But more than any of these great forerunners in the pastoral, he devoted his muse to rural poetry. More, perhaps, than any one known to me, he presents the image of the true idyllist. The pastoral has been often, and often justly, blamed as artificial, it slips easily into affectation and unreality; it has always been difficult for the poets to keep their music from wandering out of the rustic key. From these faults I think no one has been more eminently free than Barnes. He paints rural life with a width of range, with a

variety of human interests, unsurpassed by any pastoralist known to me; yet, at the same time, he retains himself within its limits with unerring accuracy. The idea and the execution are always in perfect accordance. No pastoral poetry is more uniformly and delightfully sincere, fresher from homely life, more untouched by literary or imitative infusion. Barnes's inventive imagination was, in fact, so fertile that he never needed to look for subjects beyond his native horizon; in all his three hundred and more songs, I hardly discover a trace of previous poetry, new or ancient.

Upon these grounds it may be claimed that Barnes was true to the idea of the pastoral with unique fidelity. In all his work there is no allegory of his own life, as in Vergil; no intrusive "scrannel" note of theological bigotry, as in *Lycidas*; no bucolic disguise, as in the "*Aminta*" and the "*Shepherd's Calendar*." As he has told us himself, he had but one ultimate aim in writing throughout, which he defined much as Wordsworth defined his own object, "to add sunlight to daylight," to give pure, high, and lasting pleasure; to enlarge his own country folks' stock of healthy happiness. And this he set himself to do by a true picture of the whole Dorset life and landscape before him, drawn in the homely grace of the dialect, handed down in Blackmore Vale from the old days of Wessex.

It was truly "as a lover or a child" that Barnes felt for his own country; he would have joined Wordsworth in that passionate cry —

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared.

And, as a true philologist, he felt also the immense poetical value of our old English dialects; a value increasing daily as the literary language, by inevitable law, parts with its pictorial expressiveness.

His song never varies from the key thus chosen. As another poet has well said of him,* his poems are "the faultless expression of elementary feelings and perceptions." Thoughts and words are such as would be natural or congenial to what one may call the finer mind of the laboring countryman; to the sound intelligence, the heartiness of the heart, which this

* Coventry Patmore, *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1886.

true child of the soil well knew lay often beneath the rough, rural figures of farmer and cottager. It is with these that Barnes throughout identifies himself; painting them always in their plain, downright simplicity; in toil, struggle, hardship; in their games and feasts; their rough kindly humor, their frank courtships: the day and the day's work sufficient for them, and yet the horizon of the future life neither unfelt nor unacknowledged. But mere animal coarseness, sordid want, cunning and meanness triumphant, these are excluded; in this sense he idealizes the reality of life. Tragedy also rarely occurs; it would jar with the cheerful tone, the dominant aim of healthy happiness. Simplicity, beauty, humanity, are his un-failing notes, and in accordance with this, one of his oldest friends attests, "he was never heard to say an unkind word of any human creature."

Barnes, although in the points I have just noticed unlike Crabbe — that stern, remorseless painter of common life — in another way may be well compared with him. Crabbe, as a great living poet once remarked to me, has probably set before us more human characters than any poet since Shakespeare. I think we may truly say the same of the number of scenes which Barnes has found and presented in his native Dorset. His "motives," if I may use a convenient phrase, are almost endless; and although many, of course, must be drawn from closely similar materials, yet it is surprising with what skill they are always kept distinct. I now propose to give some idea of his wealth in this respect by quoting a few of his poems, and describing others, taking first general pictures of village life. The Dorset dialect is easy enough in a book, but in reading it will be better that I should put the poems into ordinary English. They lose thus, of course, not a little, but the loss is inevitable.

I begin with a song upon the village maidens of Blackmore valley, in which the poet spent his boyhood.

BLACKMOWRE MAIDENS.

The primrose in the sheäde do blow,
The cowslip in the zun,
The thyme upon the down do grow,
The clote where streams do run;
An' where do pretty maidens grow
An' blow, but where the tow'r
Do rise among the bricken tuns,
In Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you could zee their comely gaît,
An' pretty feäces' smiles,

A-trippen on so light o' waïght,
An' steppen off the stiles;
A-gwain to church, as bells do swing
An' ring 'ithin the tow'r,
You'd own the pretty maidens' pleäce
Is Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
To Stower or Paladore,*
An' all the farmers' housen show'd
Their daughters at the door;
You'd cry to bachelors at hwome —
"Here, come: 'ithin an hour
You'll vind ten maidens to your mind,
In Blackmwore by the Stour."

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door,
To zee em in their pleäce,
A-doën house-work up avore
Their smilën mother's feäce;
You'd cry — "Why, if a man would wive
An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r,
Then let en look en out a wive
In Blackmwore by the Stour."

As I upon my road did pass
A schoolhouse back in May,
There out upon the beäten grass
Wer maidens at their play;
An' as the pretty souls did tweil
An' smile, I cried, "The flow'r
O' beauty, then, is still in bud
In Blackmwore by the Stour."

With what a tender lightness of touch do these lines unite the future to the present! They should be compared with the narrative of a simple country ride, "Gwain to Brookwell," in which the poet, with the same natural ease, sets before us the mingled comedy and tragedy of life; each passing before us just as scenes go by when we are travelling. Then we find such other scenes as the village sparrow feast, with the comic song of the wit of the country-side; the contrast between the bachelor and the married man; the tale of the old woman whose market-horse, unknown to her, had been a cavalry charger, and carries her, in her red cloak, into the middle of the ranks; the Gainsborough-like picture of an old-fashioned squire —

That used to ramble drough the sheädes
O' timber, or the burnën gleädes,
An' come at evenen up the leäze
Wi' red-ear'd dogs beside his knees,
An' hold his gun, a-hangën drough
His eärmpit, out above his tooe.

Barnes is so impersonal, keeps himself, with true ancient epic simplicity, so wholly out of sight, that the rural clergy hardly

* Note that *v* is used for *i*; *z* for *s*; *dr* for *th*, in the Dorset. — Paladore, traditional British name of Shaftesbury.

appear among his figures; and when the squire, as here, is the subject, it is less his place in the present than in the past which is put before us — the poet always handling things or persons dead and gone with a tender reverence. But he is no sentimental dreamer, and the rural questions of the day are discussed with great shrewdness and comic power in a number of eclogues. Such is the dialogue on allotments, urging the great importance of their nearness to the cottages, or that on enclosing a common. In another, Tom is a "leaguer," a socialist of some sort; John argues good-humoredly against his theories, overwhelming him at last with a racy fable. When, in lighter style, he paints, till we seem to see them, the troubles and perplexities of the carters, whose wagon has stuck fast in a miry road; or we have a set of country riddles told by youth and girl; the stage-coach and the railway are contrasted; or, as the poet's last word, the little adventures of a "Lot o' Maïdens a-runnen the Vields," lightly touched with an almost Italian comic vivacity.

In a different vein Barnes has made a perfect little piece out of the simple description of the country-folk filling their church in silence; whilst the taking-in of small waste spaces lying by the lanes' side — still, happily, a characteristic feature of Dorset — is a natural matter for the protest of this born lover of nature and of childhood: —

The children wull soon have noo pleâce
Vor to play in, an' if they do grow,
They wull have a thin musheroom feâce,
Wi' their bodies so sumple as dough.
But a man is a-meàde ov a child,
An' his limbs do grow worksome by play;
An' if the young child's little body's a-spwell'd
Why the man's wull the sooner decay.
But wealth is wo'th now mwore than health is
wo'th;
Let it all goo,
If 't ull bring but a sov'rèn or two.

Vor to breed the young fox or the heäre,
We can gi'e up whole càcres o' ground,
But the greens be a-grudg'd, vor to rear
Our young childern up healthy an' sound.
Why, there wount be a-left the next age
A green spot where their veet can goo free;
An' the goocoo wull soon be committed to
cage
Vor a trespass in zomebody's tree.
Vor 'tis lockèn up, Thomas, an' blockèn up,
Stranger or brother,
Men mussen come nigh woone another.

I might add endless more scenes from this moving diorama of life; all with the same characteristics; all painted not only

with absolute simplicity, but absolute sincerity. This poet's eye, like Keats's, is always upon his object. The details are so true, so sharply rendered, that they seem purely photographic; yet if we look at them close, if we recall similar country scenes, we shall see (as in all true landscape painting), that everywhere they are modified and idealized to bring them within the range of poetical art.

Barnes's poems have also, almost without exception, a finished unity, as delicately managed as what we find in the Greek lyrics, rounded off with the perfection of an ode by Horace. It is thus, and thus only, that he reveals his close study of classical poetry, and of Petrarch (an ancient, as it were in his own despite, precisely through that portion of his work where he was most modern), who was one of his special favorites. And it is by this art that Barnes has given grace and life to many pieces, the subject matter of which seems, in itself, almost too slight and familiar. They gain their effect by their perfection as wholes.

Nothing, at first sight, seems easier than such a style, as the myriad attempts which have been made in it prove. But it demands, from him who would succeed in it, absolute freedom from egotism, simple disinterestedness, perfect translucency of soul, and these gifts are far too rare to permit frequent success; at any rate, when poetry has passed beyond the first flush and freshness of its youth.

Sincerity, simplicity, unity — these are the broad features of Barnes, regarded as an artist in words, which have been thus far before us. Let me now complete this general sketch of his style by calling attention to the peculiar attitude which the poet maintains throughout his work. I may term it an attitude of reserve; of disinterestedness; an entire absence of egotism. He himself is hardly seen in the long gallery of his creations; like Shakespeare, he is felt only as the combining and creating human spirit. As in Homer, everything is shown to us by external, sensible images, by putting the scene in immediate simplicity before us. Poetry of this kind calls forth our thoughts in place of directly suggesting thoughts to us. Hence also, although full of high purpose and meaning, Barnes hardly ever moralizes; he is too great an artist to spoil his poetry by preaching; only, perhaps, a line or two at the close carry us, with equal firmness and lucidity of touch, beyond this world into the region of the world unseen. To put it in one word,

this is objective poetry, in a singularly pure and perfect form; I know of no modern writer who has mastered it with such unvarying success, and on a scale so considerable.

Every style, however, as the saying is, has "the defects of its qualities." A true criticism will never pass these over; and he should be the more careful to notice them who is likely to fall into exaggerated praise in the endeavor to do justice to "neglected virtue." Barnes's purely objective, impersonal manner now and then tends to be bald or thin in its effect. As with Herrick, his Devon fellow-countryman of old, "rural ditties" and "oaten flute" now and then may appear primitive and pale at first hearing, to ears familiar only with the full crash and compass of the modern orchestra. There is a monotony like that of skies and seas and forests, in these "short and simple annals of the poor," however finely discriminated. Perhaps the poet's own beautiful and gracious nature, never letting him "say an unkind word of any human creature," has made light and brightness too constant in his pictures:—

*Hic ver adsidium, atque alienis mensibus
acstas.*

Like those of another master of the exquisite, Fra Angelico, we may sometimes miss the contrast of effective shadow. Again, to them whose taste in poetry can find no pleasure except in subtle analysis of character and emotion, in speculation upon the problems and perplexities of life, in personal revelations of feeling, in introspective brooding, color and sensuousness for their own sake—in a word, to those who are simply led captive and enslaved by the dominant fashions of the age; to all such, Barnes will seem an anachronism, an Elizabethan, like Herrick or Keats, born out of his proper century. But in Oxford I may look with confidence for a wider, healthier, more liberal taste; in the best sense of the word, for a classical judgment.

Returning now to the poems, I must briefly notice the peculiar part which landscape plays in them. This is governed everywhere by that objective character which I have just tried to define. Nature is looked at by Barnes, as by the Greeks, in her pure simplicity; as the picture which surrounds us; as the scenery and background of human life, not in the modern mode of which Wordsworth, Shelley, and others have given us splendid examples, as a living power to teach man,

or sympathize almost consciously with him. But he does not, with the Greeks, treat nature as the outward manifestation of divine or half-divine existences. She appears, rather, as a sort of unconscious reflex of human life. The landscape of each season, in its turn, seems, indeed, to Barnes to be the genuine echo of our emotions; but it is an echo only; our hearts have, as it were, supplied nature with the answer which she gives back to us. Yet this echo is so close and dear to the rural poet's mind, that the landscape is always intertwined in his verse with its dominant human interests. His descriptions are so accurate and lively in their details, that one's first word would be to call them strikingly pictorial. But if we look close we shall find that (true to the essential laws of poetry), no painter could really reproduce them. It is always some human thought or sentiment which gives the picture its unity, its effectiveness. To use his own expressive phrase, he sees and paints the landscape not only with eye-sight, but with mind-sight.

In consequence of this attitude towards nature, this constant interfusion of the human, it is as difficult to find a specimen of pure landscape in Barnes as it is in ancient poetry. "Jeâne" and "Zummer," quoted later on, illustrate his method. I will here insert only an extract, the last lines of which have a pathetic interest from the fact that it was in October that this bright-souled lover of spring was called away.

MAY.

Come out o' door, 'tis Spring! 'tis May!
The trees be green, the vields be gay;
The weather's warm, the winter blast,
Wi' all his train o' clouds, is past;
The zun do rise while vo'k do sleep,
To teäke a higher daily zweep,
Wi' cloudless feäce a-fingèn down
His sparklèn light upon the groun'.

We'll wind up roun' the hill, an' look
All down the thickly timber'd nook,
Out where the squier's house do show
His grey-wall'd peaks up drough the row
O' sheädy elems, where the rook
Do build her nest; an' where the brook
Do creep along the meäds, an' lie
To catch the brightness o' the sky;
An' cows, in water to thei'r knees,
Do stan' a-whiskèn off the vices.

Mother o' blossoms, and ov' all
That's fear a-vield vrom Spring till Fall,
The gookoo over white-weä'd seas
Do come to zing in thy green trees,
An' buttervlees, in giddy flight,
Do gleäm the mwoost by thy gay light.

Oh! when, at last, my fleshly eyes
 Shall shut upon the yields an' skies,
 Mid zummer's sunny days be gone,*
 An' winter's clouds be comen on:
 Nor mid I draw upon the e'th,
 O' thy sweet air my leatest breath;
 Alassen I mid want to stay
 Behine' for thee, O flow'ry May!

I have noticed Barnes's sympathetic reverence for the past, for the labors of our forefathers. All that survives of the work wrought by vanished hands has a sweet pathos for him. This tone is heard whenever he touches on the old manor-houses in which Dorset is rich, whilst describing them always from the point of view which might strike intelligent country folk, whose thoughts turn naturally less to architectural picturesqueness than to the life once lived within them. Thus, in the "Girt [great] Wold House o' Mossy Stwone" we have this scene from the days of Queen Anne or Queen Charlotte:

An' there wer walks o' peavement, broad
 Enough to meake a carriage-road,
 Where steately leadies woonce did use
 To walk wi' hoops an' high-heel shoes,
 When yonder hollow woak wer sound,
 Avore the walls wer ivy-bound,
 Avore the elems met above
 The road between em, where they drove
 Their coach all up or down the road
 A-comen hhome or gwain abroad.
 The zummer air o' theäse green hill
 'V a-heavy'd in bosoms now all still,
 An' all their hopes an' all their tears
 Be unknown things ov other years.

Even the little stone figure of a child — some rococo cupid, doubtless — set on a pillar in a park, becomes a living thing to the poet. In whatever weather—

You'll zee his pretty smile betwixt
 His little sheäde-mark'd lips a-fixed;
 As there his little sheäpe do bide
 Drough day an' night, an' time an' tide,
 An' never change his size or dress,
 Nor overgrow his prettiness.

Barnes has given also one general picture of the four seasons, personified as figures who pass in turn over the face of what he calls a "year-clock;" an idea suggested, perhaps, by the elaborate piece of mediæval mechanism which was brought away from Glastonbury, and marks the hours still in Wells Cathedral. It would be injustice to mutilate by partial quotation this, which seems to me the most brilliant piece of his nature painting. I class it with the lovely poem of Keats's named "Fancy," as holding the second rank in

* Mid, in Dorset, stands for may, might, or, as here, if.

that peculiar style, of which Milton's "Allegro" and "Penseroso" are the hitherto unrivalled masterpieces.

Scenes, however, from individual life, pictures of the cottage home with its joys and sorrows, of course fill the greater part of the collection. I begin with a song of village love-making:—

MY LOVE IS GOOD.

My love is good, my love is feäir,
 She's comely to behold, O,
 In ev'rything that she do wear,
 Altho' 'tis new or wold, O.
 My heart do leäp to see her walk,
 So straight do step her veet, O,
 My tongue is dum' to hear her talk,
 Her vaice do sound so sweet, O.
 The flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
 Do bear but vew, so good and true.

When she do zit, then she do seem
 The feäirst to my zight, O,
 Till she do stan' an' I do deem,
 She's feäirst at her height, O.
 An' she do seem 'ithin a room
 The feäirst on a floor, O,
 Till I ageän do zee her bloom
 Still feäirer out o' door, O.
 Where flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
 Do bear but vew, so good an' true.

An' when the deäisies be a-press'd
 Below her vootsteps waight, O,
 Do seem as if she look'd the best
 Ov all in walken gait, O.
 Till I do zee her zit upright
 Behind the ho'ses neck, O,
 A-holden wi' the rain so tight
 His tossen head in check, O,
 Where flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
 Do bear but vew, so good an' true.

I wish I had my own free land
 To keep a ho'se to ride, O,
 I wish I had a ho'se in hand
 To ride en at her zide, O.
 Vor if I wer as high in rank
 As any duke or lord, O,
 Or had the goold the richest bank
 Can shovel from his horde, O,
 I'd love her still, if even then
 She wer a leäser in a glen.

Here we note how the refrain, with its graceful system of rhyme and assonance, lifts and keeps the rustic plainness of the song at its due poetic level. Somewhat in the same key is "The Farmer's Woldest Dä'ter," a first-rate piece of shrewd humor and good feeling. "Gwafn down the Steps vor Water" paints a country maiden at a well, with the homely Doric beauty of Theocritus in his "Sicilian hours." Many others I must pass over. Most of them tell of happy love; but in the "Hope a-left behind," "The Broken Heart," the

singularly pathetic "Love Child," and others, the tragic side is painted with great force, but also with a complete freedom from sentimental exaggeration. I have only space to quote

THE BROKEN HEART.

News o' grief had overteaken
Dark-ey'd Fanny, now vorseaken;
There she zot, wi' breast a-heaven,
While vrom zide to zide, wi' grieven,
Vell her head, wi' tears a-creepen
Down her cheäks, in bitter weepen.
There wer still the ribbon-bow
She tied avore her hour ov woe,
An' there wer still the han's that tied it
Hangèn white,
Or wringèn tight,
In ceäre that drown'd all ceäre beside it.

When a man, wi' heartless slighèn,
Mid become a maiden's blighèn,
He mid ceärelessly vorseäke her,
But must answer to her Meäker;
He mid slight, wi' selfish blindness,
All her deeds o' lovèn-kindness,
God wull waigh em wi' the slighèn
That mid be her love's requitèn;
He do look on each deceiver,
He do know
What weight o' woe
Do break the heart ov ev'ry griever.

A picture of married life may follow.

JEANE.

We now mid hope vor better cheer,
My smilèn wife o' twice vive year.
Let others frown if thou bist near
Wi' hope upon thy brow, Jeäne;
For I vu'st lov'd thee when thy light
Young sheäpe vu'st grew to woman's height;
I lov'd thee near, an' out o' zight,
An' I do love thee now, Jeäne.

An' we've a-trod the sheenèn bleäde
Ov cegrass in the zummer sheäde,
An' when the leaves begun to feäde
Wi' zummer in the weäne, Jeäne;
An' we've a-wander'd drough the groun'
O' swayèn wheat a-turnèn brown,
An' we've a-stroll'd together roun'
The brook an' drough the leäne, Jeäne.

An' nwone but I can ever tell
Ov all thy tears that have a-vell
When trials meäde thy bosom zwell,
An' nwone but thou o' mine, Jeäne;
An' now my heart, that heav'd wi' pride
Back then to have thee at my zide,
Do love thee mwore as years do slide,
An' leave them times behine, Jeäne.

The "Married Peäir's Love Walk,"
"Hallowed Pleäces" (a visit to a wife's
old home), "Woone Smile mwore," "The
Slantèn Light o' Fall" (a christening scene
in autumn), "Fatherhood," "Tweil" (toil),
— these titles may serve to indicate the

poet's range. I quote two stanzas from
the last named; the scene is the cottager's
garden.

In wall-zide sheädes, by leafy bowers,
Underneath the swayèn tree,
O' leäte, as round the bloomèn flowers,
Lowly humm'd the giddy bee,
My childern's small left voot did smite
Their tiny speäde, the while the right
Did trample on a deäisy head,
Beside the flower's dousty bed,
An' though their work wer idle then,
They a-smilèn, an' a-tweilèn,
Still did work an' work ageän.

Now their little limbs be stronger,
Deeper now their vaice do sound;
An' their little veet be longer,
An' do tread on other ground;
An' rust is on the little bleädes
Ov all the broken-hafted speädes,
An' flow'rs that wer my hope an' pride
Ha' long ago a-bloom'd an' died,
But still as I did leäbor then
Vor love ov all them childern small,
Zoo now I'll tweil an' tweil ageän.

In these home pictures every word tells,
and there is not a word too many. They
show the finest art; or, as it would be
more true to say, conceal it. Children
especially are drawn with a touch equally
firm and tender; humorous or pathetic, as
the subject may be, never falling into
mere petty prettiness or sentimental com-
monplace. Scattered examples of similar
happy painting of childhood may be found
among our poetry, that of Blake, great in
both fields of art, especially. But few, I
think, are the poets who, in this difficult
region, can show so many successes as
Barnes — so many triumphs of seemingly
artless art.

My last quotation leads me to another
gift in which Barnes excels — that by
which, perhaps, he is best known, so far
as one can correctly speak of him as known
at all — his gift in pathetic delineation.
Such subjects, in our own time especially,
are commonly treated in what I may call
a highly colored manner; the poet, by his
epithets and his own reflections upon the
situation before him, points out and em-
phasizes the pathos of his "motive." In
the simpler style prevalent of old — the
best examples of which are found in Ho-
mer — the poet relies wholly upon his
clear setting forth of the situation, on the
unadorned translucency with which he
renders the scene. Such a picture calls,
as it were, in silence to the depths of our
sympathy; by its own force it pierces, in
the phrase of Euripides,* *to the very mar-*

* Hippolytus, 255.

row of the soul. The heart may reply to the pathos, but the poet does not himself supply us with the answer.

Scott has a little ballad, "The Maid of Neidpath," which is one of the most exquisite examples in literature of this style of the pathetic, and it is thus that Barnes always writes. I quote two or three specimens, the beauty of which will need little comment from me.

THE WIFE A-LOST.

Since I noo mwore do zee your feâce,
Up steairs or down below,
I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleâce,
Where flat-bough'd beech do grow:
Below the beeches' bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't look to meet ye now,
As I do look at whome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
In walks in zummer het,
I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
Drough trees a-drippen wet:
Below the rain-wet bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I do grieve at home.

Since now beside my dinner-bwoard
Your vaice do never sound,
I'll eat the bit I can avword,
A-vield upon the g'round:
Below the darksome bough, my love,
Where you did never dine,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I at hwome do pine.

Since I do miss your vaice and feâce
In prayer at eventide,
I'll pray wi' woone sad voice vor greâce
To goo where you do bide;
Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone avore,
An' be a waiten vor me now,
To come vor evermwore.

One could hardly find a better example than this of the contrast between true feeling and sentimentalism; between "Sense and Sensibility," as immortalized by Jane Austen.

READEN OV A HEADSTONE.

As I wer readen ov a stwone
In Grenley church-yard all alwone,
A little maid ran up, wi' pride
To zee me there, an' push'd a-zide
A bunch of bennets that did hide
A verse her father, as she zaid,
Put up above her mother's head,
To tell how much he loved her.

The verse wer short, but very good,
I stood an' larn'd en where I stood:—
"Mid God, dear Meäry, gi'e me greâce
To vind, lik' thee, a better pleâce,

Where I woonce mwore mid zee thy feâce;
An' bring thy childern up to know
His word, that they mid come an' show
Thy soul how much I lov'd thee."

"Where's father, then," I zaid, "my chile?"
"Dead too," she answer'd wi' a smile;
"An' I an' brother Jim do bide
At Betty White's, o' tother zide
O' road." "Mid He, my chile," I cried,
"That's father to the fatherless,
Become thy Father now, an' bless,
An' keep, an' leäd, an' love thee."

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,
Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
Her litsome heart by day or night;
An' zoo, if we could teäke it right,
Do show He'll meäke his burdens light
To weaker souls, an' that his smile
Is sweet upon a harmless chile,
When they be dead that lov'd it.

The next I have chosen, leaving out reluctantly the somewhat less unknown "Ellen Brine," exemplifies Barnes in his narrative vein.

THE TURNSTILE.

Ah! sad wer we as we did peäce
The wold church road, wi' downcast feâce,
The while the bells, that mwaoan'd so deep
Above our child a-left asleep,
Wer now a-zingen all alive
Wi' tother bells to meäke the vive.
But up at woone pleâce we come by,
'Twer hard to keep woone's two eyes dry:
On Steän-cliff road, 'ithin the drong,
Up where, as vo'k do pass along,
The turnen stile, a-painted white,
Do sheen by day an' show by night.
Vor always there, as we did goo
To church, thik stile did let us drough,
Wi' spreaden cärms that wheel'd to guide
Us each in turn to tother zide.
An' vu'st ov all the train he took
My wife, wi' winsome gait an' look;
An' then zent on my little maïd,
A-skippèn onward, overjay'd
To reach' ageän the pleâce o' pride,
Her comely mother's left han' zide.
An' then a-wheelèn roun' he took
On me, 'ithin his third white nook.
An' in the fourth, a-sheakèn wild,
He zent us on our giddy child.
But eesterday he guided slow
My downcast Jenny, vull o' woe,
An' then my little maid in black,
A-walkèn softly on her track;
An' after he'd a-turn'd ageän,
To let me goo along the leäne,
He had noo little bwoy to vill
His last white cärms, an' they stood still.

My last example "Woak Hill," describes a widower leaving the home where he had lived with his wife; "house-rid-den," being the Dorset equivalent for the north-country "flitting." The pathos of

this is singularly refined and delicate. The thought and the feeling are of very subtle beauty, but the poet—always true to himself—has rendered them with a Doric simplicity. Note the touch, where the imagined presence of the lost wife is painted by the single word, *light*.

WOAK HILL.

When sycamore leaves wer a-spreaden,
Green-ruddy, in hedges,
Beside the red doust o' the ridges,
A-dried at Woak Hill;

I packed up my goods all a-sheenèn
Wi' long years a' handlèn,
On dousty red wheels ov a wagon,
To ride at Woak Hill.

The brown thatchen ruf o' the dwellèn,
I then wer a-leävèn
Had shelter'd the sleek head o' Meäry,
My bride at Woak Hill.

But now vor zome years, her light voot-vall
'S a-lost vrom the vlooreñ.
Too soon vor my jay an my childern,
She died at Woak Hill.

But still I do think that, in soul,
She do hover about us;
To ho vor her motherless childern,
Her pride at Woak Hill.

Zoo—lest she should tell me hereafter
I stole off 'ithout her,
An' left her, uncalled at house-riddèn,
To bide at Woak Hill.

I call'd her so fondly, wi' lippèn
All soundless to others,
An' took her wi' air-reachèn hand,
To my zide at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talkèn
To light at my shoulder,
An' then led her in at the door-way,
Miles wide vrom Woak Hill.

An' that's why vo'k thought, vor a season,
My mind wer a-wandrèn
Wi' sorrow, when I wer so sorely
A-tried at Woak Hill.

But no; that my Meäry mid never
Behold herself slighted,
I wanted to think that I guided
My guide vrom Woak Hill.

I must touch, too briefly, on the technical side of Barnes's art in poetry, rhythm, metre, rhyme, assonances, use of refrain, and choice of words. There is nothing small or unimportant in genuine fine art. Each and every atom of these things, in a finished artist, will contribute to the power of his verse over mind and heart. But how this effect has been gained we shall hardly be conscious; the art will have hidden itself away; the means will be lost in the end. It is thus with Barnes. Pitch-

ing all his poems in the key appropriate to his own country-folk, he writes for the most part in a familiar, short, iambic metre, well known from the time of its Hellenic inventors, as the nearest to common speech. This he saves from monotony by his singularly perfect and singularly unaffected system of rhymes—rhymes never forced, yet constantly delighting us by their rural freshness. And lest they should still cloy, he has taken from our early English poetry delicate cross-rhymes, inserted in the course of his lines; or gentle assonances, such as those which may be noted in "Ellen Brine."

"Woak Hill" is a beautiful example of this method; until we stop to think, the fact that, like Collins's lovely "Ode to Evening," it is written in assonances without rhyme, would not, I think, strike any reader.

Rhyming metres and stanzas, when short, as Barnes's generally are, bring one up often with a too rapid, or too strongly marked, close; the rhythm hence seems to fail in continuity, the stanza ends with an over-emphatic, with an almost jarring, chord. Barnes employs a peculiar system of refrain to avoid these defects. His refrain commonly echoes the metre, in a softer, more delicate tone, with an effect like what is termed in music the "perfect cadence." "Ellen Brine," the "Head-stwone," "My Love is Good," are instances. When, however, he has a lively, humorous theme, the burden changes into a more brilliant key, summing up and intensifying the rhythmical movement, with a chorus-like strain. "The Coach," the spirited "Praise o' Do'set"—into which, as in duty bound, the poet's whole soul has gone,— "The Ivy," "The Shy Man," close after this fashion.

After Barnes's pathetic verse, I give a fragment from a boldly written song of straightforward, yet essentially modest independence; one of those pieces in which the predominant tone is manliness and true-hearted fellowship:—

No, I'm a man, I'm vull a man,
You beät my manhood, if you can.

A young-cheäk'd mother's tears mid vall,
When woone a-lost, not half man-tall,
Vrom little hand, a-called vrom play,
Do leave noo tool, but drop a tay,
An' die avore he's father-free
To sheäpe his life by his own plan;
An' vull an angel he shall be,
But here on e'th not vull a man,
No; I could boast if others can,
I'm vull a man.

Friendship, of course, is another marked topic. "A Wold Friend" will be found an excellent example. Manly spirit supplies the common theme of these poems. But a girl's brave heart is honored in the humorous —

DON'T CEARE.

At the feäst, I do mind very well, all the vo'ks
Wer a-took in a happerén storm,
But we chaps took the maidens, an' kept em
wi' clokes

Under shelter, all dry an' all warm;
An' to my lot vell Jeäne, that's my bride,
That did titter, a-hung at my zide;
Zaid her aunt, "Why the vo'k 'll talk finely
o' you,"
An' cried she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

When the time o' the feäst wer ageän a-come
round,

An' the vo'k wer a-gather'd woonce mwore,
Why she guess'd if she went there, she'd soon
be a-vound

An' a-took seäfully hwome to her door.
Zaid her mother, "'Tis sure to be wet."
Zaid her cousin, "'T 'ull rain by zunzet."
Zaid her aunt, "Why the clouds there do
look black an' blue."
An' zaid she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

An' at last, when she own'd I mid meäke her
my bride,

Vor to help me, an' sheäre all my lot,
An' wi' faithvulness keep all her life at my
zide,

Though my way mid be happy or not;
Zaid her neighbors, "Why wedlock's a clog,
An' a wife's a-tied up lik a dog."
Zaid her aunt, "You'll vind trials enough vor
to rue,"
An' zaid she, "I don't ceäre if I do."

The piece somewhat obscurely named
"Withstanders" is an example of Barnes's
most serious manner. Here he takes the
attitude of those who have to look upon
the evil and injustice of this world, with-
out the power of conquering or redressing
them; who can only wait for the day when
the mystery of wrong will be solved, the
final triumph of the good and right.

WITHSTANDERS.

When weakness now do strive wi' might
In struggles of an e'thly trial,
Might mid overcome the right,
An' truth be turn'd by might's denial;
Withstanders we ha' mwost to feär,
If selfishness do wring us here,
Be souls a-holdén in their hand,
The might an' riches o' the land.

But when the wicked, now so strong,
Shall stan' vor judgment, peäle as ashes,
By the souls that rued their wrong,
Wi' tears a-hangén on their lashes —

Then withstanders they shall deäre
The least ov all to meet wi' there,
Mid be the helpless souls that now
Below their wrongful might mid bow.

Sweet childern o' the dead, bereft
Ov all their goods by guile an' forgén;
Souls o' driven sleäves that left
Their weäry limbs a-mark'd by scourgén;
They that God ha' call'd to die
Vor truth ageän the wold's lie,
An' they that groan'd an' cried in vain,
A-bound by foe's unrighteous chain.

The maïd that selfish craft led on
To sin, an' left wi' hope a-blightéd;
Starvén workmen, thin an' wan,
Wi' hopeless leäbor ill requited;
Souls a-wrong'd, an' call'd to vill
Wi' dread, the men that us'd em ill.
When might shall yield to right as pliant
As a dwarf avore a giant.

When there, at last, the good shall glow
In star-bright bodies lik' their Seäviour,
Vor all their flesh noo mwore mid show,
The marks o' man's unkind behäviour:
Wi' speechless tongue, an' burnén cheak,
The strong shall bow avore the weak,
An' vind that helplessness, wi' right,
Is strong beyond all e'thly might.

In these few lines, meseems, the poet
has concentrated the battle of right and
wrong, the oppressed and the oppressor,
with what simplicity of phrase! what
manly pathos! what fineness of art! By
way of contrast I will now quote one
specimen of Barnes's humorous work.
What I said of his pathos, applies here
also; the method is the same. The scenes
or persons have always humor in them-
selves, as pictures passing before our
eyes; they are not comic through the
poet's choice of humorous diction. Play-
ful and kindly, they make us smile, as it
were, by their own right.

THE SHY MAN.

Ah! good Meäster Gwillet, that you mid ha'
know'd,
Wer a-bred up at Coomb, an' went little
abroad;
An' if he got in among strangers, he velt
His poor heart in a twitter, an' ready to melt;
Or if, by ill luck, in his rambles, he met
Wi' zome maidens a-titt'ren, he burn'd wi' a
het,
That shot all drough the lim's o'n, an' left a
cwold zweat,
The poor little chap wer so shy,
He wer ready to drap, an' to die.

But at last 'twere the lot o' the poor little man
To vall deeply in love, as the best ov us can;
An' 'twere noo easy task vor a shy man to tell
Sich a dazzién feär maïd that he loved her so
well;

An' woone day when he met her, his knees
nearly sinote
Woone another, an' then wi' a struggle he
bro't

A vew vords to his tongue, wi' some mwore
in his droat.

But she, 'thout doubt, could soon vind
Vrom two words that came out, zix behind.

Zoo at length, when he vound her so smilèn
an' kind,

Why he wrote her zome lains, vor to tell her
his mind,

Though 'twer then a hard task vor a man that
wer shy,

To be married in church, wi' a crowd stannèn
by.

But he twold her woone day, "I have housen
an' lands,

We could marry by licence, if you don't like
banns,"

An' he cover'd his eyes up wi' woone of his
han's,

Vor his head zeem'd to zwim as he spoke,
An' the air look'd so dim as a smoke.

Well! he vound a good naighbour to goo in
his pleâce

Vor to buy the goold ring, vor he hadden the
feâce.

An' when he went up vor to put in the banns,
He did sheake in his lags, an' did sheake in
his han's.

Then they ax'd vor her neâme, an' her parish
or town,

An' he gi'ed em a leaf, wi' her neâme a-wrote
down;

Vor he couldn ha' twold em outright, vor a
poun',

Vor his tongue wer so weak an' so loose,
When he wanted to speak 'twer noo use.

Zoo they went to be married, an' when they
got there

All the vo'k wer a-gathered as if 'twer a feäir,
An' he thought, though his pleâce mid be
pleazèn to zome,

He could all but ha' wished that he hadden
a-come.

The bride wer a smilèn as fresh as a rouse,
An' when he come wi' her, an' show'd his
poor nose,

All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried "There
he goes,"

"There he goes." Oh! vor his peärt he
velt

As if the poor heart o'n would melt.

An' when they stood up by the chancel to-
gether,

Oh! a man mid ha' knock'd en right down
wi' a veecher,

He did veel zoo asheäm'd that he thought he
would rather

He wörden the bridegroom, but only the
father.

But, though 'tis so funny to zee en so shy,
Veet his mind is so lowly, his aims be so high,
That to do a mean deed, or to tell woone a lie,

You'd vind that he'd shun mwore by half,
Than to stan' vor vo'ks fun, or their laugh.

Last, for the sake of its music, its
Shakespearean charm:—

ZUMMER AN' WINTER.

When I led by zummer streams
The pride o' Lea, as naighbours thought
her,

While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,
Did cast our sheädes athirt the water;

Winds a-blowèn,

Streams a-flowèn,

Skies a-glowèn,

Tokens ov my jay zoo fleetèn,

Heighten'd it, that happy meetèn.

Then, when maïd an' man took pleäces,

Gay in winter's Chris'mas dances,

Showèn in their merry feäces

Kindly smiles an' glianèn glances;

Stars a-winkèn,

Day a-shrinkèn,

Sheädes a-zinkèn,

Brought anew the happy meetèn,

That did meäke the night too fleetèn.

Why has this poet, so perfect in his art, so clear and lifelike in describing, so happy in invention of subject, so sweet and lofty in his tone, why has he never as yet reached popularity? Why, thus far, must the audience he has found be one which, looking to our English-speaking and reading millions, can be described only as Milton's "fit, though few"? He did not write for fame; and are we to say that fame, like the spiteful goddesses of Hellenic legend, avenged herself for the slight? I think it has been so in some degree. Our modern culture widening more than deepening, calls forth and encourages so vast a crowd of voices, that we do not generally care to listen, except to those who flatter or shout for a hearing. At times, a true poet may raise a note so resonant, or so piercing, that we are, at last, constrained to give audience. But we shut our ears to the small, still voice, though, perhaps, having in it more of the divine than louder utterances.

The quotations and criticisms, which I have now offered, may supply some reasons, both why Barnes has not gained popularity, and also, as I hope, why he deserves it.

First and foremost has been his use of dialect; and this may probably seem to many an all-sufficient reason. Yet I will venture to call it nothing better than sheer, simple indolence. The Dorset, as Barnes prints it, differs from literary English, almost wholly, in a few obvious forms of spelling. If a real, good country word comes in, one has but to turn to

the glossary at the end of the volume; when any genuine lover of poetry will be glad to enrich his memory with words racy of the soil, and living memorials of old England.

To pass from words to substance. Of the poet's general style, I have already spoken, and of the limitations, which this, like every other style, involves. But here we may probably find the other main reason why he has not been popular. Working for love of his art, and for love of his fellow-countryfolk, he has never tried to fall in with the literary current of the day. In a "subjective age," as Goethe described it sixty years since, Barnes has been obstinate in his objectivity. He is indifferent to colored diction, to sensuous metaphor, to allusions and ornaments added for decoration's sake. Politics, religion, ethics, are only implied. He avoids all display of personal feeling, all self-conscious confession, all inward conflict, and, keeping his eye always on his object, leaves the reader to be moved or not by its simple presentation. His three hundred scenes from the drama of rural life supply, indeed, abundant material for the subtle analysis, in which our day is so fertile. But it finds no expression among them.

I hope I shall not be understood as depreciating the style now popular, by thus attempting to do justice to another. This would be to fall into that narrow one-sided taste which makes us at strife with our own pleasure. For the style of Barnes, however, may be justly claimed that, if his plain, ancient, objective manner appeals less to the sympathy of contemporaries, it has in itself certain sure signs of duration. The special thoughts, likings, struggles, problems of every age, in their very essence, are transitory. The fashion of the world changes. The decorations and colors of the day please no longer. *Qui nunc amavit, cras non amat.* But, if his gift be true, permanency will always be with the poet whose song is of the elementary thoughts and passions of man, the things that have been, and will be again; it will be, above all, with him who writes with his eye on his object, not on himself. And, from this view-point, I liken the general difference of the two styles, objective and subjective, to the difference between a work of sculpture and a work of painting, — between marble in its colorless eternity, and the too-fleeting rainbow of the canvas.

To sum up. Contemporary critical judgment is always so thoroughly inse-

LIVING AGE. VOL. LVII. 2963

cure that it will be best to make no attempt to assign the place, due to the poet whom England has lost, in our literature. Nor, of course, can I here enter on the alluring work of comparing him with other writers of pastoral poetry. But it will, perhaps, not be disputed that he has the quality which Mr. Arnold long since skilfully defined as *distinction*; and this, at least, will at no time want the affectionate admiration of the best judges. Barnes never wrote for fame, he never wrote for money; not having leisure for them, I suppose, as Plato said. But on our long roll I find no poet who has more persistently and single-mindedly aimed at the true end of poetry, high and durable pleasure; who has striven more earnestly in the interest of healthy happiness. To no one does the phrase, "holy simplicity," *sancta simplicitas*, apply more accurately. His song is as fresh and spontaneous as the bird's; as an old poet* expresses it beautifully, it was to Barnes —

No pains, but pleasure, to do the dictates dear
Of inward living nature,— what doth move
The nightingale to sing so sweet and clear,
The thrush, or lark that, mounting high
above,
Chants her shrill notes to heedless ears of
corn,
Heavily hanging in the dewy morn.

Sincerity, sweetness, a hand that does not seem as if it could wander from the line of beauty, an originality which exempts him from all indebtedness to preceding pastoral poets — these are among his characteristic notes. He has, in my eyes, a place so unique that I can hardly compare him with any other single writer. Perhaps Mozart has the same magical charm, the sweetness, the cry of human pathos, the unremitting and inseparable presence of beauty. Add to this that, with a seldom-equalled inventiveness in his subjects, Barnes never fails to maintain the impression of unity. True poet in a very rare sense, he keeps the balance between the ideal and the real with delicate and unswerving accuracy. He deserves the praise which Shakespeare, by the mouth of Polixenes, whilst defining the craft of the gardener, gives, as it were in a figure, to poetry: † —

This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather;
but
The art itself is nature.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

* Henry More, *Cupid's Conflict*, 1647.

† *The Winter's Tale*, act iv., sc. 4.

From Good Words.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NO NEW THING," "MY FRIEND JIM,"
"MADEMOISELLE MERSAC," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEED IS DONE.

SIR BRIAN departed for London by the early express on the following morning, which was a Thursday. He left no message for either of his sons; but stated, for the information of the servants, that he would be back before dinner on the Saturday. The night had neither softened his heart nor altered his mind. He had already telegraphed to the family lawyers to announce his approach, and his wrath against Brian had been rather increased than diminished by six or seven hours of broken rest. Perhaps what provoked him more than anything else was that his son had evidently not believed him to be in earnest. "He will find that he makes a mistake," muttered Sir Brian, as he sat down in the corner of the railway carriage; "I am not a man to say one thing and to mean another."

He was fond of making this assertion about himself, because in his heart of hearts he knew well that that was exactly what he was. Indeed, if he had chosen to examine closely into his motives for undertaking this hasty journey to London, he would very likely have discovered that fear of relenting was at the bottom of them. When once he had made his new will he would be ashamed to tear it up and revert to the old one. But of course he did not put matters before himself in a light so unflattering to his pride. When old Mr. Potter, of the well-known and highly respectable firm of Potter and Dodder, called that afternoon, by appointment, at the hotel in Albemarle Street which Sir Brian frequented, he found himself in the presence of a stern, unbending gentleman, who gave his instructions with military brevity and precision.

"How do you do, Mr. Potter? I hope you are quite well. I wish to have a fresh will prepared for me and to be ready for signature in the course of to-morrow. The small bequests to the servants and so forth will remain as in the former one; but my heir and residuary legatee will be my son Gilbert, not my son Brian."

"Why, bless my soul!" said Mr. Potter. "Dear, dear, dear!"

Sir Brian was ready and eager to quarrel with anybody.

"Am I to understand from these ejaculations," he inquired, with elaborate politeness, "that I have not made my meaning clear?"

Mr. Potter was a stout, prosperous little old gentleman who had to deal with many testy clients and was not much in awe of any of them.

"Oh, your meaning is clear enough," he replied, sitting down and crossing one plump leg over the other; "but I should doubt whether your head is. Now be advised by an old friend, my dear Sir Brian, and take a little longer to consider it. Say a week."

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Potter," returned Sir Brian coldly, "and I think you will allow that your advice as to matters of business has always had due weight with me. In the present instance, however, I did not come to London to seek advice."

"Well, well! you needn't snap a man's nose off. Come, what has the poor young fellow been doing? You know you are dying to tell me."

"I am not dying to tell you; I don't see that it is any business whatsoever of yours, and — and — Well, if you want to know, he has been backing a bill for £2,000 (by the way, I shall want you to advance me £2,000 at once, and you shall be repaid as soon as I can get the money sold out), and not only that, but he has been threatening, or as good as threatening, to dispose of part of the estate for building purposes after my death. You are aware, Potter, that that is an offence which I cannot forgive and ought not to forgive."

"I am aware that you think so, certainly. He deserves to be soundly rated and kept upon short commons for backing bills; but as for disposing of that land, which has never been worth anything, why, in my opinion, he would be a great fool if he didn't. He was a fool to let you know of his intentions, though."

"Potter, I will not stand this! You are presuming, sir — you are forgetting yourself and insulting me. Will you obey my instructions, or am I, after all these years, to look out for another firm of solicitors?"

"Oh, you shall be obeyed," answered Mr. Potter, rising in some displeasure. "It is not very convenient to be hurried like this; but I will take care that your will shall be ready for signature by to-morrow afternoon, and the money that you require shall be paid in to your bankers the first thing in the morning. Take your

own way, by all means — and a nice mess you are going to make of it! You can't prevent Brian from selling the Manor House; in fact, you virtually force him to do so by leaving him without a penny. I dare say he will employ me, if I am alive, and I have no doubt but that I shall do well enough for him to secure him a small income out of the proceeds. As for Gilbert, who has a little money of his own, and who would have made his mark at the bar, you need not flatter yourself that he will be content to live down at Beckton all his days, with just funds enough to keep the place up and no more. There will be bricks and mortar from Kingscliff to the lodge gates before he has been in possession long, as sure as you're alive now and will be dead twenty years hence!"

Mr. Potter had reached the door while giving utterance to these atrocious predictions. He now wheeled round and trotted down-stairs as fast as he could go, leaving Sir Brian choking with indignation on the hearthrug.

"You — you malignant ruffian!" gasped out the old gentleman. But nobody heard him, so he swallowed his wrath and wisely determined not to think about things which had obviously been only said for the purpose of enraging him. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that he thought a great deal about them in the course of the ensuing evening and night.

What gave him some satisfaction was the paying off of Mr. Solomonson the next day, and the addressing of a few pungent observations to that worthy.

"Actionable language, thir — I caution you that your language ith actionable!" cried Mr. Solomonson, who had begun by being most civil and subservient, but who changed his tone after being called an infernal, blood-sucking thief of a Jew.

Sir Brian, however, was not to be intimidated. "Bring your action, if you dare, my man," returned he; "you'll recover no damages, and I shall expose you in a way that you won't like. Consider yourself lucky to have got £1,900, and don't let me hear any impertinence from you, unless you want to have a chance of summoning me for assault."

Mr. Solomonson, it must be assumed, did not think it worth while to earn that privilege, for he retreated precipitately into his den, and Sir Brian, with his head in the air, marched out into the street, twirling his stick victoriously.

After this encounter he felt quite brisk

and invigorated for a time, but the excitement of it did not remain with him long, and when that passed off he began to hang his head and feel miserable. After all, who could say that the lawyer was wrong? Was it not, at all events, certain that this disinheriting of Brian would seal the fate of the old Manor House? And what are the whims and crotchets of a dead man worth? Sometimes he had an uneasy feeling about Gilbert — a half doubt whether the good boy was so thoroughly straightforward as the bad boy. Without quite knowing why, he thought of the parable of the two sons, of whom one said, "I go, sir," and went not, while the other refused, "and afterwards he repented and went." But really it was a great deal too late in the day to dwell upon such gloomy forebodings as these; besides, there was no justification for them. To distract his mind, Sir Brian made for the United Service Club, and there, falling in with Lieutenant-General Sir Hector Buckle, sat down to luncheon with that veteran, and discoursed upon the rottenness of the short-service system until the afternoon was well advanced.

Sir Hector was a bachelor, and confided to his old comrade, with a sigh, that he wished he wasn't.

"I'm getting old, Segrave, that's the truth. People don't ask me out to dinner as they used, and it's very lonely dining here all by one's self, and falling asleep afterwards. I asked the duke the other day whether there was a chance of my ever getting any more soldiering, and he said he thought I had had a pretty good innings. What is a man to do when he's put on the shelf and has no home? I wish I was a married man — I do, upon my word! Or rather, I wish I was a widower, with a couple of sons, such as yours, to give me an interest in life."

Sir Brian shook his head. "Buckle," said he gravely, "you don't know what you are wishing for, and you needn't envy me, I can tell you. I am in very great trouble about my eldest boy at this present moment. In fact, I don't mind saying to you, as an old friend, that I find it necessary to cut him out of his succession to the property. That isn't a pleasant thing for a man to be compelled to do."

"H'm! Still less pleasant for the man who has it done to him, I should say."

"Perhaps so; but he has brought it upon himself. I really have no alternative."

And straightway Sir Brian poured forth the story of his wrongs, not sorry to con-

side them to a brother officer, who had always borne the character of a martinet, and who presumably would consider no punishment too severe for insubordination. But severity in the public service, as many examples from history show, is by no means incompatible with leniency in private life, and Sir Hector Buckle very vexatiously and unnecessarily espoused the cause of the delinquent. "Stuff and nonsense, Segrave! you're making mountains out of molehills, as you always do. Hang it all, man! young fellows will be young. For my own part, I don't like to see 'em too cautious and saving; I look upon that as a bad sign of 'em—I do indeed."

"Oh," returned Sir Brian, "it is easy to pardon the extravagance of other men's sons, of course. Not that this is a case of mere extravagance. If it had been I should have acted differently."

"Would you? I'm not so sure of that. Anyhow, you'll act like a thundering ass if you do as you propose. So now you know what I think about it."

"It is the more obliging of you to favor me with that polite expression of opinion," replied Sir Brian, becoming very red in the face, "because, to the best of my recollection, it was unasked for."

"Now, Segrave, it's no use getting on the high horse with me. I'm not going to quarrel with you, and I've known you long enough to call you an ass when you deserve it. You very often are an ass, Segrave; but if you disinherit your son you'll be worse than an ass."

"Oh, very well! very well!" cried Sir Brian, jumping up. "I'm a brute, I suppose, and you are perfectly right to call me so. You only anticipate the general verdict. No doubt that is what everybody will say of me when I am dead and my will is known. But I am not in the habit of letting myself be deterred from doing my duty by the fear of hard names; nor have you condescended to give me a single reason for condemning me. I am sorry I introduced the subject. Good-day, Buckle."

He charged out of the club, without waiting for a reply, and was as nearly as possible knocked down by a hansom cabman, who pulled up with a jerk and addressed him in language which nothing could excuse. Sir Brian stood in the middle of Pall Mall, shaking his stick at the cabman, whose number he took, and causing some interruption to the traffic, until he was courteously, but firmly, taken in tow by a policeman, who remarked that

the roadway was intended for wheeled vehicles and the pavement for foot-passengers. Sir Brian wanted to argue that point; but the constable interrupted him, alleging that he "really hadn't no time for talking non-sense." Sir Brian then took the policeman's number also and went on his way rejoicing.

He hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry when, on reaching his hotel, he found young Mr. Dodder waiting for him with the new will, all ready for signature, and an apology from the head of the firm, who had an important appointment elsewhere. It would have been pleasant to say some of the sharp things to Potter which that gentleman had escaped by his abrupt departure on the previous day; but then again Potter was not easily snubbed, and, after all, altercation with one's lawyer is a thing to be deprecated.

Young Mr. Dodder had no remarks of any kind to offer; only he insisted, despite his client's protests, on reading the will through from beginning to end in a hasty, gobbling voice. This ceremony completed, witnesses were summoned and the instrument whereby the principle of primogeniture was set at naught by one of the staunchest Tories in England was executed in due form.

On the ensuing afternoon Sir Brian, with all the anger and excitement gone out of him, alighted at the Kingscliff station and, handing over his portmanteau to the groom who had driven down to meet him, said he would walk home. Already he was sorry for what he had done; but that, as he inwardly asseverated more than once while pensively making his way down the High Street, was quite a different thing from repenting of it. The judge who condemns a prisoner to death or penal servitude may, and no doubt frequently does, feel very sorry for the criminal; but the law has to take its course all the same. Sir Brian's sorrow (so he assured himself) was perfectly legitimate and implied no tardy misgivings. Or, at least, if there was one thing that he blamed himself a little bit for, it was that he had not bequeathed some portion of his small personal property to his elder son. Gilbert, after all, had a few hundreds a year of his own, inherited from a maiden aunt, and now Brian would have absolutely nothing, except the Manor House. However, this error, if it was an error, admitted of reparation. A change of that kind could hardly be counted inconsistent, even by that impertinent old Potter. If only the sale of the Manor House could be averted!

But of course that was impossible. Potter—confound him!—had said it was impossible. Though, for the matter of that, Potter had said some other things so atrocious that they would not bear thinking about. Alas! when a man dies he has done with this world forever, and the world has done with him. At times it almost seems as if a fuller recognition of this fact might be the truest wisdom.

Thus, revolving many matters in a troubled mind, Sir Brian traversed Kingscliff. He mechanically raised his forefinger to the brim of his hat in acknowledgment of the salutations which greeted him, but spoke to nobody until, as chance would have it, he ran full into the arms of the very last person in the world with whom he wished to exchange a word.

"Well, Sir Brian Segrave," said Mr. Buswell, with his accustomed affability, "and how are you to-day? Been thinking at all over the little plan I submitted to you last time we met? I suppose not, eh? Well, a wilful man must have his way, as they say; but you really are foolish, Sir Brian, if you'll excuse my telling you so. It ain't bad policy to hold on in a rising market, I grant you; but you may hold on a bit too long, don't you see. It's against my interest to say it; but now's your time to begin letting. More than that, now's your time for selling outright. Why, bless your soul! there won't be such a thing as leasehold property twenty years hence."

"Mr. Buswell," answered Sir Brian, "you appear to be under some strange misapprehension. I have told you before, and I tell you again, that no portion of the property that you speak of will ever be either let or sold."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Buswell; "that's good! That's what I call a pretty bold prophecy to make. I shouldn't venture to make it if I was in your skin, Sir Brian."

Sir Brian bowed coldly and passed on; he was not going to bandy words with the fellow. Nevertheless he was wounded and vaguely alarmed. In his young days no man in Buswell's position would have dared to speak so to his betters; and Buswell seemed to be horribly confident, too, as well as impudent. The world was turning topsy-turvy; the young generation was rushing towards revolution with a light heart, and no one—not even that sober, sensible old Potter—believed that the next owner of Beckton would be guided by the wishes of his predecessor. "Who knows? who knows?" Sir Brian kept

muttering sadly to himself as he mounted the hill.

His way led him past the Church of St. Michael's whence issued the subdued sound of the organ and the clear singing of young voices. Sir Brian was a little tired with his walk; he thought he would go into the church and rest awhile and listen. So he stepped through the open door and seated himself on a bench near it. The daylight was almost gone; half-a-dozen candles in the chancel barely rendered visible the chubby faces of the choir-boys who were standing there. It was the *Nunc dimittis* that they were practising. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." The child who sang the words in his sweet, bird-like treble, thought little of their meaning, perhaps, but they found their way to the heart of the old man who heard them from his far corner. His own departure could not now be very far distant; but whether, when it came, it would be peaceful seemed somewhat uncertain. "I have always tried to do my duty," thought Sir Brian, and that was true enough. His duties, however, as he had seen; them, had been concerned almost exclusively with the affairs of this present world. He was too honest to deceive himself. He knew that he had been a worldly man, albeit a conscientious one, and it was too late to change now. After all, he had been as other men are. Gray's hackneyed lines came into his head,—

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering glance behind?

Well, possibly there were some who looked forward, instead of looking back. For a minute or two Sir Brian tried to look forward, but found that he could not manage it. He shifted his position, sighing impatiently, while the choir-boys, relieved from their labors, clattered away through the vestry, and the organist went on playing softly.

Presently the music ceased; there was a sound as of the shutting up and locking of the instrument; and then a tall figure came striding down the aisle. Sir Brian recognized his son, and, as he rose, his son recognized him. The last grey glimmer of daylight fell through the porch upon the young man's features. He raised his eyebrows quickly and smiled, holding out his hand. Had he forgotten the scene of two days back, or was it only

that he remembered, in his careless way, that there had been a quarrel, and that he wanted to make it up, as he had done many a time before?

Something caused Sir Brian's heart-strings to tighten, and brought an unwonted ring of pain into his voice as he exclaimed, "Oh, Brian, Brian! why are you so impracticable?"

Brian did not understand; he knew that his father thought music a somewhat effeminate art. "The organist is ill," he said. "Monckton asked me to take his place to-morrow."

"Oh, Monckton and the organist! Boy! don't you know that you have ruined yourself? I have been up to London, and I have altered my will. Your brother will have everything. You are a pauper — do you understand me? — a pauper. I have paid that Jew for you; and I suppose — yes; I suppose you had better begin to think about earning a living for yourself."

They were standing outside the porch now. The young man's face had become very grave; but he answered not a word, and so long a silence supervened that at length Sir Brian was constrained to break it.

"You blame me, of course," said he; "yet this has been your own doing. You would not believe that I was in earnest; but now you see that I was, as I told you I was. I have acted as it seemed to me right to act."

Still Brian remained silent. The old man could stand it no longer. "Speak!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot. "Curse me, if you like; but say something!"

Then Brian broke into an odd laugh. "No," he answered, laying his hand on his father's shoulder; "I won't do that. We must remain friends, whatever happens; but I think you have treated me unfairly. There! I had to say that much; but it is the last word I shall say about the matter. When we meet again we'll take the new order of things for granted. Gilbert is to be Segrave Major in future and I'm Segrave Minor. It is understood."

Then he turned on his heel and walked away in the direction of the vicarage, while Sir Brian stood still for some minutes longer, abstractedly prodding holes in the damp ground with his stick.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ELOQUENCE OF MR. MONCKTON.

If Sir Brian did not enjoy his dinner that evening, the fault certainly did not lie

with his elder son, who apologized for coming down late, explaining that he had mistaken the dinner-bell for the dressing-bell, and who took a good deal more pains than usual to prevent the conversation from languishing. There was no denying that the young man behaved admirably. He was cheerful and good-humored, without apparent effort; he talked politics with his father, condemning the Liberal ministry which was then in power; he chaffed his brother (who, for his part, was evidently a little excited and ill at ease) about a public ball which was to take place shortly in Kingscliff, and at which the feminine element seemed likely to predominate in the proportion of about twenty to one. In short, he let it be understood that he accepted the situation frankly, and was determined not to sulk over it.

This, though creditable in one sense, was not agreeable to Sir Brian, who felt that he was being magnanimously forgiven for having performed a painful duty. He did not want to be forgiven; he would greatly have preferred to be abused. Had his son taken up that line, he would have been prepared to show, kindly and temperately, that what he had performed had been indeed a duty, and likewise that it had been a painful one. Natures like Sir Brian's are subject to continual reactions. After allowing himself to be carried away by his feelings in the church, he had begun to be ashamed of the words which he had spoken, and which, when recalled in cold blood, sounded not a little undignified. He remembered that he had called upon Brian to curse him. How melodramatic and ridiculous! The boy had not been able to help laughing. And now, somehow or other, he seemed to have got into a false position. He found himself involuntarily using a tone of apology; and when he tried to discard that, the only result was that he became peevish and rude. Sincerely thankful was he when the meal came to an end, and when Brian, with a murmured excuse, took himself off. Even this discreet proceeding caused the old gentleman some additional irritation. It was not Brian's habit to leave the room immediately after dinner. He had, of course, done so now in order to leave the coast clear for the explanation between his father and brother, which both of them might be assumed to desire. Surely that last coal of fire might have been dispensed with!

However, since the opportunity had been given to him, Sir Brian deemed it well to take advantage of it. The sooner

this unpleasant subject was broached and settled and done with the better. So he began, in a rather hard and constrained voice, —

"Gilbert, you will recollect what I said to you the other day about a change in your prospects. I wish you to know that this is now an accomplished fact. Yesterday I signed a will under which you will inherit the whole of my property, real and personal. You know what has induced me to make this change, which — which I won't deny has cost me a pang. Rightly or wrongly, I conceive it to be my duty to keep together the lands which have descended to us from our forefathers; and it is my wish and command that you shall do the same after I am gone."

"In that case," said Gilbert slowly, "would it not be better to give me a life-interest only, with remainder to the next heir male?"

"No; if that had been practicable, there would have been no need to disinherit Brian. But I dare not do it. Land is steadily falling in value; we live in bad times, and worse times may be coming. You might possibly find yourself so circumstanced as to be obliged either to part with a few acres for building purposes or to shut this place up and go away. In the presence of such an alternative I myself should decide to sell; but I should sell as little as would suffice, and I trust you to act as I should. I could not trust your brother. That is all I have to say about it, I believe."

Gilbert was silent for a minute or two. "Don't you think," he said at length, "that you have been rather hasty in coming to this decision, and rather hard upon poor old Brian?"

"No," answered Sir Brian curtly, "I don't. Brian has been hard upon himself. As for me, I have given the matter full consideration."

"Yet I should not be surprised if you were to change your mind about it. I'm sure I hope you may."

"It really is a most extraordinary thing," exclaimed Sir Brian, jumping up and beginning to walk about, "that neither you nor your brother gives me credit for common firmness! I don't know that, in the course of a long life, I have ever earned a character for vacillation. On the contrary, I have frequently been called obstinate."

A smile flickered for an instant over Gilbert's features and vanished. That confident assumption that vacillation and obstinacy are incompatible qualities tick-

led his sense of humor. But he replied with proper gravity: "Nevertheless, certainty is very necessary for me. If I am to take Brian's place, I must give up the bar, I suppose. Now, it would be a very foolish thing on my part to sacrifice my career for the sake of a mere possibility."

"You are extremely prudent, I must say," remarked Sir Brian, with something of a sneer. Gilbert's business-like tone jarred upon him. Moreover, it may be that in transferring the privilege of heirship to his second son he had also transferred to him a little of that feeling of half-conscious antagonism with which so many men are apt to regard their heirs.

"That's better than being imprudent, isn't it?" asked Gilbert, laughing.

"Oh, no doubt. You had better stick to the law, I should think. You may have to wait another ten years before you enter into possession here, and it will be well for you to have some occupation in the mean time. Besides, any money that you may make by your profession will be useful to you. I forgot to say that I may perhaps so far alter my will as to leave the few thousands that I have been able to save to Brian, instead of to you. As matters stand at present, you will both of you require them; but maybe he will require them more than you will."

"I think Brian should have the money," said Gilbert.

"Well, yes; I am disposed to agree with you; but it is not necessary to come to any final decision upon that point yet."

Gilbert said no more; thereby disappointing his father, who had secretly anticipated a less ready acquiescence. Convinced though he was that he had acted rightly in superseding the elder brother, it was hardly satisfactory to him that the younger should only have a half-hearted plea of a few words to urge against the execution of such a decree. But in truth it would not have been very easy to satisfy Sir Brian that evening.

The next day being Sunday, Gilbert and he attended morning service as usual at Beckton Church, a small, dilapidated structure of which the parish lay in an opposite direction from Kingscliff. The congregation, besides the squire and his son, comprised some half-dozen farmers, with their wives and families, and perhaps as many laborers. The parson, who was old and toothless, took a long time to get through the service, and when he climbed up the creaking pulpit stairs his audience, as if by signal, settled themselves, one and

all, in their respective corners and closed their eyes peacefully.

"Poor Venables is breaking up," observed Sir Brian, as they strolled away. He said the same thing every Sunday morning, and Gilbert returned a mechanical assent. But Sir Brian's next remark, being quite novel, was more calculated to arouse attention. "I think," said he, "I will walk over to St. Michael's this evening and hear what Monckton has to say for himself. I have no fancy for all these new-fangled ceremonies; but Monckton has done good work among the fishermen, and they tell me he can preach."

"Walk over to St. Michael's in the evening!" ejaculated Gilbert, opening his eyes. "What will you do about dinner, then?"

"Why, go without it for once, like other people," replied his father a little tartly. "I suppose that woman will allow me to have some supper when I come in, won't she? She does it for Brian."

Gilbert smiled. He was thinking to himself, "Most decidedly I shall not give up the law yet awhile."

He was wrong in his deduction, however; for Sir Brian was neither relenting nor thinking of relenting. It was, indeed, precisely because he was not that he felt himself more drawn towards the lad whose ways had hitherto been incomprehensible and amazing to him. It occurred to him that he would like to see for himself what were the attractions of St. Michael's; and then, too, he had another incentive of which he was only in part conscious, in the shape of an undefined feeling of jealousy of the vicar of that popular place of worship. Brian was spending the day with Monckton; he had gone straight off to see him after his interview of the previous afternoon and had doubtless poured forth all his troubles there and then. "He is a sort of father confessor, I suppose," thought Sir Brian. And then — "Confound the fellow!" he said aloud, scarcely knowing why he said so or what he meant by it.

"Confound whom?" Gilbert inquired pleasantly.

"Confound Gladstone!" replied his father, with commendable promptitude, and with an emphasis betraying the unslumbering zeal of his political opinions. "Confound Gladstone and all his slavish crew. I wish I may never say anything worse than that on a Sunday morning."

It was not, however, about politics that Sir Brian was thinking as he made his way into the crowded church on the Sun-

day evening afore-mentioned. Every seat was already taken, but the verger procured a chair and placed it for him behind the last bench, whence he took mental notes of the proceedings as critically as if he had been an emissary of the Church Association. The lighted candles and flowers on the altar, the surpliced choir and the intoned prayers he set down as more or less objectionable — not so much because he saw any particular intrinsic harm in these things as because he considered them to be innovations, and all innovations were hateful to him — but with a fine liberality he admitted the beauty of the music and the reverent behavior of the congregation. Then John Monckton stepped quickly up into the pulpit, and in less than five minutes Sir Brian had pardoned him his colored stole, had ceased to attach any importance to accessories, and was listening with breathless attention.

For Monckton had learnt what, unfortunately, not one in a hundred of our clergy think it worth their while to master — the art of elocution. He spoke with ease and fluency and without the aid of notes; he knew how to manage his voice; he had found out by experience that hearers and readers are two distinct classes, to be approached after entirely different fashions, and that many preachers whose sermons look well enough in print cannot be listened to without weariness and discomfort. But in addition to this technical skill he had the immense advantage of being thoroughly and even passionately in earnest. To the use of the tricks — if any one likes to call them so — which every public speaker must acquire he had schooled himself long ago, and they now came naturally to him; but his emotion was real, his language was singularly clear and simple, and it was curious to see with what rapidity he took hold of his audience and how lightly, yet firmly, he maintained his grasp up to the end. His detractors (of whom he had a few) called him sensational; but that was after they had reached home and had had time to become ashamed of having allowed their great intellects to be held in subjection for half an hour. His admirers, who were far more numerous, were very well content to make unconditional surrender to any man who could force them to it; and on this occasion it was his privilege to earn a fresh partisan of the most obstinate type.

His text, to be sure, was a little unpromising, — "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." When Sir Brian heard that he

gave a jump and thought for a moment about making for the door. Had this man espoused his son's cause, then, and was he going to be preached at? But it soon appeared that the preacher's intentions were not so equivocal. His sermon would doubtless look commonplace enough, if reported in cold black and white; it was his manner which carried conviction with it and robbed self-satisfied people of their self-satisfaction.

"I assume," said he, "that I am addressing Christians. You must allow me to assume that much from your presence here; otherwise the words of the text can only come to you without authority, and their reasonableness will be open to discussion, like any other moral or philosophical precept. But we, as Christians, have to admit their divine origin; so that the sole practical question for us is how far our conduct accords with them. We ask and expect forgiveness in return for a repentance which is very often evidenced by nothing but our own declaration; and by forgiveness we mean an absolute blotting out of past transgressions. Very well then; we must concede to others what we demand for ourselves; there is no escape from the obligation. That is a hard saying; is it not? To tell one who has injured us, 'I not only forgive you, but the injury that you have done me shall be altogether obliterated, and you shall, if you choose, have the opportunity of injuring me in the same way again'—is that unreasonable? Is it weak and foolish? It is, at all events, the rule laid down for us, and unless we conform to that rule we cannot truly say that we have forgiven at all. To talk about expediency will not avail us; we are never told to do what is expedient in a worldly sense; and if we find the laws of Christianity too hard, too unreasonable to obey, we had better say so honestly, and at least not shelter ourselves behind that shabby plea of duty which we are so apt to bring forward when we have made up our minds to be guided by worldly wisdom. Only then we shall have to go a step farther, and confess that we are not Christians in anything save the name, whatever that may be worth."

These sentences made a painful, yet not altogether unwelcome, impression upon Sir Brian, who had a tender conscience. They occurred amongst others which had a less direct bearing upon his own case; but there was not a word of Monckton's discourse but found an echo in his honest heart. He himself was by nature averse

to compromises, and he loved an uncompromising man. The doctrine which Monckton proclaimed was not very easy to swallow; but he believed that it was the truth, and after listening to it he felt, with a certain comfort, that he could no longer deceive himself. It was a conviction of expediency, not a sense of duty, that had caused him to disinherit his son; and since his conviction remained unaltered it was clear that expediency must go to the wall, unless duty could be proved to coincide therewith. At the moment he did not think that such proof could be given; the claims of ancestors and posterity seemed somewhat too shadowy for the purpose. He thought he would have to undo what he had done, and he saw, or believed that he saw, quite plainly what would happen in that event. He would be humiliated; he would be made ridiculous; the labor of his life would be rendered vain; his self-sacrifice would be absolute. Nevertheless, he could not see his way to an alternative; he must act after the fashion which he conceived to be right, at whatever cost, and with no hope of reward, except, indeed, that held out by the preacher, "That ye may be the children of the Highest; for He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

Poor Sir Brian heaved a long sigh when he stood up with the rest of the congregation after the sermon. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that he was neither a very strong-minded nor a very clear-sighted person. Just now his mind was in a ferment of conflicting emotions. He wanted to do what was right, and he wanted very much to be reconciled with his son; but he could not enjoy the prospect of Potter's indulgent smiles; still less could he contemplate with equanimity the probable triumph of Buswell and the break up of the old Beckton estate. He was one of the first to leave the church; but, instead of starting homewards, he prowled in a guilty fashion round the building while the organ pealed out the concluding voluntary and the assembly streamed through the porch and gradually dispersed.

At length he saw what he had been waiting for. The small side door which gave access to the vestry was thrown open; a broad shaft of light shot through it into the night, and a dark figure, clad in a cassock, stepped forth hastily and moved towards the vicarage. Sir Brian at once gave chase, and a few strides brought him to Monckton's side.

"Mr. Monckton," said he in a voice which lacked its customary assured ring, "excuse me! Can I have a word with you?"

"To be sure," replied Monckton, standing still and peering at his questioner. "Dear me! isn't it Sir Brian Segrave? Who would have thought of your turning out at this time of night?"

Sir Brian was a little chilled. It gave him something of a shock to be addressed in such colloquial language by the orator who just now had swept him up to the most heroic heights, and he was half inclined to draw back. However, it was too late to do that, so he replied confusedly, —

"Well, I don't as a rule go to evening services. I am old, you know, and old-fashioned. In my time we didn't have them. There was the morning and the afternoon, and sometimes the ladies went in the afternoon, but not the men — not the men. My father, I remember, used to have the ferrets out — but no matter. I wanted to say to you, Mr. Monckton, that I have been very much struck and — and affected by your sermon, and that it has made me feel myself in the wrong about my son Brian. At the same time I do not see my course as clearly as I could wish; and I should take it as a great kindness on your part if you would advise me."

"Of course I will do that with all my heart, so far as I am competent," answered Monckton wonderingly. "Won't you come in and have some supper? Brian will join us presently."

The old gentleman started back. "No, thank you — no," he answered nervously; "I would rather not meet Brian to-night. Will he be coming out soon?"

"Oh, no! I think we may count upon his remaining where he is for another quarter of an hour," said Monckton, laughing. "He won't leave the organ until the verger loses patience and puts the lights out. We can stroll up and down outside, if you are not afraid of catching cold. You were saying that you were troubled in some way about him."

"Yes; I am troubled. You are in his confidence, I believe, and no doubt he told you yesterday of the change which I thought it my duty — well, yes, I may say that I conscientiously thought it my duty at the time — to make my will."

"No; he has said nothing about that to me. Some days ago he told me of a money difficulty which he had foolishly allowed himself to be drawn into, and I recommended him to go straight to you;

but nothing passed between us upon the subject yesterday. As far as I can recollect, we only spoke about the music for to-day's services."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Sir Brian; "that boy of mine really is the most astonishing fellow I ever met or heard of! He finds himself suddenly cut off with a shilling and he doesn't even think the circumstance worth mentioning! Now what can you expect — but I am forgetting what I wished to say to you. My dear Monckton, when I heard you speaking this evening, I said to myself that I was in the wrong; though I did seem to have been in the right. Potter told me I was in the wrong, and Buckle, too, but that was on other grounds. Let me lay the whole matter before you, and then tell me what you think. I believe I shall be content to be guided by your judgment."

John Monckton, though bold enough in the pulpit, was a very modest and somewhat timid man in private life. After hearing Sir Brian out, he pushed his biretta to the back of his head and slowly drew his hand several times across his face and beard.

"Are you sure," he asked, "that you have chosen the right person to consult? This is a serious matter, and I don't know that I am capable of advising you wisely."

"Do you shrink from the responsibility?" asked Sir Brian quickly.

"No," answered the other; "if you put it in that way, no. According to my view, you would not be justified in disinheriting Brian, because — if for no other reason — you have brought him up as your heir, and have never given him the chance of learning how to make his living. It is probably too late for him to learn now. All the same, there is your side of the case to be considered. It is quite true that Brian is utterly unbusinesslike, and I can't say that I think your fears about the property at all unwarrantable."

"Put that aside," interrupted Sir Brian. "I am not to do wrong that good may come of it. And besides, I don't suppose that good would come of it — how can we tell? If I have wronged my son, the wrong must be undone, that's all. I gather that that is your opinion."

With a sudden impulse, Monckton wheeled round and shook hands with the old gentleman. He understood the generosity and simplicity that those few words implied. It is not easy for a proud man to recede from a position which he has taken up in spite of the protests of those about him, and to assign no reason for so

doing. Still less easy is it for an obstinate man who has long directed all his efforts towards one fixed aim, to put the accomplishment of that aim in jeopardy; and when one meets with such an individual it is refreshing to be able to shake him by the hand.

Very little more was said after this tacit assurance of mutual respect; only on parting with Sir Brian, Monckton begged him to postpone his final determination for a short time.

"If you will pardon my saying so, you have acted hastily once," said he; "it would be as well not to repeat that mistake. I have told you what I think; but I am not infallible, Heaven knows! and it is possible that some middle course may be open to you, though I own I don't see any. At all events, there can be no harm in allowing yourself leisure to consider it. I dare say I needn't remind you that the safest and surest help to a decision can only come in answer to prayer."

"I have never been in the habit of introducing such matters into my — my devotions," said Sir Brian, to whom the proposition seemed, oddly enough, to savor slightly of irreverence; "but perhaps you are right as to the wisdom of deliberation. My own feeling would have been to go up to London again to-morrow and set things straight."

"No, no; there is no such hurry as that. Let it stand over for a few days, say till the middle of the week," returned Monckton, making the most unfortunate suggestion that he had ever made in his life.

"Very well; so be it then," agreed Sir Brian. "Good-night, Monckton, and thank you. Don't tell Brian that you have seen me, please."

CHAPTER X.

BRIAN GOES OUT TO DINNER.

A SOURCE of constant wonder to Admiral Greenwood was the difficulty of getting people to amalgamate and be friendly together at the somewhat overgrown dinner-parties which it was the delight of his hospitable heart to offer to the neighborhood. A. was a good fellow, he would declare; B. was a good fellow; Mrs. A. was a most superior woman, and Mrs. B. quite charming when you didn't rub her the wrong way; yet, somehow or other, A. could not be brought to entertain that opinion of B., nor B. of A.; while as for Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. it seemed as if they were unable to encounter one another without a passage of arms. This was a

very odd thing. The admiral often remarked that it was, and so did his wife. But what was not at all odd, considering the character of this excellent couple, was that it never occurred to them to acquiesce in the mysteries of an incomprehensible world, and divide their guests with a view to the probable preservation of peace. They adopted no such system; but when they thought it was about time to give another dinner-party, Mrs. Greenwood put on her spectacles, consulted a large volume, in which the names of her visitors were inscribed, and found out whose turn it was to be fed. Sixteen or eighteen of these were selected, with due regard to priority of claim, and it too often happened in the sequel that they quarrelled over their food.

"Perhaps he doesn't do it on purpose," Sir Brian used to say; "I am willing to believe that he does not. Still, it is a little unfortunate, to say the least of it, that if there is a man in the county with whom I am not upon speaking terms, I can count with absolute certainty upon meeting that man at Greenwood's table."

He might have added that there was always a strong probability of his falling out with Admiral Greenwood himself before the evening was over; for the admiral, sad to say, was a Liberal; and though he called himself a Whig and professed to be more conservative than a modern Tory, there was very little consolation in that when he recorded his vote for the wrong side. However much one may esteem a man in his private and personal capacity, it is difficult to have patience with political inconsistency. For these reasons Sir Brian hated dining at Morden Court, and as he did not like to decline when asked (for previous engagements are not believed in, in a country neighborhood, where all possible engagements are known) he not unfrequently excused himself at the last moment on the plea of an attack of gout.

On the day succeeding that on which Monckton's eloquence had achieved such striking results, Admiral Greenwood had a dinner-party and Sir Brian had the gout. He said so to his sons at breakfast-time, and it was about the only thing that he did say in the course of that meal. So silent and subdued was he that they both gave credence to the statement; although, as a truthful man, he felt bound to qualify it a little.

"It has not come on yet," he confessed, "but I am sure that it would come on if I were to drink champagne; and you know, if one doesn't drink champagne, Green-

wood at once concludes that there is something wrong with the wine, and his feelings are hurt. I don't want to hurt his feelings; so Brian, my dear fellow, I shall be greatly indebted to you if you will take my place. I think they didn't ask you, did they?"

Brian had not been invited (Mrs. Greenwood, who liked Gilbert better, was wont to say that she was sure Brian was bored to death by dinner-parties); but he was very willing to oblige his father, and was rejoiced to notice the change in the old man's tone. Disagreeable as it was to him to be despoiled of his inheritance, it was more disagreeable still to feel that the penalty inflicted upon him was not held to have purged him of his offence.

In the course of the day Gilbert said a few kind words to him about the change in their respective positions. "It isn't my doing, Brian, and I think it's an awful shame; but there's no use in saying so. You know what my father is; we shall have another shift of wind before long, depend upon it."

But Brian had made up his mind not to expect that. He was trying to make up his mind also to the new *régime* and its natural consequences; but his was not a practical mind, and it was sure to take him some time to realize what it means to have the ground cut from under your feet. For instance, it was not until he entered the Morden Court drawing-room, and caught sight of Beatrice Huntley engaged in conversation with the admiral, that a chill sense of remoteness from her in respect of worldly circumstances crept to his heart. A more practical man might perhaps have reflected that Miss Huntley had money enough for two; but Brian only saw that it must be many years before he could earn an income sufficient to justify him in offering marriage to anybody; and this not only rendered him sad and pensive, but prevented him from approaching his idol for the time being.

It must be owned that Miss Huntley did not appear to feel this neglect very keenly. She nodded to Brian from afar and went on talking to her companion, whom she found most amusing. The admiral was telling her who everybody was.

"That big man with the beard is Pollington — Sir John Pollington, you know, one of our county members. Good fellow, Pollington, though rather long-winded, perhaps. The little fellow with the bald head and the eye-glass is his nearest neighbor, Stokes, who stood against him in the Liberal interests at the last election

and got beaten by a small majority. Better luck next time, I tell him. Pollington and Stokes won't speak, which is a great mistake — don't you think so? Why not sink political differences in private life? Well, then, let me see; Monckton you know already, and Mitchell. The lady with the hook nose, talking to my wife, is Lady Barbara, who has gone in so strongly for the blue-ribbon movement of late. No accounting for tastes, is there? I should think she must find it rather slow work, drinking nothing but water when she dines out; but her intentions are good, I'm sure. I expect she'll have a word or two to say to my friend Hopwood, before she goes. You've heard of Hopwood and Maltby, the great brewers, no doubt."

"And who," inquired Miss Huntley, "is the distinguished-looking man on the hearth-rug, with the massive watch-chain?"

"Eh? — distinguished-looking? Oh, come now, Miss Huntley, that's too bad of you! poor Buswell! his appearance isn't aristocratic, I admit, and Mrs. Greenwood was rather down upon me for asking him here; but then look at what he has done for the place! Why, Kingscliff would have been nowhere if it hadn't been for Buswell. That fat woman, with the diamonds all over her, is his wife. I'm afraid people are rather inclined to show them the cold shoulder; but they'll live that down, you'll see. After all, why should we give ourselves airs?"

Well indeed was it for Sir Brian that he had been attacked by those timely symptoms of gout!

As for Miss Huntley, she rather prided herself upon her immunity from "airs," and would have been quite content to accept Mr. Buswell's arm, had that person been requested to take her in to dinner. But fate and Mrs. Greenwood had appointed for her another partner, with whom, as it chanced, she was even better pleased.

"Mr. Monckton," said she, turning to the individual thus favored, as she took her place at the table, "I have been hoping, ever since I heard you preach last night, that I should get an opportunity of talking to you some time or other, and now I am lucky beyond all expectation, because here you are for the next hour at least. There is no escape for you."

"I have no wish to escape yet," answered Monckton. But he thought to himself that he very likely would experience that desire before long; for he suspected Miss Huntley of being one of those

flippant young women, whom he did not like.

Her next words were not of a kind to raise her higher in his estimation. "I am going to be very impertinent," she said; "I am going to criticise your sermon. It was a beautiful sermon, and I was carried away by it at the time, as I suppose that most of your hearers were. But when I reached home I took it to pieces, and I found that it had the fault which almost all sermons have. You begged the whole question from beginning to end."

"How so?" inquired Monckton, wondering whether it would be unpardonably rude to say that he must be permitted to do his own work in his own way.

"Well, you assumed what you had no right to assume. You took it for granted that we were all Christians, whereas you must have known as well as I do that a large proportion of every congregation—shall we say a half?—are no such thing."

"I don't know what meaning you attach to the word, Miss Huntley. I take it that men and women may be Christians without acting up to their principles."

"Oh, of course; that isn't what I mean. I mean that a good number of us who go to church are not really convinced of the truth of Christianity at all."

"Even if that were so, I should not have been begging the question, should I? I only tried to show what I thought to be our duty, upon a given hypothesis. If every sermon had to begin with a demonstration of the truth of our religion, there would never be time to get farther than the beginning."

"Very well, then, I withdraw the particular charge," said Miss Huntley, who in truth had only formulated it by way of prelude; "but I maintain that the clergy in general beg the question. Your conclusions must always sound impotent so long as you refuse to discuss your premisses. You profess to be convinced of the truth of those premisses; but why won't you tell us how you have managed to convince yourselves? Most people, I am sure, would like to believe, if they could; only they have an idea that it is wrong to doubt; so they are obliged to do the best they can with a sort of pretence of religion which they are afraid to inquire into. But it seems to me almost impossible that any one should believe without first doubting."

"I can't agree with you there," answered Monckton; "but certainly if you have doubts you ought to face them."

"Let us say that I have doubts, then, and that I face them and look up the evidence. I discover that Christianity claims to be a revealed religion and grounds its claim upon four narratives, said to be written by four eye-witnesses of certain miraculous events. But whether these four narratives were really written by the four eye-witnesses or not, is what nobody knows. The first record that we have of their existence is given us by Irenæus towards the end of the second century, and Papias, who wrote about forty years before, I think, doesn't appear to know of any written Gospel, except a rudimentary one, attributed to St. Matthew. That is hardly conclusive, is it?"

"Of course it isn't," answered Monckton quietly. "You ought to have mentioned St. Paul; but you are not obliged to accept his evidence as conclusive either. It has never been pretended—or at all events it never ought to have been pretended—that the truth of Christianity can be proved like a proposition in Euclid."

"Why should we believe it, then? Because the Church answers for it? But who will answer for the Church?"

"The Church, I think, can show you the way to obtain faith, and through faith you may obtain the certainty that you ask for. From the nature of the case it is plain that you cannot gain it in any other way. What is supernatural is not to be explained by reasoning."

"Ah, Pascal's remedy! 'Follow the precepts of the Church; practise religion; faites dire des messes. Cela vous abîmera naturellement et vous fera croire.'"

Monckton, who had hitherto kept his eyes fixed upon his plate (because, although he did not like to decline the discussion, he thought it ill-timed and possibly insincere), now glanced up at his neighbor and smiled. "Do you know, Miss Huntley," said he, "I suspect that if you ponder upon 'the eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness,' and ask what that is and how it can be proved, you will soon find yourself as completely *abîmé* as if you had followed Pascal's supposed advice, and that you won't find yourself in possession of the promised reward."

Miss Huntley returned his look for an instant, then lowered her eyelids and blushed—a not very common weakness with her.

"Yes," she returned suddenly. "You are quite right. I am a humbug, and you have found me out, and I won't say what I was going to say about St. Jerome. I got him and Irenæus from the source that

you know of, and I got Papias out of Renan, and I have read my Gibbon, and — and I believe that is about all. Now you have knocked me down completely, and can dictate your terms; I surrender at discretion. Some day soon you will find me waiting for you after one of the daily services and ready to accept orders in a spirit of meekness. I only hope you won't make me teach in a Sunday school, like little Miss Greenwood, because I have such a very strong dislike to the smell of damp corduroys. Still, I feel that I am capable of submitting even to that if you insist upon it."

"I don't know whether you are serious or not," said Monckton, somewhat taken aback by this abrupt capitulation, "but in any case you are not quite fitted to teach in a Sunday school at present, I think."

"Oh, I am serious enough; and if I can't help your church and your people in any other way I can at least give them money, which, I suppose, might be useful if properly applied. After all, I am only a woman, and what I want is conviction, not proofs. Let us talk about something else now. Is it true that you know how to manage a boat as well as any sailor in Kingscliff?"

Admiral Greenwood, beaming down the long table upon his assembled guests, noted with self-congratulation that one pair among them were getting on together famously. To this social success he might have added a second, in the persons of his daughter and Gilbert Segrave; but there he would have had to stop. If some of the rest of the company were not tearing each other to pieces it was perhaps only because they were separated by a piece of furniture as substantial as that which a deceased statesman once declared himself fortunate in being able to interpose between himself and his rival in the House of Commons. Lady Barbara Pollington had fallen upon the brewer, tooth and nail, and was proving conclusively to him that in anything but a corrupt and rotten state of society he would at that moment be working off a well-deserved sentence of imprisonment with hard labor. Mrs. Greenwood, with Sir John Pollington on her left hand and his political opponent on her right, was rendering it well-nigh impossible for these two gentlemen to ignore one another, and was thereby rapidly reducing them both to desperation. Captain Mitchell, unable to remove his eyes from Miss Greenwood and Gilbert, had so exasperated his neighbor by the irrelevance of his answers that she had felt it only

due to herself to turn her back upon him, and was thus eating her dinner under serious disadvantages of posture; worst of all, Mr. Buswell, who had been judiciously placed between two of the most influential old ladies in Kingscliff, had triumphantly defeated their attempts to overawe him, and was now holding forth in stentorian tones upon the improvements which he hoped to effect before long in the town.

"We want a music-hall, that's what we want," the admiral heard him saying. "We must have some attraction of that kind to draw the people from the great towns and get a season all the year round, don't you see? 'Igh-class visitors from October to May and the million during what I call the 'oliday months. I don't see no reason at all why Kingscliff shouldn't become the Margate of the west."

The old ladies fanned themselves in speechless fury; some of the other guests pricked up their ears and exchanged looks which perhaps meant, "I will, if you will." However, nobody went so far as to rise and quit the table, although it subsequently became the subject of serious debate whether Admiral Greenwood ought not to be made in some way sensible of the affront which he had seen fit to put upon his friends by inviting them to meet such an atrocious ruffian. Indeed, from that evening may be said to date the commencement of the great social or Buswellian war, with which this narrative is little concerned, but which was waged with intense bitterness in Kingscliff during a considerable period of time, and smoulders on even to the present day; although Buswell, who is now Sir Peter Buswell, and has built himself a gorgeous marine residence in the town which owes so much to him, must be considered to have practically annihilated the opposing faction.

After dinner, Miss Huntley made a sign to Brian to approach, and, drawing away her dress, so that he might seat himself on the sofa beside her, said: "You appear to be in low spirits; may one ask what is the matter?"

"I don't think I much enjoy dinner-parties," answered Brian, who was unwilling as yet to tell her the true cause of his dejection.

"Not even such entertaining ones as this? Your tastes seem to be rather negative. You don't like dinners; you don't like balls; you are not particularly fond of shooting. Is there anything that you do like positively, except playing the organ?"

"I like talking to you—sometimes," replied Brian.

"Thank you. It is a comfort to know that I am found tolerable, though only occasionally. Your friend Mr. Monckton finds me intolerable, without qualification; he fled the premises immediately after dinner. And yet I did my best to entertain him. What do you think of my offering myself as a district-visitor?"

"I think I should like to be in your district."

"Thank you once more. Decidedly you are more polite than Mr. Monckton, though possibly less honest. I wanted to tell you how charmed I was with your service last night; but I won't say anything about it now, because I am in a very bad temper, and all my nerves are on edge, and I had better get home to my dear, good old Joy, who is the only person who really understands me."

"Does she understand you?" Brian asked dubiously.

"Oh, there isn't much to understand. I am a spoilt child, that's all—which is odd, considering that nobody has ever spoilt me. Clementina, at any rate, can't accuse herself of that weakness. I wish I were somebody else! I wish I were Kitty Greenwood! That brother of yours is very good-looking and agreeable."

"And very fortunate," Brian could not help adding.

"That is as may be. But let us call him so."

"If you were Miss Greenwood I am sure I should wish to be Gilbert," Brian pursued, trembling a little at his own audacity.

Miss Huntley glanced at him for a moment and then broke into a short laugh.

"That sentiment is rather too complicated to follow," said she. "Miss Greenwood is a solid fact, she wouldn't be altered if my identity became extinguished in hers. Consequently all you have to do is to go in and cut out Jacob. He has the face of a man who would be easily consoled; I imagine that he will forgive you and perhaps even live to thank you. I shall watch the struggle with interest as long as I remain here. In the mean time, will you go and ask whether my carriage has come?"

Brian obeyed, and shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of helping Miss Huntley to put on her wraps in the hall. It was not much of a satisfaction, nor was he any the happier for the brief conversation above recorded. Miss Huntley's hard flippancy hurt him; though she had said

nothing to offend him personally. The impression left upon his mind was that she was tired of Kingscliff and its inhabitants, and that he might any day receive the news of her impending departure.

This surmise of his would have met with melancholy confirmation if he had been able to hear the first words that she addressed to her faithful companion on reaching home. "My good Matilda, I am sick of this. I have been bored to-night, and, what is much worse, I have been snubbed. Suppose we take flight for Cannes?"

CHAPTER XI.

"AS YOU WERE!"

THE two brothers drove home together in a dog-cart, Gilbert taking the reins. He was in excellent spirits; the humors of the evening had not been lost upon him; and the flood of gentle satire which he poured upon Lady Barbara, Sir John Pollington, and the rest, left Brian, who, as we have seen, was not in good spirits at all, free to pursue his own despondent meditations in silence.

"By the way," Gilbert said, after they had driven through Kingscliff and were mounting the hill towards Beckton, "I hope you are prepared to do a picnic to-morrow."

"I do so hate picnics!" sighed Brian.

"You won't hate this one. It isn't a big affair; only Mitchell is going to bring the Greenwoods round to the bathing-cove in his cutter, and I promised to have some lunch ready for them when they land. I suppose the governor won't object, will he?"

"I should think not, so long as you don't ask him to join the party. Poor Mitchell!"

"Why poor Mitchell? He will have a very pleasant day; and to put his pleasure beyond a doubt, Miss Joy is to be invited to meet him. Miss Huntley is also to be invited—to meet you, I presume. Now will you come?"

"Oh, yes, if I'm wanted," answered Brian, with a laugh.

Gilbert laughed too.

"Ah, my dear old Brian," said he, "it's a thousand pities that Miss Huntley is Miss Huntley, and that she is bound to form a dazzling alliance. If she were only an ordinary heiress you might marry her, and then it wouldn't matter a bit whether you inherited Beckton or not, and we should all live happily ever afterwards."

To this Brian made no rejoinder for

some little time; but at last he could not help asking, —

"What is the difference between Miss Huntley and what you call an ordinary heiress, Gilbert?"

"Lady Clementina," answered Gilbert concisely.

"That doesn't enlighten me much."

"Lady Clementina Huntley, as everybody except you knows, is the daughter of the Duke of Devonport, and she would never have married her husband if he hadn't been so tremendously rich, and if she hadn't been rather advanced in life when he asked her. She is a woman of considerable strength of character; she takes a motherly interest in your friend; and you may safely lay ten to one that when Miss Huntley's career of liberty comes to an end she will be converted into a countess at the very least. It's a thousand pities, as I say, but so it is."

"Yet she is her own mistress," Brian remarked, after another pause.

"Nominally she is; and I have no doubt that we owe the honor and felicity of her presence among us at this moment to the fact that she thinks she can defy Lady Clementina. Lady Clementina may be defied during the autumn and winter, but not for very long after the opening of the London season. Miss Joy, you see, is an utterly impossible chaperon; and when one is fond of anything to the extent of being unable to exist without it, which I imagine is Miss Huntley's case with regard to society, one often has to buy it at the price of certain concessions. She will make the concessions when the time comes."

"You seem to know all about it," remarked Brian a trifle resentfully.

"Really I believe I do. My dear old chap, you have got yourself into all manner of troubles because you will persist in seeing people at their best and taking them at their own valuation. It's a most absurd plan; and if experience can't warn you, I will, though I dare say you would like to kick me for doing it. I am not at all surprised at your being attracted by Miss Huntley, who is as charming as you please; only don't go and lay up affliction for yourself by falling in love with her. Young women of her temperament are capable of great acts of folly, I grant you; only the worst of it is that they always repent of them. Moreover, Miss Huntley, I suspect, is clever enough to know that and to keep her capabilities well in hand. There! I have spoken. Ponder these sayings; they are uttered for your good."

"Many thanks," said Brian briefly.

There really seemed to be a good deal of common sense and plausibility in Gilbert's admonition, which was given good-humoredly enough, and Brian was not so much angered as saddened by it. Of course it was in the last degree improbable that Miss Huntley cared two straws about him; and equally of course (though this was a point upon which Gilbert had omitted to touch) he, as a penniless man, could not offer himself to a great heiress. He said no more until he and his brother reached home, where they were both astonished to find their father, who was addicted to early hours, still up.

Sir Brian came out into the hall to meet them. His manner was nervous and absent; he paid little attention to Gilbert's humorous description of the Greedwoods' dinner-party, and even when he was informed of the astounding circumstance that Buswell had been one of the guests, only ejaculated, "Is it possible! — is it possible!" in a sort of awe-struck whisper, instead of flying into a passion, as he might have been expected to do. By-and-by Brian said good-night and retired to smoke a pipe before going to bed; and then the old gentleman took Gilbert by the arm, saying hurriedly, "I want to speak to you for a minute, please, Gilbert."

Often in after times — oftener, indeed, than was pleasant to him — the memory of that scene returned to Gilbert's mind; the great, dark library, lighted only by the bedroom candle which his father carried in a somewhat tremulous hand; the curious, softened, eager expression on the old man's face, which can only be described as a mixture of pride and humiliation; his own inward impatience and half-contempt, as he learnt that his prediction had been verified, and that he had only been promoted to the position of heir-apparent to be immediately ousted from it. Sir Brian told the whole truth, not sparing himself. He confessed that his abandonment of his purpose, which had every appearance of weakness and indecision, had been caused by nothing more nor less than a parson's sermon; he admitted that by reverting to former dispositions he would in all likelihood bring about the catastrophe which he had always dreaded.

"But," he added in conclusion, not without a touch of pathos, "you see, Gilbert, I feel that I must take my chance — we must take our chance — of that. We can't insure what we wish without doing an injustice, that's the long and the short of it."

"I never supposed that you would persist in acting the Roman father," Gilbert answered, with a slight laugh, and in a voice which he could not for the life of him keep from sounding harsh, "I told you, as you may remember, that you would change your mind again before long."

Perhaps it was only natural that he should feel a little disappointed. No honest man would wish to be enriched by an act of injustice; but it is not disagreeable to inherit a landed estate; and who, on examining his heart, would be so hypocritically humble as to judge himself unworthy of that pleasant destiny? Gilbert, excusably enough, thought that he would make a very good squire of Beckton, and he had also, a shade less excusably, come to believe that Brian would make a very bad one. A man who backs bills for casual acquaintances, who never knows how much money he has in his pocket, and does not care how much he may owe to his tradesmen, is possibly no great sinner; but surely he is a very great fool. It could not be denied that Brian had been something of a prodigal; and to those whose habits are orderly, and whose lives have been free from extravagance, the unconditional pardon of the prodigal must always seem a rather imprudent, if a magnanimous, act. Our sympathies are all with the poor prodigal; we rejoice to think of his welcome by the father whom he still loved, to the home which he too hastily deserted, and we turn away with a fine disdain from the immaculate and ungracious brother, who chose to sulk outside all by himself, instead of taking part in the general feasting and joy. But perhaps that may be in some measure because we do not ourselves happen to be in the position of the immaculate brother. Gilbert was sensible enough to know that he had no real grievance, and to refrain from reproaching his father in set terms; but, remembering Brian's misdeeds and his own conspicuous virtues, he did feel a good deal inclined to sulk. To this it may be added that he had fallen in love with pretty Kitty Greenwood (the one touch of rashness in an otherwise circumspect career), and that the prospect of calling her his own — which an hour ago had seemed near enough to be counted upon — had now once more become remote.

But Sir Brian did not understand all this. In substituting the one son for the other he had meant neither to show favor nor to take vengeance, but simply to do what was best in the interest of that fetish

of his, the integrity of the Beckton property. Having recognized that the worship of his fetish could not be reconciled with the discharge of higher duties, he had bravely resolved to abandon it; and what preoccupied him just now was not pity for Gilbert, whom he saw no particular reason to pity, but shame at his own apparent inconsequence and half-heartedness.

"I acknowledge that you were right and that I was wrong," he said quite humbly. "I can only feel thankful that I have seen the wrong in time to repair it."

"Right and wrong are difficult things to define," observed Gilbert, and had to bite his tongue to keep himself from adding anything to that oracular dictum.

Presently he yawned, remarked that it was past twelve o'clock, and wishing his father good-night, went up-stairs to bed.

Sir Brian lingered for a few moments, then stealthily crossed the hall and took his way down one of the long, dark corridors, a smile beginning to show itself about his mouth and eyes as he went.

In that large house there were rooms enough and to spare for its three inmates. On the ground floor an apartment of spacious dimensions had been assigned to Brian and contained all his worldly goods, including the grand piano which he had caused to be transported thither from Oxford. This den of his was shut off from the rest of the house by double swing doors, because Sir Brian disliked the smell of smoke, and also because he was supposed — perhaps erroneously — to dislike the sound of music. Now, as the old gentleman passed through the swing doors, and the soft, fantastic cadences of a prelude by Chopin caught his ear, he stood still for a moment to listen, and though he sighed presently, that was not because the melody displeased him, but because he could not divest his mind of the idea that a musician and a country gentleman are two distinct beings, and that a man who attempts to be both at the same time must needs fall short of excellence in one or other of his parts. He shook his head gently, sighed again, muttered "Ah, well!" and went into the room without knocking.

Brian stopped playing and started up from his music-stool. Such a visit at such an hour was so rare an event as to be portentous.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing is the matter," answered his father quietly, "except that I have made a fool of myself, and I couldn't go to sleep without telling you so. I have no

right to disinherit you, Brian, and I dare say I have just as little right to bind you down to conditions which you might not be able to observe. The upshot of it is that I must go back to London and alter my will again; but this will be the last time."

Brian was so astonished that he hardly took in the meaning of the announcement and made no reply whatsoever.

Presently his father continued, "You may thank your friend Monckton for enlightening me. It was something he said in his sermon on Sunday evening that set me thinking, and afterwards we had a little talk together. He showed me, what I ought to have known without being told, that duty and expediency have very little to say to one another. He is a fine fellow that—a very fine fellow. I thought so when I heard him preach, and I was sure of it when we had our interview. Not that he said much then."

"I think there were two of you at that interview," said Brian gently, finding his tongue. He knew his father a great deal better than his father knew him, and there was no danger of his underestimating the sacrifice which was being made for his sake.

"Eh—two of us? Well, no, my boy, I can't quite think that. I have undone—or, at least, I am about to undo—a great wrong. I don't feel very proud of having committed it." He paused for an instant, and then, with one of those quaint mental reversions which were common with him, exclaimed, "The property ought not to fall to pieces all the same—no, it ought not to fall to pieces."

"It never shall, if I can help it!" cried Brian warmly. "Father, I don't know what to say to you. You have every right to consider me a spendthrift, and I suppose that is what I have been, in a certain way, though I am not exactly what most people would call extravagant. Anyhow, I am going to make a change now. I'll back no more bills as long as I live, and you may make your mind easy about the property. I would have engaged long ago not to sell any part of it, only, for one thing, the prospect of my succeeding you has always seemed to me to be so far away in the future, and then again I don't quite agree with you about the matter. I can't help feeling it a pity that you should be bothered and embarrassed when you might so easily get rid of both and embarrassment. But we won't discuss that. You have been most generous to me, and the least I can do is to obey you. I prom-

ise you now that not a single acre of the estate shall ever be sold by me."

Sir Brian shook his head. "I won't take the promise, my boy. I have a strong opinion upon the subject, which you will hardly expect me to surrender; but I distinctly desire that you should be free. Circumstances might arise under which it would be necessary for you to sell. All I ask is that you will bear in mind my wishes. It is right that they should weigh with you, and I believe that they will weigh with you. I said as much to your brother when I still thought that he would be the heir. Now I believe we have said all that need be said, and it only remains for me to go back to Potter and eat humble pie. How that man will crow, to be sure! I don't doubt that he means well; but really his impertinence is sometimes past all bearing. What my poor father would have done to old Mr. Dodder if he had permitted himself such liberties I can't imagine; but times are changed. Even the lawyers nowadays seem to think that one man is as good as another. It's flying clean in the face of Scripture, to my mind; but, for the matter of that, Radicalism is sure to lead to atheism. Whatever you do, Brian, don't become a Radical."

"I think I am likely to lead a very conservative life," answered Brian, laughing a little; "but indeed I am not much of a politician. I leave all that to Gilbert."

"You can't do better—you can't do better; Gilbert is a sound Tory. Now I am going to bed." He took a few steps towards the door; then suddenly wheeled round and, coming back, caught his son by the hand. "Brian, my dear boy," said he, "I thank God that I have been preserved from ruining you."

With that he quitted the room hastily, leaving Brian a good deal moved and surprised, and very resolute to show himself worthy in the sequel of so kind a father.

From *The Athenæum*.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, who died on Monday last at 191, Euston Road, was the son of James Westland Marston, the dramatic poet. He was born in London, August 13th, 1850, and christened Philip after his father's friend Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus." Early in his fourth year signs of incipient cataract began to manifest themselves in both eyes;

and although every effort was made to arrest the progress of the malady, the operation performed gave only a temporary relief, and soon it became evident that a life of hopeless blindness was the child's doom. Though this calamity must doubtless have retarded—greatly retarded—the intellectual development of the child, Philip's extraordinary endowments and very peculiar temperament were not slow in manifesting themselves. I knew him intimately; an organization more sensitive than his—a soul more attuned to every note in life's gamut of pleasure and pain—it is impossible to imagine. Among the pleasures the very chief was perhaps the sympathy of that beloved sister who accompanied him everywhere so long as she lived. Alas! so long as she lived; for she died young, and this was one of that series of calamities which I shall have to touch upon. Those who have seen these two together have, I think, seen a sight which, for pathos and touching beauty, they will never see equalled. But Dr. Hake in "The Blind Boy" has, I trust, preserved this picture for future times.

Philip began early to read poetry—to read it, I mean, as they, the poets themselves, read it—and to understand it in the way bees understand those "perfumed blossoms of the bowers of Paradise" which to other folk are "bean-flowers." I doubt whether he thoroughly read anything but poetry, for I never heard him talk of anything else.

From the first, however, his surroundings were entirely literary and artistic. His father, author of "The Patrician's Daughter," "Strathmore," and "Philip of France," being not only a man of genius, but one of the best talkers in London, was a sort of link between literature and the stage. Few *réunions* were more enjoyable, I think, than those Sunday evenings in the little house by Chalk Farm, where might be met occasionally Dante Rossetti, William Morris, John Payne, Joaquin Miller, Dr. Hake, Henry Irving, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Miss Glyn, Miss Neilson, Miss Ada Cavendish, Joseph Knight, Thomas Purnell, and others of the literary and dramatic world. This, of course, was in those antediluvian days, (that is to say, about sixteen years ago) before man millinery and *bourgeois* gentility had entered literary London, and almost wholly evicted mere literature.

Philip soon began to contribute poems to the *Cornhill* and other magazines, and in 1870 he published a volume of poems entitled "Song Tide," which was received

favorably in England and warmly in America, though its extreme sadness of tone was against the popular taste. The truth is that Marston had come to know love in its most absorbing form, death in its most grievous. He had been engaged to marry Miss Nesbit, who died and left her blind lover desolate indeed. The poet pure and simple has no idea that poetry can exist apart from sincerity; such a poet was Philip Marston. His song came from a heart that bled, and the impulse that urged him to express in a sonnet or a lyric the sad images that came to him in the darkness was as genuine as that which urges the lark to ease his joy in song. Those who complain of the sadness of Marston's poetry should consider the conditions under which it was written—they should consider that the bereaved lover was blind! How much dramatic imagination would be required for us others to realize the terrible import of these words! As compared with the other physical faculties, the transcendent importance of vision (typified in the old wrestle of the gods for light) lies in this, that without vision there can be but an imperfect communing with the only consoler in the deepest sorrow—nature. The mourner who in the hour of his mourning gazes at a sunrise or watches the sea as it answers the cloud pageantry of evening can bear with patience calamities which his imagination had, perhaps, depicted as unbearable. Even while memory may still make him weep, he cannot drink in the beauties of nature without beginning to recognize the vanity of human sorrows, and to wonder at the inscrutable egotism of tears. The vast economies of nature seem somehow so genial that even one's own suffering seems poetized—seems to melt into harmony with the "blue sky" that "bends over all." But let that same man be imprisoned with his blindness, and then if he be a poet—a poet bereaved, as Marston was, of a beloved mistress—let him try his hand at writing a sonnet! But people could not take into consideration these things, and "Song Tide," though here and there it appealed to a reader's very heart of hearts, was generally voted too pessimistic.

During this time there had been growing up between him and Oliver Madox Brown that affectionate friendship which Marston has recorded in his "Lament." Perhaps it is only a blind man—a blind poet and student shut off by his infirmity from communing with the great poets he worships—who can fully appreciate what the word "friendship" means. Brown

used to read to Marston what Marston could not read for himself; he was hands to his friend as well as eyes. And more than this: he was a boy of genius himself — full of humor as well as poetry, a delightful companion. But he too died, and again Philip was left alone — alone, I mean, as far as regards the companionship of his co-equals in age.

At this very time his second volume of poems, "All in All," was preparing for the press. And now it was, I think, that he came to know intimately D. G. Rossetti. He was one of the very few who used to visit at 16 Cheyne Walk. For a young poet no privilege could possibly be greater than that of knowing Rossetti, who could take as much interest in another man's work as in his own — nay, more. Of his own superiority to most people he was, or seemed to be, absolutely unconscious. To him Marston was not a young adventurer toiling up those steeples which he himself had scaled (or rather had soared over with the easy wings of an eagle), but he was an equal who had begun the ascent a little later than himself. I have seen Rossetti in the company of many young poets, reading their verses by the studio fire; I never saw him patronize one. If he disliked a thing he said so with emphasis; if he liked it he said so with more emphasis still. Nevertheless, Marston's feeling towards him was that of reverence, worship tempered by deepest love. Often, when Rossetti was reading aloud some new poem Philip had brought, I have seen by the illumination of Marston's face that the blind poet had passed into that rare and high mood when the very afflictions of life are transfigured by love to life's deepest, holiest joys. But as I have said when speaking of him before, "in this life calamity follows calamity by no apparent law of cause and effect. In the web that destiny spins for us there is a terrible and a cruel symmetry which no theory of circumstance can explain." This intercourse with Rossetti, like poor Marston's other glimpses of heaven, came to an end on Easter Sunday, 1882.

I have dwelt specially upon Marston's intimacy with Rossetti; for with him, on account of his poetic methods, he is most associated. But Rossetti was not the only great poet with whom Marston was on terms of brotherly intimacy. In Mr. Swinburne he had a friend who saw him often of late years, who was never tired of showing his regard for him, and whose sorrow for his loss finds an expression in

the following verses — verses which make any tribute of mine seem tame indeed: —

The days of a man are threescore years and ten.

The days of his life were half a man's, whom we

Lament, and would yet not bid him back, to be

Partaker of all the woes and ways of men.

Life sent him enough of sorrow: not again

Would anguish of love, beholding him set free,

Bring back the beloved to suffer life and see
No light but the fire of grief that scathed him then.

We know not at all: we hope, and do not fear.

We shall not again behold him, late so near,

Who now from afar above, with eyes alight
And spirit enkindled, haply toward us here

Looks down unforgetful yet of days like night

And love that has yet his sightless face in sight.

Feb. 15, 1887.

In 1883 his last volume, "Wind Voices," was published, and in it will be found his lament for Oliver Madox Brown. Since that time, though he has written verses — indeed, he sent me a sonnet to read within a very short time of his death — he has devoted much of his time to writing stories for his friend F. W. Robinson's *Home Chimes* and various American periodicals and magazines. A selection of these, with an introduction by the most intimate of his younger friends, Mr. William Sharp, will appear during the spring. The best account of Marston and his poetry that has yet appeared is one by the American poetess Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, the lady to whose noble and self-sacrificing friendship he was deeply indebted during many of the latter years of his life.

What position he is destined to take among the poets of his time no one can presume to say. Notwithstanding his subservience to Rossetti's influence in the sonnet, such perfect lyrics as "The Rose and the Wind" ought to entitle him to an independent place of his own, and no inconsiderable one. But for what English poet will there be room fifty years hence? Or will poetry be read at all after the deluge? Diffuseness is the fault of the less successful portions of Marston's work, and no doubt his blindness stood in the way of that strenuous struggle of the artist which alone can give vitality to poetry. Diffuseness, however, is, it is difficult to say why, the characteristic of most of the less successful work of our time. But as

Goethe in his time complained that "modern poets put a great deal of water in their ink," diffuseness seems to be no new infirmity.

THEODORE WATTS.

From St. James's Gazette.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS: 1603-1607.

A MORNING spent in looking through bundle after bundle of slips of paper, each slip being a copy or *résumé* of a letter addressed to the great minister Robert Cecil, shakes one's confidence in the idea that before the days of penny post public men were less persecuted by correspondence than they are now. It is astonishing to find upon what trivial matters the prime minister of Elizabeth and James the First was addressed. The care of the royal sports and pastimes might have seemed work enough for one man; yet, with all the State business that fell to Cecil's share, scarcely a hawk or hound was sent as a present to royalty until a correspondence had passed between the giver and the minister; not a deer was stolen from a royal park (and a large number were taken during the early years of James I.'s reign) but Cecil was expected to look into the matter and see that the thieves were captured. It is only fair, however, to add that many a haunch of venison, many a couple of good dogs, and many a falcon indemnified the minister for his toil in superintending the affairs of the chase; while for his zeal in taking higher game than stag or heron, his skill in tracking to earth Popish spies and recusants, James dubbed his trusty servant his "little beagle." Higher honors there were, of course; and here we may see the Sir Robert Cecil, to whom the letters before 1603 are addressed, changing into Lord Cecil, Lord Cranborne, and Lord Salisbury. Along with quite unimportant epistles in the Cecil correspondence are letters of burning interest. Before 1603 there are long letters from Elizabeth herself, written in a much more statesmanlike style than those of her successor. Side by side with hers we find letters from her favorite Essex, and his rival, Raleigh, with many others of equal note; till, as bundle after bundle is turned over, the great queen's days pass, and we slip imperceptibly under the rule of a very different sovereign.

We have here a bundle of letters dated 1603-1607, from which even a few cursory notes, taken almost at random, will be interesting. Raleigh's letters, alluded to

above, were written before the shadows arose which were to cloud his fortune but not his fame. Before us is the correspondence touching the main plot, Raleigh's arrest, and that of Lord Cobham, Lord Grey, and others. According to one of Cecil's correspondents, neither Raleigh nor Cobham had the least fear of being executed, but confidently awaited the royal pardon; so that, if this be true, James's little comedy (he purposely delayed sending a reprieve till Cobham and Grey were on the scaffold) must have lost its full effect. It is heart-rending, even at this distance of time, to read the many letters which young Grey wrote from the Tower to his friend Cecil. As the eleven years of his captivity slowly passed away his tone grew more and more despondent, his health meanwhile failing, till at last death released him from his prison-house. Cobham, his fellow-captive, also kept up a correspondence with the minister, constantly complaining of his health, his quarters, and his debts. In the earlier letters his despicable character comes out very clearly. He was ready by any means to save his own skin, being quite indifferent to the ruin of his friends. In a confession made by one Gawen Harvey (1603), the man—after declaring that he never did anything out of affection to Raleigh (who starved him, he says, in his Guinea journey) adds that "Lord Cobham many times (with tears) complained to him that if the ladies of the court had been his friends he would have found more comfort in his affliction."

At the end of 1604 we find a letter with a notice of the performance of one of Shakespeare's plays. This letter tells us that the comedy was to be acted at the house of Shakespeare's early friend, Lord Southampton; and we further learn from it that the actor Burbage called the play an old one, though it was printed in 1590, but only published under Shakespeare's name in 1598. The writer (Sir Walter Cope) complains that he has been "hunting players, jugglers, and such kind of creatures" all the morning, but "they are hard to find." Anne of Denmark had a constant succession of plays and masques performed for her amusement; and as Burbage, who came to Cope's aid, says, "There is no new play that the queen hath not seen;" "but," adds Cope, "they have revived an old one called 'Love's Labor Lost,' which for wit and mirth, he says, will please her exceedingly." This is to be played the next night at Lord Southampton's, unless Lord Cranborne sends "a writ to remove the *corpus cum*

causam to his own house in the Strand." Burbage himself carried this letter; and it is not likely that the minister disturbed an arrangement that had been made with so much trouble. In 1605 we have a letter from Ben Jonson to Cecil, now Lord Salisbury; whom the poet addresses as one "who approaches the divine goodness and supplies it here on earth," begging him to release him from prison, where he and one Chapman have been thrust, unexamined and unheard. "The cause is (the word irks me, that our fortune hath necessitated us to so despised a course) a play, my lord, whereof we hope there is no other than can justly complain." If guilty, they will embrace the asinine virtue, patience; but "they deal not charitably who, too witty in another man's works, utter sometimes their own malicious meanings under our words." [Here we have a reference to the practice of "gagging," as common on the stage at that time as it has ever been since.] "I call God to testimony (since my first error, which is punished in me more with shame than it was then with my body) I have attempered my style that I have given no cause to any good man of grief; and if to any ill by touching at any general vice, it hath always been with a regard and sparing of particular persons." "Let me be examined, both by all my works past and this present, and not trust to rumor, but my books . . . whether I have ever (in anything I have written, private or public) given offence to a nation, to any public order or state, or any person of honor or authority." He concludes by asking Salisbury either to have them tried or liberated, when, "freeing us from prison, you shall remove us to another, which is eternally to bind us and our muses, to the thankful honoring of you and yours to posterity, as your own virtues have, by many descents of ancestors, ennobled to time." The play must be "Eastward Hoe!" for which Jonson and its two other authors, Chapman and Marston, were imprisoned in 1605; and by his "first error" Jonson means the duel he fought in his youth, when he killed a fellow-actor and was imprisoned accordingly for some time.

Another letter of this date, taken at haphazard from the bundle, relates to the supposed Puritan leanings of Prince Henry, and is written by Sir John Harrington to Sir Thomas Challoner. Sir John is much scandalized by a sermon he has heard of, which contains the following prophecy:—

Henry the 8 puld down Abbeyes and cells,
But Henry the 9 wil pul down Bishops and
bells.

The zealous courtier even goes so far as to say that the author of this impious rhyme deserves hanging, adding: "He should be found out, bolted out first, and bolted in after, with bolts of his heels"—surely an awful punishment. Another interesting letter (written in 1607) refers to Queen Elizabeth's tomb in the Abbey, which had apparently just been finished. The writer, Nicholas Hillyarde, says that, hearing Salisbury wished "to see the tomb of our late sovereign,"

I desire that I may be there to shew you my opinion in some things that may yet be done, but I hope you will like it very well. I requested to have the trimmings of the said tomb, because as a goldsmith I understand how to set forth and garnish a piece of stonework. Not with much gilding to hide the beauty of the stone, but where it may grace the same, and no more. And having skill to make my radiant colors liker unto anills (enamels) than yet is to painters known, I would have taught someone, which would not have made it common, thinking the work had been of your lordship's cost, because of your calling me to have care of it. Had once envy enough about a Great Seal for my doing well in other men's offices.

John de Critz and Maximilian Poutrain are generally said to have been the artists of Elizabeth's tomb; but from this letter it appears that Hillyarde had a hand in it, and at the same time that he was not content with the share that had been allotted to him. A memorandum, dated April 9, 1607, records that the king desires payment to Cornelius Cure, the master-mason who superintended the design and erection of his mother the Queen of Scots' tomb in Westminster Abbey, of the sum of £825 10s., besides all the further expenses of the marble and other materials. No feeling for his mother's fate prevented the king from making her monument and Elizabeth's so much alike that it is difficult to say which sepulchre James intended to be the finest. But it must be added that when in 1607 the prince of Nassau sent him a picture of the Queen of Scots, "taken to the life, when the prince saw her in France," this cold-hearted son had the grace to say that the prince could not have given him "a greater jewel than the image of his mother."

Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, writes constantly to the minister, generally about domestic matters, or complaining of his own fits of gout, or condoling with Lord

Salisbury on the same affliction. In one letter, dated the 14th of December, 1607, he makes an interesting allusion to old Bess of Hardwick, the Dowager-Countess of Shrewsbury, his step-mother and mother-in-law, who spent the last years of her busy, ambitious life in retirement at Hardwick Hall. The earl and his wife had lately been on a visit to Hardwick, and found there, he says, "a lady of great years, great wealth, and great wit, which yet still remaineth. She used me with all the kind respect and shew of good affection that might be; stayed us there with her one day, and so in all kindness I returned, without any repetition or so much as one word of any former suits or unkindness; neither was there any motion on either side, but only compliment, courtesy, and kindness." Many of the earl's letters speak of family quarrels, and of the ill-usage which he and his wife had to endure at the hands of the old lady; but the unwonted and belated peace between them probably lasted till Bess's death. Just two months after he writes again to Lord Salisbury with news of her decease. She "died," he says, "last evening at five o'clock;" and "had the blessing of sense and memory to the last."

From St. James's Gazette.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AT HOME.

In rendering military service general and compulsory the French republic has wisely endeavored to make the soldier's life in barracks as pleasant as possible. Although the German military organization has been closely imitated in France since 1872, this spirit of imitation has never been carried so far as to introduce the harsh and often brutal discipline of the German army. The French character is naturally humane, although under excitement it is apt to become quite devilish in its cruelty. Where there is no such excitement, Frenchmen have a great deal of active sympathy for one another. All unnecessary rigor is considered barbarous in France, and the soldier profits by the good nature of his people. This, no doubt, partly explains why the army is much less cheaply managed in France than it is in Germany. The German soldier who does not receive frequent supplies of sausages and other food from home is often troubled by an uncomfortable sensation under his belt, which is not that of repletion. The French soldier is by no means overfed; but his rations are of better quality.

The French soldier is allowed two meals a day — the first at nine in the morning, and the second at four in the afternoon. Until quite recently there was not much variety in the food; but General Boulanger's reforms have embraced the military kitchen. The men can now return with appetites sharpened by change to their *bouilli*, which is the term for beef when the nutritive principles have been well boiled out of it to make soup. Stewed mutton is a frequent dish. On Thursdays and Sundays the meat is baked with potatoes round it. All joints are bought of the butchers of the locality where the barracks are situate, by batches of soldiers told off for the purpose; and they take care that the meat is properly chosen and weighed before they carry it away. Every Friday preserved meat is given out — not for the sake of economy, but in order that the stock which is kept in the event of war shall be continually replenished. A very common dish consists of a piece of boiled meat placed upon haricot beans, rice, mashed potatoes, or macaroni. This goes by the name of *rata*. Every company has a refectory; and each soldier is provided with an iron basin called a *gamelle*, and in this he fetches his rations from the kitchen. Formerly several men ate out of one large gamelle; but this unpleasant custom has been long since abolished. Now the soldier is not compelled to eat out of his iron basin; for within the last few months the use of plates has been authorized. Every morning in winter a small quantity of black coffee and brandy is served out, and this is also done in summer during manœuvres or when a regiment is on the march. Each man has a loaf weighing three pounds given to him every other day. The bread is made partly from rye and partly from wheat, and its color is very dark. Those who are supplied with money from home frequently sell their loaves and buy bread more to their taste. Thus it is that in all garrison towns there are shops where "soldiers' bread" is regularly sold. The government provides the army with tobacco — not gratuitously, but at a very cheap rate. Every fortnight the soldier is entitled to a large packet weighing about the fifth part of a pound in return for three sous. This tobacco is the genuine *caporal*; it is very coarse, and is usually smoked in pipes because of the difficulty of making cigarettes with it. No wine is given to the French soldier, nor any alcoholic liquor except the small quantity of brandy already mentioned. He therefore drinks water with his meals, and, if he has

the means, takes his wine out-of-doors. Besides the daily work of cleaning his arms and accoutrements and—supposing him to be in a cavalry regiment—of grooming his horse, he is expected to wash his own linen. But he is at liberty to pay somebody to do the laundry work for him.

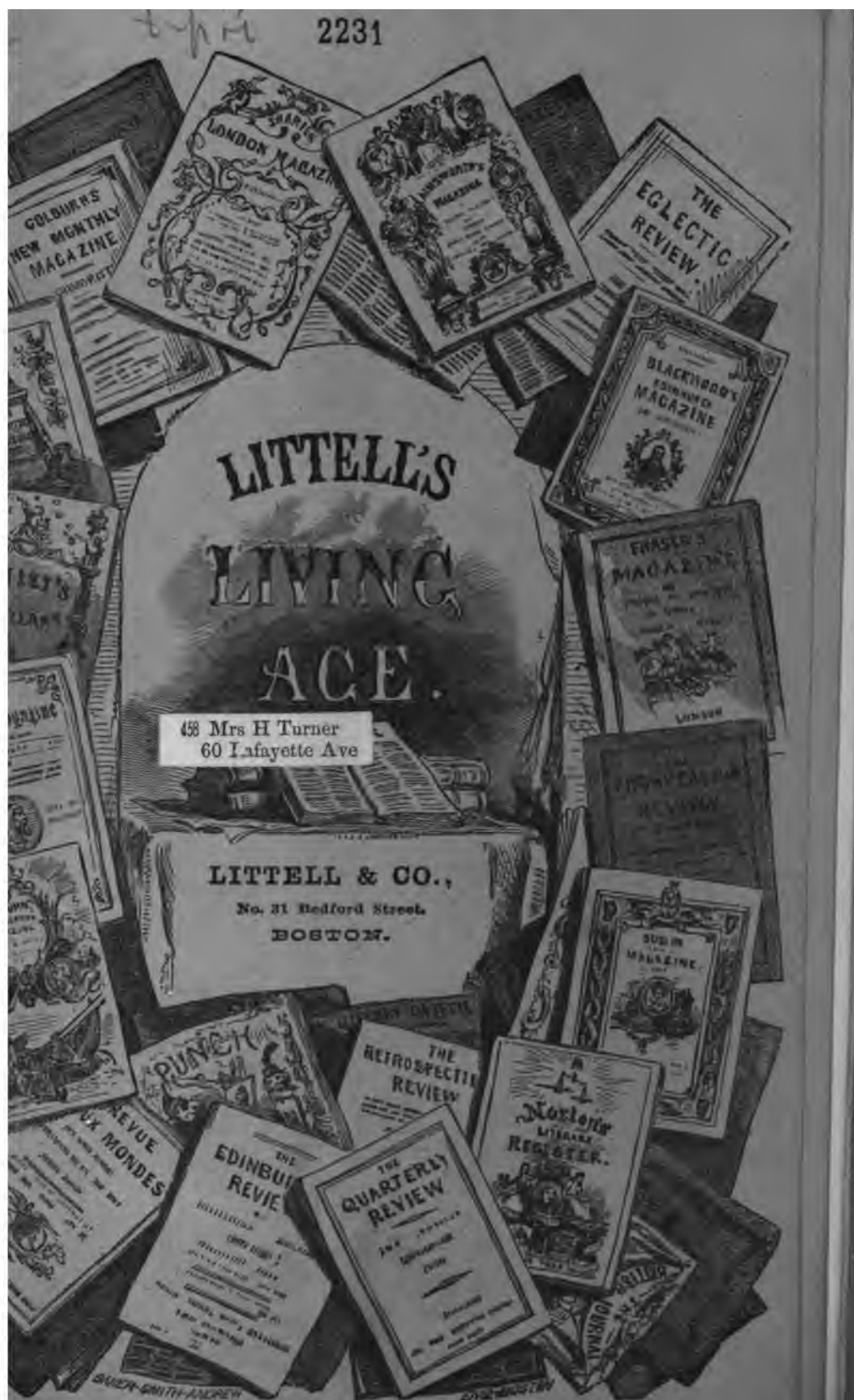
The French soldier's daily round of duties depends very much upon the regiment to which he belongs. Some colonels are exceedingly energetic, and keep everybody under them as much on the move as they can; others are just the reverse. Drilling is supposed to take place every morning and afternoon excepting Sunday, which is a free day. After the second meal the men can leave the barracks and dispose of their time as they please until ten o'clock, when the *extinction des feux* is sounded. They have to thank General Boulanger for the relaxation of a rule that ordered the retreat to be sounded at 7.30 in winter and a little later in summer. Nothing has tended to render the Radical minister of war so popular with the troops as this act of indulgence. It is understood that every Frenchman shall fulfil his period of military service without pay; but although the law is explicit on the point it is not strictly carried out. The soldier receives from the government one sou a day, and it is paid to him every five days. This is his pocket-money, and it will be allowed that he cannot go to much excess with it. Those, however, who are poor and friendless have various facilities afforded them, provided that their general conduct be good, for earning money. Young men so situated generally endeavor to be employed as orderlies. They then earn from fifteen to thirty francs a month, according to the generosity and means of the officers for whom they work as servants. If the officer is married, the orderly may sleep under his roof like any other servant; and then he frequently performs the duties of cook and chambermaid, or he does a little nursing if madame is too much occupied in the household to mind the baby. The Frenchman adapts himself to every sort of domestic occupation with wonderful readiness. If the young soldier is a gardener, a carpenter, a tailor, or has been brought up to any similar pursuit, opportunities are allowed him by his colonel to practise his trade occasionally. During the summer, and especially in the harvest season, a considerable proportion of men in every regiment are allowed to work for two or three weeks in the fields, either for their own parents or for farmers

who have made a formal application for military laborers.

The supreme punishment of the French soldier for a serious breach of discipline is death, even in time of peace. If he strikes an officer, for instance, he is liable to be shot. In time of war the death penalty is carried out for much lighter offences; for the French law only recognizes this form of corporal punishment in the case of a soldier. But as regards military life in barracks, three kinds of disciplinary procedure are employed as a check upon common offences. The lightest is called the *consigne*. The man placed *à la consigne* is merely kept in quarters while his companions are enjoying their freedom. The next penalty is that of the *salle de police*, where the culprit is locked up from five or six o'clock in the evening until the *réveil* the next morning. The same discipline may be repeated one or more nights. Lastly there is the prison, where the unruly soldier is kept day and night.

Sergeants, brigadiers, *maréchaux de logis* and other sub-officers receive pay and have their meals at the *cantine*. It is essential to retain a certain proportion of experienced sub-officers in every regiment, and the government induces those whose term of compulsory active service has expired to re-engage by offering them a premium of five hundred francs, paid down, and an additional premium of two thousand francs, which is invested in the public funds in their name and handed to them, with the accumulated interest, when they leave the army. This they may do after five years' additional service; but those who remain fifteen years receive a retiring pension of not less than six hundred francs a year, and the government undertakes to start them upon a fresh career with some suitable employment. Many of them become *gardes champêtres* and *gardes forestiers*. Others obtain positions of trust in connection with banks and public institutions. A steady man, who is willing to devote the best years of his life to the army as sub-officer has his bread assured to him for the rest of his days.

Speaking generally, French soldiers are robust and healthy men. Their average height is low, but they are sturdy and hardy. But French barracks are frequently rendered very unhealthy by bad ventilation and scandalous drainage. Outbreaks of typhoid fever among the troops are therefore frequent, and the annual mortality from this cause is great.



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